

ARMS AND THE MAN

Vol. LIII, No. 9

November 28, 1912



**THE NATIONAL
MILITARY AND SHOOTING WEEKLY**

CONTENTS.

The Boy, the Man, and the Rifle.

On Guard.

Rifles Used in the Balkan War.

Our Preserve.

Shooting Missionaries.

National Guard in Convention.

Latest News of Pistol, Rifle, Shotgun, and the
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The Palma Trophy Match, at Ottawa, Canada, September 14, 1912, between *United States* and Canada.

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ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

VOLUME LIII. No. 9.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1912.

\$3 a year. 10 cents a copy.

The Boy, The Man, and The Rifle.

BY JAMES A. DRAIN.

WHEN there are firecrackers under a pail turned upside down you know how surprisingly they behave. Pop-pop, pop-pop, br-r-r-r-r-p, pop-pop, pop-pop-pop! It was so the sounds came over the hill to you before you could see, and when you could only wonder. Your eyes above the level of the crest saw far off, almost a mile, a line of white, rectangular objects, big black spots marking their centers, bobbing unaccountably into sight or dropping mysteriously into the bowels of the earth.

Then when you were able to see the foot of the downslope from the top to which you had progressed you descried nearer, first a crowd extended in a line almost parallel to the bobbing black spots yonder, quite surely with a half mile between, the foremost fringe of this crowd, men lying down, what might have been long, black sticks pointing forward from their shoulders toward the spots.

But what might have been sticks were rifles, and your spots are no more than the bull's-eyes of the long-range targets, upon which some of the mightiest marksmen in Christendom are firing at one thousand yards.

As you draw near you see a rope stretched back of the feet of the lying men, little blackboards upon which figures are written by the side of each pair that fires; a big blackboard on an easel where more figures show; alert men in trim shooting uniforms busy with the telescope or pad and pencil.

As you come yet nearer and the sounds increase in volume, with a note which speaks a deadly purpose and power, you touch upon the edge of an atmosphere tense and strung taut with the spirit of close competition. You scarcely need to be told that here chosen champions are striving for some great prize.

You may learn, if you listen, that these men have been shooting for two days in one of the great classic rifle matches of all time to determine which group of them, firing with the military rifle of their native land, shall be found worthy of the title of Rifle Champions of the World. Now you know why the air is vibrant. You can realize what these level-eyed, deliberate-acting, prone figures are doing. You know the significance of the sounds. You gather the meaning of the little wisps of light-gray smoke that burst from the muzzles. And you need not be told that the targets yonder are the leaves upon which these men are writing history in letters of bullets.

It is a distinguished audience which waits intensely expectant here behind the line to see the outcome, in it at least one man of royal blood and many of ancient lineage and high position, and there is a larger audience in the places from which these gladiators have come, where thousands of their countrymen wait upon the word to be proud of their victory, or cast down but not disheartened by their defeat.

You have come to this scene almost at its closing moment. The representatives of two of the nations must decide supremacy between them. The others have already been defeated, but of these two either could easily win. And then your attention is drawn as by a magnet to the figure of a boy of certainly not more than ten years, there behind the firing line as close as the rules will let him come.

All the fiery young vigor of him shines forth from his intent eyes, which never leave off their eager watchfulness of one particular brown-clad firer straight to his front. No one need tell you that such pride and proprietorship, such strained and painful and yet glorious interest can indicate but one thing: Son here, spectator; father there, firer.

Even as you are looking a shot which bears the bull's-eye signal, showing that it has gone true to the center, is recorded for those against whom the parent of the boy is striving for first honors. A quickly

hushed cheer is smothered upon lips which would not voluntarily disturb the silence imposed by the rules of this high game.

There is one more shot to fire. It will decide. If it goes into that tiny, black bull's-eye far away the team whose strong hearts beat with the same blood which pumps so fiercely now through the veins of the trembling lad will gain the victory. If just outside but very near to that bull's-eye, then there will be a tie; if a little farther away—oh, such a little distance away—the others will win; and it is the boy's father who must fire the shot.

As you watch the little, crouching figure you tremble with his trembling and feel the shivery touch of breaths from icy-lunged spirits of mad excitement play upon your back and shoulders. You are as calm and collected as you were when a boy yourself and called upon to speak your first piece in school.

But the boy's father does not tremble. There is no faltering. As he coolly and deliberately slips a cartridge into the breech of his rifle, flattens himself still more close to mother earth, and squares his shoulders above the supporting elbows, you recognize his right to be one of his country's champions and you may class him a good selection from the men of all ages as a specimen of cool-headed and untroubled confidence.

Now he nestles his cheek upon the stock of the rifle, and not only the boy and you, but others, take long breaths and hold them while you wait for the sound of the shot.

But it is not to fly so soon. A moment the man aims, and then back upon the ground comes the butt of his rifle, while once more he casts a wary eye to the treacherous wind, which, with its changing currents, might send his bullet many feet from its appointed destination if he read not aright its force and direction, for the wind plays strange pranks with bullets when these have long distances to travel targetward.

There are flags on high, placed upon every side of the range, put there to tell what the wind is doing. This time they deceive, or might deceive, because no two of them flare in the same direction. But the boy's father is not disturbed. He looks and calculates, and soon, once more in position, he fires.

How you hang, interminably, painfully expectant, upon the result of that last shot! And then the result is signaled. The bullet has sped true. It is in the bull's-eye and the victory is won.

With the boy, your throat tightens; with the boy, your eyes unaccountably call for blinking to keep them clear; with the boy, if you had to speak, you know your voice would rebelliously and treacherously tremble, try hard as you might to control it.

But would you have missed it? Would anything of value tempt you to sell your memory of it or that other moment of high joy when you saw the youngster slip forward to put his slim hand into the broad, brown one of his father, opened and extended to receive it?

Now, all this may appear to you a rather roundabout way of introducing to you my friend, Daniel Frazier and his son, Dan Frazier, Jr. Perhaps it is. Possibly you may not care to know them better, and yet I fancy that you will agree with me they are both worth knowing. If I am compelled to offer an excuse, you have it in that where I first met them I have introduced them to you.

* * * * *

You know those days the fall brings, when the air is full of tingles which tell inside of you as well as out; when you can scarcely keep from dancing; when you are sure some pleasant thing is bound to happen; when the sun is warm and the air is cold, so that walking you need no coat and standing you might be better with one.

Come with me on such a day to the big pine woods. The red-brown pillars of this splendid forest palace flaunt aloft their emerald banners wide-spaced enough to let old Father Sun light up a very perfect loveliness as he shines down upon a far-extended bronze carpet of smooth pine needles, through which wispy grasses thrust summer-aged stalks.

See there, sauntering along, full of health and vigor and happiness, the man and the boy. The man with a little, light rifle balanced across his arm, and with eyes that, though they seem careless, are roving everywhere with quick seeing. The boy at his side not yet quite old enough to have a rifle of his own, but honored with permission to go into the woods with his father.

The first thing the boy notices is the rifle springing to his father's shoulder. The sound of the opening shot meets his ear before he sees upon a tree at no great distance a big red squirrel which had been running straight up the broad trunk, though of a sudden he stops short. The sound of the firing, two little insignificant noises, thus: *Spu-u-t, spu-u-t!* a sound no more dignified than that, because the rifle is a little one, not more than a .22.

The boy's unbelieving eyes are glued upon that squirrel clinging there upon the tree. Can it be that his dad has missed? But even as he gazes and wonders there comes a relaxing movement and the big, red fellow resigns himself and slumps earthward.

And then the boy can run and pick him up. When he comes back his pride is very great as he points out to his father the two tiny perforations in the body of the squirrel where the bullets had entered, not an eighth of an inch apart and each practically over the heart.

Mr. Frazier dropped the squirrel into the game bag at his side and said: "Let's sit here on this log, Dan. I want to talk to you for a few minutes.

"I have taken you with me to great shooting competitions and into the woods and fields in the pursuit of game. You are not the boy I take you to be if you do not begin to see some of the pleasure and profit which can be gained from using a rifle. But, Dan, it's just like everything else—you've got to *know how* to get the good out of it. A lot of people, Dan, think of a rifle as a dangerous weapon. It is that in one sense, of course, but there is really no more harm in a rifle than there is in a baseball bat. If you hit every man you saw on the head with a good Big League wagon-tongue you'd injure all of them and kill some, wouldn't you? Same thing with a rifle.

"If you go around pointing a rifle at people, you are going to hurt someone sooner or later, but just you move along using a rifle for what it was made for and no one is worse off, while you, at least, are benefited.

"Don't make any mistake about it, Dan; I know what I'm talking about. There are a few little, simple rules which, if you know them and practice them, make you as safe with your rifle as you would be with a willow switch, and a good deal more happy. I don't want you to think I'm preaching overmuch, but this is a subject so important that I just have to talk about it long enough to help you to learn it once and forever. I'm going to put it up to you in the shape of a lesson, and when you have learned it, but not a minute before, then you and I are going to have some very interesting conversation about what rifle would suit you best.

"I think you ought to know, to begin with, something about a rifle and how it works, and, of course, you want to know this, too.

"Well, then, to begin with: A rifle is a machine for throwing a bullet a greater or less distance with such accuracy that the man or boy responsible for the throwing will have a pretty good idea of where the bullet is going to hit.

"A rifle is really a gas engine. That surprises you, doesn't it? You never thought of comparing the engine of an automobile with a rifle, but you can do so without sacrificing the truth. You use the power developed by the rifle engine to send the bullet spinning toward its target, whatever that may be. That's another thing about it; you have to *spin* your bullet as you would a top."

"Wait a minute, Dad; I'm afraid I don't understand. You say a rifle is an engine for spinning a bullet. Why, I thought it was just to shoot with."

"Dan, old man, I don't blame you. Many a man, grown up and supposed to be of average intelligence, would take the same view of it, and he would also be likely to feel that the noise of the report was about the most important part of shooting. Why, Dan, the crack of the rifle is no more than the exhaust of the engine, like the puff of a locomotive or the coughing chug-chug of the motorboat.

"I want you to know all about this, my boy, because of all things men have invented to help them in their work or assist them in their play there is no one invention more important or interesting than the rifle and its ammunition. Class this last, Dan, ammunition or cartridges, as fuel for the rifle engine."

"Oh, tell me about it, Dad; it must be wonderful. Where is the engine in the rifle?"

"All of it is an engine, my boy, and this is the way it works. A long, steel tube called the barrel of the rifle has at its rear part a chamber. In this chamber the cartridge goes. The barrel of the rifle has what we call 'rifling' in it—that is, grooves and ridges, or lands. These are to make the bullet spin on its longer axis. It must be made to spin so that it will travel with its head in front and not turn over and over. This is to make it accurate.

"But the barrel must be kept clean, Dan, if you wish it to do good work or if you expect to use it for more than a few shots before it rusts out. How to clean a rifle and the way to take care of it will be early taught to you when you have one of your own."

"Well, Dad, if you don't make those rules too long it won't be many days before we can have the little talk."

"Never fear, my boy, there won't be one word in them which is not as important as a good appetite at an ice cream festival.

"Now look, son; the cartridge consists of four important parts, the primer, the cartridge case or shell, the powder and the bullet. The case is in most instances of brass and it has the primer in its base, the bullet at the outer end and the powder inside between.

"The theory of it is that the primer contains a composition, Dan, something like those caps which you have seen the boys use in toy pistols. When the part of the rifle made for that purpose hits the primer a little spurt of fire comes from the primer through a hole in the base of the shell and sets fire to the powder. When the powder begins to burn it becomes gas instead of powder, and that gas, my son, needs a great deal more room for itself than the powder did.

"It commences to spread out and hunt for room. Well, it can't come back toward you because there is the base of the shell and the solid part of the rifle; it can't push out to the sides because it is inside the shell and the shell inside the chamber of the rifle, but it can and it does shove hard to the front and push the bullet through the barrel ahead of it. And I want to tell you it goes mighty fast, too, with the high-power rifles—up to as high as 3,000 feet a second by the time it gets to the muzzle or outer end of the barrel.

"You can see, Dan, that for the rifle to be of any use each bullet must go pretty nearly to the same place if you point the rifle in the same place. You know when you've taken the garden hose and sprinkled the lawn how sometimes you would pick out a certain bunch of grass to sprinkle.

"After you got the stream from the hose hitting it, very often you'd find that the water went over the spot or hit the ground on your side of it, even if you held the hose steady. That was because the pressure of the water was not the same all the time, but changing, so that it went further or not so far, according to the force with which it left the hose.

"Now the people who make cartridges, Dan, have become very skillful about it—so skillful that they can to all intents and purposes put every bullet where the one before it has gone.

"One of the most important things in a cartridge is the primer. It is a little thing, and you wouldn't expect it to play a very important part. You might think just so it made a flame when it was hit it would answer the purpose, but that is not so.

"In the first place the flame must be regular, my boy. Each time the same amount of flame. Then there must be no injurious elements in the primer, or else you have great trouble with the inside of the barrel of your rifle.

"The different kinds of rifles I need not describe to you now, single shot, repeater, self-loader; I will explain them all another time. All you need to know at present is that when once the cartridge is in the chamber and the breech closed you are ready to pull the trigger and shoot. But you have no business, my boy, as your rules will tell you, to ever consider a rifle in any state except loaded, so far as pointing it or letting it be pointed toward anything you do not wish to shoot is concerned."

"But how does pulling the trigger make her go, Dad?"

"I was just coming to that, son. Every rifle has a trigger; that trigger connects up either with the hammer or some kind of firing pin mounted on a spring. When the trigger is pulled the hammer or the firing pin goes forward against the primer with enough force to dent it in and make it give off its flame to ignite or light the powder. The powder makes the gas. The gas moves the bullet, and that is all there is to it.

"After firing you take out the empty shell in whatever way it is made to come out, according to the nature of your rifle, and then you are ready to begin over again. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, Dad; I believe I understand."

"You'll find a good deal in the rules, Dan, about cleaning your rifle,

but don't let that scare you. Cleaning a rifle is just like washing your own face. You can't claim respectability without doing it. The man or boy who doesn't care enough about his rifle to clean it thoroughly just as soon as he gets through using it doesn't deserve to have one, or any other cherished possession, for that matter.

"I want you to be a good shot with all kinds of rifles, Dan, even the fine government rifle of this country, and I hope to be able to teach you how to make high scores upon all kinds of targets.

"I want you to have a good time—you know that—and I want you to be healthy, and I want you to behave yourself.

"As your father I am responsible for bringing you up and turning you out into the world when you are a man in such shape that you may be expected to become a valuable member of society.

"I'm sending you to school; I am looking after your exercise, your sports and what you read; I am teaching you all the things I can, and I must say, Dan, if authority were given me to turn you into any other kind of a boy I wouldn't change a single thing about you.

"I want you to have a rifle of your own. Ever since I was a boy myself and my father taught me to shoot, and I found out how much good it did me, I have intended when I had a boy old enough that he should have the same blessing bestowed upon him.

"Shooting a rifle, my son, is one of the cleanest forms of sport, and one of the most enjoyable. No boy can be a good shot who does not behave himself. Smoking cigarettes and bad habits generally will no more mix with rifle shooting skill than oil with water. But there are other good things which come from rifle shooting.

"For instance, to be a good shot you must have a quick eye; you must have keenness of observation; indeed, you must be able to notice anything going on the minute it occurs. You must have steady nerves and strong muscles and a healthy body, and last, but most important of all, Dan, you must be able to control yourself. If you lose your temper in a rifle match you have lost the match as well.

"Yes, and there's another reason why I and every other father should be glad to have his boy a good shot."

"What is that, Dad?"

"I hope there is never going to be another war for this country, Dan, but there has been at least one so far for every father and son since we've had the United States of America printed on a map. If there does come a war, then every man old enough and strong enough to be a soldier ought to be glad and willing to do his share to fight off the enemies of our country.

"The man who knows how to use the rifle, my son, is going to be a much more valuable member of any fighting force we may have to send against an enemy than his comrade who may be as brave and just as intelligent, but who is ignorant of whether his rifle or a maul would be the best thing to drive tent stakes with and who has a sneaking suspicion he can do as much harm to the enemy by wishing him bad luck as by firing at him.

"So you see, old man, there are plenty of reasons why there is not going to be any delay in that rifle conference after you've learned the rules.

"I might tell you one other reason which did not occur to me until this instant, and that is that the boy who is not instructed in the use of a rifle, the boy who is ignorant of how dangerous a rifle can be in careless hands, is liable sooner or later to be with other boys who have rifles and either hurt them or be hurt himself through just not knowing what he ought or ought not to do."

At this juncture Mr. Frazier drew a closely printed card from an inner pocket and passed it to his son, continuing:

"Take these rules, Dan, and study them as you would home work given you at school, and when you think you are letter perfect in them come to me—I will hear you recite. If you pass 'Excellent' then we have the talk, you get the rifle and I will show you how to use it. That won't take long. You will learn these things naturally, and before you know it you are going to be a boy who owns his own rifle and in a very little while longer a boy who is a first-class shot."

TO PREVENT SHOOTING PAINS AND PRESERVE SHOOTING PLEASURES.

1. I promise to consider every gun loaded until it is proven empty.
2. I promise to remember a gun is made to shoot with and never to point one at anything unless prepared to shoot that thing.
3. I promise to use a gun as a gun and not as a footrest or a walkingstick and never to lean on it.
4. I promise when going through a fence or other obstruction with a gun to unload it if practicable; if I cannot do that, I will remember to point it where the charge from it can do no harm.
5. I promise to keep all firearms I use clean inside and out so that they may shoot well and last long.
6. I promise to do the necessary cleaning of any gun at the earliest possible minute after I stop shooting with it.

7. I promise never to shoot at any animal or bird not considered game, and to kill only so much and such game as the laws of the land and good sportsmanship permit.

8. I promise never to fire my rifle where it will annoy or by any possibility endanger the life or safety of any person.

9. I promise to carry into any shooting contests I may enter the same principles of good sportsmanship which I recognize as vital to real success in other sports—my own rights and no more, the same to the other fellow, and to fight it out on the square.

10. I promise and declare to keep all of these promises, and if I wilfully break any of them to smash my gun across the nearest rock and never own another."

Not many days after Dan's father gave him what the elder called the "Prevent and Preserve Promises," as the man sat in his library one evening after dinner, the boy entered, saying, not without eagerness but with a poise and self-confidence which made his father's heart proud: "Try me on the rules, Dad. I believe I know them."

He did. Every one of them.

The ordeal concluded, Mr. Frazier said: "That milestone is passed, Dan, but remember you have been required to learn these rules that they may control all your actions in the future so far as firearms are concerned. There can be no exceptions. These must be the laws of your life, unchangeable and irrevocable.

"Tomorrow afternoon, when you get through school, come to my office and we will go down to the store to pick out your rifle."

The next afternoon about 3 o'clock to Mr. Frazier, busy in his private office, came a messenger from the door saying, "A young gentleman to see you, sir."

Without raising his head the busy man flashed back, "What's his name?"

(Continued next week.)

ON GUARD.

By PRIVATE DOBOIX.

IT was the dark and stormy night of the melodrama. Only there wasn't any man off in the shadow rattling a piece of sheet iron to produce the thunder effect. Otherwise it was a perfectly good D. & S. N., fully up to Lincoln J. Carter specifications.

Towering, fir-clad mountains loomed in masses of jet against a dark-gray sky, across which sped ominous clouds that matched the hue of the mountains. Half a mile away lay the camp. To my right, somewhere among the stumps and second-growth trees, was another sentry, probably as scared as I was. To my left still another young National Guardsman patrolled. To my front, about forty yards distant, ran the single railroad track that marked the company's property boundary and formed our "Dead Line." Between the track and me were stumps and brush.

Wild, wierd, human shrieks came from the tree tops. The dense underwoods were vibrating with strange noises that rose in growls when the gusty wind paused momentarily.

I was chilled to the marrow. My old, blue, caped overcoat hung in sodden folds about me. (This, you know, was many years ago.) The Springfield .45 dripped a steady stream of moisture from its bayonet point. At every step the water sloshed around in my shoes. There was a deep disgust in my heart, a hollow feeling in my stomach and a sense of impending calamity in my soul.

"Soldier!" I grunted to myself, contemptuously, "Huh!" That is the way I felt.

Fresh from military school—and reputedly not lacking freshness otherwise—I had signed enlistment papers a week before, and then, just twenty-four hours ago, had been hurried off with my company to the scene of the great coal mine strike and riot. Hard, nasty work it was. You know the sort. Where the miners' women line up on the station platform, spit at you as you detrain and tell you precisely what they think of you.

This particular morning the news had come that the strikers had stolen 600 pounds of dynamite from a clay works a few miles away. Most of us had been out in the rain all day beating up the country in search of the stuff, all without avail. Then I had caught guard, and at 10 p. m. had gone on this post, with all kinds of warnings of an impending attempt to cross the dead line and plant the dynamite where it would do the most good.

"Be careful. Don't let anyone creep up on you. Don't fire unless you are sure what you are firing at, but if you do have to fire, fire to kill." These admonitions rang in my ears.

At times I would lurk in the shadow of a great stump and try to convince myself that those masses of black about me were really sta-

tionary logs and stumps and not the animated figures my imagination saw. Time and again I threw the piece to my shoulder and aimed, only to catch myself in time.

"You'd look fine, wouldn't you," I suggested to myself, "if the guard came tumbling out here to find that you had been shooting only a stump?"

Then, in a lull in the storm, I actually saw something move, and heard it. I was sure, and yet not quite. Tense and alert, I crouched beside a bush and strained my eyes and ears. There it was again, a long, dark figure slipping in jerky fashion through the gloom some fifteen feet away, hesitating for an instant and then moving on to my left.

"He doesn't see me," I assured myself, "and I can get him all myself."

I dropped low and crept in behind him. No change in his movements. I was convinced he was unaware of my presence. Faster I crept on. Still I remained undiscovered. In a moment his bulk loomed but three feet in front of me.

Then I rose, gripped the rifle, and, with silent exultation, lunged forward with all my strength and plunged the dull old bayonet fully three inches into flesh.

The wind in the tree tops had sung to me its wildest miserere that night. I had heard what seemed the voices of souls in torment. But these were as nothing to the piercing scream of horror, pain and anguish that arose as my bayonet went home.

There was a jerk that half wrenched the weapon out of my hand, and, still shrieking, my quarry fled with wonderful speed straight away from me.

Twenty yards and it plunged blindly into the corporal and his relief squad moving toward my post. There were howls, cries of rage, the jingling of accouterments and the curses of the corporal rising above it all.

"Who the hell," he was inquiring of the high heavens, "started this bloody, blasted, — — pig this way?"

The heavens couldn't tell, and I somehow didn't want to.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

SECRETARY JONES, of the National Rifle Association of America, in his capacity as Assistant Recorder of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, has just sent out to presidents of Boards of Education, State and City Superintendents of Schools and Principals of High Schools a pamphlet which contains a very large amount of useful information on the subject of rifle practice for schools.

A general argument in favor of rifle shooting as a pastime, patriotic, profitable and pleasurable; instructions for the organization of rifle clubs, with laws for the same; descriptions of the methods which may be best employed in instruction; records of past shooting and projects contemplated for the future, the whole profusely illustrated with many portraits of those young men who have distinguished themselves in this commendable line of endeavor, taken with the well-finished and neat appearance of the book, insure for it more than an ordinary amount of attention. It should be of much educational value.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

FOR distinguished gallantry in service, five members of the United States Army received at the hands of the President last Saturday the Congressional Medal of Honor. Witnesses of the brief and simple ceremony of decoration were a number of that brilliant democracy of courage, men who have received the medal in the past.

Those who received the medal were:

Capt. Archie Miller, Quartermaster's Department.
 Capt. Julien E. Gaujot, First U. S. Cavalry.
 First Lieut. Arthur H. Wilson, Sixth U. S. Cavalry.
 Second Lieut. John T. Kennedy, Fifth U. S. Cavalry.
 Sergt. Joseph Henderson, Sixth U. S. Cavalry.

Captain Gaujot won his medal last year near the town of Douglas, Arizona, on the Mexican border, when he rode over the line and into a rain of bullets from insurgents and federals alike to stop a useless fight, save life and protect the American town. The service was of incalculable benefit; his escape from death little short of a miracle. The other medals were won by acts of magnificent courage in the Philippines in the hunt and capture of Jikiri, the pirate chief, in 1909.

The little speech President Taft made to each was couched in simple and sincere terms of praise. What he said to Sergeant Henderson is especially worthy of preservation. He said:

"Sergeant Henderson, I am glad you are here, an enlisted man, to receive, with the officers to whom I have had the pleasure of presenting

medals of honor, the same evidence of extraordinary courage that they have received, in order that in this emulation for service to country, under conditions necessarily involving your life, it may be shown that we make no distinction in rank.

"Whether you bear a commission or be an enlisted man, the strain of courage is always the same. I give you this medal of honor that you may take it and hand it down to your posterity as an evidence that among the true men you were of the truest."

RIFLES USED IN THE BALKAN WAR.

THE outbreak of war between Turkey and the Balkan States makes it interesting to compare the various rifles which are in use by the armies of the belligerents, says the *N. R. A. Journal*, England. Montenegro, that tight little State which had the pluck and audacity to commence alone the war upon her powerful neighbor Turkey, has a fighting capacity of about one in five of her whole population, or some 50,000 men. Her infantrymen are for the most part armed with the "3-line" Nagant rifle of pattern of 1898. The "3-line" rifle is the weapon used by Russia, and the Czar presented King Nicholas with 35,000 of this pattern, together with a useful little package of ammunition consisting of no less than 25,000,000 cartridges. It is probable that older patterns of rifles in the hands of the Montenegrins have also been called into requisition. The "3-line" magazine rifle has a caliber of 0.3 inch, and is sighted up to about 2,100 yards. The magazine system consists of a fixed vertical box, which is fed by a charger carrying five cartridges. This rifle has no cut-off, so that it cannot be used as a single loader unless the magazine is empty; then the magazine can be fed by one or more detached cartridges. The weight of the "3-line" is 8 pounds 5 ounces without bayonet, and 9 pounds 11 ounces with bayonet. The cartridge is of the rim pattern, is loaded with pyroxiline as a propellant, and fires a cupro-nickel bullet weighing 214 grains. The shape of nose of the bullet is round. A muzzle velocity of about 2,000 feet per second is attained. The military correspondent of the *Times*, who should be in a position to know, says that the weapons of this pattern in the hands of the Montenegrin infantrymen have no bayonets, but every man possesses a long dagger known as a "yataghan." No doubt they fix it as the *Morning Post* says. They also have revolvers. In passing, to consider the rifles in use by the other states it may be mentioned that all Montenegrin able-bodied men are fighters and that their liability to serve is from the age of 18 to 62. Truly, these Black Mountain warriors know what compulsory service means!

Bulgaria and Greece employ the Mannlicher magazine rifle, caliber 0.315-inch. Its weight without bayonet is 8 pounds 5 ounces and with bayonet 9 pounds. It has, like the Russian "3-line," a fixed vertical box for magazine which is fed by clip holding five cartridges. There is no cut-off, so that the Mannlicher also cannot be employed as a single loader. It is sighted up to about 2,150 yards. A rim cartridge is fired, which contains nitro-cellulose as a propellant and has a round-nosed bullet weighing 244 grains. It has a muzzle velocity of 2,030 feet per second. Greece also possesses a later pattern magazine rifle, known as the Mannlicher-Schoenauer. The magazine system of this weapon is a fixed vertical box with rotary platform which is fed by charger carrying five cartridges. There is no cut-off. Weight without bayonet, 8 pounds 5 ounces; weight with bayonet, 9 pounds. It is sighted up to a range of about 2,200 yards. The cartridge fired is rimless, with nitro-cellulose as a propellant, and contains a round-nosed bullet weighing 159 grains. Besides her two magazine rifles, Greece possesses a large-caliber (0.43-inch) single loader, the Gras, which fires a lead bullet of 386 grains weight at a muzzle velocity of 1,500 feet per second. Bulgaria has also a large-caliber single loader, the Berdan II; this weapon fires a lead bullet weighing 370 grains at a muzzle velocity of about 1,450 feet per second.

Servia possesses a Mauser magazine rifle. She also has a large-caliber (0.4-inch) single loader, called the Mauser-Milanovic. This is a fairly heavy weapon, weighing without bayonet 10 pounds 4 ounces and with bayonet 11 pounds 10 ounces. It is sighted up to 2,200 yards. It fires a lead bullet weighing 336 grains at a velocity of nearly 1,600 feet per second. It has a large maximum range of nearly 3,600 yards.

Unfortunate Turkey, caught, as the cartoonist has neatly put it, "between the upper and nether millstones of the little Balkan Powers and the Great Powers," is armed with the Mauser magazine rifle, caliber 0.301-inch. This weapon, like our own Lee-Enfield rifle, has a magazine consisting of a detachable vertical box fed by a charger holding five cartridges. It has a cut-off, so possesses, like the Lee-Enfield, the advantages of a single loader. Its weight without bayonet is 9 pounds 1 ounce, and with bayonet, 10 pounds 8 ounces. It is sighted up to a range of 2,200 yards. The cartridge is rimless, is loaded with nitro-cellulose as a propellant, and fires a round-nosed steel bullet (coated with

cupro-nickel) weighing 211 grains at a muzzle velocity of over 2,150 feet per second. Turkey also possesses a Mauser magazine rifle of large caliber (0.4-inch). The magazine system of this weapon is conducted by means of a tube in the fore-end, and the magazine holds eight cartridges. The weight of this rifle without bayonet is 9 pounds 6 ounces, and with bayonet 11 pounds. It is sighted up to 1,750 yards. The bullet it fires weighs 284 grains and is of hardened lead, the muzzle velocity obtained being 1,750 feet per second. Besides her Mausers, Turkey has a single loader of large caliber (0.45-inch) known as the Peabody-Martini. This weapon weighs 9 pounds 10 ounces without bayonet and 10 pounds 8 ounces with bayonet. It is sighted up to 1,400 yards. A hard lead bullet weighing 480 grains is propelled with a muzzle velocity approaching 1,400 feet per second.

OUR PRESERVE.

BY EDWIN COLE.

THE Judge was right about it, of course. What were signs for if not to furnish warning and of what good was a game preserve if the public was let in on it? We held court there and then in the woods. Constituted ourselves judge, jury and executioner. The young man whom we had caught trespassing protested that he was an adjacent landowner. All the less reason for the trespass, argued the Judge; there certainly was no excuse for not knowing his own boundaries, and there was the barbed-wire fence. The judgment was that he forfeit the contents of his game-bag. These were three fat partridges. There were three of us—the Judge, Bill and I. In spite of his protestations that he had not shot any of these on our land, we took one bird apiece and sent him on his way with a solemn warning that the next time we would exercise our full rights and prosecute him to the extent of the law. This did not alarm him nearly as much as it should; in fact, he suggested that it would be the proper procedure in this case. But he was young, the Judge disliked giving him a record, and besides we hadn't shot any birds ourselves that day. How could we if the neighbors cleaned them out thusly?

And as the day lengthened we congratulated ourselves the more on that summary justice we had executed on the poacher, for, with the exception of the Judge, who in his novitiate we had discovered shooting a bird on the ground, and who, under this suspicion, had added a second partridge to his bag, we had had no luck at all. Bill even suggested that this new preserve of ours was of the canned variety.

We circled back over the ground we had covered in the morning.

"Don't go beyond our boundaries," I warned. The Judge snorted, "No danger of that. The barbed-wire will stop us."

We pushed on. Twilight was coming on apace and we had not much more time to shoot. We came to a fine strip of white birch. I could not remember having been in it before, but then this was the second time I had shot on the preserve. Somewhere to my left I heard Bill crashing through the brush. On my right I caught a glimpse of the Judge in a small glade. His dog had made game, and even as I looked a big cock-partridge got up in a beautiful straight-away flight. The Judge's gun spoke and down came the bird.

A khaki-clad figure slipped by me noiselessly in the woods toward the Judge. It was our friend of the morning. I watched him in fascination. The Judge was taking the bird from his retriever's mouth.

"Young man, do you know whose land this is?" They were the Judge's own words, and he straightened up with a jerk. For a moment he eyed the other sternly, as much as to say "Isn't one lesson enough for you?" Then his face changed expression, for he saw conviction in the other's eyes.

"Why don't you post it if it's yours?" They were the identical words which the other had uttered that morning.

"What do you call that?" replied the man in khaki, pointing to a cloth placard tacked to a big chestnut.

The Judge glared at it for a full minute. How should he notice that, or anything else for that matter, with his dog making game?

"How do I know your name is Mitchell?" he temporized.

"Allow me," said the other with polite irony. He handed the Judge his hunting license card.

"But the boundary is marked by barbed wire. I had it put there myself," he protested, shooting his last bolt.

"In your excitement you must have overlooked it," said the other, suavely, "for there it is." He pointed behind him, and there, sure enough, it was, a scant hundred feet back. And yet I could have sworn I had not passed it and I was on a parallel course with that of the Judge.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the Judge, diving into his pocket and bringing forth a roll of bills. The other shook his head gently in the negative.

"No," he said, "I am a law-abiding citizen. The law in this State says that I must arrest you and bring you before the nearest justice of the peace, which I propose to do." The Judge's face grew red. I looked about me to see that my avenues of escape were clear. My concealment was good, and I judged that Bill was an interested listener as well behind some tree.

"See here," said the Judge, "I can't afford to have anything like that happen to me." He peeled off a yellow-back and held it out to his captor. The other shook his head sadly.

The Judge increased his offer.

"Nothing doing," said the other. And then, to my astonishment, who should step out but Bill.

The stranger's eyes lighted. "You can consider yourself under arrest too, sir," he calmly stated.

"Oh, I can, can I?" demanded Bill, sarcastically. "You seem to know a lot about law."

"I know enough to have the better of this argument," retorted the other.

Even at this distance I could see the set jaw of Bill's. "Then perhaps you know that it's a state's prison offense in this State to remove a boundary fence?" he shouted triumphantly.

"What do you mean?" stammered the other.

"I mean that I saw you put back that length of barbed wire which you had so kindly lowered to the ground until we were over."

The shaft struck home. All the fine aplomb of the man vanished.

It sounded good to me. I bravely stepped forward, too. "Shall we prefer charges against him?" I asked of the Judge.

He considered the man ferociously. "We will give him one more chance," he answered, "and then—"

Our imaginations supplied the awful punishment that would meet a third offense. The Judge absent-mindedly tucked his partridge away in his hunting coat and we walked back on to our own, our native land.

"Bill," said the Judge as we plodded back to the automobile, "Bill, you sure missed your calling."

SHOOTING MISSIONARIES.

BY G. IRWIN ROYCE.

NOW, we pray you, don't for a moment consider this a discourse on some tragic scene in "Darkest Africa," where a self-denying servant of the Lord met an untimely death at the hands of poor, misguided savages with poisoned arrows. Instead, it is a plain and timely appeal to the lovers of the rifle, revolver and pistol to come to the help of the army of experts and try to bring about greater interest in this most delightful of all field sports.

There surely is no other pastime requiring greater skill or open to greater possibilities than rifle or pistol shooting, and we often wonder why greater activity is not shown in trying to promote the interests of this skill so necessary to the preservation of our national honor and safety.

There is more or less of a tendency in the members of the various clubs over the country to get into what I would call a shooting rut. They will go to the regular shoots when really convenient, get out the little .22 or .38, bang away, pass a few words of greeting with the old regulars, and then pack up their kit for another week. They think they are having a good time—and I really believe they enjoy it, too—but we would like to ask how many of your friends and neighbors are there who are just dying to go out with you and enjoy the sport. They probably have in them the making of the very best of marksmen, but because of a feeling that they may be intruding on some private domain refrain from taking the initiative. Let them know that the membership is only limited to honorable gentlemen, the vote of the club being a safeguard to keep out disreputable or cranky disturbers.

When a member brings in a prospective, let everyone hold out a warm and generous fist, whether he is formally introduced or not, and when the guest takes his departure let all hold out a hearty invitation to come again and come often.

Let them try various guns—not once, but several times—until the shyness and nervousness wears off, and he may at the second or third trial get so imbued with the desire to succeed that he will go straight forth and buy a gun, as the fever takes possession of him, and the first thing you know he is breaking records and is a staunch and abiding member.

If you will stop to think of it, there is the grandest opportunity in the world to bring about increased interest in the hand arm this coming season. Uncle Sam is doing a great deal toward awakening an interest even in the schools, which augurs much for the cause generally.

Now, we would like to suggest a simple method of helping to advance the interests of these arms:

Let every club offer a substantial prize to the member bringing in the largest number of new members for the next six months; a lesser prize to the one getting the next largest number clear down to the one bringing in even one new member.

Just think what a revival would be brought about if each present member brought in even one. What wouldn't it mean to have the present membership doubled in six months?

If so desired, the club can transfer some of the other prizes to this fund. The scheme is not complicated, and at the same time may be productive of much good.

Lay aside self, dear brother, and do a little active work for the neighbor, and a blessing will fall on your devoted head.

NEW INSPECTOR-INSTRUCTORS FOR THE STATES.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the detail of an Army officer for duty with the National Guard of a State as inspector-instructor. First, because the National Guardsmen themselves wonder what kind of officer they will have to study and work with for the next few years, and, secondly, how the new instructor instructs.

Officers peculiarly fitted for this important post are, of course, selected where possible. It is an important work they have to perform, and much depends on their efforts. A new detail has just been made, and the list which follows shows the rank, name and destination of the new inspector-instructors:

Maj. Munroe McFarland, 29th Inf., Albany, N. Y.
 Maj. Edward R. Chrisman, 16th Inf., Trenton, N. J.
 Capt. John B. W. Corey, 5th F. A., New York City.
 Capt. Louis T. Boiseau, 6th F. A., Washington, D. C.
 Capt. Robert H. Wescott, 11th Inf., Madison, Wis.
 Capt. Malcolm P. Andrus, C. A. C., Stamford, Conn.
 Capt. Robert F. McMillan, C. A. C., Boston, Mass.
 Capt. Henry S. Wagner, 14th Inf., Austin, Tex.
 Capt. Russell C. Langdon, 3d Inf., Raleigh, N. C.
 Capt. Ethelbert L. Breckinridge, 10th Inf., Frankfort, Ky.
 Capt. George E. Ball, 16th Inf., Lansing, Mich.*
 Capt. Frank S. Bowen, inf., Sacramento, Cal.
 Lieut. Richard D. La Garde, 10th Inf., Phoenix, Ariz.
 First Lieut. Manfred Lanza, 27th Inf., Baton Rouge, La.
 First Lieut. John R. McGinness, 6th Inf., Boston, Mass.
 First Lieut. Hans O. Olson, 18th Inf., Cheyenne, Wyo.
 First Lieut. Augustus Dannemiller, 6th Inf., Boise, Idaho.
 First Lieut. La Vergne L. Gregg, 27th Inf., Tallahassee, Fla.
 First Lieut. Ralph H. Leavitt, 25th Inf., Seattle, Wash.
 First Lieut. John S. McCleery, 20th Inf., Salt Lake City, Utah.*
 First Lieut. Frederick W. Boschen, 16th Inf., Denver, Col.
 First Lieut. Fred H. Turner, 23d Inf., Bismarck, N. Dak.*
 First Lieut. Augustine A. Hofmann, 27th Inf., Helena, Mont.
 First Lieut. John E. Hemphill, 8th Cav., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Order held up.

GUARDING THE PRESIDENT.

WITH the approach of a change in the Presidency some well-meaning folk are reviving the suggestion that the task of guarding the President and the White House be turned over to the Army. Those making the suggestion would have armed troops take the places of the portly policemen about the executive offices and residence. They would have the President ever surrounded by a military guard in his movements, instead of by the unobtrusive secret service men. Their argument is that the protection would be more complete and that it would be more dignified than the existing arrangement.

There are two pronounced objections to the plan. One is the traditional dislike of the nation for anything approaching royal display in the conduct of the President. The other is the fact that the duty asked of the Army would not be truly military in character, but would be mere police duty. It may be the function of an Army in a monarchy to protect the person of the sovereign, for there the sovereignty rests in an individual. Our Army, too, is to protect our sovereign, which is all the people. To ask it to become the mere bodyguard of one of the officers of the government is to ask it to perform a duty which can be better and more properly performed by competent policemen and watchmen.

It is not at all derogatory of the Army to say that a civilian employe is a more effective bodyguard than a soldier. There is no disputing the fact that the ununiformed secret service men, some always close to the person of the President and others mingling unobserved with the crowd, furnish the best protection that can be devised.

To get down to the facts, the only reason for proposing to have soldiers about the home and person of the Chief Executive would be to

add to the impressiveness of the picture. In this democratic republic we don't need to make pictures in running our government. Even in European countries the actual guarding of the monarch is by policemen and secret service agents; the military guards are merely for show. We haven't a large enough Army to waste any of it on show.

THE QUESTION OF SHOOTING RECORDS.

EFFORTS are being made to arrange and classify records recorded with rifle, revolver and pistol, principally, however, the military rifle records of the Krag and our present Springfield.

The work can be greatly facilitated by the riflemen generally lending their assistance.

We would like to hear from those who hold records, those who know who hold records, and those who know those who know who hold records.

These will be published in ARMS AND THE MAN from time to time as they come in. Then if a claim is made and challenged, the "challengee" will have to state on what grounds he challenges. In this way verification can be made and eventually the classification will be complete.

The following is an illustration of what we mean. We find upon investigation that Lieutenant Sturdevant recorded twenty-four consecutive bull's-eyes, as above stated. Therefore, unless some better performance is forthcoming, the record for 1,000-yard individual shooting will stand as given below.

FORT MILLS, CORREGIDOR ISLAND, P. I., October 8, 1912.

The Secretary, National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C.

Sir: In an article appearing in the *Army and Navy Journal* of August 24, 1912, relative to rifle matches held at Wakefield, Mass., it is stated that a new world's record for 1,000 yards was established by Musician George W. Chesley, Second Company Governor's Footguards of Connecticut, when he scored twenty-three consecutive bulls.

If my memory serves me correctly, I scored twenty-four consecutive bulls in the 1,000-yard stage of the Leech Cup Match, at Camp Perry, in 1910—two sighting shots, seven shots for record and fifteen additional—and won the Leech Cup with a possible score of 105.

I respectfully request that this statement be verified by records in your office. I would also like to be informed if you have any better score for 1,000 yards on record in your office.

Very respectfully,

C. L. STURDEVANT,
 First Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers.

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN UPHELD.

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN throughout the country will hear with satisfaction the news from Jackson, Mich., that the courts there have upheld Capt. Frank L. Blackman and Priv. Howard Jackson, Mich. N. G., in the killing of John Eisy last September.

Judge Parkison, sitting in the Circuit Court at Jackson, last Saturday granted a motion to nolle prosequi the charges against the guardsmen, thus ending the case.

Captain Blackman and his company were on duty at Jackson by reason of a riot that had broken out in the State prison, a riot which had been aided by individual citizens of the town, though carried on within the prison walls. A situation approaching anarchy was faced. Some of the civil officers were reputed to be in sympathy with the disorder; others were passive.

Eisy, a Syrian, approached some of Captain Blackman's men with an offer to purchase military rifles. They reported to their captain. Under his instructions, the men started to go through with the negotiations in order to get evidence against Eisy. At the moment the deal was completed Eisy was placed under arrest. He resisted. The shooting resulted, Captain Blackman himself participating.

Local authorities brought about the arrest of the two guardsmen on a murder charge. Now the case has been terminated satisfactorily. Had there been another result the decision would have operated to retard the efficiency of the National Guard in all parts of the country when engaged in that unpleasant task of upholding the civil law in time of domestic disturbance. Already there are one or two decisions of record that tend to make inoperative the military authority at such times, but fortunately the bulk of decisions uphold the National Guardsmen. The Jackson decision contributes to the preponderance of judicial rulings on the subject, and hence is welcomed.

Early to Bed, Etc.

First Wife—What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Smith?
 Second Wife,—Oh, about midnight.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

ARMS AND THE MAN

1502 H STREET NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES A. DRAIN, Editor

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

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

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

NATIONAL GUARD IN CONVENTION.

The Norfolk 1912 convention of the National Guard Association of the United States should prove one of the most important meetings of this very important body.

The intolerable conditions which have for so long existed in the United States, under which no preparation for war, not even a reasonable preliminary plan, has existed prior to the outbreak of hostilities, must sooner or later, through sheer force of their own evil viciousness, be swept aside.

Meanwhile the National Guard is a potent factor in the educational processes which will hasten the arrival of a reasonable military policy. In important legislation affecting the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, the National Guard has always been interested, and it has, since 1903, when the National Guard Association began by its strength to be an effective instrument for the accomplishment of the will of the National Guardsmen of the country, exerted a considerable influence upon the Congress whenever measures affecting the Regular Service were broached.

On the other hand, the officers of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, the officials of the War and Navy Departments, have quite generally been willing and often able to assist the National Guard in its own legislative enterprises. The result of mutual helpfulness has been some good legislation for both subdivisions of our national first line.

But there is much distance to be covered before a reasonable degree of perfection shall be attained. The National Guard must have a pay bill with the necessary attendant legislation placed upon the statute books; the Army must have suitable laws made for its development. (The National Guard is willing to help the Army always when the Army itself has decided what is best for the country and for it.

For the Navy and the Marine Corps we must ask and secure more battleships, more men and the necessary betterments.

In all phases of national law-making the National Guard is an important factor. It is no more than truth to say that practically any righteous proposition which is put forward by the National Guard, supported with energy and zeal and urged with an united front, is bound to secure the favorable attention of the Congress.

In this particular National Guardsmen stand in an enviable position. Heretofore they have appreciated their responsibilities and have consistently shown themselves aware of the necessity for a broad-minded view of all questions affecting their own or the other services. That is to say, they have approached the solution of these problems with an eye single to the national good. It is so such problems should always be solved.

Past experience leads us to believe that we shall be safe in the future

to expect from the National Guard the same useful and largely unselfish recognition of the country's needs.

In the 1912 convention there will be many questions raised upon which opinions will differ, but the majority view should rule, and when a question has once been decided it must remain a fixed proposition until another convention has an opportunity to deal with it, should such a course be necessary.

Unity of motive, the best good to the greatest number; unanimity of action, and unanimous support of the measures and things agreed upon will carry the National Guard far in its desire to serve the country and strengthen her for a more wholesome life in war or in peace.

HER MEN ARE HER COIN.

The wealth of a nation consists of its men. They are its treasure, its gold, if you like. The precious metal uncoined has value, none can dispute that, but how is one to tell what it is worth until the stamp which follows refining, shaping and valuing is upon it.

The nation's stamp of value upon its men can be secured through military rank. An untrained citizen may have value as a national asset, but without instruction in the military arts the nation is not in a position to realize upon that value without unnecessary delay when an emergency arises for the use of its wealth; such delay as is involved in making trustworthy privates, good corporals, fine captains, excellent majors and capable colonels, of the raw material.

In the life of the United States of America there have arisen many crises in which it was necessary for the Nation to draw upon its natural wealth of men for the defence of its institutions, its women and its very existence. Every time that has been done the coining process has been begun for the most part after the war began, and the waste and the work and the cost have all been greatly increased by that blindness which permitted the nation to stand helpless though possessed of untold yet uncoined treasure.

In a republic where every man feels himself a part of the machine of government, where the privileges and opportunities of all are equal under the law, there should be a similar equality of duties and responsibilities. Every man living under a democratic form of government who expects to exercise his rights as a citizen ought to be willing, yea, glad, to perform all of the duties of citizenship.

Of these duties the highest which can offer itself to man is that of defence of his nation. But no man, no matter how high his courage, nor how strong his resolution, or how purposeful his patriotism, is of use to his nation as a soldier—no matter how quickly he offers himself for her defence when she is imperiled—unless he has been coined by training into one of those units which pass current in that terrible transaction called war.

Above and beyond all obligations which rest upon American men, there is one often evaded, avoided and overlooked, that of preparation for usefulness to his nation. In these later days we have heard much of progressiveness; of New Nationalism; of the desires of our countrymen to assume for themselves a greater individual share in the activities of the government. With the growth of intelligence, with the birth and increase of higher ideals, American men may well expect to receive better opportunities to express their opinions at first hand, but it ill becomes any man to ask more of his country than he is receiving when he is giving less, far less, than is justly due from him.

In the United States today there is a little Army of eighty thousand men; a National Guard of one hundred and twenty thousand; a Navy and Marine Corps of sixty; a total of two hundred and sixty thousand men from a population of *one hundred millions*.

Of this one hundred million not less than fifteen million are men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years; every physically competent man of this number either should be today serving with the colors for his term of instruction or coinage, or should have served that term and have been restored, coined, for use in other directions, employed in other activities, pending the time when the nation might require his services for sterner work.

The officers of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps are professional soldiers. They are paid a salary, but not a large one, to devote all of their time and energy to the service of the government. Usually they are individuals who would be capable of achieving success in any line of work followed by their fellow-countrymen. The enlisted men of the three services named are drawn largely from the idle men of the country; men who at the moment have nothing else to do, and so enlist. The Army and the Navy and the Marine Corps offer considerable advantages to capable men who care to advance themselves in the enlisted grades, and the ranks contain today many individuals who are soldiers of which any nation might be proud.

The National Guard is a voluntary institution which has come down to us from our fathers, and which is the successor to the Militia of old days. It is no more the Militia of old days than black is white. Service in it is a thankless task, which carries few pleasures, practically no privileges, and which involves many burdens; burdens which would only be assumed and carried by men truly patriotic.

A reasonable amount of service in the National Guard makes a better man as well as a more valuable citizen of every American who enters it earnestly and leaves it with honor. The National Guard never can in the nature of things be quite so good as a Regular Army, but it can be and it is very much better than the same number of raw troops, and it is a real asset of the nation.

If every American man spent one year with the colors; if, in other words, compulsory military training were required of every able-bodied citizen, involving one year with the colors and twenty years in a reserve, the nation would be strong beyond the dreams of its most solicitous friends; strong for war and stronger for peace, and its men would be strong with the knowledge which can only be gained by such service.

Lawlessness among men so touched with the stamp of national service would be a thing unusual; self-reliance, self-control and self-respect, not to mention a greater devotion to the public good, would follow inevitably on the heels of such training.

And yet we fancy as this word goes forth that we can hear a chorus of wild protesting cries arising from the throats of our men. This would be blasphemous, the odious conscription overturning all the principles which underlie our government!

Would it? Or would it not? What are the principles which underlie this government? Is it a government "of, by and for the people" or one of self-seekers, by demagogues, for gain? Can you escape the logic of the situation? He who would share must bear.

If every man has the same right to enjoy and benefit by his citizenship, then upon every man lies an equal obligation of service. But, you may say, that as things are every man is equal for service in time of war. Then you must be told that is not the truth.

You must know that unless a man bears the stamp; unless he has been coined by service and knowledge into a soldier, he is nothing more, no matter how willing, than the raw gold; useless until made over.

It is not now practicable to make laws requiring compulsory military service in the United States. Ultimately, if we come as Americans to the enjoyment of a full democracy with all that these words imply, we shall be forced to include obligatory military training and service, "for value received."

Pending that time citizens who appreciate their opportunities and who perceive their obligations should lend themselves to the military service wherever that can be done, and when they may not so give direct aid and support to their country they should use the best force which God has given them for the benefit of the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the National Guard and for the education of the whole people to an appreciation of the necessity for the spread of military knowledge and the coinage of our men into units which shall be legal tender to discharge the debts the nation owes to a world of which it is no inconsiderable part.

FIR-LINED TRAILS.

BY EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

Part III.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BEAR FAMILY.

HERE are some varieties which the Klamath men claim to recognize and which they say are not of the black bear family.

Palo Mino, a little brown bear frequenting the red woods of the coast region of California, ornamented with black stripe along his back and two black stripes around his legs. All three men claimed to be able to recognize this particular bear entirely apart from the black or brown variety.

Then there is a bear that I know is regarded as a separate species in that country, the "Chamise" bear, which is apparently named from the Chamisal shrub found along the coast of Northern California. This is a bear by which to curse your creditors. His chief characteristics are a cunning not possessed by other bears, a speed that would apparently make a greyhound hang his head in defeat, a daring like unto that of a street Arab, and a general disposition meaner than that of a bolt-gun man. His worst fault in the eyes of the mountain men lies in his speed; they couldn't catch him with their dogs, and in this lies the utmost insult a bear can give them. The second drawback is his extreme thinness, a weight of from 80 to 150 pounds being the two extremes.

In appearance he has a sharp nose like a fox, is reddish-brown and has feet out of proportion in their hugeness.

When we were in the Siskiyou two years before, hunting bears in the spring, the mountaineers pointed out to us a high, rocky peak but a mile or so from Hamburg, the abode of a "Chamise" bear that had defied their chases for a year and still clung to that peak. They regarded it as a personal affront, much as they would had he walked into their houses and stole a few sacks of sugar and other bear dainties.

Cinnamon, a bear with which both Bailey and Charley had had turn-ups in years gone by. Color a very light brown, claws long like those of a grizzly, cannot climb a tree, weighs from 500 to 900 pounds and corresponds in most respects to the grizzly described by Wright. Disposition, the mild-mannered one of an Arizona side-winder.

Then they recognized the grizzly as a separate sort of bear, and the ordinary black and brown bear as apart from the Chamise and the Palo Mino. Perhaps the two last named are members of the black bear family, but Mr. Wright will have to construct stronger links to connect them than he has if he is to convince those northern men.

As we sat comfortably around the fire, with the sparks soaring up into the blue-black darkness above us, Bailey told the time-honored tale of the Kanaka and the unkillable bear, a tale that has passed into an epic along the Klamath.

THE TALE OF THE KANAKA.

In the early days many Kanakas, or Sandwich Islanders, came into the Klamath Valley, traveled down the river, worked little diggings or took up ranches and made good citizens of themselves. All through the people of the valley the dark Kanaka strain showed itself.

Now, down river below Hamburg, a Kanaka lived in a little settlement called Happy Camp. Unlike most of his people, he liked to hunt, and used to make life a burden for the unhappy bears within reach of his pack.

He had become possessed of a little automatic .22-calibre rifle when that little affair first came out, and used this to slay his bears after his pack had treed them in some handy fir. The mountain men had made dark prophecies to him concerning what would happen when some bear needed killing to prevent him from clawing the hunter, but the Kanaka refused to listen to reason.

One evening he was walking down a little canyon where he had been in search of the stock he had turned out for the summer in the hills. The pack was at home, but the little rifle was along as usual to keep the Kanaka from catching cold.

As he passed through a little open space in the canyon bottom he brushed by a dead tree, apparently struck by lightning and with its top broken off a dozen feet above the ground.

Something clawed him sharply across the calf of the leg, and, startled, he leaped away. Glancing down, he saw that the trousers had been torn from the leg. Then he looked over at the tree. Something had dug away part of the rotten wood near the bottom, leaving a hole, and sticking out of this hole was the snout of a bear, its little, bright eyes twinkling and the nose sniffing inquisitively in his direction. Then he understood what had clawed him as he passed the tree.

At the first motion of the rifle the nose disappeared. Therefore he gathered up plenty of needles and leaves and some punky wood and pushed it half into the hole at the bottom of the tree. In a moment the pile was sending up choky clouds of smoke and the top of the tree was drawing like a factory flue. Twenty feet away from the dead tree stood the Kanaka, his rifle ready to add the pelt of that little bear to those down at the ranch house. He hadn't stopped to think of the difference between a tired and panting bear in a tree, with the dogs ready to pile on if the bullet fails, and a bear in good condition with no dogs to call upon.

Inside the trunk there arose a clawing, scratching noise; the bear had gotten to the point where the society of the Kanaka was preferable to being suffocated.

In a moment the head of a bear appeared over the jagged broken top of the dead tree. The Kanaka was a fine shot, used to shooting bears in trees, and always shot for the eye at close range. Wounded bears among dogs tend to ruin good dogs.

Therefore at the crack of the little rifle the bear shot down out of sight, while the brown man patted himself on the back as being in the price of another pelt for the taking of it.

But inside of the trunk the scrambling and the growling and the scuffling continued. For a dead bear the noise was hardly right.

In a moment there appeared over the edge of the trunk the bear again, the eye apparently undamaged and the bear as good as ever.

The light in the canyon was growing dim, the Kanaka felt that possibly he had missed, but the way the bear had dropped out of sight had persuaded him that he hit where he had aimed.

Again the bead dropped on the little, inquisitive eye with the blue smoke curling up around it, the little rifle cracked, and the Kanaka saw the bullet strike. Another bullet sped after the first and spat into the head before the bear could drop. Then the bear disappeared as if somebody had kicked his supports out from under him.

Inside of the tree, instead of the scuffling and the scratching and the clawing and the growling ceased, as it should with a well-conducted dead bear, it kept right on, and again came the sound of claws on the dry wood of the trunk.

Like a flash came the memory of the prophecies of the other hunters as to his rifle and its lack of killing power. The light was poor in the little space under the shadows of the peaks above, the unhappy Sandwich Islander's knees began to shake like the hapless rookie when he first gets into a real shooting match.

Out above the jagged edge of the trunk came the head of the bear, this time with the white teeth showing, looking bigger and uglier and more threatening than before. Both eyes shone with undimmed brilliancy, not a fleck of blood showed on the gray and black fur.

One shot fired the brown man at the spectral head in the dusk, then with a horrified yell he threw down the rifle and faded out of the immediate landscape.

The five miles to Happy Camp he made in "nothin' flat," to quote Bailey, and with difficulty did the inhabitants of the little trading post persuade him to halt with them.

The next day a party, not guided by the Kanaka, sought the clearing as he described it, found the tree with not a sign of life about it, cut down the tree—and out rolled three bears, dead, a mother, cub and yearling, all shot through the eye.

BEAR CHARACTERISTICS.

The bear in fiction and the books of our schooldays and the bear of the mountains are two different animals. The hibernating feat as performed by both is an example. The fiction bear sucks his paws during his long sleep, and the fat that he accumulated during the fall serves to keep him alive during the winter. Then he comes out—according to the tales—thin and impoverished, like the man who has been living on his bank balance until they send him an overdraw notice.

The real bear comes out as fat as when he went in. Hunting them in the spring, we found them as fat as the fall variety. Only after they stuff themselves with the mountain celery do they run down in weight and lose their hair and become generally the unfit for killing, poor animal that ranges the summer woods. During our spring hunt the mountaineers classified the bears that ran and gave much trouble as the bears that had been out for some time, and those that treed readily as the bears just out of the caves and still fat.

Bruin has certain queer foibles that the ordinary person overlooks, but which are part of the education of the men who hunt them regularly.

One of them is a strong dislike for the yellow pine and an absolute refusal to climb it if there is any other sort available.

Another is the respect a bear has for his heels. While a mastiff is easy game for the bear, on account of his size and the ease with

which the bear catches him, the agile Airedale or even the little fox terrier can put a bear up a tree, although a half-hearted sweep of his paws could destroy the little dog—provided the dog was there when the swing arrived. Usually he is not; finally bruin goes up a tree to think things over.

The fire died down, somebody yawned and suggested that it was bedtime, and then the embers glowed and flickered alone.

THE PROPER WAY TO SLEEP.

We slept on a bed made of spruce and shingled in the regulation fashion, the sort of bed made famous as embodying the sleeping comforts that the old feather bed or the newest Ostermoor could not know.

It is more comfortable than the hard ground; it *does* beat rocks; it runs a close race with a soft pine board; but a mattress stuffed with all the husks of the prodigal son could give it a mile handicap and beat it two of them. I don't object to the man enamored of the wilds praising this sort of a bed merely as being lots better than nothing, but he tends to overdo things in his enthusiasm.

Toward morning, in spite of being tired from the long tramp of the day, we discovered the true inwardness of the shingled bed. The way to make one comfortable is to get there a week ahead of time, cut down all the proper trees within a mile, pile up singled twigs eight feet thick—and then cover the pile with a cowboy's doggy. The doggy makes sleeping fair to middlin', the shingled boughs work on the imagination like Christian Science.

Dawn was just showing over the ridge to the eastward when the mummy lying over by the pile of pack-saddles and duffle sat up and rubbed its eyes. Then it crawled out of its wrappings and set to making a fire.

The air was sharp and cold. The air bit as it never does down in the lowlands, the sort of tang that makes you rub your hands and give a little shiver and exclaim with chattering teeth, "Woo-oo-oo-hoo, what an elegant morning," and think—not for publication—"to stay in a nice warm bed until the sun comes up."

But nobody ever heard of a hunt where you could get up at a white man's hour and still get your game, after eating by sunlight, and getting down to the hunt about the time you'd ordinarily get down to your work. Besides, all respectable hunting stories start with Sam or Bill or Ned or Dick dragging out the other fellow from his warm bed at 3 G. M. or other unholy hour when only burglars and fool hunters are abroad.

TAKING TO THE TRAIL.

The way led across the head of our canyon, down a little trail to the divide between our own canyon and Thompson's Creek next door, and then around the shoulder of the mountain into Thompson's Creek, where bear were rumored to be.

Now, around the shoulder of the mountain meant navigating through virgin, unruffled, undisturbed brush, where good trails existed—for mice below the bushes—but none were for human beings. Therefore progress lay only through fighting brush, which is a term meaning to push through, crawl over, wriggle under or get through in a way that is none of the three specified methods.

There is no more tiring "sport" in the world than this sort of thing. You trip over low branches and are driven back by boughs too strong to be pushed aside, have your hat and much of your hair removed when you try to crawl under, leap on extra thick portions only to find yourself beautifully hung up in the midst, with your toes barely touching the ground, while all through the program you are continually lashed across the face by vicious boughs, while others pick your pockets, relieve you of your handkerchief, hunt for your watch and wrestle with you for the possession of your field glasses or anything else you are foolish enough to wear slung across your body by a strap.

This particular brush was of the scrub oak variety—tan oak, Charley called it—about breast high, but concealing places where you said "Now I lay me" three times before you finally struck solid ground.

The lady wore her bird-shooting skirt, abbreviated enough for all the tramping after the blue quail and the rough country in which the birds live, but too much skirt for brush where even a rattlesnake would have to fold his feathers tightly against him to get through.

We got perhaps through a quarter mile of this stuff, with frequent falls on the steep mountain-side that sloped down somewhere under the green covering. Then I heard the words behind me—words that sounded much like "darn"—delivered in the tone that tells you that darn is far too weak for the occasion. There was also the sound of a scuffle. I looked back.

A hot, red-faced, perspiring lady, with her hair rearranged according to the whims of the tan oak hairdressers, was having hot argument with an oak bush over who was to wear her skirt. When I

looked the bush had about two feet of skirt the best of it, while a sporter Springfield was hanging affectionately around the lady's neck, aiding her in disentangling the skirt.

(Continued next week.)

N. R. A. NOTES.

NATIONAL INDOOR COMPETITION.

ENTRIES are coming in rather slow for the interclub league matches this winter. So far official entries have been made by the following clubs:

Philadelphia Rifle Association, Warren (Pa.) Rifle and Revolver Club, Tacoma (Wash.) Rifle and Revolver Club, Dickinson (N. D.) Rifle Club, Cuyahoga Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio; Youngstown (Ohio) Revolver Club, Rocky Mountain Rifle Club of Butte, Mont.; the Priest River (Idaho) Rifle and Revolver Club, and the Park Club of Bridgeport, Conn., making nine clubs in all.

Three of these organizations—the Philadelphia, Warren and Tacoma clubs—entered in the telescopic league, and in some cases the decision has not been made as to which league the teams will shoot in.

As the entries will close next Monday, December 2, it looks as if several of the clubs which have participated in these matches in previous years will not be in the game this winter. There will probably, however, be enough clubs to take their place, as it is the intention of the recently organized clubs in New Orleans and St. Louis to enter teams.

COMPANY D, INDIANAPOLIS, WINS.

In accordance with the stipulations contained in the challenge of Capt. George S. Greene, commanding Company D, Second Indiana Infantry, and published in a recent issue of your paper, I am enclosing the scores made by the team from the Montgomery True Blues, Company D, Second Infantry, Alabama National Guard.

The match was shot on the morning of Sunday, November 17, 1912. The weather was clear and bright and the thermometer registered 65 degrees. The 200, 300 and 500 yard ranges were shot with no wind at all and conditions practically perfect. A short, choppy or "fishtail" wind arose shortly after firing commenced at 600 yards and continued throughout the shooting at that range.

Lieut. Col. W. F. Weiss, of the Second Infantry, whose certificate accompanies the scores, scored the firing line, and Lieut. John Crowell, of the First Battalion, Second Infantry, verified the pit scoring.

Yours very respectfully,

P. O. MANSON,

Captain, Second Inf., Commanding Co. D, A. N. G.

Organization—Company D, Second Infantry, A. N. G. Station—Montgomery, Ala.

Name and Rank.	200 yards	300 yards	500 yards	600 yards	Total
1. Chas. E. Teat, 2d Lieut.	43	47	48	45	183
2. E. H. Pope, Sergt.	43	46	45	46	180
3. Hugh Evans, Sergt.	45	42	44	48	179
4. A. J. McFarland, Sergt.	42	43	48	44	177
5. P. O. Franson, Capt.	43	43	46	44	176
Grand totals	216	221	231	227	895

I certify on my honor that the above scores were fired in my presence and under the conditions as imposed by the challenge of Company D, Second Infantry, I. N. G., as published in ARMS AND THE MAN.

W. F. WEISS,

Lieutenant Colonel, Second Infantry, A. N. G.

Organization—Company D, Second Infantry, I. N. G. Station—Indianapolis, Ind.

Name and Rank.	200 yards	300 yards	500 yards	600 yards	Total
1. George E. Bailey, 1st Lieut.	43	47	46	48	184
2. James W. Hurt, 2nd Lieut.	45	43	49	48	185
3. Albert C. Meyer, Q. M. Sergt.	43	43	47	47	184
4. Clifford H. Peck, Sergt.	43	45	49	46	183
5. Manford G. Henley, Sergt.	44	47	47	49	187
Totals	218	225	238	238	919

General average per range, 45.95 per cent.

Team captain, First Lieut. George E. Bailey; team coach and spotter, Capt. George S. Greene.

Clear and cold; 20-mile wind 4 o'clock.

CERTIFICATE.

I certify on honor that the above scores were fired in my presence and under the conditions as imposed by the challenge of Company D, Second Infantry, I. N. G., as published in ARMS AND THE MAN.

P. A. DAVIS, Captain, Second Infantry, I. N. G.

A Call to Arms.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers.

"Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young

man. "Oh," she said, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

NOT A BAD SHOT.

Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, President of the National Guard Association of the United States, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was, not many years ago, an interested spectator during a great rifle match. One of the men did some remarkable shooting; in fact, he broke a world's record; and to him the General addressed himself at the conclusion of the firing.

He congratulated the champion upon the high merit of his performance, and then asked: "Do you train specially to prepare yourself for these great contests?"

"No, suh," replied the champion, who was from the South; "I just live my o'dinary life, suh."

"Well," queried the General, "do you ever drink anything?"

"I neveh take beer, wine, whiskey or any other alcoholic bevidges, suh."

"Ah-h-h-ha! Do you smoke?"

"No, suh; I neveh smoke."

"Um-m-m-m-m-m! Maybe you chew?"

"No, suh; I neveh make use of tobacco in any fohm, suh."

"Yes. Well, fond of good things to eat?"

"No, suh; I don't eat much as a reg'la thing. Drink plenty of watah, eat a lot of co'n bread and neveh go to any of them ban-ketties, where so many people stuff the'se'ves full of things to eat and drink."

"However, I suppose you frequently go to the theatre or other places of amusement in the evening for a diversion?"

"No, suh; I can't say as I do. As a gen'al thing I most always go to my work about 8 o'clock in the mawnin' and take a little snack at noon, an apple and a piece of co'n pone, like as not, or maybe a ham sandwich; and then in the evenin' I go home and have suppah about 6 o'clock, and then if they's anythin' lively in the papah I might stay up as late as 9 o'clock, but usually I get to bed 'bout half past eight."

"Yes, yes," said the General, shaking the champion's hand again and congratulating him once more. "Yes, you deserve your victory." And then in an aside to a friend he added: "But by Jinks, I'd almost as soon be a bad shot!"

Two Signs.

An Irishman walking along a road beside a golf links was suddenly struck between the shoulders by a golf ball. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. When he recovered he observed a golfer running towards him. "Are you hurt?" asked the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?" "An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didnt know there were any assassins round here." "But I called 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way." "Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, then, whin I say 'foive' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"—*London Public Opinion.*

A Just Judge.

"It's all right to fine me, Judge," laughed Barrowdale, after the proceedings were over, "but just the same you were ahead of me in your car, and if I was guilty you were, too."

"Ya-as, I know," said the judge, with a chuckle. "I found myself guilty and hev jest paid my fine into the treasury same ez you."

"Bully for you!" said Barrowdale. "By the way, do you put these fines back into the roads?"

"No," said the judge. "They go to the trial jestice in loo o' sal'ry."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Increase of German Artillery.

The strength of the German field artillery had been increased, but the extent of the addition to the German fighting strength is hardly yet realized in this country. A short time since Germany possessed 469 batteries of field guns, 63 of field howitzers and 42 of horse artillery. On October 1 no less than 59 new batteries were raised, with the corresponding brigade and regimental staffs, and the establishment of existing batteries was increased by two draught horses each. The additions amount to nearly 8,000 men, 7,500 horses and 354 guns, besides an increase of 122 in the number of guns horsed in peace time.

Wisconsin Small Arms Report.

The report of small arms firing under Special Course C, Wisconsin National Guard, has just been published, and shows that the Second Infantry leads with the high figure of merit, 94.81; Third Infantry, 87.96; First Infantry, 82.48; Troop A, First Cavalry, 64.92, and Tenth Separate Battalion, 61.49.

Out of a company of 75 men, I of the First leads all other companies with a figure of 112.27. It qualified 41 experts, 10 sharpshooters and 24 marksmen, and does not show any first, second, third or fourth class men.

The three National Defense Trophies for first, second and third honors, donated to the Wisconsin National Guard by the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company through the War Department, for the highest per cent of membership qualified as marksmen or better during the target year, firing "Course C," are awarded to:

- First Honors, Company "I," First Infantry.....112.27
- Second Honors, Company "A," Third Infantry.....111.51
- Third Honors, Company "M," Second Infantry.....106.18

The following companies also qualified 100 per cent of the membership as marksmen with figure of merit as published:

- Company "I," Third Infantry.....105.54
- Company "K," Second Infantry.....103.98
- Company "H," Second Infantry.....101.23

Rifle, Revolver and Pistol.

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

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

GOSSIP

By "AL BLANCO."

Cures have been found for most of the bugs or microbes that human flesh is heir to, but so far as known no wise man has ever discovered a serum that will offset the terrible ravages of "the shooting bug." It is something awful when it gets hold of a man. He will sacrifice his business, family and even his health just to follow the game. Yet he has a pretty good time playing it, and we do not think any of our cranks would be cured if they could.

The Youngstown (Ohio) Rifle and Revolver Club is located in a splendid range in one of the largest bank buildings in the city, and will enter a team in the Indoor Rifle League matches as well as the U. S. R. A. A most active and successful season is anticipated, and the club secretary-treasurer, W. O. Brown, is hustling plans to that end.

His Car.

"And what is that little building over there?" asked the visitor to Tompy's place.

"That? Oh, my wife calls that the garage," said Tompy.

"Oh—what is your car?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, that's a mirage," said Tompy.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Capt. Ira L. Reeves, recently detailed as head of the Military Department of the University of Vermont, has instilled considerable enthusiasm among the cadets of the institution along rifle shooting lines. Captain Reeves is himself a very enthusiastic rifleman and good shot, and the prediction is made that before the indoor rifle shooting season of 1912-13 is over the U. of V. will be on the map of the rifle shooting world. Two of Captain Reeves' pupils are Chinese boys, who, before they came to this country, had never fired a rifle. The four cadet companies will engage in a match this week.

George Armstrong, who shot last year with the Portland (Ore.) U. S. R. A. champions, will appear with the big show, Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, in a 25-minute sketch entitled "Will We or Will We Not?" The Golden Gate Club should make an awful run for first place with Armstrong and Gorman as a nucleus.

As no schedule has been received from the U. S. R. A., it is impossible to arrange the first week's results of the U. S. R. A. shooting. We have asked all of the clubs to send in a copy of their scores in order that we might compile an interesting batch of data while it is still news.

We expect to do our part, and we also expect those clubs which take enough interest in the game to want to know what the other fellow is doing to do theirs. We expect the U. S. R. A. to furnish us information, as the official organ of that association, when necessary to make intelligible the scores of competing clubs.

Sphinx-like silence is a mighty fine thing in the Sahara Desert, but this isn't a desert.

Individual members of clubs should get after their secretary in this fashion: "Hey, Bill Smith, why in — don't you send ARMS AND THE MAN them scores? Ain't we entitled to see our name in print? If all of the other guys loaf on the job there wouldn't be any league. Come through there, old sport, and

send some dope to Al Blanco. The poor guy is worried to death."

Give him the above spiel and then if he won't come through—well, get another secretary. This advice is handed out gratis and applies to everybody, particularly those who are so self-centered that they do not consider it necessary to look farther than their own individual selves.

Every man knows that his grandfather was a great shot, and has a sneaking thought in his mind that he has some of his grandfather's blood in him. Now there is no doubt in the world that this fellow's remotest ancestor was a monkey, and that the simian's chief characteristic, coupled with human conceit, will in all probability bring him around to do just what you want him to do.

Two hunters, John Lyons and Robert Dodd, of Upper Montclair, N. J., fired two shots at a rabbit, and as the smoke cleared away they saw the rabbit run into the hollow of a tree. As they were preparing to smoke out the rabbit they discovered in the hollow a much-worn pocketbook, which contained \$133 in bills. The rabbit hunt immediately came to an end. There was nothing in the pocketbook to show to whom the money belonged, and the supposition is that it was placed in the tree by a thief.

Miss Jones (to Mr. Brown, who has survived three wives)—They must get kind of mixed up in heaven with so many Mrs. Browns about.

Mr. Brown—Oh, I calculate not. You see, now they're all different shades of Brown.

Among the shorter articles in the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for November 23d there are two in particular that deserve attention. The first describes the manufacture of the Damascus barrels which are used in the better grade of shotguns. A fairly good Damascus barrel will average about thirty years' service, or the firing of 100,000 shots, if well cared for, and still be perfectly safe to use. The barrel of his shotgun is of vital importance to a sportsman, as he is willing to explode a charge of gunpowder, with a bursting force of from 50,000 to 65,000 pounds to the square inch, within a few inches of his head, with nothing between but the thickness of his gun barrel—some three-sixteenths of an inch of steel.

Turkey Shoots of Citizens' Club, Rochester.

If all the people of the City of Rochester could have been crowded into the basement of the State Armory, Saturday night, and were unconscious of what was going on, they quite likely might have been led to believe that a detachment of soldiers was in a skirmish with the enemy or that the Bulgarians and the Turks were engaged in deadly combat. The crack of many rifles could be heard, but investigation showed that nothing more serious than an old-fashioned turkey shoot was in progress.

The shoot was held by the Citizens' Rifle and Revolver Club, and was participated in by expert marksmen. As a result of the shoot turkeys, geese and chickens will grace the Thanksgiving tables of various homes about the city, and if Sergt. August Larsen cooks all he won he will have a record Thanksgiving dinner. Benjamin H. Bickle managed to carry away a goose after considerable sport and shooting off a tie with Earnest Bowerman. William W. Lewis, executive officer, was in charge, with Frank C. Sherman and C. D. V. Hobbie as range officers, Bartley W. Wall as statistical officer and Benjamin H. Bickle in charge of the butts.

The U. S. R. A. Pistol League

PITTSBURGH PICKINGS.

DEAR AL BLANCO:

We got away to a "bum start," but will pick up speed as we go along. Little things like business, vacation, hunting season, etc., kept about half our club away from the range; besides, the range was undergoing repairs. So we will do better when we have Dr. Wilson, Olson, Freed, Beal and Hazlett in the line-up.

However, it was like old times to see a dark spot appear in the 6 ring and then hear — — — from the firing point.

Speaking of the — — — — — stuff, we have a new member whom we are willing to back against anything in the league and ask no odds. He comes from the City of Brotherly Love, etc., but he left all of that stuff behind for his small brothers, and what he brought with him makes the range look like an X-ray tube when he gets a 7, while a 6—ouch! it sounds like a Billy Sunday sermon.

Our scores in the first two matches don't look very formidable, but, look out, if ever we all get rid of the "Buck" on the same night we will hang up 1,100. DUQUESNE.

TERRAPIN TINKLINGS.

According to schedule, we were in competition with the Louisville aggregation last week, if our surmises are correct, the bunch that put the turk in turkeys at 300 yards and thereby provoked much language.

The first match of a series is always a test of ability to stick to business, and so far as the Terrapins were concerned, most of them seemed to scorn such a thing as hits in the bull's-eye. It was much easier to place their shots elsewhere on the target, and the total for five men, technically and for match purposes termed the five highest totals, might well have been made by kindergartners. However, we congratulate ourselves on finishing nearly 100 points better than we did in the first match last year. Cold comfort if the Turkey-Trotters did better, but better than nothing.

In passing it may be stated that Dr. R. J. Mullikin pins his faith to a 10-inch Stevens, Hebel's pet is a Colt officer's model, Sergeant Renehan sticks to his military, all the rest use the 10-inch single-shot, with most of them shooting Uncle Tom Keller's brand of cartridge.

Here is what we sent over to Secretary Crabtree, subject to his keen eye and count:

Fort	40	43	38	44	45	210
Mullikin	40	36	42	46	42	206
Renehan	40	42	38	43	39	202
Harker	37	40	41	42	41	201
Naylor	33	36	44	42	38	193

1,012

SHELL MOUND.

The first match was shot by the Shell Mound Team against Warren, Ill., and as the club had some other doings it was hard for the members to settle down to business. W. H. Christie made a very good score, 225, for a starter. His 47s were four tens and a seven. If he had only got the other ten there would be some score.

The club will shoot hereafter on Wednesdays instead of Tuesdays, as in the past. We hope for better scores in the future.

W. H. Christie	47	47	46	44	41	225
W. A. Siebe	45	44	44	41	42	216
R. S. Wixson	46	42	42	39	38	207
M. Nielson	41	40	39	38	35	193
Frank Poulter	40	38	36	34	34	182

Grand total.....1,023

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SPRINGFIELD SPASMS.

Seeing that we are here, we will take them as they come—Spokane Revolver Club and then Providence Revolver Club. We have been hidden from the outside world since early last spring, and are very confident of a noisy season. Everyone seems to hang on, and, best of all, we have the pleasure of printing that well-known name, C. S. Axtell, as our old standby. Some thought Axtell might slacken up, but, no, he is going to be shooting for Springfield when the last shot is fired.

There was a large attendance at the clubhouse last evening, giving to shooters a good backing for the first two games. Of course, we know it is better to laugh last, but we are going to start laughing now and not stop.

An interesting incident took place last evening: Our most enthusiastic member, G. W. Rice, Jr., informed the members of his daring actions in the local tall timbers during the present week. As a desperado Rice is a wonder, being known to even go into the wilds alone and wander among the wild deer, rabbits and such game as we claim from these wilds. Well, Rice went out with his trusty and toppled over a deer, which he has ordered to be cooked up for a venison dinner tomorrow evening at the clubhouse. Pretty piece of work, don't you think?

Following are the detailed scores of the two matches shot last night:

Match 1.

L. P. Castaldini	44	45	50	45	40	224
Dr. I. R. Calkins	48	41	43	45	47	224
P. J. Dolfin	42	44	49	41	46	222
C. S. Axtell	33	47	44	46	47	217
F. A. Wakefield	42	44	45	42	44	217

1,104

Match 2.

P. J. Dolfin	46	50	49	45	45	235
L. P. Castaldini	45	40	43	45	48	221
G. W. Rice	42	46	45	48	39	220
W. E. Lawrence	45	41	46	46	45	223
F. A. Wakefield	44	43	46	40	43	216

1,115

The Philadelphia Rifle Association scores in the United States Revolver Association Indoor League, Tuesday evening, November 19, 1912, Armory Company B, Engineers, N. G. P., 2035 Sansom street:

No. 1.

Herman Thomas	44	35	40	46	41	206
R. S. Newbold	46	36	40	43	40	205
H. L. Reeves	43	40	41	40	40	204
M. Forbes	40	44	39	40	39	202
Geo. Hugh Smith	40	36	36	38	38	188

1,005

No. 2.

Herman Thomas	45	43	42	46	43	219
H. L. Reeves	47	42	42	46	41	218
R. S. Newbold	40	42	42	42	37	203
Geo. Hugh Smith	41	39	42	42	37	201
M. Forbes	41	41	36	39	41	198

1,039

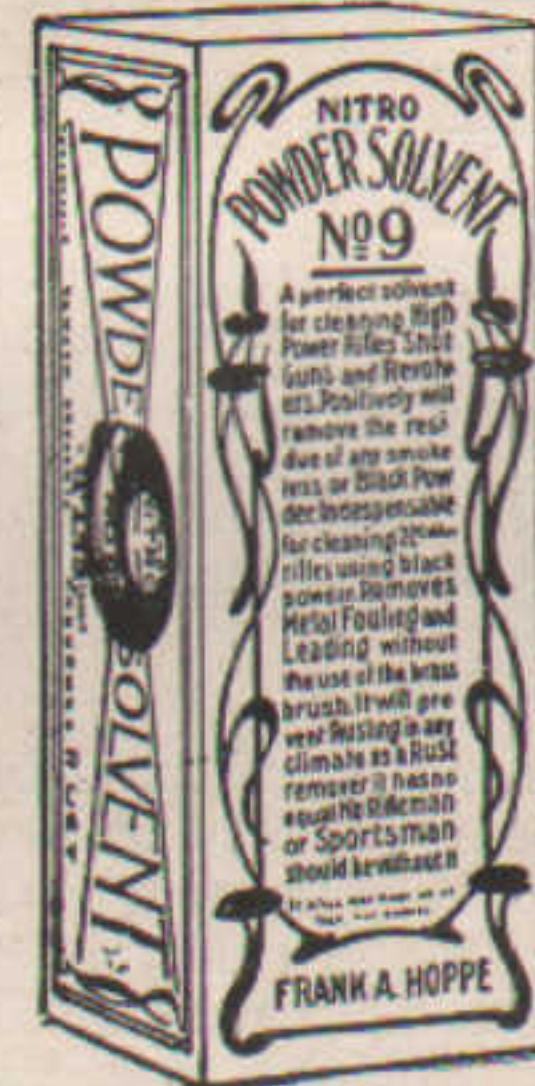
Thomas has been shooting this summer; Newbold has only shot .30-caliber Springfield; Reeves and Forbes have not shot a pistol since last spring; Brother Bill is away duck shooting; all our doctors are busy with their patients; Sperring is probably too lazy to shoot, and George Smith has only shot a Springfield

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Match A—Revolver Championship

1st, A. M. Poindexter467
3rd, J. E. Gorman455
5th, C. M. McCutcheon448

Match D—Military Record

1st, Dr. J. H. Snook212
2nd, C. M. McCutcheon.....207

Match B—Pistol Championship

3rd, A. M. Poindexter457

Match F—Pocket Revolver Championship

1st, Dr. O. A. Burgeson.....208

TWO NEW RECORDS!

Match C—Military Revolver Championship

1st, Dr. J. H. Snook621
3rd, A. M. Poindexter.....574
5th, C. M. McCutcheon.....570

Match E—Revolver Team Championship

1st, Denver Revolver Club774

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since last spring, when he had his eyes damaged with splinters and head almost burnt off and blown off in an explosion in his coffee mill. We hope to do better.

DENVER DUSTINGS.

AL BLANCO:

The boys dutifully blew in last night for their first trial at the indoor match game. Every last one of them, as is their custom on frosty nights, wore a bland expression and winning way. At times these pre-match smiles are evidences of monumental confidence and portend certain success (most certainly the annals of the game run not to the contrary, and rather convince old hosses that good humor is probably the greatest adjunct to success). Most assuredly do they succeed who can smear that smile over the entire season.

Assuming somewhat of a license to observe and criticise, I do not hesitate to say that this Denver bunch is the sturdiest and most genial aggregation one can wish to meet. It is a fact that a number of these boys graduated from bronco-busting before they were big enough to lift a gun. Now that they have fallen out of conceit with wild and obstreperous ponies, the following scores made against our respected adversaries this week bespeak of the commendable interest they are now taking in the pistol.

Denver, Nov. 21, 1912.—Score against Tacoma:

O. A. Burgeson	40	43	45	45	49	—222
C. M. McCutcheon	43	41	44	45	46	—219
F. J. Dreher	42	41	43	46	43	—215
F. C. Willard	41	47	44	46	38	—216
A. M. Poindexter	43	46	45	45	46	—225

NATIONAL CAPITAL NIBS.

It was fitting that our high man for the season of 1911-12. Captain Sheridan Ferree, should fire the first shot of 1912-13. But here we pause to inject the remark that it was not fitting that he should beat it immediately after turning in 217 and 225. There are a few more of the squad who have the idea that as soon as they turn in their scores they are through, performed their duty as it were, and then hike for a picture show or some other form of light entertainment. The bunch has got to hang together, and when a team man turns in his score it is time for him to begin work on some member who needs coaching. That's team work. We're going to have it or bust. Our totals for the first two performances are 1041 and 1077. Ferree was high in both matches. George Peck finished second from first in the opener and second from last in the closer. We won both. Here's how the score looked after scrutinization by the U. S. R. A. representative.

MATCH 1.

Sheridan Ferree	45	42	45	40	45	—217
G. W. Peck	43	38	44	44	42	—211
R. Alderman	43	44	40	37	43	—207
J. C. Bunn	42	42	39	38	43	—204
F. W. Holt	38	41	41	38	44	—202

1041

MATCH 2.

Sheridan Ferree	47	43	44	46	45	—225
J. C. Bunn	45	44	42	46	45	—222
Frank J. Kahrs	42	42	44	43	43	—214
R. Alderman	41	39	42	40	46	—208
M. B. Atkinson	40	42	45	40	41	—208

1077

SPOKANE SPARKS.

The Spokanes put on an extra coat of war paint before they went to their range in the State Armory last night, and went after the Springfield (Mass.) Club in the first match of the season and Philadelphia in the second match. The boys were all in good form and it will make the other two teams ramble some to top our scores, 1110 for Springfield and 1123 against Philadelphia, pretty good eh, for a starter. L. B. Rush shot the .38 special revolver 8-inch Pope barrel, hand loaded ammunition in both matches, Wilburn, Berger, Fromm, Coats and Stansbury, shot the .22 pistol 10-inch barrels. The barrels were made in Spokane, by Mr. J. E. Wilburn.

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Next week we go after the St. Louis-Colonial and Tacoma Washington.

The Spokane Club meet every Wednesday night at the State Armory, corner McClellan Street and 2nd Ave., all visitors welcome.

Results follow:

MATCH 1.

J. E. Milburn.....	46	46	47	46	47	—232
F. V. Berger.....	46	40	48	46	43	—223
L. B. Rush.....	42	43	47	47	43	—222
B. H. Coats.....	45	46	44	42	41	—218
D. R. Stansbury.....	42	41	43	45	44	—215

1110

MATCH 2.

J. E. Milburn.....	45	47	46	42	43	—223
Frank Fromm.....	47	47	47	46	41	—228
L. B. Rush.....	44	49	46	43	45	—227

F. V. Berger.....	44	45	46	41	47	—223
D. R. Stansbury.....	45	41	48	40	48	—222

1123

W. H. WHITNEY, Sec.

LOUISVILLE LOLLYPOPS.

Oh you wiggles. If this score does not beat Baltimore, we can't help it. We did our best, but believe me we've got some team captain. No monkey business when little Doc Ward is around. We had our bad luck though. Sid. Smith our star performer had an accident with his automobile on the way to the range, and Matt said his 7's ought to have been 10's, but somebody said Matt stopped at the Rathskeller on his way down to the range. Then there's Keller, the U. S. R. A. representative, who said nix on that 1½ pound trigger pull and made him increase it to regulation at the last minute, but wait until next time.

Kirby Chambers.....	44	44	46	42	42	—218
Sidney Smith.....	47	44	40	39	42	—212
Fred Keller.....	38	42	42	41	41	—204

H. W. Mattmiller.....	44	42	37	35	44	—202
J. H. Lindenburger.....	36	43	41	35	38	—193

1029

PITTSBURGH.

Match 1.

Dr. D. A. Atkinson.....	39	41	46	43	46	—215
Dr. E. A. Waugaman.....	45	40	40	44	41	—210
A. A. Meagher.....	36	49	37	46	44	—212
J. Guy Royal.....	40	40	43	41	46	—210
J. R. Brown.....	39	40	43	42	40	—204

Grand total.....1,051

Match 2.

Dr. E. A. Waugaman.....	38	42	47	46	44	—217
Bert M. Brae.....	39	43	42	46	42	—212
D. A. Atkinson.....	39	45	42	46	44	—216
A. A. Meagher.....	42	40	45	42	38	—207
J. A. Rolshouse.....	45	40	41	38	42	—206

Grand total.....1,053

CINCINNATI.

Match 1.

W. Howard Cox.....	42	45	33	46	43	—209
Elmer C. Hake.....	36	38	35	30	36	—175
Dr. A. A. Yungblut.....	40	40	39	35	43	—197
Col. Chas. F. Hake.....	35	42	36	44	38	—195
A. H. Kenan.....	42	37	40	33	36	—188

Grand total.....964

BOSTON.

Match 1.

Sears.....	44	47	43	44	48	—226
Gerrish.....	44	44	43	44	42	—217
Jewett.....	41	42	43	46	42	—214
Hosmer.....	43	42	43	35	47	—210

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Whipple	37	48	46	38	40	209
Grand total						1,076

Match 2.

Gerrish	47	44	47	45	45	228
Sears	45	49	43	41	44	222
Jewett	44	39	44	43	42	212
Hosmer	42	42	43	39	39	205
Whipple	42	41	38	39	38	198

Grand total						1,065
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WARREN, OHIO.

Match 1.

Scott	44	44	46	46	39	219
Crosby	42	43	40	42	41	208
Osborn	40	44	45	42	35	206
Estabrook	34	45	36	45	36	196
Morris	38	37	35	41	43	194

Grand total						1,023
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COLUMBUS.

Match 1.

Dr. Snook	43	47	46	44	41	221
Jesse Smith	40	44	42	45	47	218
N. A. Morrall	40	49	38	45	44	216
Chas. Ream	38	45	46	38	42	209
C. M. Parker	35	34	39	37	34	179

Grand total						1,043
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Match 2.

N. A. Morrall	46	43	47	43	44	223
Dr. J. H. Snook	47	41	45	44	40	217
Chas. Ream	42	43	44	44	43	216
Jesse Smith	44	48	38	45	39	214
C. M. Parker	43	43	39	36	41	202

Grand total						1,072
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PROVIDENCE.

MATCH 1.

S. B. Hibbard	44	46	46	41	45	222
H. C. Miller	43	44	46	41	45	219
H. M. Manchester	42	38	45	42	44	211
A. B. Colwell	44	37	42	42	43	208
F. P. Day	42	37	42	39	37	197

1057

MATCH 2.

A. B. Colwell	46	43	44	45	44	222
H. C. Miller	46	41	46	40	45	218
S. B. Hibbard	43	38	46	45	43	215
H. M. Manchester	39	44	44	42	39	208
F. P. Day	44	40	38	42	40	204

1067

Taunton, Mass. Indoor Club.

There was some good shooting in the eighth week of the Taunton (Mass.) Indoor Rifle Club series, the Spanish War Veterans leading in team totals with 420, and the Wampechos scoring 411. There is a hot race for individual average honors with Broadhurst leading with an average of 85 7-8 and Howes being a single point lower with 85 6-8. There are 13 men with averages of 80 or better. The week's results: Spanish War Veterans, 420; Ninth Co., 394; Wampechos, 411; St. John's, 354; Y. M. C. A., 392; Spring Brooks, 322; Highlands, 390; Washingtons, 329; Whittentons, 378; Echos, 377; Union A. C., 376; Mason Machine Works, 369.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	W.	L.	P. C.	Pts.
Spanish War Veterans	8	0	1.000	3276
Wampechos	6	0	1.000	2442
Y. M. C. A.	6	1	.857	2731
Highlands	5	3	.625	3121
Whittentons	5	3	.625	3018
Ninth Co., C. A. C.	4	3	.571	2742
Union A. C.	4	4	.500	2791
Mason Machine Works	3	5	.375	2807
Echos	3	5	.375	2704
Spring Brooks	4	7	.125	2630
St. John's	4	7	.125	2618
Washingtons	0	8	.000	2457

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.

WANTED.—A 45 Cal. hammerless Sharp rifle, a Maynard rifle and a Ballard rifle. Must be in perfect condition.

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64 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

SEATTLE CLUB SHOOT.

The members are showing an increased interest in the weekly shoots, coming early and staying late. About all of the shooting space was occupied at the range, and the new members are getting quite enthusiastic.

There was a noticeable increase in the count of the scores of nearly all of those present, and W. R. Hinckley just ran away with himself, and we had to fairly head him or he might have injured his reputation or made a score that he wouldn't equal very soon.

But as it was, taking the rather poor lights into consideration, he did very creditable work. The writer did some even shooting and hoped to reach Brother Hinckley, but no use; he just came in at the home stretch several lengths to the good.

There is a big grist of fine shots in this city, and they only need reaching after to get them into the fold. All signs point to a good, substantial revival of interest in Seattle this winter and spring. Several of the members are going to Tacoma for a novel turkey shoot Sunday before Thanksgiving.

A turkey is put up, 25 cents per shot, and anyone hitting a plate five inches in diameter gets the turkey. Any gun, any sights. We will try and give you the result.

The scores:

W. R. Hinckley	.22	85	91	90	94	93	453
G. I. Royce	.22	87	88	87	88	87	437
C. D. Meyer	.38 & .22	80	87	80	81	77	405
J. J. Agutter	.38 & .22	78	81	79	86	78	402
H. S. Reed	.38 & .22	81	84	80	82		
Geo. H. Tay	.38	82	84	82			
W. S. Belding	.38	80					

At the Arizona State Tournament held at Phoenix, Ariz., October 28 to 31, four days, 690 targets, Mr. D. E. Morrell, shooting a Stevens repeating shotgun No. 525, averaged over 94 per cent for this shoot; 96 per cent over last two days; was high amateur third day, and high over all amateurs and professionals the last day.

Annual Meeting of Interstate Association.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trap Shooting will be held on the 5th day of December, 1912, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of the association with the Corporation Trust Company, 15 Exchange place, Jersey City, N. J., for the purpose of electing a board of directors, receiving and acting upon reports of the officers and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Justly proud of its new hive, the Honey Bee Gun Club of New Castle, Ind., swarmed on its model grounds November 6 and "buzzed around" the firing line for its first formal shoot. A Vanderbeck was high over all, 92 out of 100, uniting, in the use of Remington-UMC ammunition, with all shooters who brought home the honey.

J. S. Young, H. E. Dickerman and E. Silver shot to the top positions of the amateur column at the November 16 meet of the Chicago Gun Club. E. S. Graham was high professional. Every winning contestant shot Remington-UMC speed shells and all but one used Remington-UMC guns. Four brands of shells were on sale.

There was another "perfect shooting combination" at the Cleveland Gun Club's latest tournament, when every winning shooter used Remington-UMC Nitro Club steel-lined speed shells.

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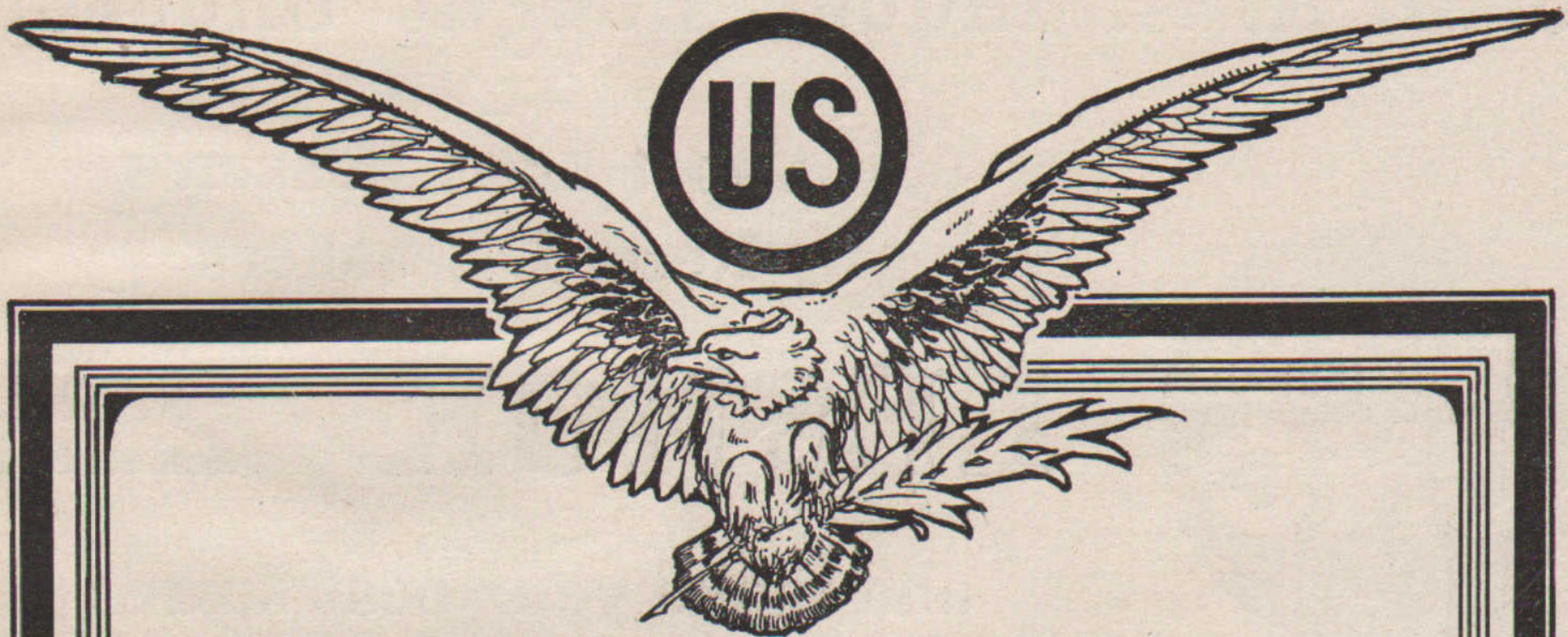
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At the New York Athletic Club part of the regular trap shooting program is now a 25-target event with gun below the elbow, in preparation for the next Olympic games. It is noticeable that an increasing number of the shooters have adopted the Remington-UMC pumpgun, with which J. R. Graham beat the world at Stockholm. George J. Corbett, chairman of the trap-shooting committee and one of the latest to make use of the handicap winning arm, made a 20 out of 25 score on his first trial.



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