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THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

It was pointed out in these columns last week that the Syracuse convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game would afford to the members of that body a magnificent opportunity for effecting a more adequate organization for game and fish protection and for dedicating the Association anew to the purposes for which it was founded; and it is an occasion of sincere satisfaction now to record that the opportunity thus presented has been improved, and improved with a heartiness and earnestness which are full of promise for the future. No one, who was present in the convention hall last Monday night and witnessed the close attention with which the report of the committee was received and the sincerity of the indorsement with which the new constitution and plan of organization were adopted, could have mistaken the sentiment which animated the delegates. The event has demonstrated that the Association contains within itself the material for carrying into effect the purposes implied in its title; and the readiness with which the overtures of the committee were received has amply justified their faith in the inherent possibilities of the Association if only those possibilities should be given freedom of expression and development.

The problem with which the committee found themselves face to face was not slight nor easy of solution. Here was an organization, fish and game protective in name, but in empty name only; and given in practice year after year to sport at the trap only. The task was to convert this organization into a protective body once more, but without disrupting the Association, without alienating the support and co-operation of those now in its control, and without abridging in the smallest measure the interests and privileges of the trap-shooters. It was a problem which required careful thought and extended consideration for its successful solution. How adequately the plan finally submitted by the committee and adopted by the Association shall prove to have attained this desired end, time and the test of experience alone can determine. In their scheme the committee have the utmost confidence; and of the details of the plan as set forth in the report printed on another page, careful and critical consideration is invited.

The FOREST AND STREAM has not hesitated in years gone by to call the Association sharply to account for maintaining the empty professions of its name, while utterly neglecting any practical devotion to fish and game protection. The opinion here expressed has been sincere; and has echoed the conviction of most earnest sportsmen of the State. Not less sincere is the congratulation we now extend to the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game on the action taken by it last Monday night; and not less sincere than their past censure, we feel assured, will be the approval, support and co-operation accorded to the Association by those who have hitherto held aloof from it.

The adoption of the new constitution is a public declaration that the Association will be henceforth an active,

potent force in fish, game and forest protection in the State. That this declaration does not involve in any degree an encroachment upon the interests of those who participate in the annual "State shoot" gives all the more cause for satisfaction.

A NATIONAL SALMON PARK.

UNDER this title Mr. Livingston Stone has ably presented the need of taking prompt steps for the preservation of the Pacific salmon and trout by declaring a part of the Government reservation in Alaska closed against fishery and other occupations which involve the extermination of the fish of the salmon family. He sketches the rapid decline of the salmon streams of California through the destructive march of improvements and shows that the steadily increasing demand for canned salmon will surely lead to the capture of the last fish unless measures are at once taken to prevent this extermination.

The plan of setting apart Afögnak for the purpose indicated seems to us entirely feasible, and especially so since the canneries located on the island, when in operation, depend for their supply upon the salmon in Karluk Bay. This bay is not, as Mr. Stone apparently believes, the collecting ground of salmon which ascend the Karluk only, but here the great schools of fish coming in from sea remain for a short time prior to their distribution in numerous rivers of the Peninsula and Cook's Inlet. The run into the Karluk is small compared with the masses of salmon that crowd into the bay near the mouth of the river.

The subject treated by Mr. Stone is a very important one, and its consideration cannot safely be deferred even for a few years, unless we are willing to assume the task of restoring depleted waters and meantime feed the natives whose very existence is threatened by cutting off their principal food supply.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.—I.

CHANCING to pass a besmirched April snowbank on the border of a hollow, you see it marked with the footprints of an old acquaintance of whom you have not for months seen even so much as this.

It is not because he made an autumnal pilgrimage, slowly following the swift birds and the retreating sun, that you had no knowledge of him, but for his home-keeping, closer than a hermit's seclusion.

These few cautious steps, venturing but half way from his door to the tawny naked grass that is daily edging near to his threshold, are the first he has taken abroad since the last bright lingering leaf fluttered down in the Indian summer haze.

He had seen all the best of the year, the blooming of the first flowers, the springing of the grass and its growth, the gathering of the harvests and the ripening of fruits, the gorgeoussness of autumn melting into sombre gray, He had heard all the glad songs of all the birds and their sad notes of farewell to their summer home, the first and last droning of the bumblebee among the earliest and latest of his own clover blossoms.

All the best the world had to give in the round of her seasons, luxuriant growth to feed upon, warm sunshine to bask in, he had enjoyed; of her worst he would have none.

So he bade farewell to the gathering desolation of the tawny fields and crept in to her warm heart to sleep through the long night of winter till the morning of spring. Then the wild scurry of wind-tossed leaves swept above him unheard and the pitiless beat of autumnal rain and the raging of winter storms that heaped the drifts deeper and deeper over his forsaken door.

The bitterness of cold that made the furred fox and the muffled owl shiver, never touched him, in his warm nest. So he shirked the hardships of winter without the toil of a journey in pursuit of summer, while the starved fox prowled in the desolate woods and barren fields and the squirrel delved in the snow for his meagre fare.

By and by the ethereal but potent spirit of spring stole in where the frost-elves could not enter, and awakening the earth, awakened him. Not by a slow and often impeded invasion of the senses, but as by the sudden opening of a door, he sees the naked earth again warming herself in the sun, and hears running water and singing birds. No wonder that with such surprise the querulous tremolo of his whistle is sharply mingled with these softer voices.

Day by day as he sees the sun-loved banks blushing

greener, he ventures further forth to visit neighbors or watch his clover or dig a new home in a more favored bank or fortify himself in some rocky stronghold, where boys and dogs may not enter. Now, the family may be seen moving with no burden of furniture or provision, but only the mother with her gray cubs, carried as a cat carries her kittens, one by one to the new home among the fresher clover.

On the mound of newly digged earth before it, is that erect, motionless, gray and russet form, a half decayed stump uprising where no tree has grown within your memory? You move a little nearer to inspect the strange anomaly, and lo it vanishes, and you know it was your old acquaintance, the woodchuck, standing guard at his door and overlooking his green and blossoming domain.

Are you not sorry, to-day at least, to hear the boys and the dog besieging him in his burrow or in the old stone wall wherein he has taken sanctuary? Surely, the first beautiful days of his open-air life should not be made so miserable that he would wish himself asleep again in the safety and darkness of winter. But you remember that you were once a boy and your sympathies are divided between the young savages and their intended prey, which after all is likelier than not to escape.

He will tangle the meadow grass and make free with the bean patch if he chances upon it, yet you are glad to see the woodchuck, rejoicing like yourself in the advent of spring.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

THE great interest taken by the public in the FOREST AND STREAM'S photographic competition is very gratifying. Already a goodly number of pictures have been submitted, and many more are promised during the year. It may safely be predicted that the amateur photograph crop for 1892 will be the largest ever gathered, that the subjects chosen will be more interesting than ever, and the pictures taken will be better from an artistic as well as from a mechanical point of view than ever before.

The number and character of the views sent to this office since the competition was announced justifies this conclusion. Besides the photographs of strange and unusual scenes, of which there are a number, there are also bits of scenery which are familiar to every one who is much out of doors. Such a picture is one of an ornithologist, well known to all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who is examining the nest of a red-eyed vireo found during a winter's walk in the woods. The naked tree trunks rise from the expanse of white snow, the delicate tracery of the undergrowth shows against the white, and the central figure of the man is bent over examining the old nest. Four pictures taken while a man is quail shooting will quicken the sportsman's heart. They show the dog working ahead of the gun, the point, the moment when the shooter is passing the dog to start the birds, and the shot at one of the bevy. An equally happy picture is one showing the reedy margin of a river bank. A wild duck has just risen from the water and a fair Diana is in the act of bringing her gun to bear on it. At her feet stands a retriever watching with pricked ears the bird, alert if the shot is successful to bring the game.

There are many pictures of camp scenes, the tents standing amid the trees and horses feeding near, or boats lying on the shore. Other views show travelers among the mountains, pack trains on the march, boats and canoes under sail. Of pictures devoted entirely to scenery there are many, and some of them very beautiful. Ragged mountain peaks, deep, narrow gorges, pine-dotted hillsides, far-stretching prairies and wonderful glaciers, all have their place among the views already submitted. Of pictures of living game there are as yet not very many, but we are told of a number which are to come. A beautiful portrait of a mule deer fawn which has been received deserves especial mention.

The time is at hand when many of our readers are starting off on their summer trips, and it is worth their while to make especial efforts to bring back with them a series of photographs which shall be worthy a place in this competition. The little time and effort required for this will be amply repaid by the satisfaction which the pictures will give, and this satisfaction will be a permanent one, since for years the pictures will give pleasure, recalling delightful memories of happy days.

The Kentucky fish bill has passed the Senate and strong hopes are entertained that it will go through the House. The local club is giving it all possible support.