Channel Bass Due on Jersey Coast Next Month; Tuna Now Biting; Federal Open Seasons for Migratory Birds

CHANNEL BASS DUE ON SEPTEMBER 12

Has Most Remarkable Characteristic for Punctuality.

FINE PLACES ARE NEAR BY

By HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

Look for the fall run of channel bass on the New Jersey coast in a fortnight. In the neighborhood of September 12 is when the first is likely to be taken. The channel bass is a most punctual fish and is likely to appear at this time along the beaches from Cape May north to Seaside Park.

It is questionable if any gamy salt water fish that swims is more pronounced in the habit of appearing at certain localities at almost the same period each year, often on the same day. Then they disappear for a little over a month and reappear again for a period and finally disappear entirely until the following year.

The channel bass is considered by anglers in the New Jersey section as the gamest fish, pound for pound, that can be taken surf fishing, and is justly entitled to the designation given to it many years ago of the "bulldog of the deep."

It has been compared with the striped bass, which has been referred to as the "racehorse." The first rush of a striped bass is swifter than that of a channel bass, but after being played and landed on the beach it is "all in."

Not so with the channel bass. The writer saw a recent instance of their gameness which proves their claim to never giving in.

On August 2 while fishing at New Inlet, N. J., Mrs. Horace C. Fisher, an expert woman angler, landed a channel bass which tipped the scales at 39½ pounds, which is, I think, the record channel bass caught by a woman surf fishing.

Two larger fish by a half pound each have been landed from boats, one by Mrs. Feigenspan of Newark and another by Mrs. A. G. Laing of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Fisher brought her fish through the undertow after about half an hour's play. It made a rush as soon as it realized that it was near the beach and took out about 200 feet of line. This it repeated at least a half dozen times. At last the angler beached it and her husband rushed down and actually had his hand behind its gills to throw it up on the beach when another wave gave it an opportunity and off it rushed to sea again, and required another ten minutes play before it lay on the sand, a beaten but worthy foe. All told it took her nearly three-quarters of an hour to land it.

Where to Find Channel Bass.

Channel bass travel northward in the spring and a noted place to catch them is Topsail's Inlet, North Carolina, a short distance from Wilmington. They generally appear there about May 15; they continue travelling toward the north until they reach different inlets at which they hover. In New Jersey they generally make their appearance at the following places: Townsend's Inlet, Corson's Inlet, Ocean City, New Inlet and north point of Barnegat Inlet, which seems to be their northerly limit on their early run.

This year the first one taken at New Inlet was on June 12, the same date as that of last year. I also learned that the first was also taken at Ocean City on the same day.

Channel bass feed around the inlets until the early part of August, when they seem to school up and go out in deep water, where they sojourn until about September 10, when they again make their appearance, only at this time instead of being confined to the inlets alone, are found scattered all along the beach from Cape May northward to Seaside Park.

An exception to this rule occurred last fall, when a school of them struck in as far north as Deal Beach, near Asbury Park. Last year in the fall run they were all taken on the same day, September 12, at the folowing places, many miles apart: Corson's Inlet, New Inlet, Beach Haven, Barnegat City, Seaside Park and Deal Beach, and remarkable to say the first run in the fall of each year is very close to the same day annually.

Why it is that they migrate out into deep water in August, where they have been seen in schools of thousands by fishermen, and at which time they seem averse to taking the hook, is a mystery which will probably be forever unsolved; and equally mysterious is why when they again reappear instead of being found only in the inlets they are scattered all along the beaches.

"Bugs" Follow Migrations.

Many an angler after catching his first channel bass becomes a "bug" on the subject, and the writer knows a number of anglers who follow them in their migrations from Florida to their northern habitats. The worst feature is that oftentimes it causes the angler to lack interest thereafter in the catching of the smaller varieties of fish.

The tackle necessary to handle them should be the best; the rod a strong split bamboo or greenheart and a 00 reel capable of holding 600 feet of 15 thread line, a three way swivel to one end of which is attached the sinker, on the other end the line, and to the third a two foot twisted gut leader or piano wire, if you prefer, and a 7-0 or 8-0 hook.

The baits used are a matter of preference. I have seen them caught on shedder crab, squid, mullets and mossbunkers.

The best tide to fish for them is also a matter in which all do not agree. They are sometimes taken at dead low water, but the best results are generally obtained between half flood back to half ebb tides.

It is not all luck, the catching of channel bass, as those who have obtained the best results can testify, and the picking out of likely spots might be compared to the trout angler locating likely pools.

How Fish Are Located.

When the tide is very low the numerous bars, slews and holes along the surf can be best located, and it is at this time that the channel bass angler may be seen exploring along the beach, minus rod and reel, and stopping every once in a while, scanning the ocean in front of him with an intense interest that to the observer is puzzling, which becomes still more so when he walks back on the beach, above high water mark, where he drives a stick in the sand. What has he found? Why did he mark off this particular spot?

If you look carefully, in front of you will be seen a sand bar about 300 or 400 feet out. How do you know that it is a sand bar? Because the waves as they rolled in were seen to break into white water for a short distance, then forward again into rollers and continued to roll until they again broke on the beach, which showed that there was deep water between the sand bar and the beach.

SALMON FISHING SPORT OF THRILLS

Dr. Albert H. Fridenberg of New York Describes Sensations.

FIGHT OF 40 MINUTES

KEDGEMAKOOGE LAKES, Nova Scotia, Aug. 26.—Dr. Albert H. Fridenberg of New York is a fisherman. That explains why he has been wandering about, as far north as Newfoundland, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Sydney, Cape Breton, and then here. With him is Mrs. Fridenberg, not quite so enthusiastic an angler as the physician.

Dr. Fridenberg fishes all day and dreams of fishing at night during his vacation. Here is the story of his salmon trip as he told it to a SUN reporter to-day: "We mean to stay at Kedgemakooge Lakes for a while," began the doctor, "at least until the restless spirit of my ancestral tribes is again stirred by the reports of big game elsewhere. Nothing to smile about so superciliously! I believe my ancestors were great hunters and fishermen. Maybe one of my forebears (Mommie says it certainly had some 'bear' in it) sat on the lee scuppers (whatever they may be) of Noah's Ark and dangled his legs overboard and fished.

"Anyway, I love fishing, even if it is a hard work kind of pleasure and rather expensive and not always productive. However, to resume. We went up to Newfoundland for the 'sport royal,' vulgo salmon fishing. And I got salmon, and it was great sport. One 18 pounder, one 14 and one 15 and eight grilse (or two-year-old salmon) averaging five pounds—all on a fly rod. Mommie got no fishing.

Too Strenuous for Women.

"The rods are too cumbersome and heavy for a woman to handle. But she got the black flies, the gnats, the mosquitoes, the punkies, the sand fleas, the nudges and the deer flies. These you do not have to buy or import from Scotland like my salmon flies and pay the duty on. These, au contraire, are free, free as air, that is they are everywhere, even in your beds and your 'parritch,' which the bonnie descendants of the Scotch 'Heelanders' serve for breakfast and supper with touching regularity.

"Mommie doesn't care so very much for Newfoundland, either. You see, we stopped at the bungalow, with Mike. Mike keeps open house there for 'sports' from 'the States.' Sports do not mind rooms 6 by 4 with a smoky lamp on a soap box, a bed that sags in the middle like a trough with a bag stuffed with wood shavings in a not overclean old ticking for a mattress and a diminutive basin and pitcher for two. No slop jars mar the sweet simplicity of the board walls and rafters.

"You just empty your basin out of the handy window (12x16 inches), and the grass grows luxuriantly beneath every window, if not elsewhere. Neither do 'sports' mind wading through the wet grass and the mud to the 'outhouse' after dark, which is easy to locate, even without a lantern. No plumbing to get out of order. No lack of ventilation. The winds of heaven have free access. And they howl and moan at night like the banshee.

Primitive Conditions.

"When newcomers arrive and are shown into the rooms next door you just put your eyes to the cracks and size 'em up. You don't have to listen! You can hear every word they speak without wanting to. So you soon learn to communicate with yourself and wife in the sign language, so as not to limit the possibilities of interesting criticism by premature warning to the neighbors.

"Mommie also thinks that pork and beans and bacon and eggs and soggy bread and salmon fried in lard three times a day get on one's nerves. And when she had hung a trunkful of duds on the two rusty sixpenny nails the walls provide for the trousseau she walks around with two handfuls of more, like Lady Macbeth, muttering to herself.

"On such occasions I find it prudent to be deeply interested in reading one of the tattered last year's (but one) magazines that the hotel provides, thanks to the forgetfulness of some previous sojourner. I have found the 'Christian Intelligence,' the 'Spirit of the Missions' and the 'Gaelic Catechism' most absorbing under such conditions.

"But finally there comes a day when it does not rain, the winds are momentarily appeased and the fog seems about to lighten and one goes a-fishing. Mommie remains on shore sitting on the soft side of a boulder and I am out in the swirling rapids up to my hips in ice water diligently casting salmon flies at 50 cents a piece on leaders (imported, duty paid, $3.25 each) with a beautiful hand finished, waterproof, vacuum, enamelled, English line (140 yards, $7 please) gracefully floating from the tip of a 16 foot salmon rod (Hardy Bros., Stoke-upon-Trent, Ipswich, Connemara, Hants, England, $60, prepaid).

Joys of Playing Fish.

"When the fish rise to the fly and you are not thinking of something else you strike quickly and you sometimes get them. When you are thinking of something else, as, for instance, what is that cold wet sensation going down the inside of your trousers? you do not wake up in time to strike and the salmon is gone.

"The diversion of your thoughts means that you have stepped one inch too far and that the ice water lapped over the waders at the middle and is gently trickling toward your knees. However, sooner or later you do get your salmon hooked and then there is 'something doing.'

"You have been casting for an hour or two, your shoulders ache, your wrist is stiff, your back is lame and you begin to dig up forgotten flow of languages' from your subconscious Thesaurus of English literature when suddenly there is a sharp tug at your line and at the same instant you see a silvery mass shoot up out of the rapids forty feet away and out rushes your line, the reel shrieking with delight and the guide dancing and yelling directions.

"'Hold on to him! Let him go! Tip up your rod now! Run now, run like a hare! Keep up wi' him! He's a good one! Don't stop now, he'll take all your line!' And so you run 'like a hare'—that is, you stumble along in your heavy hip boots, your rod high in air, slipping on wet rocks, stubbing your toes, splashing in the rushing, tearing stream, in and out, now knee deep, now up on the steep bank, leaping over fallen trees or dodging between big boulders, until an eighth of a mile or so from your starting point you have come abreast of your fish out in the stream, with a sagging forty yards of line between your rod tip and the salmon, and now you get a chance to reel in your slack and be ready for the next rush, which comes as soon as the fish gets his wind, and away he goes again like a shot and you after him, always with your rod holding line taut in a curve that is a joy. And so it went with my first salmon for all of forty minutes."

RULING PASSION GIVING JOY TO YOUTH, MIDDLE AND OLD AGE.

Trout fishing in swirling waters.

Photo © Underwood and Underwood

Frank De Nyse of New Brighton, Staten Island, 5 years old, and Joseph Houston of Newark, N. J., 12 years old, and their catch of weak fish, croakers and fluke taken at Oakwood, Staten Island.

B. C. Clapp and a 38 pound channel bass taken on rod and reel.

OSPREY LASSOED BY BANK ANGLER

Both Man and Fish Hawk Fishing; Given Liberty, Bird Captures Meal.

Murray R. Fonda of 10 West 104th street writes to THE SUN under yesterday's date of an osprey that was lassoed by a fisherman on the steamer Taurus at the fishing banks, which was given its liberty and instead of flying skyward went back to its original purpose, providing itself with a meal, which it evidently never lost sight of.

Mr. Fonda writes: "This novel and interesting incident took place on board the Taurus on August 18 and doubtless like Joe Snyder's story of the goldfish which his wife trained to turn somersaults, will not be believed by a good many readers.

"However, there are plenty of witnesses to support my story, one of whom is Gus Walz of 170 First avenue, who, like myself, saw the whole show.

"We were anchored off Rocky Hill at the Seabright grounds with a multitude of lines out in every direction, for there was quite a crowd aboard. I was fishing from the starboard side of the top deck, near the stern, watching the graceful circles of a large osprey (fish hawk), when suddenly he made a dive for a bergall floating on the water a short distance from the boat, between two lines, but nearest the line of John Woods of the New York Fire Department.

"Woods, in a spirit of fun, tried to throw his line over the bird and in some way did actually succeed in looping it around its left wing in such a way that it could not escape.

"The hooks did not catch at all, for they were far beyond, at the bottom of the ocean. The osprey was, however, securely lassoed. None of the prize winners at the Sheepshead Bay Stampede could have done better.

"Now, imagine the exciting though ludicrous adventure of Woods reeling in this big, strong, struggling bird. I suppose if it were not for the length of line beyond the captive with its ten ounce sinker at the end, instead of Woods reeling him up from the ocean he would have had to reel him down from the sky.

"At any rate, he was soon brought to the deck and found himself in the strong but not unkind hands of a group of husky fishermen. The bird certainly did seem unhappy. It looked scared, angry and disgusted, all in one. Wouldn't any one under similar circumstances? But strange to say, it did not fight its captors.

"This surprised me, for my guide shot an osprey of about the same size on the St. Lawrence River and it put up a terrific fight when we got it wounded into the boat.

"I shall never forget the wild ride Duke the guide and I had that night from our camp to Clayton and back again in a gale in order to ship the remains to a taxidermist in New York. With wings outspread and beak open he even now is looking down at me with glaring eyes to remind me of the wild spirit that animated him on the day he met his fate far away above the blue waters of his and man's paradise, the glorious St. Lawrence.

"So why did not our captive of the Taurus fight as to-day? Here is my theory. I think he knew that he was in a very precarious situation and that these fishermen, brother fishermen of his indeed, were trying to help him out. There is but one way to find out exactly what was in its mind and that is to catch him again and ask him.

"At first some suggested to kill him. One man with a fine sense of loyalty to his chosen sport, if with no other kind of sense, suggested sending him to the aquarium! So much the worse for the other guests there if we had!

"But above all other voices I heard a self-appointed counsel for the prisoner pleading for his liberty with an oratory effective if not classical. 'Aw, let the poor fellow go.' And so said the jury, all of them following suit. The bird was set at liberty and none the worse for his strange adventure.

"Now if you or I had been in that bird's place what would we have done then? We would have shot straight up into the blue of heaven away from such a terrible place. Did he? Not much. He shot straight down among the lines again and got the bergall he started out to get and then leisurely flew away.

"And for such nerve and pertinacity he deserves not only his liberty but also his 'place in the sun,' and is it not some proof that justice rules in the realm of birds as well as men that he has received both?"

Sixty Perch in an Hour.

TWIN LAKES, Wis., Aug. 26.—L. J. Adams perch fishing in Twin Lakes recently landed sixty fish in one hour.

Game Fish Have Queer Habits, Says Kit Clarke

Ways of Trout Are Singular—Took Four Days to Land Pride of the Brook—Twelve Pound Muscalonge Killed by Comparatively Small Black Bass.

By KIT CLARKE.

I remember once while upon the Snohola Brook in the deep, still water a mile above the falls I located a big trout who had followed the method usually pursued by the larger fish, and had chosen a fine deep hole under an overhanging tree for his permanent abode.

Sometimes a pair of big fish will choose such a nook, defend it against intrusion, and if any morsel of food or a nice little fish passes by it promptly furnishes a meal for the lodgers.

The big trout had risen to my fly, but refused it and returned to his lair, and this enabled me to discover his proportions and I determined to stick by him until one of us fell, or until he stuck to me.

The following day I teased him with some lively worms and jolly little minnows to no good purpose.

The next day I offered him some fine little frogs, glittering feathered spoons and a piece of fat pork with numerous dangling little tails that wiggled gracefully, but none touched his emotions, although the cunning old rascal followed the spoon merely to gratify his curiosity, and when this was accomplished he slowly swam away, evidently convinced that it operated all right, but that it was not what he wanted.

On my return, while walking through a meadow, I came upon a nest of field mice and collecting them all went after the old codger on the following morning in the determination that if this bait did not work I would cease my efforts and desert him forever.

Scheme Worked.

It worked, for the very instant the mouse fell upon the water the trout rushed for it, seized it, cleared the water and falling back proceeded to give me and my little rod a lot of needed exercise. On the scales he came within a hair of two and one-half pounds, one of the largest trout taken from this famous brook.

Ichthyologists have "butted in" and robbed our brook trout of its ancient and proper name, salmo fontinalis, the little salmon of the fountain, and now call it s. salvelinus, a deed little short of brutal, yet the fact remains that because of scientific deductions our beauty of the rills is not a trout but a charr. The difference is one of dentition, the teeth of the charr being on the vomer or roof of the mouth in the rear, while in the true trout these teeth are at the front, and solely because of this slight distinction our little gem sacrificed its ancient and honored title.

Black Bass Sticks to Nature.

It was the brook trout that first succumbed to the artificial propagation of the fish species, which was accomplished by Dr. T. Garlick at Hedford, Ohio, about fifty years ago, and from this experiment has grown the vast hatcheries now in existence all over the world, replenishing lakes, rivers and streams that had been exhausted of fish life.

All game fish now submit to this method of propagating the species excepting alone the black bass, which despite endless efforts extending over many years has never allowed itself to be reproduced save along by nature's methods, and the only manner in which any water can be restocked with bass is by the introduction of the living fish.

The bass increases phenomenally, and a dozen bass placed in appropriate waters will multiply in such numbers as will soon overcrowd their habitation, and then they proceed to devour each other and thus maintain an equilibrium.

In a pugilistic encounter no fish anywhere near its size, and often much larger, can defeat the black bass, yet the bass has no teeth that can inflict injury, its terrible weapon of destruction being the dorsal fin, the fin in the centre of its back, which is composed of nine long needle pointed rays or bones united by a strong ligament.

This fin is raised erect and rigid, and the bass, with lightning rapidity, shoots beneath its antagonist and disembowels it as if done with a razor, while speedy death is inevitable.

At Planting Ground Lake in Wisconsin I once saw a dead mascalonge of about twelve pounds in weight which had met its fate in this horrible manner, and I was amazed to find such a monster, such a savage and powerful brute, with long strong jaws armed with a huge array of big sharp teeth that could sever a finger from a man's hand, become the victim of the comparatively small but extremely sanguinary black bass.

Birds That Fish.

Patrick O'Ryan of Newark asks THE SUN what birds fish for fish.

Many birds "fish"; among them the eagle (osprey or fish eagle), hawk, cormorant, heron, bittern, gull, pelican, crane, tern, gannet and petrel.

HIGH WATER FOR LOCAL ANGLERS FROM AUGUST 27 TO SEPTEMBER 3.

	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe)		Princess Bay		Jamaica Bay (Canarsie)		Governor's Island		Willets Point		New London		Asbury Park		Barnegat Landing (Barnegat Bay)		Atlantic City	
Date	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Aug. 27	6:37	6:53	6:42	6:58	7:32	7:38	7:12	7:22	10:30	10:32	8:25	8:34	6:20	6:36	8:24	8:33	6:15	6:31
Aug. 28	7:16	7:31	7:21	7:36	8:01	8:16	7:46	7:54	10:[illegible]	11:00	8:59	9:10	6:59	7:14	8:58	9:09	6:54	7:06
Aug. 29	7:53	8:07	7:58	8:12	8:38	8:52	8:17	8:23	11:21	11:32	9:33	9:45	7:36	7:50	9:32	9:44	7:31	7:43
Aug. 30	8:28	8:42	8:33	8:47	9:13	9:27	8:46	8:54	11:51		10:08	10:22	8:11	8:25	10:07	10:21	8:05	8:20
Aug. 31	9:02	9:17	9:07	9:22	9:47	10:02	9:16	9:24	12:07	12:25	10:43	10:57	8:45	9:00	10:42	10:56	8:40	8:55
Sept. 1	9:40	9:55	9:45	10:00	10:25	10:40	9:49	10:01	12:44	1:03	11:22	11:40	9:23	9:38	11:21	11:39	9:18	9:33
Sept. 2	10:20	10:37	10:25	10:42	11:05	11:22	10:28	10:41	1:25	1:45	12:04		10:03	10:20	12:03		9:58	10:15
Sept. 3	11:07	11:30	11:12	11:35	11:52	12:15	11:14	11:27	2:09	2:32	12:22	12:52	10:50	11:13	12:21	12:51	10:45	11:08

WHITE PLUG IS BEST FOR BASS AT NIGHT

Incidentally August Is the Most Productive Month for This Fish.

"August is the month when night fishing for black bass is at its best," writes "Royal Coachman" to THE SUN.

"By night fishing being at its best," he continues, "I mean to state concerning plug fishing.

"I have talked to many experienced fishermen who have participated in this phase of angling and some contended that they could not 'see' night plugging, and that they did not have very much good luck with this form of sport.

"But when I insisted into the method used by them I knew right away they were on the wrong trail and had been for some time. In fact, two men whom I have become acquainted with over a large small mouthed bass seemed to open their eyes in astonishment when I stated that my best catches were made at night, trolling a white plug, mind you, not casting it, fishing through until breakfast.

"It seems this month so far has brought some very freakish weather and possibly that may have some effect on the feeding of the bass. By August bass generally have enough to eat and don't go around rooting into trouble, especially in the daytime.

"Did it ever happen to you to look down into shallow water and see a big bass there lazily wiggling around some small rocks or through tall reeds?

"And didn't you become excited and say to yourself that you were going to get him? And didn't you put on what you considered a good lure and cast it right over him, offering it to him at a low price and to your surprise didn't he ignore it entirely?

"To all of these questions you have said 'sure.' Well, the explanation is brief, as one can only surmise that his lordship is not in the market for food. Look around you the next time you go fishing and see for yourself.

"Three weeks ago I visited my brother at Shandelee Lake, up in Caloosa county, on the authority that bass could not be hooked or lured on artificial bait.

"I was just stubborn enough not to heed his letter encouraging me to bring up live bait, and when I arrived they were sorely disappointed to find that I had only brought along artificial lures.

"With all their remarks, I was determined to see for myself, and so the next morning with much rush I stumbled down the road and into the boat. I was alone.

"After fishing quite a while and not even getting a strike, the idea of live bait began to sink into my 'indestructible,' and after casting the lake without success and at different periods of the day with various lures, I came to the conclusion that I was wrong.

"My only alibi on arriving at the hotel after being quizzed by the bunch, was that there were never any bass in the lake.

"They gave good accounts of the catches and directed me to call up the persons to corroborate their statements. In conclusion, they said all of the big bass were caught on belgramites, and that there was fine bullheading at night.

"This lake I speak of is not large, yet large enough for the particular fisherman, being about two miles in length, but very weedy, so much so that in the best looking spots it is impossible to bring a lure through without 'taking the lake in weeds,' as the saying goes.

"Here is a moral I have learned: 'Always take advice; it's cheap.'"

Profanity Provoking Fish.

The conger eel lives at the banks,
I like 'im.
He'll surely teach you how to swear,
I like 'im.
Whoever lands one
Is sure to lose his bloomin' goat,
I like 'im.

DERBY HAT.

New York, Aug. 26.

Vermont's Deer Kill 4,000.

Last year's deer kill in Vermont was estimated at 4,000 animals.

TANTALIZING TUNA IN JERSEY WATERS

Fred B. Alexander Tells of Experiences With Tackle Smashing Fish.

WHERE TO GO NOW

By ALEXANDER McD. STODDART.

"Tuna are biting closer in shore than usual this season," said Fred B. Alexander of 520 Fifth avenue, former tennis champion and an expert wielder of the rod, yesterday.

Incidentally, Mr. Alexander was the first man to take a tuna, recognized as such, in the waters off the New Jersey coast. That was eight years ago, and since then every season that the tuna strike in finds him angling over the week end for them.

So keen is Mr. Alexander's interest in angling that Saturday week, when the ground swell was so heavy that a boat could not be launched from Seabright shore, he went away around Sandy Hook way in order to put out his boat and get to Rocky Ground in the hope of getting a tuna strike or a mess of bluefish. But whatever conditions caused the upheaval, not a nibble could he get.

Mr. Alexander's ambition, of course, is to take really big tuna in the local waters, the sort of tuna found in the nets of the fishermen, that weigh anywhere from 500 to 1,000 pounds. Ross has done it in the Nova Scotia waters, taking a record fish that weighed 680 pounds and a smaller one of 440 pounds, and Harry Whitney in the same waters has landed a fish of 440 pounds.

And yet with all his enthusiasm for tuna, which represents strength to fight such fish, tuna and porpoise being in Mr. Alexander's opinion the strongest fish anglers have to contend with on the Atlantic coast, although the latter does not take the bait, he would rather fish for brook trout.

Every spring he goes to favorite streams in Sullivan county and gets more pleasure angling with a 2½ ounce rod, using a dry fly as a lure and hooking a pound brook trout, playing the fish scientifically, than in having a 100 pound tuna at the end of his line.

Mr. Alexander's first fishing for tuna was when he was bluefishing off Seabright and lost his rig. In fact, a number of rigs. So on his next trip he brought a heavily tarred cotton line, and on a bluefish squid he pulled in, hand over hand, a tuna weighing 93 pounds and 11 ounces.

Then with rod and reel he took two tuna weighing 18 and 20 pounds each. On another occasion, accompanied by Archie Gwathmey, they took tuna weighing between 12 and 14 pounds and another 25 pounds in size, which were sent to the Aquarium authorities, who recognized them as members of the little tunny family, namely the gymnosarda alitorata and gymnosarda pelannis, the latter known as the ocean bonito. Heretofore anglers in the East thought they had to go to the Santa Catalina Islands of California to catch these fish.

Big Fish at Squan Ridge.

A favorite ground for tuna is a ledge of rocks called Rocky Ground, twelve miles off shore, east, southeast of Seabright. Here Mr. Alexander took a tuna weighing 35 pounds on a twelve thread line with an eight ounce rod.

On even lighter tackle he has taken tuna weighing between 20 and 35 pounds, using a six thread line, a rod weighing six ounces, not shorter than six feet in length. This is the so-called "threesix" tackle of the Tuna Club of Avalon, Cal.

The best tuna fishing, that is for large fish, Mr. Alexander says, is found on the outer edge grounds off Manasquan, which the Seabright fishermen call Squan Ridge.

Mr. Alexander frequently goes out with Seabright fishermen, either in his own boat or in theirs, and one day with Andrew H. Jacobson he had twelve strikes and landed six fish which weighed from 45 to 72 pounds each.

He accomplished this on a 21 thread line, a 16 ounce rod, the sort of outfit that sportsmen use in the California waters for tuna and in the Florida and the Gulf of Mexico waters for tarpon.

On another occasion, trolling with his friend, Hugh West, who frequently accompanies him, Mr. West caught a seventy-five pound fish on a squid.

The best kind of a hook to use, in Mr. Alexander's view, is a short shank hook because with the tremendous pulling abilities of the tuna, a long shank hook is likely to twist and turn and work or pull out of the jaws of the fish.

Early in July Mr. Alexander, accompanied by a Seabright fisherman, Edward Johnson, tried shark fishing at Rocky Ground, and each man landed seven fish. The sharks were from six and a half to eight feet in length. All these big fish were taken on rod and reel.

Tuna Tantalizing.

Tuna are sometimes tantalizing in taking the angler's bait. Let this experience of Mr. Alexander's show the patience needed at times.

At the Elbow, the grounds from one to one and a half miles off shore from Monmouth, while fishing for a mess of bass, Mr. Alexander noticed a big tuna feeding in the slick "a socker of a fish," as he expressed it. It came within six feet of the boat. He practically fed it by hand. For two hours he threw over a half portion of mossbunker, or a section of the fish, and although his own hook was well covered that fish absolutely refused to notice it. "It just spent its time," concluded Mr. Alexander, "in wolfing the bait."

The next day when he went fishing he got a strike three minutes after he put his bait out. There was hardly time to slip the anchor buoy. His outfit for tuna that day consisted of a thirty-nine thread line, a 9-0 reel with a double drag with a heavy split bamboo rod.

Johnson was at the oars and another man ready to do whatever emergency called for in another part of the boat. On the seat alongside was Mr. West, who, as the tuna lit out at lightning speed, poured water on the line to keep it from burning. What the weight of this fish was is problematical. Tunas have been taken in the nets weighing 800, 900 and 1,000 pounds.

The first movement after the strike of the fish was to circle inshore. For fifty minutes the boat and its occupants followed the tuna. Then, on a further burst of speed, Mr. Alexander exerted too much pressure on the reel and the old line could not stand the strain. The line broke twenty yards from what was left on the reel. A tie a line might have changed the story from a failure to a success.

Then Mr. West hooked one, but as he had no opportunity to stop the rush of the fish on its first dash, it carried all the line away with it.

On another occasion when Mr. Alexander was accompanied by Zane Grey, Ellinge Warner and Robert H. Davis, Mr. Grey landed a tuna weighing ninety pounds, but one of the bits of fun of the trip was when Mr. Alexander harpooned a porpoise, the harpoon being attached to Mr. Grey's line. Each man took half hour turns in playing the fish until they had enough, when Warner killed the fish with his revolver.

OPEN SEASONS FOR MIGRATORY BIRDS

Federal Government Tells When Wild Fowl May Be Killed.

NO SPRING SHOOTING

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26.—The Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, in whose jurisdiction lies the power to name the open and close periods for migratory birds, announces the open seasons as follows:

Zone No. 1—Waterfowl (except swans and wood ducks), coots, gallinules and jacksnipes:

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York (except Long Island), Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, September 16 to December 31.

Rhode Island, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, October 1 to January 15.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado, September 7 to December 20.

Rails (except coots and gallinules): September 1 to November 30.

Vermont closed until September 1, 1918.

Black breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs:

Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York (including Long Island) and New Jersey, August 16 to November 30.

Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Nevada, September 1 to December 15.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, September 7 to December 20.

Washington and Oregon, October 1 to December 15.

Utah closed until September 1, 1918.

Jacksnipe: Same as waterfowl, coots and gallinules.

Woodcock: October 1 to November 30.

Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, closed until October 1, 1918.

Zone No. 2—Waterfowl (except swan and wood ducks), coots, gallinules and jacksnipe:

Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, November 1 to January 31.

Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, October 16 to January 31.

Rails (except coots and gallinules): September 1 to November 30.

Louisiana, November 1 to January 31.

California, closed until September 1, 1918.

Black breasted and golden plover and greater and lesser yellowlegs:

Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia, August 16 to November 30.

South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, November 1 to January 31.

North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona, September 1 to December 15.

California, closed until September 1 1918.

Jacksnipe: Same as waterfowl, coots and gallinules.

Woodcock: November 1 to December 31.

Dates are inclusive. Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise.

Insectivorous birds are protected indefinitely. Band tailed pigeons, eiders, wood duck, swans, curlew, willet, upland plover and smaller shore birds protected until September 1, 1918.

"A State law," says the regulations, "governs when it opens the season later or closes it earlier than the Federal regulations."

HANDLES BOAT AND ROD.

Eight-Year-Old Boy Manipulates Both and Lands Salmon.

HAINES LANDING, Me., Aug. 26.—Robert Spotts, 8 years old, knows how to handle a rod and a rowboat. The other day he took with him a seven-year-old girl, and so as not to mix the fishing he put out his line and trolled.

When he found he had a strike he dropped the oars and began to manipulate the reel. The salmon gave an exhibition of high jumps that attracted the attention of his brother, who is two years older, and he went to his assistance.

They brought to shore a salmon weighing four pounds two ounces, which the father of Rob will have mounted.

BEAR SEEN WITH COWS.

Shot at by Boy, Animal Takes to Maine Woods.

BARRON'S CORNER, Me., Aug. 26.—The two younger boys of Xavier Thibodeau are accustomed to go for the cows at pasture in the Moore neighborhood. Yesterday the other day on reaching the pasture they saw another animal with the cows. Thibodeau sent his older boy with the younger the other night and told him to take the rifle along. The older boy verified the truth of the boys' story. The "big animal" was a black bear. The older boy fired, but the bear struck into the woods. He has not been seen with the cows since.

Elk Horns Decorate Lawn.

WASHINGTONVILLE, Pa., Aug. 26.—One of the oldest decorations for a lawn seen by those who pass the home of Alexander Hillmeyer of this town. Mr. Hillmeyer is engaged in raising elk for the market and he has placed a number of elk horns all over the lawn for decorative purposes.

U. S. Hunting Population.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 hunters go afield annually.

ROD AND GUN.

FISHING BANKS
THE ANGLER'S FAVORITE
SPEEDY OCEAN S. S. "CAPE COD"
WIRELESS EQUIPPED, General News, Etc.
Lve. Battery Pier 7 6:45 A. M. daily except Sun.
Stewardess in Attendance. No Liquors Sold.
Plain & Table de Hote. Tickets at Pier.
FARE, Weekdays $1.00; Suns & Hols $1.50.

Iron Steamboat Co
A DAY ON THE OCEAN 'TAURUS'
Deep Sea Fishing Str.
Daily at 8 A. M. from Pier 1, N. R. ONLY.
Bar, Restaurant, Bait, Tackle, etc. Unexcelled Management. Stewardess in Attendance. Fare $1

CAPT. JOE II. leaves Hudson St. Pier, foot 7:45 daily except Mon. & Sat. 8:30 Sat. days. Fare inc. bait, $1.25. Capt. Joe Schwarzmann.

FALCON leaves the Battery daily 7:30 A. M. Fare including bait, $1.25. Capt. F. Schwarzmann.

GEORGIE M. leaves Murray's, Week Ends every weekday, 6:47 train, Sat. day, 5:25 train. Fare $1.50. M. MURRAY.