Snappers Biting in Local Bays; Their Wicked Parents, Bluefish, Taking Troll in Waters Off Coney Island

SALMON FISHING MOST UNCERTAIN

No Angler Counts on Bringing in One Daily—Luck Often Favors Tyro.

"STICKABILITY" COUNTS

By DR. ALBERT H. FRIDENBERG.

GRAND CONROY RIVER, N. F., Sept. 1.—I have known men to come here, spend a week or more and not get a salmon! A good average would be three a week to the rod. And this brings to mind a little incident on the train when coming up here.

It was while passing through New Brunswick. I fell into conversation with an old timer, who, noticing my rods, took a seat alongside of me and interrogated me about the salmon fishing in Newfoundland. In the course of our talk he finally asked, "What is the limit on salmon?"

"Limit," said I, "why, there is no limit!"

"What," quoth he, "no limit on salmon? Well, that's great! That's what I call fishing! Why, down around here you can't kill more'n so many trout or so many black bass! No limit, eh! Well, that's fine!"

And then becoming thoughtful he suddenly asked, "But why don't they put a limit on salmon?"

"They don't have to," I answered. "The salmon attend to that! You're lucky if you manage to land three a week!"

Salmon Fishing Most Uncertain.

And that is really considered a fair average up here! It is largely a question of luck as to weather conditions prevailing. Some men have taken three or four or more in a day. That is the exception, however. Salmon fishing is the most uncertain of fishing. No one counts on bringing in one every day, however much he may start out with high hopes before breakfast. Nor is it always the expert who gets most salmon.

Patience, endurance, "stickability," concentration count more in the long run than skill and judgment. A novice often outdoes the old timer. If you are favored by wind and weather, sky and water, you will get salmon. But wind and weather, sky and water, do not often work in conjunction.

And so while your practised eye may discern in runs and pools numbers of big fellows they remain there quite unperturbed at your casting. Why? Well, the guide will explain that to you volubly! It is either too windy or too "cam" (calm). It is either too bright a day or too dark. Water too high or too low, too clear or too "riley." When, occasionally, a fish is hooked in spite of these conditions the guide will tell you he must be "a fool salmon."

But do you get him? Not at all! You have struck "too quick" or "not quick enough." (In fact in salmon fishing one should not strike at all, but just raise the tip of the rod!) Your cast has gone "too far" or "not far enough!" You have frightened the fish away! Your line has hit the water too hard a slap. Or else your cast has had no "zip" at all in it.

But if you have been smart and guilty of none of these things, do you get your salmon? Not necessarily! You see, you have not had the right fly on! It was either a size too large or too small; too heavy or too light; too drab or too showy! A "silver doctor" when you should have an "inky boy"! Oh, a salmon is very particular! Harder to please than a pretty woman.

"We'd better try another pool just above," says the guide. So you walk the railroad track that follows the windings of the river, picking your way faltteringly on the ties as you cross the bridges, not daring to look below at the swirling stream and wondering how you would manage if a train suddenly came around the curve. You reach an embankment.

Your guide pilots you through a thicket, slides down a trail and you after him, using the golf stick as an alpenstock to break your fall, and you are on the pool. You wade out and proceed to cast.

Most Tantalizing Fish.

You cast for an hour, two hours—not a rise! Your eye roves up and down stream; not a sign of a fish! You move along slowly, forever casting. A half mile or so further down stream you come to a narrow defile or gulch. It looks very promising. Here the waters are dark and deep and the current rapid, surging around boulders and ledges, of all shapes and sizes, forbidding and yet inviting.

You wade out and around and finally climb and get a foothold somehow on a lone, slippery boulder, shaped like a bald man's head. You stand on this perch, teetering like a baby learning to walk, your feet rooted to one spot, not daring to move any part of your body but your arms and doing sudden and involuntary "stunts" at balancing that would excite the envy of Fred Stone. And you cast as best you can from this position of vantage.

Another half hour goes by, and not a rise. The guide is reclining on the bank, yawning. You begin to feel a strain in your loins and to soliloquize: "Nothing doing here! No fish in these waters!"

You start to reel in. You've had enough! Then up pops a good sized salmon right under your nose and takes a flop, as much as to say, "Oh! I'm here all right, old top! And I'm getting mighty tired of your fool casting. Just move on!"

The cramp in your calves seems to second the motion of friend salmon. You crane your neck cautiously to get a look behind you. You wonder how you ever got up there, and much more how you are going to get down again. More teetering and balancing and finally, in some trepidation and with more luck than agility, with a splash you land alongside the boulder, in a hole, just escaping a twisted ankle but plus a scraped shin.

And now you know the salmon are there but you don't care whether they are or not. You also know that they could get your fly every time if they wanted it. They simply don't want it. And they won't want it till they get good and ready and that will be when the rain comes and the stream rises and is swarming with black flies thick enough to walk on.

So save your old socks and convert them into sleeve gloves anent that day, and get out your head net and your tar oil. You will need them! So you perceive, salmon fishing is very much like other fishing, only more so! As you recline on the wet bank at the lunch hour, the rain dripping from your cap into your coffee, as the camp fire sputters and you munch your cold toast and bacon, while fighting off the black flies, gnats and mosquitoes, an inner voice murmurs that this is your last visit to the Grand Codroy.

Next June, however, when you have forgotten your wet lunches and the burning, itching wheals on your neck and wrists, and the long hours of casting without "moving" a fish, and you remember only the thrill of that great tussle with your record salmon, you pack up and come just the same. For for every fool salmon the Lord has provided a fool fisherman!

NEW YORKER TAKES RECORD SWORDFISH

W. C. Boschen Lands Monster of 463 Pounds and Wins Silver Replica.

FIGHT LASTS 2 1-2 HOURS

By MAY H. HOSFIELD.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—When W. C. Boschen of New York city, fishing with Capt. George C. Farnsworth of the Mabel F., captured the first true swordfish ever taken on rod and reel during the summer of 1913 he set the pace for a new form of angling that bids fair to eclipse even the pursuit of the famous leaping tuna of Santa Catalina.

And to those who know him and have watched him in the years of his fishing here it comes as a distinct and lasting pleasure to learn that he has crowned the labor of many seasons by again taking the world's record swordfish, and at the same time winning the Hugo R. Johnstone trophy for that feat.

After registering his first swordfish upon the Tuna club books he placed among the memorials of victory housed at that well known anglers' haven the Boschen cup for the exceeder of his record of 355 pounds.

For nearly three years it stood there, a tempting but unattainable goal for the fishermen, who eyed it with longing. Last September Hugo R. Johnstone of Hamilton, Mass., brought in a swordfish that balanced the scales at 362 pounds and took home the cup.

In return he hung the new trophy upon the wall—an exquisite masterpiece of the jeweller's art, a swordfish in beaten silver accompanied by rod, reel and gaff, and the whole mounted upon an oaken panel—a prize not only well worth winning for the honor its possession signifies but for its beauty as well.

Mr. Boschen while in New York last winter received a photograph of it from Mr. Manning, the genial secretary of the Tuna Club, with the admonition that here was something new for him to come out and win. Less than a month after his arrival at Santa Catalina it was in his possession.

Many Days Barren of Results.

The brief report of the landing of a swordfish weighing 463 pounds in two hours and thirty-five minutes tells as little of the story as the birth and death dates upon a man's tombstone do of his eventful life.

Each morning the Mabel F. leaves the Tuna Club landing bearing Mr. Boschen and her captain. Out into the channel they go—fifteen, twenty, thirty-five miles. Up or down the coast they swing, and from their lookout aloft the captain scans every inch of the sea for the object of their search—the projecting dorsal and tail fins of the surfacing swordfish.

Many days are barren of results, but when one is at last in view the call comes from the lookout: "Our friend the enemy is in sight." No need of other warning. Six seasons together have taught these veterans the meaning of each other's every move.

Down comes the captain, the waiting hook is baited with flying fish, barracouda or albacore (his majesty's appetite is variable and must be pampered) let out and the boat swung about in that delicate manoeuvring that takes place before the bait is in the right position to attract the fish. Sometimes he must be circled again and again. Two hours is not a notably long time to spend in tempting the disdainful leviathan—only to have him ultimately disappear with a saucy flirt of his tail just as he goes down. Trying moments are those. Will he bite or won't he? More important to the alert sportsman than Hamlet's great "To be or not to be."

But on the morning of this record catch the question was soon solved. He bit. With a mighty rush he took the bait, and the battle was on.

Knocks Captain Down.

"Was there anything unusual about the fight?" Mr. Boschen was asked. "They are all unusual. No two fish fight alike any more than any two men. I once landed a swordfish in nine minutes. And I have often fought them for five, seven, even eleven hours, and then had them get away!

"This fellow put up a pretty scrap. He cleared the water entirely three times. Tremendous leaps they were. You know the men who have never caught a true swordfish say these fish cannot jump. Wait until they get 'hooked on,' then they will find out how much they know about it.

"He made some good runs, eight or nine hundred feet, though I have had smaller fish take out as much as 1,200 feet of line. And when he came to the surface, roaring mad, he was a wonderful sight. Throwing and thrashing himself this way and that, fighting the wire leader with that old broad sword of his. I can't describe it, and I am pretty busy just about that time, as you can no doubt imagine! You see if he goes down again there's all that pumping up to repeat. So what I want is to get him up to George's gaff and then watch the fun a little while myself!

"This old boy pretty nearly 'got' George at that. It was gaffed in the tail of course and George was holding the fish up to the boat while it kicked up enough splash to give us a good bath when bing! One wallop of its tail on the side of George's head and the boy went down into the cockpit and across the boat as if a German shell was blowing him out of the front line trenches.

"There has been a lot of stuff printed about these swordfish ramming the launches. It is a fact that they do ram ships—sailing vessels mostly—but they have never touched a launch around here. No doubt the propeller scares them away. But they are dangerous beggars when they are on the gaff. One swipe of those swords and a man's head would fly in two like a ripe cheese. That is why George is glad to see them come up so he can gaff them tail first.

Fish Had to Be Towed In.

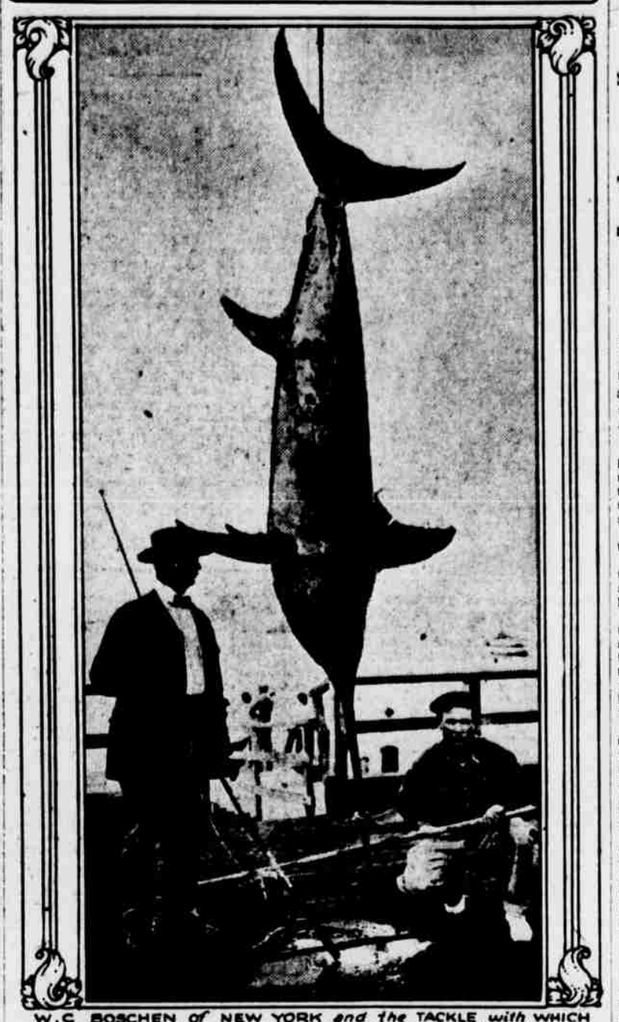
"Perhaps the strangest feature of this fight was when it was about half over. The fish had nearly 800 feet of line out and I was pumping him up for dear life. Suddenly a swordfish appeared on the surface less than 200 feet from the boat. 'There's another one!' I yelled to George.

"'No, that's not another one; it's your own fish,' he called back. In a few minutes I could see this was correct from the fight that took place. What had occurred was that the fish had made a rush to the top with such suddenness that the line was left below with so huge a 'belly' in it that it was that against which I was pumping.

"We didn't think this fish was going to be a record when he was fighting. They are the hardest fish to judge of which I know and the usual measuring rules are practically useless. I figured this fellow would go less than 300, but when George went aft to put it on deck and found it impossible to get even its head out of the water, we began to sit up and take notice.

"We never had to tow a fish in before, but this chap was too much for us."

California's Record Fish Taken With Rod.



W. C. BOSCHEN of NEW YORK and the TACKLE with WHICH HE CAPTURED the WORLD'S RECORD SWORDFISH with CAPTAIN GEORGE FARNSWORTH, GUIDE, and GAFFER. WEIGHT of FISH 463 POUNDS; TIME of FIGHT 2 HOURS, 35 MINUTES. © by P. V. REYES

SCRAPPY LITTLE SNAPPER BITING

Plucky Children of Wicked Bluefish Taking Bait and Squids.

Snappers, the fighting children of the scrappy bluefish, are in the waters of Great South Bay, Jamaica Bay and along the shores of New Jersey. They can also be found in the bays of the neighboring States.

They are small fish, but next month they will increase so much in size that they will be fit for the table. They are as good to eat as they are plucky children of wicked parents. The sport lasts until October, when the fish migrate south.

The fish takes its name from the manner in which it strikes at the bait. Snappers are surface feeders and naturally are fished for without a sinker. A trout or black bass rod is an ideal tool to use, or the lightest kind of salt water rod. To use a heavy rod is to detract from the sport.

"Still, if you have never gone snapper fishing," said an enthusiastic snapper angler, "take any old rod and give the snapper the 'once over.' You'll fish again, and each year you will look forward to the coming of the fall months for the pleasure that snapper fishing brings. Also you will buy a light rod.

The snapper can be taken from a pier or a boat, and excellent fishing in season is usually had at the piers along the Long Island and New Jersey coasts. Ordinarily one fishes three feet below the surface, depending upon conditions. The best places are sluiceways and tide rips and the mouths of creeks. One pleasure of snapper fishing is that you do not have to depend upon the tide to catch fish. The bait should be kept moving. That is one of the secrets of catching snappers.

Various baits are used—cut up snappers, cut up lafayettes, which usually run about the same time; spearing, menhaden, killies and pearl and scraped lead squids.

"The Kaiser" Adds Another Victim

WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 1.—"The Kaiser," a large catfish, whose home is in a pool in the Big Arkansas River, has added another victim to his record. John Christopher, in making a plunge for the fish's gills, went overboard and was found beside a log on the bank with three ribs broken. The fish is still in the river.

Shot for Migratory Wildfowl.

BABYLON, L. I., Sept. 1—Size 6 is best for mallard, broadbill, canvasback, redhead, black and pintail duck, 7 for blue winged and green winged teal and yellow legs, 8 for plover and 9 for snipe, says a Great South Bay gunner who is successful with taking these birds.

Whiting and Pollock Go Ashore.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Sept. 1.—During heavy southwest and westerly blows, it sometimes happens that whiting and pollock in great quantities are washed up on shore. Recently so many fish came ashore it made a long heap 15 or 20 feet wide.

Tuna Fool Anglers.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—A tuna leaped in Avalon Bay. Then another. And still another. Hundreds of people rushed to the beach to see the tuna anglers go out. It was a wild race. But just as suddenly as the tuna appeared they disappeared. No one got a strike.

Jump Jumps a Dolphin.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—A dolphin weighing 15½ pounds, the first of its kind taken in Avalon waters in six years, was caught this week by J. W. Jump of Los Angeles, Cal.

SHRIMP IN NEED OF CONSERVATION

Jamaica Bay at Last Awakes to Waste of Weakfish Bait.

RAUNT, Jamaica Bay, Sept. 1—"Conservation of shrimp, advocated by me several years ago and since, is at last receiving recognition," said August Roth of the Cotton Thread Fishing Club of America to a Sun reporter yesterday.

"Sad to relate," continued Mr. Roth, "the recognition has come after shrimp have become so scarce in Jamaica Bay that the catching of a quart is only possible through the expenditure of much labor and time by even the most expert shrimper.

"Early in the season, May and June, shrimp are plentiful and easily caught, with the result that amateurs and professionals using woven nets of fine mesh catch all sizes of shrimp in great quantity—full grown, half grown and baby shrimp.

"The use of a net with mesh large enough so that all but full grown shrimp go through it, would conserve the season's supply, and such a net is obtainable, viz, a knotted hand made net obtainable with different sizes of mesh.

"Like all other conservation measures, this will probably be opposed by shrimpers, but if this sort of net were universally used the results would show even the objectors that it is to their advantage to use it.

"Why should amateurs use from six to twelve quarts of shrimp per tide? Why should professionals, who can make a quart more effective than the amateur's two quarts, use more than two or three quarts per tide? Because of the hoggishness that prompts an amateur or the professional's patrons to wish to slaughter the weakfish and see no one else catch a single fish.

"Two or three quarts per tide per boat will permit all to catch sufficient fish to satisfy any reasonable person and will give the shrimp a chance to stay in their natural environment to grow and furnish the season's supply.

"These are the two causes for scarcity of shrimp in Jamaica Bay, and it is about time that anglers and guides took stock and regarded their future welfare."

Sportsmanship Wins Gold.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—It is unusual to take the tuna with regulation light tackle alone and unaided. Only twelve such buttons have been issued by the Tuna Club. Recently Dr. J. W. Wilborn and J. W. Jump won gold buttons for taking tuna, handling the boat, rod, kite and gaff alone and using a nine ounce rod and a nine thread line.

Fox Destroyer of Game.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 1.—The State Game Department says a single adult fox will kill more partridges (ruffed grouse) in a season than a dozen average hunters.

Good Tuna Season at Avalon, Cal.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—More than 300 tuna have been taken this season, the first one being caught by Miss Blanche Mills of Los Angeles, who brought a ninety-five pound fish to gaff in one hour and seven minutes.

8 Broadbill Swordfish at Avalon.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—Eight broadbill swordfish have been taken so far this season, together with several marlins, or spearfish.

Boy Scouts Game Wardens.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 1—The State game warden will appoint 100 Boy Scouts game wardens to cooperate with the department in enforcing fish and game laws.

HIGH WATER FOR LOCAL ANGLERS FROM SEPT. 2 TO SEPR. 9.

Date.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) A.M.	P.M.	Princess Bay A.M.	P.M.	Jamaica Bay (Canarsie) A.M.	P.M.	Governors Island A.M.	P.M.	Willets Point A.M.	P.M.	New London A.M.	P.M.
September 2	7:58	8:20	8:03	8:25	8:43	9:05	8:26	8:47	11:27	11:51	9:27	9:53
September 3	8:45	9:08	8:50	9:13	9:30	9:53	9:17	9:37	——	12:15	10:17	10:44
September 4	9:32	9:58	9:37	10:03	10:17	10:43	10:08	10:29	12:41	1:05	11:07	11:35
September 5	10:25	10:50	10:30	10:55	11:10	11:35	10:59	11:23	1:33	1:55	11:58	
September 6	11:18	11:43	11:23	11:48	12:03	12:28	11:55	——	2:20	2:50	12:32	12:56
September 7	——	12:12	——	12:17	——	12:57	12:21	12:53	3:31	3:55	1:30	1:58
September 8	12:43	1:12	12:48	1:17	1:28	1:57	1:25	1:55	4:49	5:11	2:36	3:01
September 9	1:43	2:12	1:48	2:17	2:28	2:57	2:30	2:58	6:04	6:26	3:44	4:06

ERRATIC WEAKFISH GIVE FINE SPORT

So Fascinating Anglers Spend a Day a Week With Tantalizing Fish.

THUMB PRESSURE A HELP

By ALEXANDER McD. STODDART.

"How far out, Henry?"

"Twenty-five feet."

"How many leads?"

"Two."

The scene is Big Fishkill Channel, Jamaica Bay, and the questions are asked by members of Henry Revinus's weakfishing party. Revinus has had a strike, and is reeling in. Both men see it; they want to duplicate conditions under which the guide has taken his fish.

The weakfishermen are angling with lines that at 25, 50, 75 and 100 feet are marked with green ink by one, two, three or four stripes. Also they are using on their lines flat leads that possibly weigh six or seven to the ounce.

Revinus, using two leads, has struck the fish 25 feet off.

Instantly the other anglers adjust their rigging and distance accordingly, and in a moment or two both men are hooked to a weakfish.

That alertness, that care for details, that keenness to meet the weakfish exactly where they are swimming, results in bringing home a catch even though the weather conditions may not make for the best kind of a day to fish. It helps also when the fish are off their feed.

The men have been angling perhaps since the tide turned toward the flood, which is the best and usually the only tide when weakfish are taken in Jamaica Bay except just before daylight, when fish can generally be caught whatever the stage of the tide, provided one knows where and how to fish.

Previous to this the only strikes have been from snappers as the shrimp bait has struck the surface, or from lafayettes, as the crustaceans remained near the strata of water where they are feeding, or from rock crabs or bergalls when the bait has been permitted to reach bottom.

Like Fun of Playing on Line.

Usually, however, weakfish, that is the first ones, are not taken so close to the boat. The first one is usually hooked 75 or 100 feet from the boat, but you never can tell. You may be sure, however, that the moment that the weakfish find the chum streak, which is a streak of shrimp that the guides throw out in twos or threes or half handfuls in the wake of the lines, the game fish let the angler know by a slap or strike at his bait that they are ready for the fun of playing on the line. If the angler is alert, having his thumb on the reel, he can snub that fish. If his thumb is not on the reel the chances are, unless the fish has swallowed the bait quickly and been unable to spit it out, it gives the angler a chance to tell the most famous of all angling stories—the big one that got away!

The moment a fish is struck and the angler places his hand on the reel, instantly that moment mechanically the left thumb is placed on the reel, for you can never tell whether the fish will make a rush in the opposite direction, and when a weakfish, with its tender mouth, is bent on doing that the best thing is to let it have its way.

A man who is married these many years says that wives sometimes are like that, and he is convinced that they should be handled likewise until it is time to put on the pressure. But be that as it may.

Gaff and Chum at Same Time.

Instantly the moment the weakfish swims in the direction of the boat, that is the time to reel in, and in bay fishing, with only two, three or four in a boat, there is no danger of losing the fish in its swings around the circle, for one can always pass the rod with the thumb on the reel around the angling outfit of the other angler.

Meanwhile the fish is tiring and the gaffer is alert but not excited. The guides do this as a daily experience, and as a result while holding the gaff in one hand they are "chumming" shrimp with the other, for the other anglers need attention just as much as the man with the fish.

Soon the weakfish is near enough to the boat for the guide to place the landing net underneath the fish, and then it is but a moment to rebait the hook and the angler is out again seeking to reach the same depth and the same distance where he took the other fish.

Weakfish anglers all have their methods of hooking the shrimp. One of the most effective, however, is that of hooking the little crustacean through the tail from the back, pulling it up on the hook and the second shrimp through the tail from the front.

Seemingly the shrimp is the best and only bait for weakfish in Jamaica Bay. This is doubtless because anglers accustom the weakfish to this bait just as they bring the weakfish to a certain spot daily by fishing there and putting over a chum streak. Fish are creatures of habit as much as men, and schools of weakfish, knowing of the whereabouts of free food, with an occasional hook that adds excitement to the sport, usually appear at the feeding grounds on time—the first of the flood tide.

Nibbles and Strikes.

Many things have their effect on weakfish. Tides, winds, amount of food in the bay, presence of sharks, which always destroys weakfishing for the time being, proper equipment, all help or hinder the angler in what he terms luck. Perseverance, patience,, alertness and fishability all help to make that evening meal, breakfast or dinner happy for the angler's family or his friends. It is an easy matter to come home unrewarded with fish. Some anglers get only nibbles and bites; others get fish.

It recalls the story of the angler with Frank Homans, Canarsie guide.

"My, but that was a glorious nibble!" said the angler to Homans, and he drew in his line, showing a parted leader.

Homans looked at it sadly and remarked slowly: "What in blazes would you call a strike?"

And yet there are times when the wind blows hard and the tide is swift that the angler can get any quantities of bites that he does not know of. Only the shrimp-bare hook tells the story.

Weakfish sometimes take the bait with such a vim and vigor that when they are in that mood even the tyro is able to take them, but when they play with the bait in a tantalizing way then it requires a clever fisherman to hook them and bring them in.

Weakfishing has a fascination all its own. Some men are such admirers of the tactics of the fish that year by year, some of them for five, ten, fifteen and twenty years, have fished regularly in season on one certain day a week.

They recall when they alone fished a single channel; now the army of anglers has grown so large that if you are not on the ground before the tide changes, the favorite places are taken. And what man who has fished for five, ten, fifteen or twenty years hasn't favorite spots?

FISH CONSERVATION DOUBLY IMPORTANT

New Jersey Alive to Need of Meeting Food Emergency War Conditions.

HOW CITIZENS CAN HELP

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 1.—Conservation of the fish supply, both in fresh and salt water, has become an issue doubly important to the people of New Jersey and neighboring States as preparations are made to meet food emergency conditions created by the war.

It is not difficult to imagine, in view of the experience of other warring countries, a situation where this fish supply might be ranked, if not in the first, at least in the second line of defence against hunger, and the State Fish and Game Commission declares that it is the duty of every citizen to do his "bit" toward preserving this resource by reporting immediately all violations, either of illegal fishing or stream pollution, that threaten to check the increase of the fish life in public waters.

The commission calls attention to the fact that fish is recognized as one of the best and cheapest substitutes for meat, and as nature supplies all the requirements for its growth, it is the only great public food supply free to any citizen to take, under proper restrictions, from stream, lake, bay or ocean.

New Jersey is particularly favored in its opportunities for developing a great fish supply for its citizens. A glance at the map of the commonwealth shows the State covered by a network of streams, the greater portion of which do and the remainder should sustain valuable food fish.

What Hatchery Does.

That fish have become scarce in most of the streams of the eastern United States is due to several causes, chief of which have been the lask of proper fish conservation laws and the failure to protect the fish during their breeding seasons. The result has been near extermination of valuable fish in many streams.

New Jersey now has protectory laws for its native fish and is restocking the streams as rapidly as funds received from fishing licenses will permit.

Several new varieties of fish of the highest food value have been introduced from other parts of the country during the last few years. These fish are distributed by the State Fish and Game Commission with the aim of using in each stream the kind of fish best suited to the water conditions.

The modern fish hatchery systems have made possible the restocking of a State's fished out streams. Under natural conditions the hatch of fish eggs is from 1 to 5 per cent.

At the New Jersey fish hatchery at Hackettstown, one of the most succesful in the world, from 60 to 95 per cent. of the eggs are hatched by artificial means. The output of the New Jersey hatchery last year was approximately 40,000,000 fish, including white perch, yellow perch, brook trout, brown trout, rainbow trout and Chinook salmon, which were planted in streams throughout the State.

The State regards the fish in the streams and coast waters as public property, to be protected just as vigilantly as any other property owned by the commonwealth.

The poacher who violates the laws by fishing out of season or with illegal devices or by netting streams contrary to law robs the State and his fellow citizens just as truly, according to the law's view point, as if he had stolen from the public treasury.

FISH AND GAME BULLETIN.

Maryland Issues Publication to Interest Citizenship.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 1.—A new fish and game paper called the *Official Bulletin of the Conservation Commission of Maryland* has just been issued.

The commendable purpose of the paper is to keep the whole citizenship of the State interested in fishery matters, to give public information of all measures under contemplation and to convey information concerning the progress that is being made in the development of the water industries.

The *Bulletin* is expected to be effective in bringing about a better cooperation among State officials, fishermen and the citizenship of the State for the proper conservation of fishery resources and the development of fishery industries.

Raunt's Mardi Gras On.

RAUNT, Jamaica Bay, Sept. 1.—At midnight to-night Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Kochkeller of New York were crowned king and queen of the Raunt Mardi Gras, with Fred C. Heintz lord high chancellor. Sunday's programme will be devoted to aquatic sports and Monday to a water carnival.

Middies Casting Contest.

The Midland Beach Fishing Club will hold a casting tournament next Saturday.

Blacks Along Jersey Shore.

Blackfish are biting along the Jersey shore.

TO "REACH" JUDGE AIM OF VIOLATORS

Politicians' Aid Asked Instead of "Taking Medicine."

ALBANY, Sept. 1.—Men who break the fish and game laws somehow get the impression that friends can always "reach" somebody in authority to get them out of the scrape scot free. Recently the Conservation Commission had such a case which is typical of many others.

A game protector was patrolling on the banks of the Mohawk River and found this man, incidentally a Supervisor of the county, in possession of a short pike perch.

He arranged with him to appear before a certain justice of the peace convenient to both to settle for the violation.

On the day that they were to appear the protector received a telephone message from the justice that he would have nothing to do with the case because every politician in the county had either been to see him or had telephoned him requesting that he throw out the case.

The protector then arranged with the defendant to appear before the city judge of the city in which the defendant lived.

When they appeared before this judge he advised the defendant not to settle, but to get his friends together and have the matter quashed at the Conservation Commission.

The following day the Supervisor with a number of friends appeared at the offices of the Conservation Commission and stated his case, requesting that the matter be dropped.

However, the commission did not accede to his request and he signed a statement acknowledging that he had in possession a short pike perch and paid the State $10 for having violated the conservation law.

RACING FOR IBERIA THRILLING SIGHT

Winner Gets Prize Spot for Sea Bass and Porgies.

One of the thrilling sights of a fishing trip, particularly in these days when angling results have not been so good as in other years, is the race by the fishing fleet for the Iberia wreck, which lies three and a quarter miles south of Long Beach. The Iberia is the most popular and by some regarded as the best wreck around New York for sea bass and porgies. It lies close to the East Rockaway whistling buoy, popularly known as No. 6 buoy.

The boats coming out of Sheepshead Bay, Freeport, Long Beach and Wreck Lead frequently race for it, because so much of the wreck has been sanded over practically only one boat can fish there at a time. If the wreck has been fished the day before a good catch cannot be expected the day following. Nevertheless there is good natured rivalry for the place.

While most of the boats are scheduled to leave Sheepshead Bay at 8 o'clock, waiting to get the full number of fishermen sometimes delays boats, and some captains with slower boats, taking advantage of the time, start out promptly.

The Freeport, Wreck Lead and Long Beach boats leave upon the arrival of the New York train. The shorter distance these boats have to go keeps the Sheepshead Bay boats keen to put all the engine pressure on that is possible.

"Louis," said the captain of a well known Sheepshead Bay boat, calling the engineer to his cabin, "do you see that boat there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will give you fifteen minutes to get her."

Then the race is on for what is left of the Iberia, which the Umbria sank by collision on November 10, 1888.

AQUARIUM AT WOOD'S HOLE.

A Pleasant Exhibit of Interest to Thousands of Visitors.

WOOD'S HOLE, Mass., Sept. 1.—The installation of a new aquarium at Wood's Hole has been completed under the direction of Supt. Harron of the central station.

The aquarium consists of ten tanks, which are arranged along the western and northern sides of the exhibition room of the hatchery building. The old grotto is entirely displaced.

The front of the aquarium is stained to represent Spanish oak. The interiors of the tanks are decorated with beach rocks of various sizes secured in the vicinity.

The tanks were those used at the San Francisco exposition for the bureau's exhibit, but it was necessary to alter them in order to adapt them to the space allotted at Wood's Hole.

The aquarium makes a very pleasing exhibit and will be appreciated by the thousands of people who annually visit the station, in addition to serving a useful purpose in the scientific and fish cultural work.

BONELESS CATFISH ON MENU.

"Show Me" and "Sucker" States Buy Tons of Paddle Fish.

MEREDOSIA, Ill., Sept. 1.—D. S. P. Bartlett, superintendent of the fish hatchery here, reports an unusual run of spoonbill cat, or paddle fish, in the waters near Meredosia.

He writes: "Close to a hundred thousand pounds of spoonbills have been shipped since the run came on, and all at big prices. It all goes to St. Louis and is shipped out to points in Illinois and Missouri as sliced and boneless catfish."

BLUE CRAB SPAWN TWICE.

So Says Dr. Churchill, Who Has Made Investigation.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 1.—The investigation of the life history and habits of the blue crab of Chesapeake Bay, which has been pursued during the past fiscal year by Dr. E. P. Churchill, has yielded interesting and important results.

It is shown that the blue crab may spawn more than once and possibly several times. Crabs under observation have spawned twice in the same summer. Crabs taken during the winter after spawning the season before have spawned again in June.

NEVADA CONSERVES FISH.

New Statute Requires Use of Screens to Save Trout.

RENO, Nev., Sept. 1.—In Nevada a new law effective in September will require the screening of intakes and ditches as well as the use of fishways.

Irrigation is extensively practised in the northern half of the State, and heretofore countless numbers of trout fry and other fish have been poured on the fields.

Helping Farm Boys Earn Money.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Two hundred dollars has been appropriated to pay bounties for one year for crows and chicken hawks killed in Edwards county. The pay is five cents for crows and 50 cents for hawks and 10 cents each for eggs.

Golden Eagle Killed Stealing Pig.

WESTERVELT, Ill., Sept. 1.—A taxidermist is mounting a golden eagle, measuring seven feet from tip to tip, that Henry Goodman killed as it was going aloft with a young pig in its four inch claws.

One Week Devoted to Sport.

CONNEAUT, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Wild Life League, composed of anglers and hunters, will hold a week of sport and sightseeing, beginning September 3 and lasting until September 8. An anglers' contest will be held next Thursday.

Reducing Cost of Living.

HILLSBORO, Ill., Sept. 1.—This summer Fred Roemelin and Harry Rebenshied have taken hook and line angling 500 pounds of channel catfish.

Takes 13 Tuna in a Day.

AVALON, Cal., Sept. 1.—W. C. Boschen recently struck a school of tuna, landing thirteen fish in one day weighing 985 pounds.

Croakers and Weaks in Horseshoe.

Croakers and weakfish are biting in the Sandy Hook horseshoe.

Blue Claws in Hempstead Bay.

Blue claw crabs are biting in Hempstead Bay.

ROD AND GUN.

Iron Steamboat Co
DEEP SEA FISHING Str. "TAURUS"
Daily at 8 A. M. from Pier 1, N. R. ONLY. Bar, Restaurant, Bait, Tackle, etc., on board. Licensed capacity now 341. FARE $1.00.
Labor Day Fishing Trip Open to All. United Anglers' League of New York.
Christina K., sailing from Stahle's Pier, Canarsie, Monday, Sept. 3, 7 A. M. $1.25, including bait.
SEA HORSES Marine Aquariums, Sea Anemones, Marine Plants. Denker, 227 West 83. Phone.
FALCON LABOR DAY 7 A. M. leaves Battery 7 A. M. Thurs., Sat. & Sun. Fare $1.25.

BLUEFISH BITING OFF CONEY ISLAND

Trolling With Rod and White Pine Squid Furnishes Fine Sport.

SPECIES LATE IN COMING

It has taken a long time for bluefish to find their way into the local waters because of a late season for all migratory fish, but throughout the week anglers have had much sport with the fighting fish as close to the city as the waters off Coney Island.

A number of the guides that go out from Canarsie because of the fish they miss characteristics of weakfish this season have devoted themselves and their parties to bluefishing, and almost every day during the week they have come back in their motor launches with from a dozen and a half bluefish to six dozen.

Sheepshead Bay, Gravesend Bay boats and boats leaving from Broad Channel also have had luck taking bluefish, the slashing, fighting fish being found off Norton's Point, Rockaway Beach to Ambrose Channel and east of that place.

Anglers with the guides say that they have had splendid sport using a rod with a twenty-four thread line and a white pine squid. The white pine squid seems to be the most alluring squid to use at the present time.

Bluefishing is such uncertain sport that most anglers seeking blues invariably go to Great South Bay points and troll in Fire Island Inlet. Indeed bluefishing in Fire Island Inlet is one of the great attractions of Long Island summer life.

The bluefish has been aptly called the wolf of the salt waters, for it hunts its food like a pack of wolves and seemingly destroys for the love of killing. No fish is as merciless to its enemies, or its friends, as you look at it, as is the bluefish.

Anglers use all sorts of rigs, but as a matter of fact the bluefish is no respecter of tackle. It will tackle anything that moves. A favorite rig with anglers is a twenty-one thread line with piano wire attached, using a swivel between the line and the leader. No. 2 to No. 4-0 long shanked Carlisle hooks are excellent. The various squids used include oval pieces of block tin, rubber, wood and mother of pearl.

For chum, chopped menhaden is a staple bait. When bluefish are in bays, still fishing, killies, mossbunker, herring, porgy, shedder crab and sea robins are frequently used.

Youngster Lands 3 1-2 Pound Bass

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Little "Bill" Dewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dewart of New York, landed a black bass the other day weighing three and a half pounds. The youngster, who inherits a love for angling from his grandfather, Commodore Thomas H. Wheeler, brought the bass in unaided.

STEWART AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL
DAY and EVENING CLASSES — FOR MEN and WOMEN
Best equipped school in New York for automobile instruction. Founded 1909. Courses for owners and drivers taught by expert. Complete course $25. Write or call for catalog "S.S."
225 WEST 57TH ST. AT BROADWAY TEL COL 4541
Private Lessons for Owners.

ATKINSON AUTO SCHOOL
WHERE YOU LEARN BY EXPERIENCE
235 West 50th St. (near Broadway)

AUTOMOBILE EXCHANGE
Autos: Best Quality, Lowest Prices. 17 Years' Experience & Pioneers. Demonstrations Given; Easy Payments Arranged; Automobiles Traded.
Packard "Twin-Six" Limousine, $2400. Other Packards. Lands. Limousine (swell) $1100; Ross "Eight," $775.
Pierces, Touring, Landaulettes, $350 up. Oldsmobiles "Fours," "Eights"; S. G. T. Touring, $350 to $750.
Wintons (Limousines and Touring) Westinghouse shock absorbers, etc., $1250 (worth double); Briscoe Runabout, $300.
Cadillacs "Eight," $750 to $2000 (Touring and Winter "Jobs"); Fiats (Racerabouts, Landaulettes), $450, etc.
Chalmers "Super-Six" and others, $450 to $1200; Hollier "Eight" Runabout, $4[illegible]; Reo, $550.
Stutzes, Roadsters, "Bulldogs," etc., $400 to $1000; Simplexes (Runabouts, Touring) $450 to $1500.
Overlands, $200 to $475; Dodge, $[illegible] Chassis, $250 up. Delivery Autos, Buick Studebakers, Overlands, Maxwells, etc. All A1, $250 to $500.
Packard (1914) Landaulette, $750.