Deer Season for Animals Having Horns Not Less Than Three Inches in Length Opens in Catskills on Saturday

'AL' FOSTER FIRST IN ANGLERS' HEARTS

Pioneer of Deep Sea Fishing Made Study of Places Where Fish Congregate.

STARTED TRIPS IN 1866

Untiring in His Efforts to Find New Grounds in Local Waters.

By ARTHUR THORNTON.

"Al" Foster! What a name to conjure with! Who in the last forty years or so who has gone deep sea fishing but who is familiar with him personally or with his fame?

His position among fishing captains and pilots is unique indeed for he stood in a class by himself—no man in his particular line ever achieved more, or for that matter as much, as this dean of deep sea fishing pilots in New York waters.

His record is a page filled with fishing successes, with the record of untiring efforts to locate new grounds—efforts that were rewarded with the unprecedented popularity that came to him and remained with him up to the time of his death.

In personality "Al" Foster was a quiet man and one whom you would not take to be a seaman to judge by his appearance, though, as a matter of fact, he knew more about the Fishing Banks than any other man.

There are a myriad of anglers who sailed with him on the Dolphin, and later, on the renowned Angler, who remember him on still earlier boats, and it is my good fortune to be able to present a complete record of the boats he sailed in, as set forth in the *American Shipbuilder* of Oct. 21, 1905, through the courtesy of Captain "Bill" Allen of the Yankee Doodle of Sheepshead Bay.

First Went to Banks in 1866.

This journal says: "A. G. Foster, or as he is better known, 'Al' Foster, chartered and ran the Silas O. Pierce on Sunday, May 20, 1866. In 1867 he ran several times; in 1868 he had the Charles Chamberlain, 1869 William Tittamar and such big boats as the State of Maine and Rip Van Winkle. This was in 1870; in 1871 the New Champion and Eliza Hancock. The last of the big boats which ran to the Banks with success was the Monitor."

About this time the Fulton Market Fishermen's Association devised means for capturing the porgies down East and keeping them in pounds until wanted, thereby driving the big boats out of fishing excursions, and in the meanwhile thinking it advisable not to risk opposition against these large craft, except running early in the season.

On one of these occasions he had the pleasure of seeing two of the best fishing steamboat pilots of that time, one of them having charge of the Virginia Seymour, the other of the Only Son, both boats being under charter by Foster, he being unable to accommodate more than 400 on one boat, so he hired the latter vessel.

The result of that day's catch being one bergall and one lobster, 'Al' made up his mind that he would try to learn to locate the reefs and rocks that he had heard old smack fishermen talk about as being off shore in the places where the regular big boats had run about three months in the year.

That was off Seabright, around and near, what is now called the spar buoy. Off the latter place they usually caught immense numbers of porgies, a few sea bass and beachfish at such places as are now known as the Highlands, Rocky Hill, the off shore places of the same; Staten Island in and off shore and at Elberon.

All Year Grounds Unknown.

England, Ireland, Farms and Seventeen Fathom banks, they knew nothing of, but by the knowledge of to-day it is possible to catch all kinds of fish in their season all the year around.

The special pilots that they had in those days (Anderson Colwell and Sam Greenwood) called the Cholera Banks, or a small part of the same, Eastern Banks. We have also a series of places along the southern shore off Long Island which are known as the Seagull Banks; off Sandy Hook Lightship, the Mussel Grounds off Long Beach, the Iberia wreck, the Middle Grounds, the Northwestern and the Southern Cholera Banks, all of which constitute part of the Eastern Banks; and to locate these ridges it took years of hard work and study.

In 1873 "Al" Foster, by agreement, managed the Charles Chamberlain during the summer months; in 1874 he ran the William Fletcher, Virginia Seymour and Seth Low. In the early part of 1875 he ran the Virginia Seymour to Sandy Hook dock and the fishing banks.

The last chartered vessel he ran was the Seth Low, which was run on June 5, and after which he managed the Seth Low for six years.

It was on Thanksgiving Day of that year he ran the first codfish trip that was ever made by any steamboat from this port fishing for cod in these waters.

In the fall of the year 1881 the Seth Low was sold to the Astors, who wanted her down South. "Al" had to look for another boat, which he secured in the George Kelsey, but fishing being poor that season she quit running in September. Then he managed the Marion, codfishing that fall, but instead of catching cod they caught sea bass, porgies and weakfish, but the owner would not run for those kinds of fish.

Early the next year there was an agreement made between J. W. Hancock and Foster to run the J. B. Schuyler; this lasted six years.

In 1887 "Al" ran the Bay Ridge; in 1888 he bought the Angler, which he ran to the fall of 1891, when the Al Foster Steamboat Company was formed, which was dissolved in 1897. Foster becoming sole owner of the Angler until this year, when it was changed to the "Al" Foster Transportation Company.

First Place in Anglers' Hearts.

This then is the chronological history of this famous fishing captain up to 1905, but I think that most men will have more interest in the Dolphin and especially the Angler than the earlier boats for it was with the Angler that "Al" made his greatest successes.

The Angler was a boat that was especially liked by fishermen on account of her top deck being so arranged that you could walk all around it in following your line, the paddleboxes being flush, or nearly so with the deck if I remember rightly.

Another feature of this boat was the good dinner served for a very reasonable charge, and many a dinner have I had aboard of her in the company of Capt. Louis Harm.

Old timers too, will recall "Al's" brother Fred, who had the fish finding instrument, who used to be purser.

Another very remarkable thing about this famous boat was her singular good fortune for she seldom had any sort of accident.

Mountain Lion Killed by Hunters With Bow and Arrow.

DR SAXTON POPE and ARTHUR H YOUNG STANDING ALONGSIDE MOUNTAIN LION KILLED IN the SIERRA NEVADAS WITH 66 INCH YEW BOWS PULLING 75 POUNDS. The ARROWS FIRED AT A DISTANCE OF 20 YARDS

© INTERNATIONAL

LION KILLED WITH BOWS AND ARROWS

Pacific Coast Archers Take 100 Pound Animal With Indian Weapons.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 25.—Dr. Saxton Pope and Arthur H. Young, of whom THE SUN told last July of killing a bear with bow and arrow, have added a mountain lion to their trophies.

Both men are disciples of the old school of archery. The mountain lion was killed with two darts from their quivers while hunting in Tuolumne county, California.

Sighting the animal, the two men shot at the buck mountain lion, both arrows flying true, one piercing the animal's lungs and the other the heart. The arrows went clear through the lion, which fell dead after running only a few yards. The lion weighed about 100 pounds.

He was bayed after a chase of a mile. The arrows were fired at a distance of twenty yards from 66 inch yew bows pulling seventy-five pounds.

So far as the records of archery in this country show, this is the first time a lion has been killed by a white man with a bow and arrow.

It is the view of both these hunters that the bow is an effective weapon, but that it takes months of practice to be able to shoot it well.

Both these hunters began with small game, rabbits, quail and squirrel, and then they gradually added to their bag skunk, fox, deer and bobcat. The 100 pound mountain lion, because of the danger attached to this hunting, is the most difficult trophy so far secured, next to the bear.

Rabbit to Supplement Meat Supply

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—"Rabbit Growing to Supplement the Meat Supply" is the title of a bulletin just issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey for the purpose of encouraging the raising of rabbits in domestication as food, a practice which has long been followed in Europe. There is a full discussion of the utility breeds of rabbits, which is comprised in three types represented by the so-called "Giants," the Belgian hares and the New Zealand red rabbits.

States Give Job to Uncle Sam.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25.—The States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois have decided to let the Bureau of Fisheries assume entire charge of the rescue work of fish along their boundaries, and have made available their holding stations and are rendering assistance in distributing the fish.

The End of the Trout Season.

It is over now, the season,
And we hang the empty creel,
For the law is now the reason
For the silence of the reel.

We put away our "four ounce"
For our wandering steps have ceased
To follow that rare brooklet
By the red barn over east.

There's the pathway through the clover
On the banks so worn and trod,
There're the buttercups and daisies
With their ever friendly nod.

And the wild rose with its fragrance
On the desert air now spent,
Are they waiting for our coming,
Do they look in wonderment?

There's the squirrel with his quarrel
On yonder chestnut high,
And shy Daphne in the laurel
That blushed as we passed by.

There's the brook we followed after,
With its flashing waters cool,
There's the ripple of its laughter,
There's the ever tempting pool.

But—it's over now—and the reason
Why we put away our flies,
And the only thing now in season
Is to sit and—swap our lies.

J. WARREN HARPER.

Doings of Local Anglers With Rod, Reel and Line

Blacks and Bass at Lightship.

Joseph Rindskopf writes of the final trip of We Twelve Fishing Club last Sunday as follows: "Capt. Holmboe took us to the lightship and the way the big blacks and sea bass came aboard was a great surprise to all of us.

"I hit three bass in about as many minutes, and they were all nice fish. All those fishermen who know me, also believe that if I can catch fish everybody must get them. The captain smiled all day watching his busy people yank up the splendid 3 to 5 pound blackfish.

"These fish fought manly and you needed heavy tackle to land them. In the afternoon we went further east to try to get some of those big hake all the fishermen were talking about. We got some 2 and 3 pound hake and some pound bergalls and a very few whiting, so we went back to our old spot and there picked up some more fine big blacks.

"Very few ling were caught, which I am glad of, as the ling, in my opinion, is the meanest fish that swims. One of our boys remarked to me that when a ling is caught he is 'dead.'"

Time to Salt Down Fish.

"Now is the time to salt down whiting, hake and ling," says "The Man With the Leather Pants," who writes as follows: "On board the Joe Pinkett on Sunday at the lightship, forty anglers boated a record catch of whiting, hake and ling. It was an ideal day for the sport and many boats were on the grounds. The first prize was won by Billy, the blacksmith, with a hake of 6 pounds. John, the skipper, won second prize with a hake of 4 pounds.

"The writer had a catch of 12 whiting, 10 hake and 4 ling, which was a poor catch in comparison with the messes of others.

"Now is the time to get good catches of these fish and they should be salted down for the winter. It is easily done.

"Clean your fish, removing all traces of blood. Wipe clean, cut in four or five pieces of good size and salt in a good stone crock, of say, four gallons capacity.

"Sprinkle a layer of salt, about one-quarter inch thick in the pieces of fish, tightly, with another layer of salt and more fish. Weight down with a good stone (not limestone), and leave until a heavy brine has formed, which should take about three days.

"Then add fresh water to make the brine. Cover the fish for one inch, and use as wanted, always keeping plenty of brine in the crock.

"Some conger eels are still being caught, and may be pickled with spices and vinegar, which makes a very tasty dish. I sent this recipe to the *Press* some years ago. How many have saved it?"

Who Is Best Blackfish Angler?

"Blackfish Willie" writes to Local Doings as follows: "While en route to Seventeen Fathoms recently for blackfish there arose a discussion among some fishermen as to who in their opinion was the best black fisherman. By that they meant not the fisherman who occasionally catches a big mess, but one who catches blackfish steadily, and big fish too, even though they are scarce.

"Some say it is luck; but it is more than luck when a man can outclass his fellow fishermen every time with big blacks every time, even though they are not plentiful.

"I have in mind one particular fellow that has every one beaten in catching big blackfish that I have ever seen. Some will say: 'Well, he uses crabs for bait; that is the reason he gets the big ones.' I have seen this fellow surrounded by fishermen and every one was using crabs and still they had no luck, but he kept reeling blackfish in. There is only one solution, and that is, that he knows how.

"I agreed to write this letter and ask the captains and fishermen, who, in their opinion, is the best blackfish angler that they know."

At the lightship the other day fishermen in the Linta caught seven species, including hake, whiting, ling, blackfish, cunners, grayfish and skates.

Grayfish Three at a Clip.

Messrs. Gillis, Feinstein, Weisel and Lewis, fishing from the Joe Pinkett on Sunday at the lightship grounds, caught, hake, ling and whiting. Catches ranged from ten to twenty fish to an angler. Grayfish (previous called dogfish) were caught three at a clip.

Blacks at Long Beach Wrecks.

The Metropolitan Fishing Club on board the Rosabel of Wreck Lead last Sunday caught blackfish and flounders at the wrecks off Long Beach. Mrs. Ruby Gardenhire caught the heaviest fish, a prize winning 8¼ pound blackfish. "Pop" Holmes of The Bronx was high hook with 18 blackfish and 6 flounders.

Other catches included Henry Hinnen, 12 blackfish, 3 flounders; Joseph Goodman, 8 blackfish, 2 flounders, and David Pelz, 6 blackfish, 8 flounders.

The We Twelve Fishing Club wound up their 1919 fishing season on Sunday last. Several of the members are organizing a special codfishing trip for election day.

Cod Expected Any Day.

"Sharpen your 7-0 Sproat hooks," writes Louis F. Lewis of 190 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, "for cod are expected any day. Get ready for the big ones!" is Mr. Lewis's parting word.

Hake Off Ambrose Channel.

Capt. Grubes of the powerboat Stanhope reports that during the last two weeks fishermen in his boat off Ambrose Channel have been catching hake, whiting and cunners. On a trip one day last week 400 fish were taken, average catches being that of J. J. Shutzer and A. Thompson, 20 large hake, whiting and cunners. The pool was won with a 6 pound hake.

Catskill Deer Time Nov. 1.

Fifteen days is permitted for hunting wild deer in the Catskills—from November 1 to November 15. The statute says: "Only wild deer having horns not less than three inches in length may be taken in Ulster county and in the towns of Neversink, Cochecton, Tusten, Highland, Lumberland, Forestburg and Bethel and all that section of the towns of Mamakating and Thompson lying south of the Newburgh and Cochecton turnpike in Sullivan county and the town of Deer Park in Orange county."

HIGH WATER FOR LOCAL ANGLERS FROM OCTOBER 26 TO NOVEMBER 2.

Date.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) A.M.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) P.M.	Princess Bay A.M.	Princess Bay P.M.	Jamaica Bay (Canarsie) A.M.	Jamaica Bay (Canarsie) P.M.	Governor Island A.M.	Governor Island P.M.	Willets Point A.M.	Willets Point P.M.	New London A.M.	New London P.M.
October 26	8:49	9:16	8:54	9:21	9:34	10:01	9:13	9:41	12:21	12:19	10:27	11:00
October 27	9:25	9:54	9:30	9:59	10:10	10:39	9:44	10:13	12:50	12:52	11:07	11:45
October 28	10:00	10:34	10:05	10:39	10:45	11:19	10:17	10:51	1:24	1:30	11:50	—
October 29	10:38	11:18	10:43	11:23	11:23	12:03	10:56	11:35	2:02	2:12	12:32	12:38
October 30	11:23	—	11:28	—	12:08	—	11:41	—	2:46	2:58	1:26	1:30
October 31	12:10	12:16	12:15	12:21	12:55	1:01	12:27	12:32	3:35	3:50	2:20	2:27
November 1	1:08	1:18	1:14	1:23	1:53	2:03	1:29	1:33	4:30	4:46	3:16	3:25
November 2	2:08	2:21	2:13	2:28	2:53	3:09	2:31	2:36	5:24	5:43	4:08	4:22

FLORIDA KEYS' MEN LIKED BY TOURISTS

Cordial Relations Between Natives and Sparsely Settled Places and Anglers.

INCIDENTS TELL STORY

Doctor Gives Up Midnight Tarpon Fishing to Set Broken Ankle With Crate Splints.

By ALLIGATOR LIGHT.

Cruising about in Florida waters, poking into out of the way places and stopping at shacks whose occupants seldom see strangers, is always interesting, and little incidents occur which leave an impression on the mind and provide a peg upon which to hang pleasant reminiscences.

One day while crossing a flat where the water was nowhere more than four feet deep, quite a number of tarpon were seen. Having no bait, the launch was run to a fish house about three miles further along and some mullets purchased.

The keeper of this fish house proved to be a former telegraph operator who, in December, 1918, had been ill with the "flu"; recovery left him too weak to work indoors, in an overheated and poorly ventilated office, and he had come to Florida and secured a job as fish house keeper at $50 a month and grub, doing his own cooking. He had held the place four months, and was brown and healthy looking; and he would put in two or three months more before resuming wire work. This man had never caught a tarpon, but as the launch left he suggested the use of a float in still fishing for them, and an hour later his suggestion was acted upon and found to be both practical and valuable.

Experienced With Ex-Soldiers.

Once some net fishermen who had just made a haul were met. They had three or four hundred pounds of pompano in their boat. Regret being expressed that the lack of cooking utensils alone prevented the immediate cooking of a couple of these delicious fish brought the information, quite as a matter of course, that a shanty boat was moored a couple of miles away, and that the occupants would be glad to offer the use of their stove and frying pan.

Some pompano were purchased, and the launch was headed in the direction the shanty boat was said to be. A little doubt persisted as to what reception would be met with. This doubt proved to be entirely unwarranted the occupants of the shanty boat were cordial, and not only insisted upon cooking the fish but also prepared a dish of French fried sweet potatoes and served coffee with sugar and condensed milk.

After eating, a pleasant hour was passed smoking and talking. The two young men on this scow were ex-soldiers; they had hired the shanty boat and a motor launch and were fishing slack water each tide for trout (weakfish) and loafing and sleeping between tides.

The price received for the fish caught was eight cents a pound gutted; this was considered a satisfactory price and they were earning sufficient money to pay all expenses and enough over to provide each with a good outfit of clothes and a little ready cash when they saw fit to look for work at their old jobs. One had been a moulder and the other a trolley motorman.

They appreciated the gift of some cigars and expressed great pleasure when given a ten days' old copy of the SUNDAY SUN with the picture supplement.

Doctor Leaves Fishing to Aid Man.

The people met with were always friendly and more than willing to assist a stranger, often at considerable inconvenience to themselves; and it is only just to say that tourists appreciate this courtesy and endeavor to reciprocate, as the following incident may indicate.

One night about midnight while drifting for tarpon in Boca Grande Pass a launch came alongside and inquiry was made for a doctor. About 8 o'clock that evening a member of a fish house crew, living in a shack about twenty miles from Boca Grande, had slipped on a fresh caught fish and fallen, breaking an ankle. One of the crew had gone to Boca Grande for aid but the doctor was away on a call some where up the line and the time of his return was very uncertain as there would be no passenger train until noon the next day and possibly no freight train before that time, so the messenger was going from boat to boat in the Pass on the chance that there might be a doctor among the anglers.

He found one, a man from Philadelphia, who listened to the messenger's story, borrowed a handful of cigars from the angler in the nearest launch and with the side of an orange crate from which to fashion splints started at once to render what service he could. It was a three hour run in the launch to reach the injured man and a four hour run from there back to the hotel, the service of course was rendered gratuitously and the doctor made a second call before turning the case over to the local practitioner.

Watermelon Appreciation.

One day a launch was noticed to be at anchor where a boat should not be anchored and a run over to it disclosed that the ignition battery had run down. The boatman had drifted for some time, and about three hours earlier had anchored to wait until another boat should come along; he could do nothing else.

An emergency set of dry cells already connected up was passed over and in a couple of minutes the engine was primed and turning over, the anchor was raised and with a "thank you" and a wave of of the hand that boat went on its way.

Two days later a set of dry cells and a prize winning watermelon, a buster, about a yard long and a foot through were left at the hotel "for the party who was in the launch Hilda last Tuesday."

That melon tasted just as delicious as such an imposing looking melon should taste, it was luscious, more than a dozen guests feasted on it. It was an evidence of appreciation, tactfully made, of the slight service rendered; neither party even knew the name of the other.

Is it to be wondered at that cordial relations exist between the natives living on these sparsely populated keys and the sportsmen tourists?

A Nip on the Beach.

This story was told to the writer the other night when Robert H. Corson was fishing at the Point of New Inlet for channel bass, hoping to duplicate his catch of a few weeks previous of a 35 pounder taken in the light of the hunters' moon. A beach guard passing suggested the story.

"I met a guard the other night while fishing," said Corson, "and I remarked to him: 'Will you take something for your health?'

"'Yes,' said the guard, 'I will; my health is bad.'"

Catskill Deer Season Opens Next Saturday

Five Hours Off by Auto or Railroad—Animals Reported Plenitful—Bears Often Met With—Heavy Clothing and Stoutest Hunting Shoes Needed—Where to Go.

By LADD PLUMLEY.

Backyard Hunting—No, I don't mean the sport which some desperate city dwellers resort to—potting the squallers in your nightie, with a twenty-two and a silencer. And I know a chap who from a window of a Brooklyn hotel, in one summer, raked in a bunch of twenty-one feline ears. It would have been twenty-two, but the Caruso of the prowlers had lost one of his in a fight.

The backyard I am talking about is one of the most amazing playgrounds in the entire world, and it is the birthright of every New Yorker, even if he lives in a flat and has never seen such a thing as a title-deed. The Catskill State Park. That's the name of the property which some of you own, and perhaps you've never visited your far reaching forest domain.

Here are found a great variety of the best sporting fish to be found anywhere, and here are killed annually large numbers of bear, plenty of deer, as well as thousands of partridge. Also the Canada lynx, and wildcat are as plentiful in some of the wilder ravines as are the night disturbers in Brooklyn I have mentioned, from whom my friend took his ear trophies.

Five Hours Off.

The deer season in the Catskills begins on the first of November, and this season deer are unusually plentiful. More have been seen during this last spring and summer than for many years. In August, when I was fishing the Beaverkill River in the western Catskills, I was told by a cottager that she had frequently seen from her kitchen window numbers of deer. Last May a big buck and his doe paraded directly across the field in front of her cottage, as she stood looking at them from a distance of not over a hundred yards.

When you give it a little thought it does seem rather amazing that at the very backdoor of our vast city large game in abundance can be found. Five hours by rail or by auto and the sportsman is in a region where if he knows his business he is fairly certain to get a shot at a big buck or at a black bear.

The best of the big game region of the Catskills is in the central and highest mountains. On the slopes of Slide, Cornell, Loan, Peekamoose and the other big mountains you cannot tramp a mile without finding plenty of deer and bear signs. This portion of the Catskills is conveniently accessible, yet a few years ago a companion and I in a ten days stay met with but one party of hunters, and at the house where we stayed there were no hunters but ourselves.

Big Indian Starting Point.

Big Indian station, on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, is an excellent railroad springboard for diving into the wildest portion of the Catskill Park. There is a fair road from Big Indian up over Slide and through to the village of Claryville, on the watershed of the Delaware. And above Claryville a good road leads to the head of the East Branch of the Neversink. Here, near the head of the heavily timbered valley, is an excellent little sporting hostelry that is run by the Erts brothers. And here State lands, with heavy forests, can be found which extend in all directions. Deer have been shot within a quarter of a mile of the little hotel.

Even the upper end of the Big Indian valley is a fine deer and bear country, with forests of magnificent timber which extend mile after mile until the Delaware River is reached. For hunting the eastern slopes of Slide and for entry into the big mountain ranges toward the northwest the hamlet of Oliverea, a few miles from Big Indian station, is an excellent centre.

There are several houses in Oliverea where good accommodations can be had. The Charles Andrews house is particularly well situated, the forests near the house, and many deer had been shot by sportsmen who have stayed here.

Claryville Excellent.

Around Claryville, too, is an excellent deer country, and there are several hotels and boarding houses where first rate accommodations can be had. Claryville is a considerable village, and the big mountains—Slide, Peekamoose and Table with the others—are but a dozen miles or so up the valley of the Neversink, and for the first seven miles the road is an excellent one. Bush's boarding house at Claryville is a pleasant place, and there is a first-class country hotel. Claryville is about twenty miles from Big Indian station.

Sportsmen should remember that much of the Catskill region has a high altitude and that in autumn it is a cold country. The upper end of the valley of the East Branch of the Neversink has an altitude of 2,200 to 2,500 feet. A Government bench mark is in the foundation of the Erts house—2,265 feet. Heavy clothing should be carried and the stoutest of hunting shoes. The trails leading over Slide and the other mountains are wet in places, and wet with springs that are icy cold even in midsummer.

Hardenburg's Hard Luck.

Talk about the slopes of Slide as a hunting ground would not seem complete without recalling old Dominie Hardenburg's rotten luck with his famous bear pen. You will hear the story frequently, although the tragic occurrence took place many years ago. The dominie met with his misfortune when Barnum was still managing his own show. And it was told throughout the Catskills that Barnum offered a prize of $20,000 for a living black bear which had a white nose and paws tipped with white.

Catskill bear hunters got very busy, and the dominie, a man of great originality and amazing energy, constructed a novel bear pen. It was really four pens in one, with four entrances facing in four directions. The dominie had great hopes, and indeed he did capture a big bear, but it had the usual tan colored snout and paws ornamented with that color. The trap was set again, all four bait sticks baited with sheep heads.

The dominie was a fellow of many enterprises, and much enthusiasm at the beginning of each new endeavor, and just about then he got very busy in building a tray mill, so busy in fact that he clean forgot his bear pen, which was way up on the side of Slide Mountain. That winter snow came early and deep, and Hardenburg did not visit his pen until the following spring, when he was out looking for a lost steer.

The mountaineer from whom I first heard the tale loaded up his pipe and got her going again before he went on.

"Th' dominie never had what ye might call git thar luck," said the mountaineer between pulls on his pipe. "He forged and tempered, did th' dominie, th' cleanest cuttin' ktchen knives ye ever handled, but 'pears like th' dominie didn't make nothin' on his knives. Fact was a'ter he'd forged and tempered 'bout a dozen or so he got mighty interested in a patent ox yoke—she's a jim dandy yoke, she be, and ye'll see 'em 'round yit. Folks said he'd make a fortune outen them yokes, but trouble was jes' 'bout th' time he was beginnin' on th' fortune yankin' he got an idee fer a new kind of a tray mill. So she was al'ays.

"Th' dominie was an awful hand for lost cattle—seemed as ef half his time he was huntin' cattle. One day he gits mad and he gits another big idee. He'll make a new kind of cowbell ye can hear fer five mile. He spent mos' a week on th' bell. Ye could hear it from his shop way down to Ladleton, mos' four mile. Trouble was she was so darn hefty the dominie didn't have a critter which could tote her. Same al'ays. Seemed as if th' dominie was hanging on th' caboose of his luck and dropped off jes' afore th' train got somewheres.

"And that thar was jes' th' same with his four p'intin' bar pen. For th' dominie found what was left of the biggest bar 'bout this country ever raised. Mus' hev been way back in early October that th' bar wrasted th' bait stick and got trapped. Th' bar died in th' pen, 'cause a'ter he'd eaten the sheep head th' dominie didn't fetch it nothin'. Thar was th' bones and th' hide of that big bar what died in th' dominie's pen. And thet bar had a pure white snout and all four pawe tipped with white. A sure 'nough twenty thousand dollar Barnum bar! But anybody who knew Dominie Hardenburg would hev sensed 'twould hev tumbled out jes' thet a'ways."

LEATHER JACKET UNHAPPY CAPTIVE

Necessary to Destroy Huge Marine Turtle.

WOODS HOLE, MASS., Oct. 25.—The huge marine turtle commonly known as the leather jacket, captured by E. J. Dean off Gay Head, Mass., did not take well to confinement, and it was found necessary to destroy it. Significant parts were retained for museum purposes. This leather jacket turtle had only been exceeded by one taken in a fish trap at Woods Hole about 1891, which weighed 1,400 pounds.

The leather jacket taken by Dean had become entangled in a line attached to a lobster pot. The length of the top shell was 5 feet and the total length was 7 feet 7 inches. The turtle measured in girth 7 feet lacking half an inch, the distance between the anterior limbs when spread was 7 feet 8 inches, and the estimated weight was 750 pounds.

SALMON BEING DEPLETED.

Strict Legislation Needeed to Preserve Silver Horde.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 25.—Dr. C. H. Gilbert, zoology professor of Leland Stanford University, a recognized authority on the salmon, spent the summer studying conditions in the north. It is Dr. Gilbert's belief that the silver wanderers of the sea, the sockeye, the king and other salmon, are gradually being depleted.

Dr. Gilbert says: "With every canner eager to prevent the fish from returning to their fresh water spawning ground and fishermen and gill netters catching tons of salmon trout, which are only half grown salmon, the salmon simply hasn't a chance for survival.

"Man destroyed the salmon horde and it will be for man to build it up again if the salmon industry is to continue.

"Only strict legislation that will close the principal fishing grounds to trapmen and nets for years to come will prevent the extinction of the salmon.

"There is nothing that can take the place of the salmon. This summer in many places I saw only thousands of fish where years ago millions used to swarm."

Hunting Time in Rhode Island.

Beginning on Saturday, in Rhode Island, and closing November 30, two months hunting is permitted for gray squirrel, hare, rabbit, quail or bobwhite, ruffed grouse or partridge, pheasant and woodcock.

STEWART AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

MAGNETOS, GENERATORS, CARBURETORS all play important parts in the proper running of your car. If any part goes wrong what are you going to do about it? The

Stewart Automobile School

teaches you in the most thorough way, motor construction and operation.
Mechanical Class Course, $45.
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Day and evening classes for men and women. Private courses arranged. Write, phone or call for our booklet No. 2.
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AUTOMOBILE EXCHANGE.

A PERFECT SELF-STARTER AND PRIMER FOR FORD CARS.

The perfect self-starter for Ford cars has arrived. It is as sturdy, simple and reliable as the Ford car itself. No pulleys, no springs to wind, no batteries, no upkeep cost. Guaranteed for five years with 30-day free trial privilege. Can be installed in an hour with a monkey wrench and screwdriver. No holes to drill. Starts motor instantly in zero weather. No more cranking, no broken arms, no getting out in the mud or storm to crank the car. Starts from the seat. You will agree when you see it that it is the most wonderful and at the same time the simplest mechanical device you have seen. Send for free descriptive circular. A few territories open for agencies. BARKETT MOTOR STARTER DISTRIBUTORS, 1102 St. James Building, 1123 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet, F. B. Sedan, Model 1918; good condition; good tires, with extra equipment. Can be seen any day except Sunday, between 7 A. M. and 6 P. M., at the BOND GARAGE, Bond and Union Sts., Brooklyn.

FOR SALE—Dodge, 5 passenger touring, good condition, 1920. BRONX-BORO AUTO SERVICE, 141st St. and Harlem River. Tel. Melrose 2416.

Sedan Winter Tops. All cars. Victor Mfrs. 561 W. 44th. Circle 418.

ROD AND GUN.

EAST BAY GUNNING LODGE—East Moriches, L. I. Dates now being booked for duck shooting. Write for particulars and open dates.

KENNELS.

Wanted—Male Cocker Spaniel, all black, pedigreed, not over ten weeks old. Address, stating pedigree, age, price, Box 8W43, New York Sun.

BASS WATERS IN N. Y.'S BACKYARD

More Than Dozen Streams Within a Few Hours Ride by Train or Auto.

ANOTHER MONTH FISHING

Red and White Plugs Best at This Season; Spoons for All Weathers.

By PLUG UGLY.

Black bass fishing in New York State waters is open until Nov. 30. A number of people have written of late asking where there is bass fishing within a few hours ride of New York city.

Here is my list of streams within the territory asked for:

Lake.	Station.
Greenwood	Greenwood Lake
Lake Mahopac	Lake Mahopac
Kensico and Rye	Valhalla
Wampus	Mount Kisco
Byram	Mount Kisco
Titicus	Purdys
Peach Lake	Brewster
Cross River	Katonah
Glenelda and Gilead	Carmel and Brewster
East and Middle	Carmel and Brewster
Echo Lake	Pleasantville
Rockland Lake	Congers

All these stations are on the Harlem Division of the New York Central with the exception of Greenwood Lake, which is reached by the Erie Railroad, and Congers, on the West Shore Railroad.

Kensico and Rye, Wampus, Byram, Titicus, Cross River, East and Middle Branch Reservoir are city property and boats cannot be rented.

Rules and Regulations.

The rules and regulations prescribed by the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity (from which department permits for boat fishing are obtained) are few and should be observed.

When a fisherman obtains a permit for a boat, before he places the boat in the water, he must present the permit, which is given without charge, to the superintendent.

Persons under 15 years of age must be accompanied by an adult.

Boats must have their number painted conspicuously upon them, to be readily discernible at a distance of 100 feet.

The renting of boats is not permitted. At the end of the fishing season all boats must be removed from the city's property.

The person holding a permit for a boat is held strictly responsible for its sanitary condition and, when ordered to do so, shall repaint it.

No garbage or refuse of any kind, fish, bait, lunch, papers, tin cans or boxes, must be left on the surface of the ground within 300 feet of the high water line of any pond, reservoir or stream.

In addition, the rules and regulations of the State Board of Health must be observed. These rules do not permit the washing of clothes or unclean objects in the waters; the throwing or discharging of garbage or putrescible refuse of any kind, also no dead animal, bird, fish or reptile or parts thereof shall be permitted to be thrown, discharged or drained into any of the waters or tributary streams.

Swimming, bathing or washing is prohibited.

Use red and white plugs at this time of the year. Tango minnows or bass Orenos are good. Kidney spoons of brass or copper should be employed on sunny days, nickel ones being reserved for cloudy weather.

Reporting of Violations Urged.

Live up to the rules of the Water Department, both in letter and in spirit. We are given an inestimable privilege and any abuse thereof will result in harm to the angling fraternity. Report all violations to the watershed inspectors. They are a fine body of men, true sportsmen and anglers, and always ready to help out a fellow fisherman. Violations of the game laws should be reported to the nearest game warden, though a firm protest will almost always bring the offender to terms.

For next year, I would suggest that the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity issue permits like the old war zone passes, with the holder's photograph thereon; that a nominal fee be charged therefor, the proceeds to be employed in purchasing motorcycles for the use of the watershed inspectors.

DYSPEPSIA AND HOME LIFE

What a Relief When All the Family Eat the Same Foods! Avoid Dyspepsia, Sour Risings, Gas—Indigestion from Breakfast Sausage to Dinner Mince Pie.

After mother has struggled two or three hours over a hot fire to do the cooking for a hungry family it is real

To Be Free of Indigestion Contributes Wonderfully to the Happiness of Home Life.

enjoyment when there isn't a dyspeptic jinx among them. Of course, a case of dyspepsia or daily indigestion must be looked after. But it is far more to the point to prevent as well as to treat sour stomach, belching, water brash, etc., by such a valuable means as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Coddling the stomach with soft food and predigested stuff merely invites sluggishness.

Eat your little pork sausage for breakfast without fears; have a plate of beans and a piece of pie with cheese for lunch, and end the day with a real dinner, instead of a bowl of bread and milk. Follow each meal with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet and get right back to your natural self.

These tablets digest food and assist the stomach to prepare the content for assimilation in the intestinal tract. Thus you get the practical relief and help which induces a better appetite and a greater freedom in the selection of foods. You will find Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets on sale at any drug store in the United States and Canada, as they are recommended by the druggist.—Adv.