

THRILLING SPORT: COURSING IN THE OPEN

The Great Meeting at Madison, S. D.—Magnificent Struggle for Possession of the Aberdeen Cup.

SPORTSMEN of high degree and low degree all agree that coursing is the nearest to ideal sport that it is the privilege of mortal man to enjoy. And although enclosed coursing has reached a certain degree of popularity, both in the east and on the coast, where semi-weekly meets are held regularly, it is not to be compared to the pleasures of an open meeting on the broad western prairies. It is sportsmanlike and the game is in its native element; it is wild game; legitimate game. Why should not man indulge his desire to capture an animal that is so destructive to the crops and trees?

Coupled with the wild hunt after game is the scientific trial of speed for the lithe, graceful greyhound, the pet of the nobility of England, the ownership of which was for years exclusively confined to the lords of the manor.

"The Sport of Kings."
In ancient history this pastime was denominated "the sport of kings," because of this exclusiveness. Why should it not delight the eye and set the blood tingling with pleasure when it makes one forget business, trouble and cares?

The meeting just closed at Madison, S. D., is really the most important meeting of the season, because it is the only open meeting held east of the Rockies. The stake is a valuable one and the Aberdeen cup an honor to any man who may win it. The cup is an elegant piece of silver, valued at \$500, designed and engraved to order for the Aberdeen, S. D., Coursing Club. Six years ago it was first offered by the club as a trophy. The conditions are that the cup shall remain in the possession of the individual whose dog wins the stake until the next annual meeting. Should any one man or kennel win it three times in succession it becomes individual property.

The last two years the cup has been won by W. H. Markham of Mellette, S. D. It was won by John Russell of Cable, Ill., once, and by the late N. P. Whiting of Minneapolis once. Sam F. Handy of Minneapolis has for the second time brought over a part of his kennel from the coast with the most competent trainer in this country—James Sweeney—to try for the honors, but ill luck has lost him the trophy both times. This season, Handy formed a partnership with W. H. Markham, his successful rival, Mr. Handy was bent on securing the coveted honor, or, rather, sharing it with his partner. J. H. Rosseter of San Francisco, sent over three of his best dogs, one of them costing \$650.

E. M. Kellogg of Gilmore City, Iowa, who has been in San Francisco for three years giving his whole time to training and running his greyhounds, also came to the northwest to win the cup, which gives the meeting national importance. With the added money and cup together the value of the prize was close to \$1,000, and it is small wonder that all are eager for its possession.

The Madison Meeting.
The meeting at Madison was the largest ever held when the cup has been run for, there being thirty-two high class greyhounds entered at \$7 each. Two of the greyhounds in the stake were



ON THE HUNT.

—Photo by C. Ball.

Imported from England and cost their owners nearly \$1,200, to such importance is the sport advancing.

Most of the other entries were from imported stock. The trials were very hard ones, the jack-rabbits being big, lusty fellows, swift as the wind. Several of the dogs were run to a standstill.

Died in the Chase.
H. E. Jones of Redwood Falls lost his valuable female Wadena, bred by N. P. Whiting. She ran a hard

trial and after the other dog caught up she went on alone until both she and the hare could scarcely gallop. She was completely exhausted but, game to the last, she "died in the harness." She killed the hare with her last effort. Harry Laird of the same place had his valuable bitch, Humboldt Girl, break the bones of one foot which will wholly disqualify her for further coursing. She won the stake at the Redwood Falls meeting two years ago.

Think of the speed shown while going a mile in one minute and thirty seconds, across an uneven prairie, full of holes, rocky ridges, under wire fences and

through corn fields galore. Imagine yourself for a moment ten miles on the open prairie with a thousand congenial souls, occupying every sort of vehicle, and on horseback and mule back. A line formed like a company of soldiers, the two greyhounds in the slips, slightly in advance of the cavalcade, the judge mounted on a best horse. At the word of the commanding officer the procession moves on over the prairie. Like a flash the big white tailed jack is forced from his bed in a bunch of grass and is "off" here, "here," the steamer hissing and answering horn blast with whistle the cry to attract the attention of the slipper, who

runs up at top speed the dogs straining at the slips.

The Dogs Get Loose.
When the distance between the dogs and the hare is about eighty yards he pulls the string and they are away in pursuit of the hare. The little animal knows the country and is left for a friendly corralled, but he reckons without his host, for he has something besides a farmer's cur after him.

As they drive up for the kill his ears go down, he deftly dodges to one side doubles back and begins to see the necessity of frantic haste. After recovering from the turn they rush him again, but he dodges around a hay stack on the meadow and gains a bit, the red dog is nearing him. They have him! No, he just slips their teeth. Now he takes to the road and is off toward an adjoining meadow. Perhaps he gains a little but with firm footing the dog draws up, inch by inch, in going 300 yards and the game is forced to leave the hard road and take to a plowed field. Here the hare shows wisdom. The heavy footing is too much for the heavier animals and the hare gains on them for a time.

End Only Postponed.
But it is of short duration, the firm prairie which they soon reach gives good footing again and the pursuers are on him. He doubles back again and again dodges till the dogs have scored a dozen or more points.

Now it is seen the hare is tiring and the dogs are making a rapid succession of doubles and as the white makes the turn the red dog, ready and steady himself, has bunny by the back and as his jaws close down one gasp is given and it is all over.

After the Catch.
The panting hounds are quickly given a few drops of water and are vigorously rubbed and blanketed, the flag, red or white, goes up for the winner. The judge gallops back a mile or more to the crowd, as a fresh horse is saddled for him, the crowd moves on again. The pursuit continues from 9 o'clock till dark.

A watch was held on this course and the novelty of roaming over the prairies and twenty-eight seconds was taken. Ordinarily a course is run in less than a minute, often it takes less than ten seconds if the kill is made.

Glories of the Sport.
The delightful drive into the country, the novelty of roaming over the prairies and the quick, decisive race all tend to make it a sport that is bound to endure.

It appeals directly to the American character, and above all it is an honest trial of speed, quickness and endurance between the fastest animals in the world.

The ranks of coursers should surely fill with true and honorable sportsmen for sports sake. The business man, the professional man can indulge in this exciting pastime. Greyhounds can be trained anywhere and taken to the open meetings. It is indeed "the sport of kings."

A Successful Meeting.
The meeting just closed was a successful one in every particular, the only drawback to making it strictly ideal was the scarcity of hares, or rather the difficulty

in getting the greyhounds sighted on those available. In the four days' running over eighty hares were sighted, sixty-five would have completed the stake had they all been coursed.

The inexperienced puppies, the lack of order in the beating and the wildness of the hares all contributed to the failure to get the dogs on.

The territory run over was prairie, meadow, plowed fields and stubble. There were but few fences and none of the dogs were injured by them.

Those in attendance of note were E. M. Kellogg and James Sweeney of San Francisco; John Charlton and his brother Todd and Sam F. Handy of Minneapolis, Minn.; H. E. Jones and Harry Laird, Redwood Falls; C. E. Root, W. L. Root, James Root, Frank Winegar of New Richmond, Minn.; W. H. Markham, Mellette, S. D.; Henry Lockington, Aberdeen, S. D.

Good Dogs at It.
The class of dogs in both stakes were far superior to those heretofore run for

the Aberdeen cup. In this stake there were thirty-two entries, California contributing three, but they were not acclimated and this let them down in form. This being the initial meeting for Madison, excitement naturally ran high and they are now asking for more.

The Aberdeen cup stake was divided equally between F. Winegar's Lot of New Richmond, Minn., and J. McKean's Alice Grey, and Yokowan, owned at Sioux Falls.

direction and the miners have gone, leaving behind them deserted mines and houses.

The Government's Part.
The Lake Superior fisheries are constantly replenished by the federal government, which has a large fish hatchery at Duluth. If it were not for this paternal care the fisheries would long ago have been exhausted. Experiments have been made with fish not indigenous to Lake Superior, among them being a variety of salmon. This experiment was considered very doubtful because the salmon is migratory, and after spawning likes to go out into salt water. But it is certain that this variety can live in Lake Superior whether it will multiply there or not, and already some good-sized ones have been caught.

The fisheries are controlled by one company Uncle Sam is put in the light of keeping Lake Superior supplied with fish for a trust to make money on. But then if the government didn't look after the fisheries there would be no fish for any of us.

Plenty of Time to Eat
In the case sections of the observation club cars of "The Twilight Limited," via the "Omaha" road daily between Minneapolis, St. Paul, West Superior and Duluth. Full course, hot meals served to order at regular first-class restaurant prices. Quick service.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

To California in Through Cars Twice a Week.
On Tuesdays leave Minneapolis 9:30 a. m., St. Paul 10 a. m., via North-Western Line to Omaha, thence via Union Pacific and Ogden to San Francisco and Los Angeles, with no travel on Sunday.

On Saturdays leave Minneapolis 9:30 a. m., St. Paul 10 a. m., via North-Western Line to Kansas City, thence via Santa Fe Route, through New Mexico, to Los Angeles.

Sleeping car berth \$6. Each berth large enough to accommodate two persons. These are the two most popular routes for California travel, and if you contemplate visiting there, maps, rates and information will be furnished free at No. 382 Robert street, St. Paul; No. 413 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, or address T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

Chicago Journal.
However Admiral Howison will be remembered as a man who could not think twice in the same place.

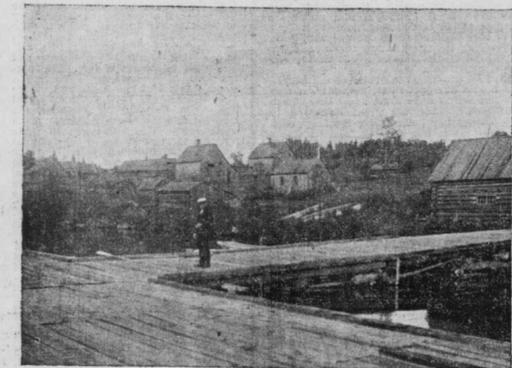
Next Meet at St. Louis.
The next meeting will be held at St. Louis, Mo., where the Waterloo cup is to be run for. John Grace of San Francisco will judge the meet, being a variety of noted judge in America.

Coursing is rapidly forging to the front and is destined to be come the leading outdoor racing sport.

LOOKING FOR "JACKS."
—Photo by C. Ball.

AN ARMY OF FISHERMEN

More Than 500 Men Employed in Lake Superior Fisheries—Nets Sometimes Set 900 Feet Deep—Fishermen Lead Laborious and Venturesome Lives.



SETTLEMENT OF THE ISLE ROYALE LAND COMPANY AT WASHINGTON HARBOR.

—Photo by Nellie C. Knappen.

Did you ever reflect that the lake trout and white fish are so fond of the lake as the basis of an extensive industry? Did you ever think of the capital and labor and business machinery that are occupied in supplying you with fish? The chances are that the average fish-eater never gives thought to the history of the fish he likes or even dreams that the fresh water seas have fishing industries which are comparable in magnitude to those of the ocean.

You may not care to mix fish and figures, but it won't do any harm to know that the fresh water fisheries of Lake Superior give employment, one way and another, to more than 500 men; that there are more than a hundred fishing stations on the lake, that about a dozen steamers and tugs are regularly engaged in the work of collecting the fish and supplying the stations and that in storm or calm, fog or clear weather hundreds of hardy fishermen go forth day after day to take from the nets the unfortunate fish that pass from their homes in the cold deep to the ice-box and the table. To Duluth alone for distribution to half a dozen

states, are brought each year 1,500,000 pounds of fish, and yet the supply of fish keeps up well, and the present season has been one of the best in years.

The Fish Trust.
The Lake Superior fisheries are practically controlled by the A. Booth Packing company—the fish trust. It owns the fishing steamers and tugs and purchases practically all the fish that are caught. It does not engage in the actual fishing itself, but buys all the fish the fishermen offer, at certain fixed rates, and supplies them at fair prices with their nets, their provisions and whatever else they may want in their simple lives. The fish are collected by steamers and tugs which visit the various fishing stations at regular intervals and gather both the fresh and salted fish. The best fisheries are on the north shore and of these the most productive are around Isle Royale, though but few white fish are taken near the big island.

The handsome steel steamer, Argo, which so many Minneapolis people came to know during the excursions of the past summer is primarily a fish-gath-

ering boat, the passenger traffic being a secondary consideration. Altogether, she visits about 40 fishing stations and besides brings to Duluth the fish from a large number of stations on the Canadian shore which are collected at Port Arthur by tugs.

It is not seldom that the Argo brings fifteen or twenty tons of fish to Duluth. And it is no child's play, this work of running along stormy coasts, often in foggy weather, and picking up the row boats that put out from the fisheries with their boxes of fresh fish and kegs of salted. Often the fog is so thick and the channels so narrow—especially around Isle Royale, the steamer just barely creeps along, and finds the boats by blowing her whistle while the pilot waits for the response from the horns the fishermen keep for this purpose. By answering horn blast with whistle the steamer and the row boat gradually work their way together.

The Loading.
When the boats come paddling out of the fog and are secured along side of the steamer the fish are rapidly hoisted up and empty kegs, barrels, and provisions take their place, until sometimes it seems as if the fishermen would have to swim to shore and tow their boats behind them, the little room is left for them by the freight. The fish are weighed as fast as they are taken on board the steamer and the fisherman is given a credit slip by tugs.

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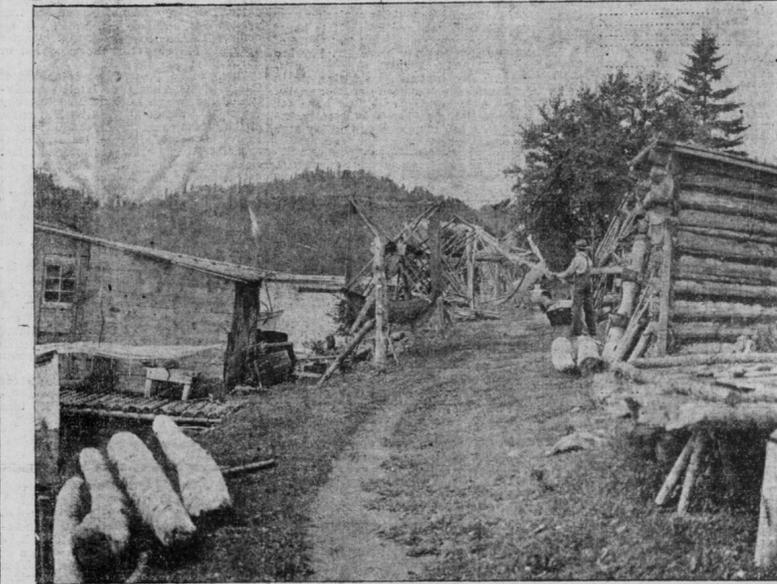
The fish sell for so much more in the market than the fishermen get for them that they feel that too much of the price paid by the consumer is absorbed in distribution and profits by the distributors, chiefly the Booth company. In consequence, there has been some talk of forming a co-operative company made up of all the fishermen, which shall take over the business of collection and distribution of the fish. But the expense of getting the fish to market is great, much greater than the fishermen suppose, and it is doubtful if the company is able to realize any more than a fair profit on the work it does.

The Fisherman.
The men who catch the fish are generally Scandinavians, mostly Norwegians, with some Finns and now and then a Frenchman or some other foreigner. They live in little shacks or cabins and are content with plain fare and a liberal supply of smoking tobacco. Generally they were fishermen in the old country or came of fishing families. They work from sunrise to sunset, often at the most exhausting physical labor, such as towing a heavy, loggy boat against a head sea; and, notwithstanding hardships and exposures,

are a strong and healthy lot. A large number of them live in Duluth in the winter. Those who are married have their families with them. Generally two fishermen work in partnership, as it requires two men to do the work satisfactorily. There are almost no fishermen engaged on wages—every man is his own capitalist and hired man. They go to the fishing stations in the spring just as soon as the ice will permit and remain in the fall as long as the fish collecting tug or steamer makes the rounds. This period will cover about eight months in the year, besides some winter fishing along the shore, though there is little of that.

In the Winter.
Now and then, even on lonely Isle Royale, some fisherman will elect to stay in his cabin through the winter. But most of them go to Duluth where the prodigal waste their substance and make up in convivial sociability for the monotony and dullness of the fishing months. Most of the men, however, are thrifty and temperate, and though few of them engage in any other occupation in the winter time, they do not waste the four months, for there is much to do in getting the nets in order for the next season's work. The packing company does not settle with the men until the end of the season. Then the credit account for fish is compared with the debit account for purchases and the difference is paid in cash. This seems a good deal like the company store plan, which is so often a breeder of injustice to employees, but the fishermen say that the packing company never takes any advantage of them and that they are supplied with their groceries, other provisions and fishing equipment quite as cheaply as they could get them anywhere else. Indeed, they are free to buy elsewhere and have their goods sent them by the company's steamers, if they choose.

The Fisherman's Equipment.
A full fishing equipment costs about \$500. The principal items are the boat, which will be either a big undecked cat boat or the two-masted Mackinaw, and the nets. The latter cost about \$15 apiece, and the average fishing firm is likely to have about twenty of them. As only the setting is bought and the weights and floats have to be put on, considerable labor is required to get the nets ready for fishing. Sometimes the fishermen have flat-bottomed rowboats in addition to their sailboats. A fisherman who has his outfit all paid for may make, according to his ability and luck, from \$500 to \$1,200 a season, though the latter figure is rather visionary. About \$500 or \$700 is what the average fisherman will have when he settles up with the company, but it must be remembered that he has had his living for eight months. His nets will last three years on the average, but he must be very careful of them and tan them frequently. He must also beware of putting them in shallow water, for though in the



THE FISHING BEACH AT WASHINGTON HARBOR, ISLE ROYALE.

—Photo by Nellie C. Knappen.

er islands afford sheltered harbors for the fishermen and give them places where they can set their nets in comparatively quiet waters. The island is a great wilderness forty-five miles long and about eight miles wide. It is uninhabited save for the fishermen, the keepers of two inns and the representative of the English syndicate that owns most of the land. In the winter only one or two persons reside there. There are rich deposits of copper and once several mines were worked. At present nothing is being done in that

Use Gill Nets.
The nets are of the gill variety; they are made of twines, but rather fish fences. They are simply long strips of netting made of fine, strong strands. At the bottom edges of these strips are placed leads, and at the top floaters. Buoys are attached at the ends by means of long, strong cords, the length of the cords varying with the depth of the water. When the net is placed, it is nothing more nor less than a cord fence at the bottom of the lake. The fish come swimming along the bottom, try to pass through the fence and are caught in the meshes; the harder they try to get away the more firmly are they held. Sometimes the nets are placed in only twenty or thirty fathoms of water, but often they are actually put down 125 fathoms, or 750 feet, and, sometimes even 900 feet. At these depths the pressure of the water is so great that the floaters, made of cedar, are flattened out. The nets in deep water are the ones that are likely to get white fish. But in both these and the other varieties trout are sure to be taken. Where the water is shallow enough to permit there are some pond nets and another kind of trap net. In the spring there is some hook fishing, a large number of hooks being attached to a floating connecting line. One of these lines may stretch along for miles. The hooks are baited with lake herring. The gill nets are generally 500 feet long. They are raised every two or three days and are carried far out to sea. Their work is hard, dirty and dangerous, and they seem to take pleasure in it.

Brave and Happy.
The fishermen are bold and often venture out in their loggy boats which, being undecked and unprovided with air cans, will sink if they fill with water, in very stormy weather. Often they have narrow escapes and sometimes they are carried far out to sea. Their work is hard, dirty and dangerous, and they seem to take pleasure in it.

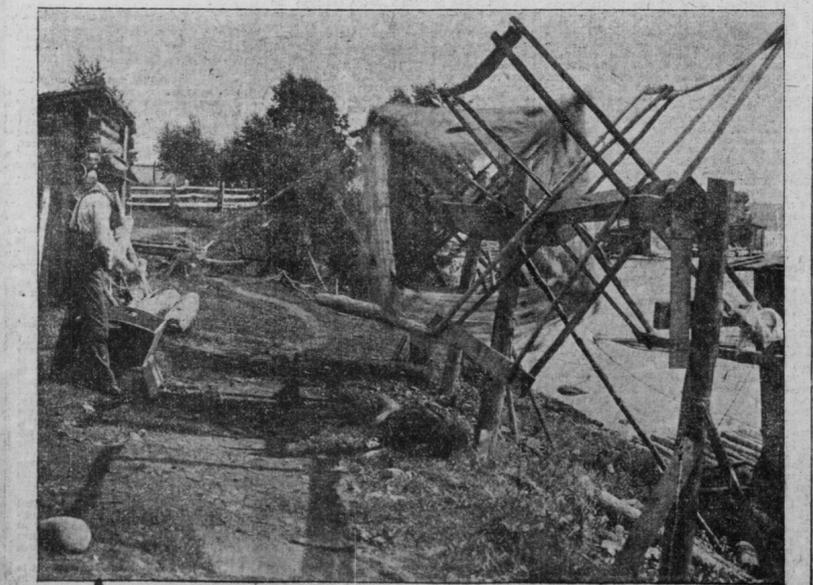
"It is my life," was the simple answer of one of them when I asked him if he found pleasure in his work. The numerous bays of Isle Royale and the passages and channels between the main islands and the many outlying small-

spawning season it is there that he will catch the most fish, a sudden storm will tear his nets to pieces. The fisherman must be tireless and know how to utilize every minute of the time. When he isn't setting or taking up nets or preparing the lake, he is drying his nets, tanning or mending them.

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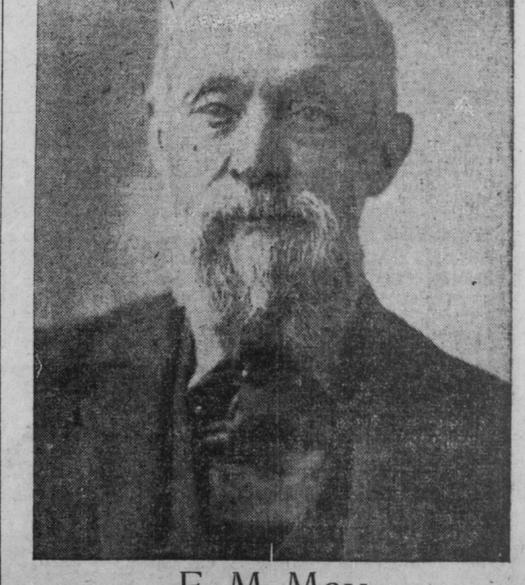
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ROLLING NETS ON THE DRYING REELS.

—Photo by Nellie C. Knappen.



E. M. May

The pioneer caterer of Minneapolis who passed away this week.