

BEAR HUNTING ON STIKINE



STREAM CHOKED WITH SALMON

AT TELEGRAPH CREEK I hired the only canoe in the place, a small and leaky Sitka wash dugout, and engaged two fresh men—one Davey, who had the reputation of knowing the river and was not afraid of bears, and a sunny-faced boy named Dense Lake Tommy, who proved himself an excellent oarsman. Albert—the man of moose—rather surprised me by wishing to come down too, not as a hunter, since he knew nothing of the Stikine and its bears, but as a steersman of the boat, in which capacity he proved himself an adept. Just as we were starting, Mr. Butler, who had been hunting in the Iskut mountains, turned up with three splendid sheep's heads. He wished a "lift" for 20 miles down stream to the cabin of a certain Capt. Conover, an old prospector and trapper who lives on this lonely stream and knows all about bears. Mr. Butler had had a good chance at a fine grizzly on the mountains, but alas, he had missed it, and was anxious to retrieve his misfortune. He stayed with Conover three days and then came down stream, having seen and missed two grizzlies.



SITKAWASH CANOE

Shortly after leaving Conover's hut and having passed all the worst of the rapids, we came in sight of a great overflow which is known as McLeod's slough. Just before reaching the slough I noticed a black spot about 600 yards down stream, which proved to be a bear swimming the river. All was excitement in a minute. The bear, a medium-sized one, reached the bank as we careened into broken water at the bottom of the rapid. The distance was not more than 50 yards, yet I found it almost impossible to get even a snap-shot, owing to the rolling of the boat. Seeing that we should in a moment shoot past the bear, I let three somewhat hopeless shots in quick succession, each of which struck the sand about three inches below the mark, and had the mortification of observing the bear walk slowly into the heavy bush with complete indifference.

Next morning, in most horrible weather, we whizzed down stream to a spot which, if only the sun would shine upon it, might be described as among the most beautiful in the world. Under vast mountains about 50 miles below Telegraph creek a small stream cuts into the slough forest. One side is overshadowed by precipitous rocks and the other by a dense forest of great trees. This is called Kiochman's canyon, and the stream that pierces it is a spawning-ground of the humpback salmon, and consequently a favorite resort of bears. We landed about 400 yards above it, when Davey and I at once proceeded to stalk the place.

There were no bears there that morning, but an abundance of fresh signs. Twenty black bears and at least one large grizzly must have been catching salmon for several days, so we withdrew as noiselessly as possible and went up stream and down wind for a quarter of a mile and made camp for the day. Three o'clock in the afternoon is the usual hour for bears to start feeding, so Albert, Davey and I again repeated our stalk to the brook mouth at this hour. The last few yards I went on alone, and at first was much disappointed at seeing nothing but a black dipper diving in the shallows within a few yards. The forest and cliff cast a deep gloom on the little river: it was snowing as usual, and the light was so poor that I had to look a long time at two black marks about 80 yards away in the middle of the stream to determine their nature. Presently, as I watched one of these strange things, it seemed to move. Was I dreaming or had it really moved? Yes, it moved again, and I saw a large black paw suddenly come out of the water and grab at something which it seemed to miss. After gazing intently I saw that the other black mark was the head of a large black bear with cocked ears. The bear was fishing, and had made three unsuccessful shots at salmon as they swam past him. On the second occasion I think he touched the fish in his grab, for I distinctly saw him open his mouth and show his white teeth in anticipation of seizing the expected prize. I would not have disturbed him for the world, as I wanted to see the whole business of bear-fishing; but I

must have moved my rifle up into a shooting position somewhat clumsily, or he heard one of the Indians stirring behind me, for, with two great plunges backward, he was out of the river in a trice and shuffling along the cliff-banks into some short bushes. He appeared to be the largest black bear I had seen, and his coat "waved" as he ran. I was most careful with my first shot, but the beast "skidded" sideways on some wet alders just as he entered the bushes and my shot was a clean miss. I then saw that if he continued in his present line he must emerge and cross about 15 yards of open mud under the cliff, so that during the time he was scrambling through the bushes I took two steps down the bank and obtained my favorite shooting position, sitting with my back to a log. I was quite ready for the bear immediately he cleared the bushes at a shuffling run, and covering him with the white sight I let go. The big fellow stumbled forward about 50 yards, and then rolled over on his side uttering two or three baby-like whines, which can only be described as pitiful. I now ran up the stream, and crossed where there was a fallen tree, soon reaching the bear, which was quite dead. He proved to be a splendid old male measuring five feet six inches, and would have, I should guess, weighed at least 500 pounds.

So we had a great rejoicing and I had obtained a grand specimen of this beautiful animal. We had a terrible business getting the bear from the stream to the river. I wanted to take him to camp complete so that we could skin, draw and measure in comfort, and it was only after cutting a pole and slinging him on it that the entire staff succeeded in conveying the huge carcass yard by yard across the sand banks to the river, where our canoe was in waiting. The Indians soon made an immense fire and after a generous supper we all set to work on our several tasks and the relation of bear stories both gruesome and humorous. The following day was a continuous snowstorm, so I declined to move and made the Indians finish the scraping of the bear's skin—no little task.

In the northwest you do not kill many things, but when you do get a good specimen of one of the great northern beasts it is something to be proud of. Every occasion on which the hunter is successful is a red-letter day forever afterwards and indelibly stamped on the memory. So far I had been successful in obtaining all the large American mammals, except the grizzly bear, and that is a beast of such elusive character that no man can say when and where his chance will occur. Baron Von Piessen, an enthusiastic Danish hunter, told a friend of mine that it cost him over \$10,000 before he saw one, and then—he missed it. But he killed two afterwards. Every hunter that ever set foot in the Rockies or the northwest thinks he is going to see grizzly round the first corner, while a few hope to goodness the bear will not see them.

One Thing He Could Do.
During the South African war there was a young officer just from Sandhurst, who was attached to Gen. French's staff. The young fellow has himself achieved some distinction since then, and shall be nameless. At that time he was fresh and fit, and was always imagining a constant menace of attack by the Boers, whom he invariably pronounced "Bores." This pronunciation Gen. French had in vain tried to correct, and it gradually got on his nerves. One day the young officer came to the general to report that he believed he could make out through his field-glass quite as many as 20 "Bores" hid in the rocks above his camp. "Bores, you say?" inquired the general. "Yes, sir, Bores. Can I do anything, sir?" "Yes, don't add to them."

THE AMERICAN HOME

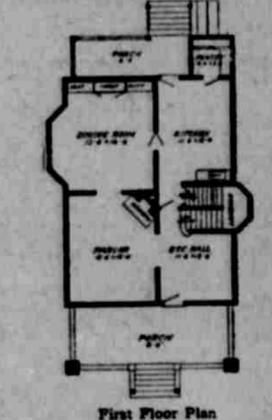
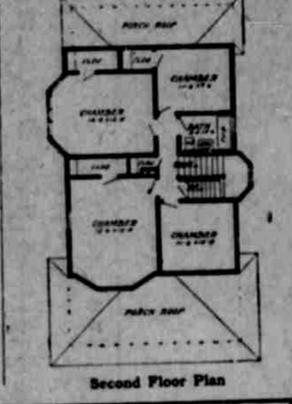
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EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The natural bent of every normal minded man of family is to own a home of his own. Especially is this true if he has children. It is grinding to a father to go to bed each night and think that the roof that covers his children belongs to some one else. He feels that his children have a right to a home of their own, and he is right. In these days of easy loans it is possible for any industrious man to own a home.

It may be said for his guidance that in selecting the design for a house he should be careful not to build one that is "just like every other house." By this is not meant that he should select a freakish design, but he should build a house that will attract the attention of the passer-by and be an ornament to the neighborhood.

future cannot be read accurately. Maybe at some time in the future it will be necessary or desirable to sell the house. If it is commonplace it will be a difficult matter. If it has style the sale will be easy, for the buying public likes style in houses just as it does in clothes. These



things should be borne in mind in selecting the style of house to build. Such a house of moderate cost is shown here. This house will be an ornament to any neighborhood. It is of the colonial style so popular now and which has come to be a fixed feature of home architecture. The house is 31 feet 6 inches wide and 40 feet long, exclusive of porches. Entrance is had to a large reception hall from which an open stairway leads to the second floor. The parlor is of good size and has a fireplace. The dining room is beautifully lighted and is provided with a china closet with seats at each side. The kitchen is large and conveniently arranged. On the second floor are four bedrooms, providing abundant room for the family of average size.

Their Own Milliners.
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is said to have the very best taste in millinery and could, if need be, earn her living by trimming hats. Miss Isabel May, one of Washington's celebrated brunette beauties, makes all her own hats. Many other Washington women are said to have talent as amateur milliners and could, if necessary, earn a living in that way.

JUST ON VISIT TO OLD FRIEND

Fat Man Had Numerous Places to Go for His Vacation, but Passed Them All Up.

"Going away, I see," said the tall man with the drooping mustache. The short, fat man with the checkered vest started.
"How'd you know?" he asked.
The other smiled. "That was easy to a Sherlock Holmes like me," he said. "I deduce it from the big bunch of railroad timetables in your pocket."
The fat man pulled out the dog-eared folders sheepishly.
"Of course," he said, "I might have known."
"Where are you going?" asked the thin man.
"I don't just know yet," explained the fat man. "I want to go to New York for a few days—just to see the little old town, you know. But it costs so much. And some of my people over in South Carolina have been after me to spend the summer with them."
"Then there's California—I've never been to California and I'd like mighty well to go."
"And," he said, "up in Wisconsin here's the finest fishing you ever heard of. I know, because I had a letter from Jerome up there. I may take that in."
Several weeks later the two met again.
"Just got back," said the fat man. "Ain't I getting fat, huh?"
"That's right," said the other. "Gee, you're getting a double chin. Where'd you go—New York? Wisconsin? California?"

"No," said the fat man, and had the grace to blush a little. "I just went out in the country a couple of miles. An old friend of mine out there asked me a year ago, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I went there for two weeks."—Galveston News.

Men Battle with Bird.
Three men engaged in a terrific battle with a giant blue heron recently. The men, Charles Parker, Bryan O'Donnell and James O'Donnell, won the fight, but not until the heron had driven them off three times and torn their clothing into shreds with its powerful wings and beak.
But for the fact that the bird was bobbed by a heavy steel trap into which it had stepped while seeking a dinner in the pond of the Koanok gold-fish hatchery near the town, the men's injuries might have amounted to more than scratches. The bird was able to spring several feet into the air despite the trap dangling to its leg, and not until Parker, armed with a ten-foot pole, got near enough to the bird to break its neck with a blow of the stick, did the battle come to an end. The crane measured six feet two inches from tip to tip of its wings.—Burlington (N. J.) Cor., New York World.

The Aeroplane Raffles.
Speaking of burglary, the next thing will be the aerial highwayman. The monoplane will soon whiz over the 25-story buildings carrying the midnight thief in a fashion to make the "second-story man" turn pale with envy. What is perch climbing then compared to the airship's maneuvers along the roof, or at the sixteenth floor window?

Autumn Costumes



The costume at the left is of soft cloth in a "dregs of wine" shade, trimmed with a heavy raised embroidery in the same shade. This costume stimulates a bolero and trims the underskirt.

The princess tunic is ornamented at the bottom with buttons and has a sort of tabler attached on each side to a girde of the material, the ends of which are fastened with buttons.

The yoke is of white lace bordered on each side with a band of tulle or liberty.

The other costume is of plum-colored taffeta or cloth. It features a tunic with little sleeves and is turned up at the bottom. It is ornamented front with straps of cord and passementerie buttons, and is finished around neck and sleeves with a cord embroidery.

The undersleeves are of Irish lace colored to match the gown, and little chemisette is of white tulle. The lower part of the skirt is gathered at the top and set on underneath the tunic, forming a deep flounce.

YOUNG GIRL'S PARTY



Cream serge costumes are always so nice, and this would be a smart style in which to make one. The skirt is made with a seam up the left side of front, it is wrapped and stitched twice, and has silk-covered buttons sewn on the inside. The semi-fitting coat fastens on the bust with buttons and cords, braid to match is put twice round the entire coat, and also edges the sleeves.

Hat of white straw, trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

Girl's Preparedness.
There is something very pitiable about a girl. She wears calico, but talks knowingly about the latest styles in silks. Her home is furnished plainly, but she knows the latest styles in furniture; she knows how the silver-ware should be arranged at dinners, the latest stitch for the marking of monograms on the finest table damask, the etiquette to be observed at a dinner, a reception or a ball, although she never attended anything more than a neighborhood party in her life. Her father's monthly income is not as large as the pin money a rich girl would spend in a day, but she knows what the rich girl should wear and buy to be in touch with the times. She is, in short, prepared at any time to marry a rich man and become a society leader.—Arlington Globe.

Mark Children's Clothes.
Buy a five-cent bolt of white linen tape; cut in small pieces and write a child's name on each piece. Paste their names written in black ink on white pieces, inside each overshoe, gloves, mitten and cap, and as a result the children's garments never get mixed up or lost at school or church.

CHARACTER REVEALED BY

The Observant Can Tell at a Glance What Manner of Person is Wearing It.

That there is any character displayed in the choice and manner of wearing a hat will doubtless be a revelation to many girls. But he who is at all observing can tell the hat another woman wears, and the manner of person it is with whom she is dealing.

There is a little round black hat with scarcely any attempt at trimming, except a flat, black band. This hat is sure to be worn by a maid, one who is accustomed to be scolded by her charges, and one who is absorbed in other people's children.

A simple little toque worn with a veil indicates the girl of good common sense. Nothing surprising, original or original about her, but a good sort.

The girl who chooses a hat with abrupt angles, who always wears or stiff, conventional trimming, hats, and who never wears another kind altogether. These ways know her to be dependent, and if given half a chance she will be domineering.

There is a sort of soft, feathery kind of creation that is by some women. A man who she was distinctly feminine, and in all she did. But she is not this—she is subtle, elusive and cunning. She is the girl all men would like to marry, but she will be domineering.

Bed Coverings.

As fall advances and the wife is preparing her home for cooler days, she will find an excellent substitute for flimsy winter coverings upon her bed in cretonne. It can be purchased in all colors and finished with a fine, immense flower motif to be should a color be desired. The flower patterns in cretonne usually resemble Bierdermier and are artistic on cotton taffeta. The cover is perfectly square and are cut out at each corner so straight valance can fall perfectly around the bed and will not slip up at corners. But the fashion is a strip of lace insertion, an oval braid or some fancy trim stitched to outline the top edge or box portion, and the edge straight valance are trimmed with short ruffles of flowered lace are wonderfully pretty, and when lawn is used to strip

Blue Tweed Suit.
A tweed suit for the autumn dark blue with a suggestive ple and septa in the pattern, a long coat, not fastened, ubiquitous three buttons at knee, but with a loose drape resting on the hips and falling in front like a small boy's suit. This belt and the coat are of purple leather.

Toilet Powder.

For chaffing or prickly heat flour in the skillet and sift fine. For ordinary use a half of one-third table salt to cornstarch is sufficient.