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Magazine Section. JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CAL., JUNE 22, 1906.

CAUGHT MONSTER FISH.

LADY ANGLER LANDED BIG JEWFISH OFF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Finny Monsters of Three Hundred Pounds and Upwards are Now Caught With Rod and Reel—Jewfish a Gamey Fellow.

Women who enjoy angling, and, in fact, everybody who likes to hunt and fish, will be interested in the exploit with rod and reel of Mrs. A. W. Barrett of Los Angeles, Cal. The fish in the case was a black sea bass, or Jewfish, of the Pacific Ocean, weight 368 pounds, caught off Santa Catalina Island, Cal., last month by Mrs. Barrett after 53 minutes of strenuous battle.

The black sea bass of the Pacific—the gamiest of its kind—is in season on the Southern California coast from about April to November, and affords favorite sport to anglers of both sexes. Owing to its great size, it cannot, of course, be pulled with rod and line into the boat, so, after one is hooked, the plan is to play it and tire it out and then, as it comes exhausted to the surface of the water alongside the boat, the boatman thrusts his gaff into it and tows the conquered leviathan ashore.

Up to twelve years ago no one dreamed of landing these monsters of the deep, except with heavy hand lines; but since General C. D. Viele, U. S. A., one summer day in 1894 managed to secure one with rod and reel, no true angler thinks of fishing for them in any other way than with a rod.

A well-known fisherman, in describing his experience with this fish in the Nature Library states that he has seen a 200 pound black sea bass or jewfish snap the largest shark line like a thread, and large specimens straighten out an iron shark-hook, while at the same time skilled wielders of the rod catch these giants of the tribe with a line no larger than an eye-glass cord.

His first experience with the California jewfish was a most remarkable one.

"When we got out to the fishing ground," he stated, "the anchor was tossed over, the rope ran merrily out, and the hook baited with a 6-pound whitefish, went hissing down to the big submerged rock.

"'Sometimes he bite, sometimes he don't,' remarked Joe; 'but whether he do or not, we have the fishin' all the time.' And he looked at me inquiringly, to see if I was of that variety of fishermen who are never satisfied unless the fish are always on the line.

So it happened that I found pleasure in the mere anticipation; and we sat silent for half an hour, I holding the throbbing line that the ebbing tide played upon as the string of a musical instrument. * * * I glanced at my companion, and was wondering if in his veins ran the blood of the Aztecs or of the Indians whom Cabrillo and others found here centuries ago when Santa Catalina was an empire in itself and owned by them, when suddenly I became aware that the tension of the line I held had increased to a steady pull; then came a jerk that carried my hand into the water.

"'Jewfish, sure!' whispered Joe, awakened from his reverie by my exclamation, 'Slack!'

"I paid out the line, while he seized the anchor-line and made ready to pull up.

"'Give him 10 feet, and then hook!' were my orders.

"I was an old shark fisherman, having caught many of these monsters in the Mexican Gulf, and had taken a Florida jewfish and a tarpon; and I saw that work of a similar kind was before me now. The line jerked heavily in my hand, then began to run steadily. When about 6 feet had gone over the gunwale I stopped, gave a glance at the coil to see that all was clear, and when the line came taut jerked the hook into my first jewfish.

"I have every reason to believe that the latter was astonished, as for a single second there was no response; then came a jerk that almost lifted me from the boat, and the line went hissing over the rail like a living thing, playing a merry hornpipe of its own composition. Nothing could stop such a rush, and I simply waited, while Joe pulled up the anchor. When the latter was in, I grasped the line and braced back for the fight. The light boat whirled around like a top, and away we went, like a tug surging through the water, an ominous wave of foam rising high around the bow.

"A 10-foot shark never pulled harder than this gamey fish, and for 5 minutes it was a question who was master. I took it in with the greatest difficulty, gaining 10 feet, only to have the fish rush toward me and then dash away with an impetus that was more than irresistible. Then I would stop him again, slowly making foot by foot, hand over hand, taking a turn on the cleat, slacking and pulling, in attempts to tire the monster—tactics that for a while were of no avail.

"One of the tricks of this fish was to stop and jerk his head from side to side violently, a proceeding that produced an effect equivalent to striking blows at the holder of the line—tremendous jerks that came, one, two, three! then one, two, three!—then the line would slacken as the fish rushed up. And if I took the line in quickly enough to prevent a turn, well and good; if I did not, the fish would turn and dash at the bottom, making everything hum and sing.

"Giving and taking, hauling and easing off, for 20 minutes, I was almost satisfied that I had done my whole duty in the premises, when suddenly the fish rushed up, and recovering, I took in slack, and with a final effort brought the black giant to the surface. For a moment I saw a pair of eyes as large as those of an ox, a rich chestnut black, and then, with a tremendous heave, the fish threw itself over deluging me with water and half capsizing the boat. It was the last struggle. I kept my hold, and with another haul had the king of Pacific coast at hand's-length, where it rolled and tossed, its huge tail bathing us with spray, protesting against its capture.

"What a wonderful creature it was! The experience of the moment, the sensations, could not have been purchased. It was worth going a long way to accomplish. Imagine, you casters of the black-bass fly, a small-mouthed black bass lengthened out to six feet, bulky in proportion, a giant black bass—one increased to a size that tips the scales at 347 pounds! Imagine this, and you have the jewfish, black sea-bass, of the Pacific coast—a noble fish, a gamey fellow.

"It has always been doubted that a large jewfish could be taken on a rod; but during the summer of '94 I went to the jewfish grounds one August day with Major Charles Viele of the United States army, and watched him bring a jewfish of 158 pounds' weight to terms, on a Tufts—Llyon yellow-tail rod of 16 ounces and a No. 21 Cuttyhunk line, in just 2½ hours!

GIANT JEWFISH CAUGHT BY MRS. BARRETT.

CANNON AT SEVENTY.

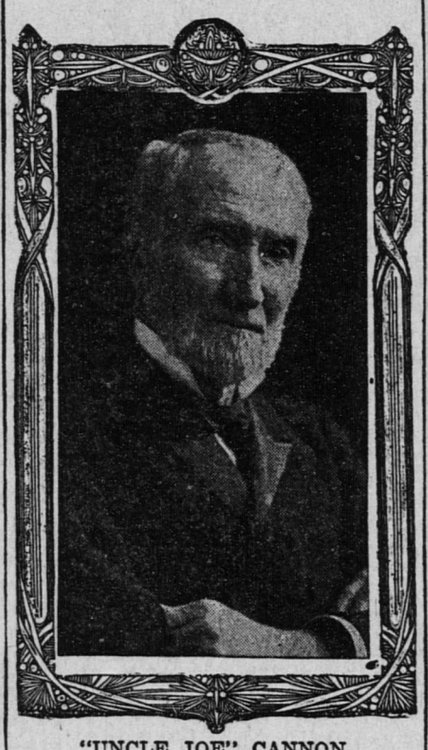
A GREAT ADO MADE OVER THE ANNIVERSARY OF "UNCLE JOE'S" BIRTHDAY.

Greeted With Hearty Applause on the Floor of the House and Honored With Reception Which all Official Washington Society Attended.

There were great doings in Washington town last month when "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the "Czar" of the House of Representatives reached his seventieth year.

In the first place a great storm of cheers greeted the Speaker when he appeared on the floor of the House. Both Republican and Democratic members applauded the Illinois statesman long and loud, Mr. Cannon acknowledging the salutation with a homely bow.

In the evening, official Washington honored the Speaker at a reception tendered him by the House of Representatives, where some 1500 guests were invited. That the passage of



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON.

time was not worrying Uncle Joe was manifested by the hearty hand-clasps with which he greeted his friends, as well as the salutations extended to those who confused years with age. Uncle Joe was "seventy years young."

President Roosevelt joined in the ovation, offering the Speaker his hearty congratulations, not because he was getting old, but because he was doing it gracefully. Mr. Cannon did two things which might worry many a younger man. First he had to sign something over a thousand photographs of himself, which were given to the guests as souvenirs, and again he shook hands with the guests upon receiving an equal number of personal congratulations.

There were many sly digs and remarks regarding the buzzing of the presidential bee around Mr. Cannon's head, and one of the throng remarked at the close of the reception, "Any man who can stand and shake hands with twelve hundred or more persons between nine and twelve o'clock, and not show signs of fatigue, is well fit to enter the presidential race, and ought to enjoy the prize if he wins it."

There were many friends present from Danville, Ill., who had sent a number of handsome wreaths and floral decorations. Mr. Cannon, however, is a native of Guilford, N. C., and if his friends have their way the Speaker will be the first Southern man since the war to become a White House occupant.

Speaking seriously of the presidency, Mr. Cannon said, "No man would decline to become President of the United States, but not all men can afford to be a candidate for the place. The bee is not bothering me. I want to do my work as Speaker; that will be glory enough for me, and if I were a candidate I'd have to lie about my age, and I'd have to live constantly in fear and trembling, not as to whether I'm doing my duty, but as to whether, by doing my duty, I wouldn't give offense to somebody.

"I guess I'll just go along and 'tend my own business."

BASEBALL AT WASHINGTON.

Games Played Before Cabinet Officers, Diplomats, and Congressmen.

At the base ball games in Washington, the learned Justices of the United States Supreme Court, law makers of both Houses of Congress, members of the Cabinet and the diplomatic corps, sit side by side with the merchant, artisan and government clerk, all keenly enjoying the national pastime. The big men of this and other nations in the capital are base ball fans of the highest degree, and are glad to eschew court decisions, railroad and other legislation, national and international topics for the less weighty decisions of the diamond. As soon as business can be transacted at the Capitol and in the departments it is customary for these distinguished base ball enthusiasts to betake themselves to National Park for an afternoon of enjoyment, rooting for their favorite teams and resting from affairs of State.

The different teams throughout the country like to visit Washington for the privilege of playing before the most distinguished spectators to be found in any country on the globe. Members of the local teams very quickly recognize the faces of the onlookers and take pardonable pride in pointing out to the visitors the big guns of the nations. It is an impartial crowd too, which sits in judgment on the work of the athletes on the diamond and good play is appreciated and applauded no matter which side makes the exhibition. There are nine judges on the Supreme Court bench and a majority at the ball park is not an unusual spectacle. A quartet is a certainty, comprising Associate Justices Harlan, Day, McKenna and White, who can often be seen engaged in discussing a knotty point regarding a foul or strike, or close base play, showing as much seriousness as though some intricate problem regarding the flag, the Philippines or the tariff was under question. Justice Day is probably the best posted on the national game of any of his associates on the Supreme bench, for he has played it, and never misses an exhibition when he is in the city, and a ball game is advertised.

ARDENT CONGRESSIONAL FANS.

There are nearly five hundred congressmen in the two branches of the national legislature and it is pretty safe to predict that fully one-half of this number are interested attendants during the championship season. They are not at all dismayed at the prospect of a long season of Congress when sure of an afternoon's recreation following a long-drawn war of words at the Capitol earlier in the day.

President Roosevelt a few weeks ago, was presented with a golden pass, entitling him to free admission to all ball games in the National and American Leagues and circuits. He promised the presentation committee to endeavor to occasionally visit the ball park in Washington and witness the ball games played there. Frequently his son-in-law, Nick Longworth and his wife occupy seats in the grand stand, preferring to be among the enthusiastic gathering than to avail themselves of the President's pass and a seat in the private box.

When there is a call of the House or Senate and the sergeant-at-arms is charged with the duty of bringing in absentees the first place to which the deputies are sent, if the base ball season is on, is out to the ball park.

One of the most picturesque spectators at National Park is the Chinese minister in flowing oriental robes, usually accompanied by his little son. When he was a student at Amherst the Chinese minister played on his class team, and he is initiating his heir into the mysteries of the American game.

MIGHTY ONES OF THE LAND.

Three of the President's official family, Attorney General Moody, Postmaster General Cortelyou and Secretary Metcalf of Commerce and Labor, dispel the irksome routine of department life by going out to the ball game whenever they can steal away from their desks. They generally sit together and, being pastmasters in the art, keep score and compare notes as to base hits and errors. Attorney General Moody has a warm spot in his heart for the catcher, having played that position when he was a collegian.

Vice-President Fairbanks wants a front seat when he goes out to witness the national game, his favorite place being just back of first base, where he can command an uninterrupted view of the entire field.

Surgeon General Wyman was a pitcher in his early days, and when not busy with quarantine matters or other details relating to the public health he finds his greatest enjoyment in witnessing a championship contest between two evenly matched teams.

One of the first things Prof. Willis Moore of the Weather Bureau looks for in his morning newspaper is the base ball record. This is contingent upon the fact, however, that he has not been a spectator, for the professor never fails to answer present when he can get away from the study of prognostications. Moreover, he is frequently in demand, earlier in the day, to predict if the weather can be depended upon for a game.

A Kindly Smile.

Mrs. Coxe has the same kindly greeting for every one, whether he be the miner, blackened with the grime and dust of the mine, or in a higher station of life. She suggests to the parent that in the home there should be important training of the children, but the idea is never advanced excepting in a spirit of kindliness and of the broadest kind of sympathy. Her love for the masses is not simulated; it is the joy of her heart. She has paid the rent for many a widow and orphan; has helped out so that the little ones may attend school, and has provided the mother with employment so that the home may be kept together.

Mrs. Coxe's home, like her life, is the paragon of modesty; she leads the "simple life" in all its real simplicity. Her chief aim seems to be to assist the poor and needy. She has no pet philanthropics; there are no endless calls upon her time from society folk; there are no wonderful gowns, no costly millinery; no splendor of jewels, laces or sables adorn her person. It is not, after all, the charity which she dispenses that has won for her the love and admiration of the toilers of the mines, and that of their wives and little ones, but it is the purity of her character that constantly teaches a beautiful lesson, not only to the mining town, but to the world at large which may study to its own improvement the generous, unselfish, sacrificing life of this noble woman.

A folding baby carriage is on the market. This will be a great boon to worried fathers, as you can shut the baby up at any time.

A SURE SAFEGUARD.

CO-OPERATION AMONG PRODUCERS A FOUNDATION FOR AN ENDURING SOCIAL STRUCTURE

An Address by George H. Maxwell at Bloomington, Ill., Showing How This Principle Will Overcome Oppression by Combination of Capital.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:—

I am a profound believer in the capacity of the human race to work out the high destiny of which it is capable if its genius is rightly directed. I am a most extreme optimist in my expectations of what the people of this nation will eventually accomplish in securing in fact as well as in theory not only equal rights, but equal opportunity for all men and the achievement by all our people of the highest average standard of life of which all are capable and which can be brought within the reach of all.

Unless this is accomplished our boasted civilization will be but a wave on the great ocean of time, rising into a brief existence, only to be submerged, as all the civilizations that have gone before us have been submerged, beneath the rottenness and corruption which has followed inevitably in the wake of vast accumulation of wealth, and the gradual absorption of the land into great estates.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Already in this country the handwriting is on the wall, and he who runs may read the warning which Byron painted in words when he wrote:

"There is a moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last,
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."

Our history will not be written on that page, and I am here to tell you why, and to tell you that your movement in the line of co-operation is one of the reasons why we will escape the fate that has at last destroyed all the great nations of the past.

But we have already reached the stage of "wealth—vice—corruption." No one who knows what goes on in this country doubts that for a moment. If any one questions it he should read the recently published book entitled "The Shame of the Cities" by Lincoln Steffens.

How are these dangers to be safeguarded against?

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

It cannot be done by purifying the cities, because they cannot be purified. Man will not rise above his environment or the dominating influence of that environment, and the influence which controls all things in our modern city is the mad race for wealth. It is a car of juggernaut which crushes public and private integrity and morality and every just conception of patriotism under its wheels as it rolls ruthlessly onward, driven by the multitude who are ready to sacrifice not only themselves, but their country in the great gamble for quickly gained wealth.

We closed up the Louisiana lottery in a burst of righteous public indignation, because it was encouraging the gambling mania and corrupting the people.

The district attorney of New York has recently set the machinery of the law in motion to stop the operations of a gambler named Canfield.

In St. Louis and Grand Rapids the foul brood of bribe-givers and bribe-takers has been held up to derision and disgrace, and a few of them may be punished.

COOPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

But we have gone so far that corruption has become a business system and conditions in our cities will breed two corruptionists where one is punished. Those conditions get worse and worse as the profits of preying upon the people become greater with the increase of the population of our cities; and our political and social institutions are rotting at their very source.

The corruption of our cities will inevitably taint and in the end control our national politics and the administration of our national government—

Unless—

And here is the only safeguard—

Unless we plant the great majority of our people on the soil and maintain it there, and the people themselves learn to do for themselves by co-operation, so that in the end we shall eventually become a great co-operative commonwealth.

I am not proposing socialism, as its devotees understand it, or as it is usually defined and understood, as a remedy.

I am proposing the exact opposite of it.

I am proposing the very highest form of individual rights, opportunity, activity and development.

Socialism is to dream about doing things, and to begin at the wrong end and fail.

Co-operation is to do things, and to begin at the right end and succeed.

Co-operation is evolution—not revolution.

Evolution is the law of God.

Evolution is the natural law which has controlled the creation of the earth and all that there is on it.

It is the law of the development of the human race, and we need only to learn its lessons and study it as a method for the solution of every social problem to save the people of this nation from the social and political dangers that confront them to-day.

The trouble with most theories for the reform or betterment of social conditions is that they are too radical.

Reformers of that class plan an attractive theory, and then urge its adoption all at once as a substitute for social conditions which have been a slow growth through the centuries.

GROWTH MUST BE GRADUAL.

They would create a tree instantly and have it all complete and perfect at its creation, doing it while you watch them, like a Hindoo juggler. They are not content to plant the acorn and let the sturdy oak of social strength grow gradually in accordance with the law of nature and as was intended by the all-wise Creator.

But we cannot change Nature's laws.

They are as unchangeable as the stars.

Whatever men may do they must first learn to do.

Every oppression from which the producers of this country or any other sufferer to-day is because they have not learned or been trained to do for themselves the things which they leave it to others to do for them.

And those to whom they leave such things to be done, plan to make the greatest possible profit to themselves for doing them.

It is human nature that they should and always has been and always will be so.

THE DELUSIONS OF POLITICS.

The delusion that you can protect producers from such oppressions by making laws or by electing this man or that man to office or putting this political party or that political party in power, is a delusion which has long been maintained by a multitude of people.

But it is only a question of time when those who are misguided by this delusion will awaken from their dream, and learn that there is no help for them but to help themselves and do things for themselves.

This great movement in the direction of doing things for themselves by co-operative methods among producers from the land is something more than a mere question of profit and loss.

It is the slow awakening of a slumbering giant, who is just beginning to feel his strength, and when he has finally raised himself up to his full height, and trained his mind so that it can direct for his own protection all the faculties which God has given him, he will look back with surprise and astonishment at the days when he imagined he was bound hand and foot by the Liliputians by whom he was surrounded.

AWAKENING OF THE GIANT.

And it is in the awakening and training of this giant—a symbolical embodiment of the abilities and energies of the people themselves, which is the hope of this nation for the future.

You cannot oppress a man who draws the rewards of his toil straight from nature's treasure vaults—gets it from the land itself—land which he owns—land on which no money lender holds a mortgage—provided, always, that that man has learned to co-operate with his fellow men of the same class, to do for themselves the things which it is beyond the power of the individual man to do for himself—the things which require the combined and co-operative effort of many men to accomplish.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RUSKIN.

The broad solution of our social problems which I am presenting to you contemplates the creation of conditions in this country under which we will carry into practical effect the sound philosophy of Ruskin when he said:

"But since we live in an epoch of change and too, probably, of revolution, and thoughts which are not to be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged to affirm the one principle which can and in the end will close all epochs of revolution—that each man shall possess the ground he can use, and no more."

It contemplates as a part of our public school system that every boy should be trained so that he will know how to till the land for a livelihood. It contemplates that the rush to the cities shall be stopped by the betterment of all the conditions of rural life—good roads, near-by neighbors, rural telephones, net works of electric railways, rural free delivery, thickly settled communities and towns and villages in close proximity to every farm home, so that every farmer may enjoy as well as the city dweller the advantages of schools and churches and libraries and gymnasiums, and where art and music may be studied for enjoyment in the home as well as in the cities.

It contemplates that wherever the thing to be done for the benefit of such a community requires the effort of more than one man, that those who require to have the thing done for them, whatever it may be, shall combine together and do it for themselves, provided it is within reach of the united and co-operative energy and capital of the aggregated number of individuals who require to have the thing done for them.

In this category are creameries, laundries, rural telephones, associations for the co-operative purchase of supplies, associations for the sale or disposition of the products of the soil, and many other associations which I might mention for mutual economy, mutual benefit or mutual protection.

In sections where irrigation is necessary, co-operative canal systems and irrigation works come within this category; and in many parts of the country where irrigation is not now generally supposed to be necessary, co-operative pumping plants might be established among farmers for the irrigation of lands which they could