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GULF STREAM LUCK—By Zane Grey

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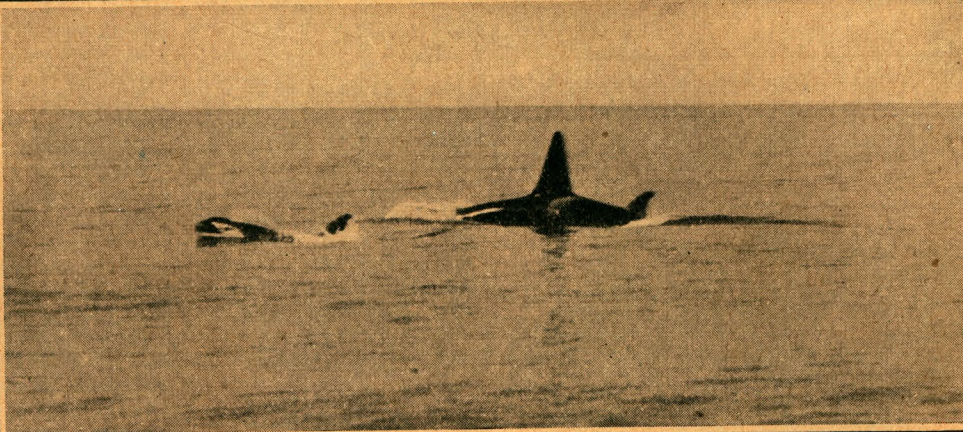
FOR THE AMERICAN FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

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No. 40



THE ORCA IS THE MOST TERRIBLE OF THE WOLVES OF THE SEA

Gulf Stream Luck

By ZANE GREY

IT MAY be something of a poetic fallacy to call the Gulf Stream a river of the south, a flowing stream within the sea, but to me that is just what it is. As a matter of fact, it is a current of blue water fifty miles or more wide, and it moves appreciably faster than the green ocean water that it divides.

This dark blue river is a thing of beauty and mystery. It circles the Gulf of Mexico, flows up the straits between the Bahama Islands and Florida, and gradually working away from the coast it passes north and out again, to make itself felt across the Atlantic.

Off Long Key, Florida, on approaching the Gulf Stream from the reef, there can be seen a chafing of the waters, a long line of low whitecaps and blue water encroaching upon the green. The air becomes more balmy, and, once in the stream, the several degrees of higher temperature can be appreciated. The current flows north and seems to be quite swift, though to the best of my calculations it moves only several miles an hour. The prevailing winds are the northeast trades, and blowing quartering against this current they usually kick up quite a sea. Short, billowy, white-crested swells, rough on boat and angler!

On a fine day, with just the right breeze, the Gulf Stream presents a changing, beautiful panorama of blue and white rolling waters. It breathes of the tropics, blowing fragrance from far-off palm-bordered shores, and is laden with the lonely atmosphere of coral reefs. It does not seem like the sea, except in motion. It apparently has nothing in common with the green-blanchéd restless Atlantic main. It flows from under the equator, with the message of unplumbed tropic seas. Its depth and current, its mystery, its burden of marine life, will ever be a fascinating study for naturalists.

THE winter of 1923-4 was one of unusually bad weather. At Long Key for days there had been unsettled weather, southwest winds, and northwesterers, and finally the genuine *del norte*. One day was very cold. Then for two days the wind lulled at noon, and the afternoons grew calm and warm. At last the wind made a little shift toward northeast.

I went out to the Gulf Stream one morning—cool, invigorating, with the sun not too bright, and the sea just ridged with white. We headed for Half Moon Reef, and trolled across it, hoping to catch a mackerel for bait. But we were not so fortunate. We went on into the stream.

It did not seem so blue as usual, which was owing no doubt to the reflection of sky. The sea grew somewhat rough, then gradually went down with the breeze. I trolled a cut bait of mullet, not overly fresh; and it was a long time before I had a strike. I saw the sailfish. He looked big and bronze. He let go, then came back,

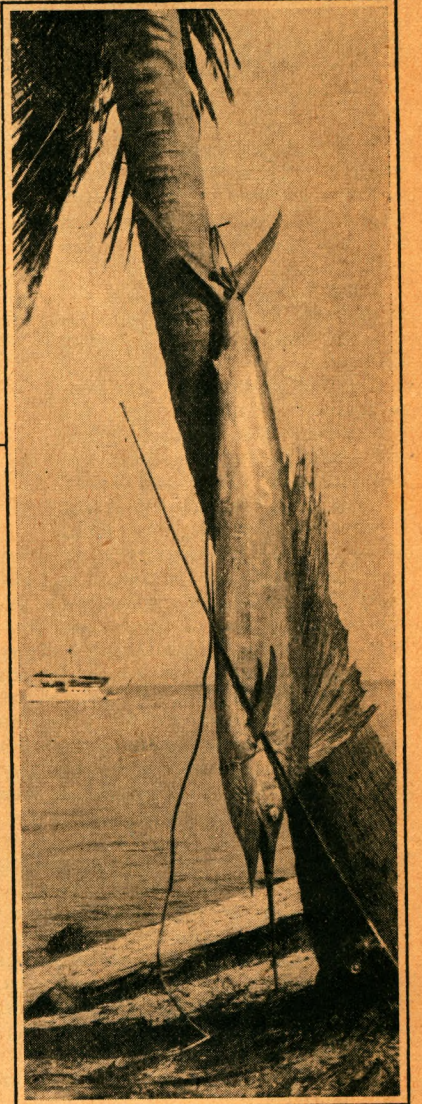
took the bait with a swoop and shot away. I let him run. I was using 6-9 tackle, and handled it accordingly. I hooked this fish. He ran a long way without leaping. When he circled we ran to meet him. Then he swerved toward us, and I could not get in the slack, though I wound the reel with might and main. We could not locate him; and at last, when I saw the line going under the boat, it was too late.

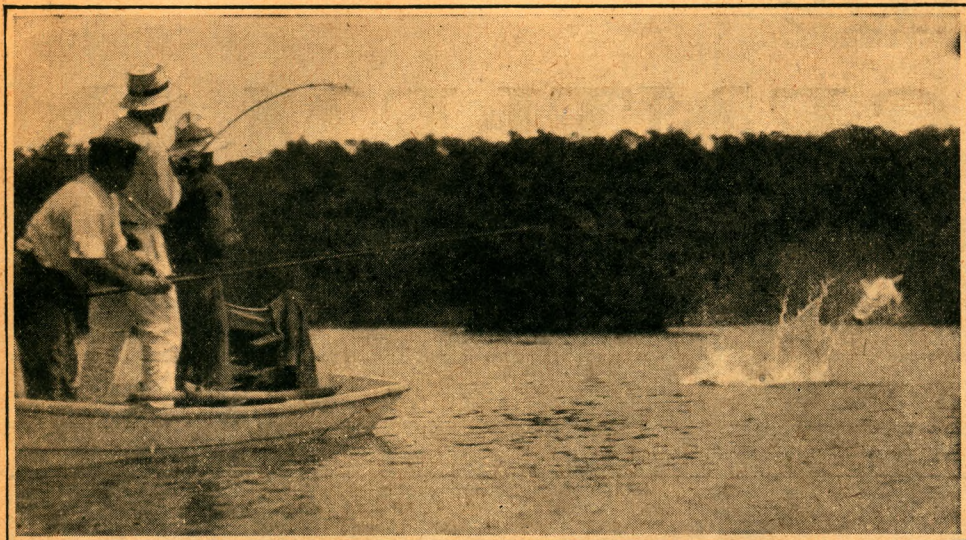
He leaped on the other side, a big sailfish, with his sail spread. The line had a lot of slack and it floated up on the swells before I could reel in, and it fouled on the boat. We tried to poke it loose, but finally had to break it and pull up the other part with a gaff and break that. Then we tied the ends together. The sailfish was still on. I worked him toward the boat, to find that he was keeping company with several others. Here the hook pulled out. All our trouble had been in vain. The other sailfish disappeared.

PRESENTLY I espied the sharp spear-pointed tails of sailfish riding the swells. We ran close, to discover a large school. They always work south against the Gulf Stream current. I never saw a sailfish swimming or leaping any way except against the current. We crossed in front of them, and I had a strike. I hooked this one, and he came out at once, throwing the hook. My bad start was holding on. We chased the school and got in front of them again. I could see the slim, smooth bronze backs cutting the water, and the sickle tails coming out of the swells. Soon I had three or four after my bait; and one got away with it. We lost this school before we could get out another bait.

In the succeeding hours I sighted three more large schools. And I hooked five more fish, only one of which I got to the boat. We fooled a good deal with several, trying to make them leap for pictures. Otherwise I might have caught one or two more. Late in the afternoon I hooked a large wahoo, and lost it too.

This was one of the bad-luck days, common to every angler of wide experience. It seemed inexplicable, considering that the other boats all caught sailfish, some of them a number. One woman who had never before caught a sailfish got one weighing seventy-four and a half pounds; a remarkable fish, eight feet two inches long. A still larger one was caught measuring eight feet six inches, which is the longest recorded here. Some of the boatmen reported dozens of schools of sailfish up toward Alligator Reef. Here and there one of these schools refused to notice a bait, but most of them were hungry. There was a big run of sailfish on at this time. The territory of the day ranged fully twenty miles. Manifestly there were more fish to the north than south, within this limit.





A STIRRING MOMENT FOR BOTH THE ANGLER AND THE CAMERAMAN

This time was about the first quarter of the moon in February.

There followed days with cold westerly and northwest winds and then the wind got back into the east.

Nevertheless, we ventured out to the reef. There was a tumultuous sea running, both high and shifting.

The Gulf Stream was an impassable river for us this day. We got within two hundred yards of it—near enough to see the tremendous cross current, and to hear the roar of contending tides. It was a beautiful wild sight, dark blue, white crested, chafing along against the bright green waters.

Sailfish showed in the transparent billows—long, slim, sharp, bronze fish, riding the swells, and shooting down the curving slopes of the waves. We maneuvered the boat so that we got ahead of some of them, and drew our baits in front of their very bills. They would follow the baits a while, then shoot on forward, to come even with the boat and to pass it, not ten feet distant. This afforded a wonderful opportunity to see the sailfish close at hand, free, indifferent to bait or boat. They had marvelous control over their native element, as much at home there as a frigate bird in the air.

WE TRIED a number this way without getting a strike, and then decided it was one of their off days. Sometimes they will not touch any kind of bait; and at others they will bite at anything.

As far as Long Key was concerned, and elsewhere, so far as I knew, I was the first angler to take sailfish on light tackle. This was in 1916. Theretofore sailfish had been mostly caught while the angler was fishing for other surface fish.

My first tackle was a nine-ounce rod and fifteen-thread line. I used a wire leader and two hooks, and for bait half a mullet, or better a whole ballahoo or whitefish. We trolled at moderate speed and when a sailfish took hold we let him run, sometimes, when he was wary, a long way, before hooking him. Sometimes when one tapped the bait we let it drift back to him, and if he took it and let go we gave him more line, until he took it for sure. I used to jerk the bait away from a finicky biter just to aggravate him.

This method brought results, though even then I realized it was not the right one. But at the time I could not improve upon it.

Sailfishing today has grown to be an art. The experts, a few, use a six-ounce tip and nine-thread line, which is a little light for heavy fish. One hook is used, a Number Eight, fastened on thin wire with an end left free to hold the head of the cut bait.

In trolling the speed is easily six or seven miles an hour, which is going pretty fast. Even then, sometimes a sailfish will refuse a bait.

Cut bait of mullet is commonly used, but the best is a piece of bonito or mackerel belly. All the boatmen cut bait; but only the boatmen native to Florida, and used to cutting fish with a sharp knife, can do the trick with a most finished art. The proof is that a perfectly cut bait will attract a sailfish that will refuse one poorly cut. Capt. Newton Knowles, of Miami, is one of the best bait cutters I have ever known.

The small hook hangs perfectly, and is scarcely felt. The method of procedure is, when the sailfish strikes, to let him run a few yards, then give him the rod hard. As to fighting a sailfish, I prefer to chase him when he is

running, and work on him, pump and wind, when he is sounding. This does not appear to be the general method in vogue at Long Key. All the boatmen, at least those I observed, ran round and round with the sailfish.

In most instances fish caught by members of the club were not gaffed, but held by the bill and detached

from the hook and released. In a few cases, when a fish has been hooked in the corner of the mouth or the hard upper jaw, he may survive. But years of study and observation, and correspondence with ichthyologists, have convinced me that the great majority—almost all

fishing. I tried it at Long Key years ago, and pronounced it a failure because mackerel, barracuda and other fish snapped off the cut bait teasers as fast as they could be put out. The tarporeno wooden-plug lure, minus the hooks, has taken the place of the destructible fish bait, and seems to work as well.

Sailfishing on light tackle comes very close to being the finest sport of the trolling game. And since the advent of small Marlin swordfish at Miami and Long Key, such angling has an added fascination.

EVERYTHING is emphasized by contrast. The day I had selected to fish from Sandy Key Lighthouse, on the edge of the Gulf Stream off Key West, to Sombrero Reef, turned out to be surprisingly ideal. Good weather was necessary for fishing fifty miles of Gulf Stream; and this was almost too good to be true. After the everlasting gales and northers and winds, what a relief and a joy to have a calm day!

The sea was smooth, rippled by a slight breeze; and as we ran out toward the stream crevallé were cracking the green water in pursuit of ballahoo. The gulls and pelicans were hovering aloft, swooping down now and then to pounce upon a disabled fish.

I could have wished for a little more wind, but as there appeared promise of some later on I thought the day might turn out perfect for fishing as well as comfort.

Long before we reached the Gulf Stream I saw the dark line of blue water sharply defined against the green. There was now no ruffled current, as on windy days. The cloudy violet water merged irregularly into the green, raggedly and mistily, with streamers and ribbons, and thick bulks of solid color, and thin broken wandering lines. A low heaving swell, just a perceptible movement of the water, made me think of the Pacific. And this was the only time in my experience that the Atlantic Ocean ever reminded me of the Pacific. It added immeasurably to the thrill of the moment, to the prospect of the day.

Then in the green water just outside the stream we saw two sailfish leap, a large one and a small one.

Both came sliding out on their sides, in the graceful action characteristic of these fish.

It looked like play to me. When sailfish leap to shake off the remoras they come out high, rather convulsively, and make several leaps, sometimes as many as nine or ten in succession.

We turned and ran ahead of where they had shown, and trolled out baits over the spot and all around it, to no avail. Then we headed into the Gulf Stream. I climbed out on the bow, leaving R. C. to do the trolling, and took a position facing north, so that

(Continued on Page 31)

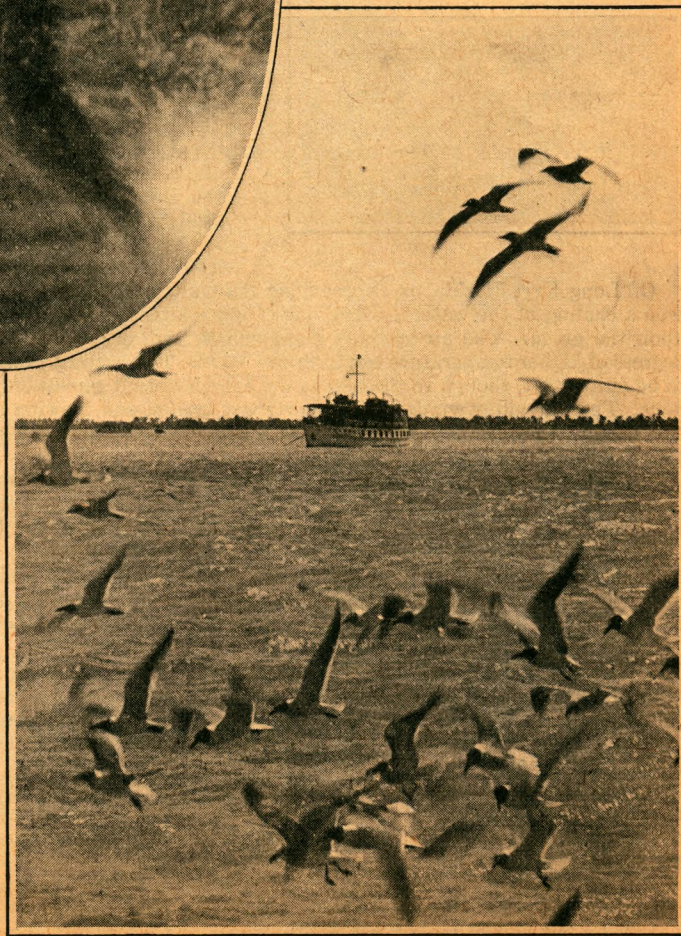


the fish returned alive to the water are prey for sharks. It would be impossible to return an unhooked fish to the water without some bloodscent emanating from the wound. And any student of fish knows what that means. It is infinitely more fatal than the trail of a crippled deer in the snow. For the ocean is a place of savage and unremittent strife.

I have come to the conclusion that to release fish, in most cases, is a mistake. "Liberated fish" is a high-sounding term, but it is often only an excuse to go on catching more and more. What is almost as bad, it breeds dishonesty in that class of fishermen who wish to excel in the number of fish caught. These anglers do not love fish for their beauty or gameness. Their fishing is a display of egotism. Clubs that reach the stage of intense competition for prizes and records are in danger.

IT SEEMS difficult to offer a suitable remedy. A limit of one or two sailfish would not suit many anglers, for the simple reason that so few good days are possible that when a fisherman happens on one he wants to catch as many sailfish as possible. If the fish caught were brought in and sold, as at Avalon, or given away, even at the trifling expense of express rate to the nearest town, it would be a vastly commendable thing.

The use of teasers—baits or lures trolled behind the boat to attract sailfish—was first used by Avalon boatmen in Marlin



NOW AND THEN GULLS PONCED UPON A DISABLED FISH

Farmer Fox Hunters

(Continued from Page 11)

expression in the bark whether the hound has struck a warm track or a cold one. When the scent of a running fox becomes warm, even though the fox and hounds are seldom in sight, the hunters follow every changing phase of it through the mouthing of the hounds. And though the pack may be a mile away, they know which dog is in the lead, which is second, whether the pack is close to the fox or far behind, whether it is gaining or losing on the fox.

A fox hunter never speaks of the bark or yelp or bay of a hound. It is always his mouth. There is as much difference in the mouths of hounds as there is in the voices of men. The hunters classify them and each hunter has his own notion of which mouth is best. The squealing mouth is a prolonged shivery cry; the chop mouth is a short, sharp bark, and it has variations, the short chop and the long chop; a long mouth is a long drawn-out bark; the calking mouth has a sound like "calk, calk, calk"; the horn mouth is a keen baying like the blast of a bugle; and the turkey mouth is a shrill barking in a tenor key, something like the squawking of a turkey.

There had been a fretful, impatient note in the mouthing of the hounds while they were working out the trail. Now they had found the direction in which the fox had run and they were all away on it, mouth-ing in steady chorus.

"Hi! They've jumped him," exclaimed Dick Yancey, as the pack burst into a deeper cry, quivering with exultant challenge.

The fox was taking the dogs straight away to the westward, and we could follow the course of the chase by the mouthing of the pack, which almost died out as the race led down into a wooded hollow, and rang clear again as it topped the crest of a hill, and gradually faded out altogether. Then the men relaxed and lighted pipes again.

Almost half an hour went by, with no sound from the dogs, and then Zelus Thompson, a farmer of Nodaway County, threw up his hand and commanded sharply, "Listen!"

From far off to the westward came a sound, faint on the night air. Gradually it grew louder.

As they came closer the mouthing of the different dogs could be distinguished; old Gyp was in the lead, with Lady a good second, and Molly, Scout, Sport, Bess, Rowdy, Mose, Sing and the others strung out behind.

As I stood out to one side, listening, Gingery, who edits a magazine devoted to that kind of fox chasing, came to me and asked:

"Say, did you ever hear such sweet music as that?"

Gingery told me that in the country from Texas and Missouri east to the Atlantic are at least 100,000 farmers whose chief sport is this kind of fox chasing; and each night in the year there are hundreds of such races, with bunches of men on hundreds of hilltops, listening to the running dogs.

Now the baying of the hounds arose to a wild clamor as they came down a jungled draw that skirted the hill on which we stood.

Then from the edge of the brush the fox came into the full moonlight and seemed to glide across the open space. Then he melted into the shadows of the brush.

The pack, hot on his trail, shot from the wood and crossed the open, a strung-out line of mottled, long-eared, eager hounds, all in full cry, and disappeared where the fox had gone.

Seven times that night the running fox led the pack around the same circle. It was eight o'clock when the chase began; it was one o'clock the next morning when it ended.

At one o'clock the mouthing of the hounds stopped suddenly. The fox had got tired of the chase and had run into his den. No good hound will ever bother a fox after he enters his den, and no good hunter will ever dig out or kill a fox. Fox hunters are fox protectors; they want the fox to live for another chase on another night.

Gulf Stream Luck

(Continued from Page 4)

I could command the water level ahead. It seemed rather remarkable that I could actually have a comfortable seat on a launch in the Gulf Stream. But it was a most pleasant fact.

Several flying fish shot up from our bow and skimmed in different directions. They were larger than any I had seen in the stream farther north.

R. C. called out. I felt the boat slow to a released clutch, and hurrying aft I found R. C. jerking the light tackle hard, in the act of hooking a sailfish. I made a dive for the cameras, and placing them in good position on the seats I took up one and stood beside my brother.

"He's a lunker," said R. C. as the line whizzed off. "There were two and the bigger struck at the teaser. . . . Cap, I guess you'd better chase this bird."

Whereupon we ran down on the sailfish. He came up, a goodly distance out, and leaped with the peculiar jerky action common to this species. He had no consistent way of coming out, though, of course, he always did so head first. But he was spasmodic and convulsive. Once he shot aloft very high, waving his spread sail, and turning a complete somersault he plunged back. This was the kind of picture I always wanted to get of a leaping sailfish. On this particular leap I was winding up the camera. After nine or ten jumps he sounded and worked away, swimming hard and fast. We chased him, headed him off, and R. C. endeavored to turn him back so he would run in the direction we wished to take. This appeared no easy matter. R. C. bent the little Murphy rod to an alarming extent.

Presently a yellow shape showed indistinctly in the violet water. I caught the motion. Shark! And he assuredly accomplished what R. C. could not—he started that sailfish north. Such a run! It was all of nine hundred feet. And we

were hard put to it to keep up with him. Evidently he had eluded the shark, for he slowed down and kept plugging away, much to our satisfaction. R. C. pumped and wound while we ran up on him. I was expecting a second series of leaps, if this sailfish acted normally, and sure enough was not disappointed.

He came out, shining like a green-white and silvered bird with purple wings. And his next leap was a wiggling supple exhibition that reminded me of an action inspired by jazz music. Suddenly he became enraged, and thrashed on the surface, and skittered toward us half out of water. This came as close to the Marlin's famous feat of walking on his tail as the less powerful sailfish could attain. He was not strong enough to raise himself all the way out and then go wagging across the sea in white boiling foam. But he gave a marvelous display of frantic motion of every kind, while all the time one-quarter of his body remained in the water. This might have lasted ten seconds or longer. I had no way to judge the time. It was a frenzied and strenuous energy, and took his stamina.

He was certainly the largest R. C. had ever hooked. So I advised careful handling, and in due time we pulled him into the boat, a beautiful specimen of iridescent colors. We estimated him at seventy pounds, but he would have weighed more, perhaps eighty. Owing to the many mistakes we had made in guessing the weight of fish we had learned to underestimate.

I took up my rod, and standing in the cockpit I fished while at the same time I kept a keen eye on the lookout for anything.

I saw a purple and pink jellyfish, a globular ethereal creature, moving with its own life as well as the current of the stream. What an exquisite creature! It passed on, faded and vanished.

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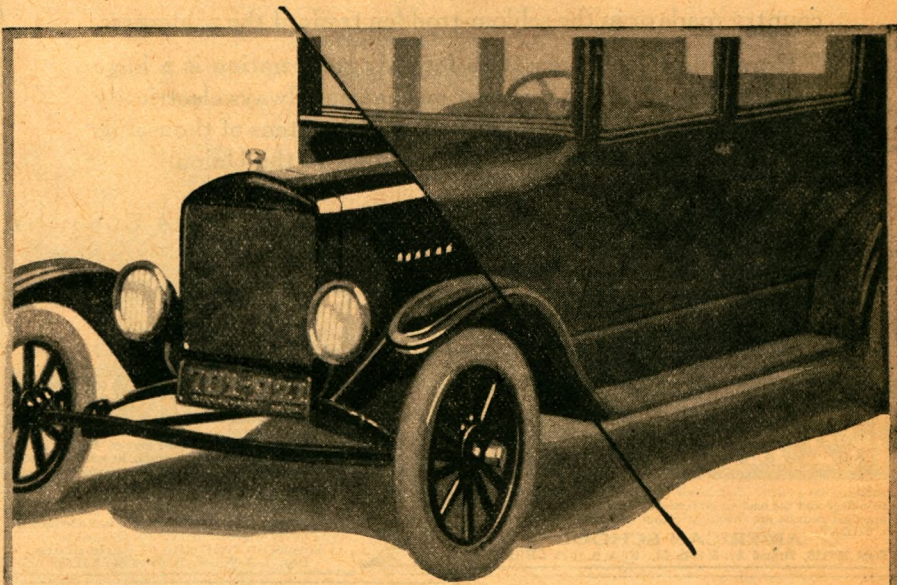
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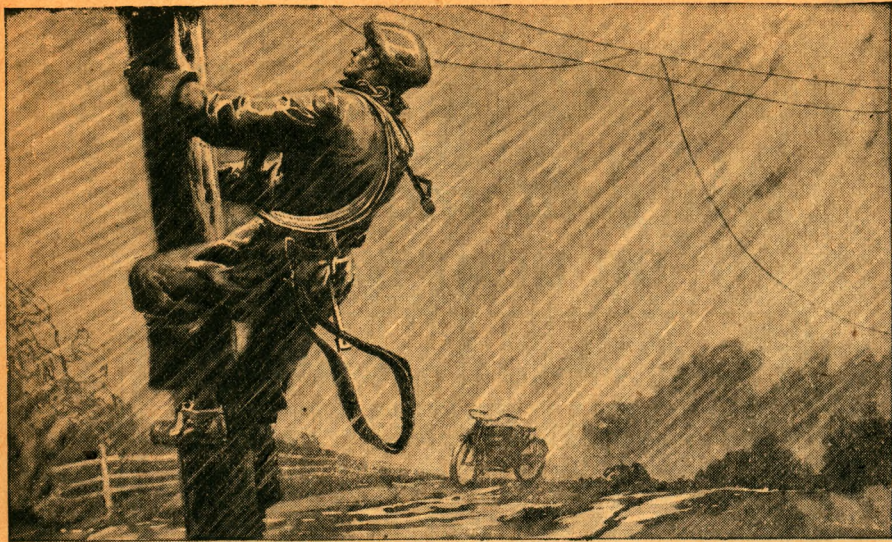
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I was just straightening erect, to go on looking for more things, when I had a ferocious strike. Whatever it was jerked the reel spool from under my thumb and sent it spinning to a back lash. Tangle! I felt the solid weight of a fish, and the break when he tore loose.

"Can't you see a fish?" queried my brother. "That one loomed up like a whale behind your bait."

"So. Well, what was it?" I returned. "Looked to me like an enormous sailfish," he said complacently.

I did not get any consolation from R. C. but presently I was revenged by seeing him miss as pretty a strike as an angler could wish for. I refrained from satire. A look about R. C. then inspired me to the hope that he had a hunch. As hunches are rather rare with him I did not want to interfere. Especially as they are apt to be auguries of good luck!

Sailfish by the Dozen

HE SCANNED the smooth violet sea out to the horizon line, and then back across their ragged mark where stream and green water contended, and on to the dim white beaches and coconut palms of the lonely keys.

"Sometimes we go long before we hit it," he said. "I've a hunch it's going to be a day. One of our days! Look out!"

If I needed anything to rouse me to keener sense of possibilities, I had it in this from R. C. The sea had brightened with a glancing dark ripple and a more perceptible swell. I saw a leopard shark leap. He came out white and straight, turned clear over in the air after the manner of all sharks when they leap to throw off parasites, and fell back to send up a great splash. I could judge something of his size by the amount of white water he raised. And five hundred pounds would not have been much of an exaggeration.

Captain Knowles called our attention to sailfish leaping ahead.

Presently I saw a number of sharp dark tails piercing the surface and moving swiftly.

"Cross ahead of them," I directed the boatman.

We let out line as the boat sheered and soon saw the gleaming bronze figures of sailfish coming in great numbers. A school of any kind of game fish is always an inspiring sight. Sailfish in this school appeared to be as thick as fence pickets. Soon there were a dozen behind our baits.

We both had strikes at once. R. C. hooked his quickly. I missed mine. He came back at the bait, took it again, let go, recovered it and ran swiftly. I pulled it away from him. The third time he snatched it, made furious by the teasing. I let him go far, then hooked him.

Acrobats of the Deep

JUST then R. C.'s fish leaped high and crossed my line. We performed acrobatics to change positions and to pass my rod under his. "The lines, speeding off the reels all the time, came straight. My sailfish took to pyrotechnics more in the air than in the water. R. C.'s fish ran off deep.

Meanwhile the boatman had been throwing the wheel over hard so as to get in a position to chase our fish. We soon found ourselves surrounded by sailfish. They passed the boat on each side in an endless stream.

"Hey! Look at that son of a gun biting my line!" yelled my brother.

It was indeed plain to see. A sailfish, not more than seventy feet out, had his mouth open like a scissors and was biting at the line. Two sailfish, some fifteen feet apart, were operating on my line.

"Say, if you sailfish had any sense you'd saw the line off with your bills instead of trying to bite it off," I remarked.

However that might have been, the fact was that the nearer sailfish quit, and the second fooled with my line until he cut it. I reeled in and began hurriedly to rig on another leader.

"Oh, boy, look at 'em yump!" ejaculated R. C.

And I had to give up my task to watch. We appeared to be in the midst of the school. R. C.'s victim had excited some of them and they were thrashing, sliding, breaking on the surface. His fish was small, but he was a jumper. When he turned toward us, that was too much for

me, and I abandoned my tackle for camera. But I was just too late for a magnificent chance at a number of sailfish in the air at once, all around R. C.'s fish. It sounded, and the others did not leap again. I waited eagerly.

"Put out a bait," advised Captain Knowles.

By the time I was ready, however, R. C. had his sailfish in. He instructed the boatman to release it. So it chanced we got both our baits together and had strikes without even trolling. And we both hooked fish. That was the beginning of a most remarkable experience. Things happened so swiftly that I cannot recall them in sequence. But I remember some of the startling incidents.

We caught those two sailfish and still the school kept passing us on each side. Sometimes a dozen or more would loom up in back of the boat, slender and sharp, swimming with fins invisible, heading south. No sooner had we put baits overboard again than we had another double-header. By the time we had whipped these two the school had passed on. It was a temptation to follow them, but as we had many miles of Gulf Stream to travel we could not spare the time.

I went up on top to look for more fish, and it was not long before I sighted another school. This one moved down against the stream precisely as the first one, a few leaping here and there, many breasting the current with their tails out. We maneuvered precisely as before, but could not get a strike out of this school.

By and by we ran into another school of sailfish. R. C. jocularly exclaimed that this was sailfish day. He got one and I lost one out of this school. It took him quite a while to bring in a rather heavy and nonleaping fish.

The Chase Starts

ABOUT two o'clock I sighted another school of sailfish, evidently more playful than the others, probably owing to the slightly ruffled water. Sailfish like rough sea.

This fourth school occupied us more than an hour, me with the camera and R. C. on the rod. I could hardly claim the school took that length of time in passing, but we were that long in their midst. I thought once or twice fish R. C. hooked ran with the school. Anyway we got three sailfish out of it, two of which were lightly hooked and which we let go.

As far as the dimensions of a school of sailfish are concerned this one was the largest I ever saw. But Captain Knowles said he had seen many larger ones, one notably that took hours to pass and extended on all sides as far as he could see.

The ocean seemed dead except for moving water. Presently R. C. came aft and told us there was something showing far ahead.

"Orca!" exclaimed Captain Knowles, who was peering over the wheel.

That word "orca" brought me right-about face with a jump. I gave the rod to R. C. and climbed to where I could see. Presently I discerned a black flash come up out of a white splash. It was far away. Then I saw other objects similar, though not so plain.

We steered out to head off these objects.

The time came when I made out the sharp high black fin of an orca. It stood up ten feet above the sea. It was a wonderful spear-pointed organ, as thrilling a sight as that of a broadbill swordfish fin, only vastly rarer.

Killers of the Sea

I WENT back to tell R. C. that there was a school of orca coming. Enough said! R. C. put away the rod and, camera in hand, hurried to my side.

Twice before in all my experience in both seas had I seen orca; and the latter time, in August, 1922, when we photographed a school of black fish or whale killers, there was one orca we did not know was an orca until the fact came out in a photograph. The round white spots on the sides of the blunt bold head is the distinctive mark of the orca. And orca are the most ferocious and terrible of all the wolves of the sea. They are equally dangerous to man.

Here they came, enough of them to cause R. C. and me the most intense longing. It seems hard to explain, but this sort of fishing appeals vastly to us. Added

to that was the honest fear of these tigers and a grim desire to kill them. Orca kill for the sake of killing.

We ran too far in front of this bunch of orca, and discovered the fact too late. They sheered somewhat toward us. When I saw the big fellow last he was five hundred yards distant. His fin stood up like the mainsail of a schooner. How broad his back! And the motion was tremendous.

We turned back on their course and went ahead full speed. When we had about given up in disappointment the orca showed again, half a mile ahead.

"Chase them," I called.

"Step on her!" yelled R. C.

And the race began. Chasing them was about as exciting a venture as I could imagine. Orca have been known to charge boats. Captain Knowles cited an instance near Bimini in which an orca stood by a mate that had been harpooned, and was only with great difficulty driven off. But for several rifles on board a fatality might have been recorded.

We began to snap pictures long before we got close enough to get good ones. But we were ready to take any kind of chance.

"We're going to photograph that big orca, sure as you're born!" I shouted to R. C. And he was as thrilled as I.

They appeared to show in series, sometimes regularly and quickly for several times, then there would be a longer period before they emerged again. Sometimes the line of formation would be the same for several appearances, then again it would change. The giant orca came up between two of his mates, then to one side.

What a huge, sliding, black hulk! And he looked his bad repute. There was nothing beautiful about him but his command over the sea. His head was bold and blunt, exceedingly sinister with its deep jaws and the strange round white spot on the side of his ugly face.

Then intervened one of the long periods when the orca were down. We curved a considerable distance. I felt almost sick with hope deferred.

"Wow!" yelled R. C. And at the same instant his yell was accompanied by a

loud puff from the orca. I saw two black heads plow the water white, then shiny black backs slide into view, rise and curve, pointing the dorsal fins erect, curving the bodies and sliding down.

"Ready! He's coming up. I see the color!" I called to R. C.

We were one hundred feet outside of that front rank. I could see many green-white glancing shapes. It was a good-sized school of orca.

The big fellow came up with a roar. His huge head showed, with its glistening white spot, then the enormous swell of his black back, and the knife-blade dorsal fin that swept in a curve high and higher. At its loftiest height I snapped my camera and yelled my exultation at the exceeding good fortune of it.

"Got him!" yelled R. C.

We ran into another school of sailfish that detained us to the extent of two fish caught and three lost while leaping. The sun was now a magenta ball of fire, low down in the purple haze. The lights on the sea changed like those of an opal. We bade good-by to a sixty-mile run in the Gulf Stream, and went in on the reef. There, in the golden shallows of coral, a dark triangular shape moving under the water attracted us. It was a giant ray, or what was locally called devilfish. I once saw one that weighed two tons. Roosevelt took a special trip to Florida Bay to capture one of these marine animals. This one was probably ten feet across, not by any means so large as the species grow. He looked dark gray in the water. We were approaching him from behind, at perhaps fifty yards distance, when he moved like a huge bat, apparently flying under water. Then he leaped as slick as any leaping fish. The corners of his wings were curled. He made hardly any splash. But as he dropped back there was a loud plop, sending the spray in sheets.

R. C. looked helplessly at me.

"Reckon it's just as well this day is over!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Another fishing story by Zane Grey, Everglades Tarpon, will appear in an early issue.

Pure-Breds are Fashionable Again

(Continued from Page 9)

breeding of swine. In nearly all these contests the litters which made the best gains were invariably sired by pure-bred boars of the best breed types.

Likewise a considerable number of these litters were farrowed by pure-bred sows. It was because so many men bought livestock at the peak of high prices when reaction was inevitable that there has been so much forced liquidation in the pure-bred industry in recent years.

But now a higher level of prices is just as sure to come again as was a decline after the period of inflation. Yet there is scarcely one buyer now where there were a hundred then.

So now is the time to buy, when prices are still low and buyers scarce.

Good advice to the man who plans to go into the breeding business is first to select the breed or breeds that he believes will fit into the needs of his farm, his community and also fit the market demands.

Having determined upon the breed, he should set out to buy, carefully and conservatively, his foundation stock.

If he is inexperienced in the selecting and buying of livestock, he should first consult men who are experienced. Older breeders will be glad to help him, as will the animal husbandry men at our agricultural colleges.

If possible, it would pay him to visit some of the successful breeding herds to see the animals he expects to buy in their natural surroundings. Then he should go to the fairs and livestock shows.

When it comes time to buy, good advice would be to buy only a few at first, but get good ones—the best that can be had.

This beginner should not be led astray by pedigree alone. The first and fundamental consideration is the sterling quality of the animal itself. Then with this quality should go a sound ancestry.

Other things being equal, the beginner would do well to buy his pure-bred stock in his home community, rather than from a distance. Thus he can have a better

chance to secure the help and advice of the man who sells him the stock.

The young breeder should remember that breeding is both a business and a science—an industry that will take a lifetime to achieve full success. Practically every great breeder began at the bottom and built up his herd through years of study and skill in breeding.

Already there are hopeful signs that the upturn is coming to the pure-bred industry and that better prices are just around the corner.

Fair secretaries say that within two weeks after the price of farm products begins to go up, livestock entries for the fairs increase sharply.

Now, when things begin to look up, is the time when we need to have faith in agriculture—above all, faith in the livestock industry, which is fundamental to a successful agriculture.

The recent increase in prices is to be hailed with joy. It will put courage anew into our farmers and livestock men.

Thinking over the future prospects of pure-bred stock calls to mind a story told by Jay Gould, the financier. It happened in a time of depression. There was no demand for money. Funds were accumulating in the banks and no one had courage enough to invest in anything.

One day Gould met a young banker on the streets of New York.

"What are you doing with your money these days?" Gould asked him.

"I'm hoarding it up—that's all I can do."

"Right—keep it up," answered Gould. "Money will come into fashion again some day."

That is what I would say to the farmer and livestock breeder.

Keep on growing corn and wheat and raising cattle and hogs. Don't get discouraged. Cattle and corn and hogs have already come back.

Pure-bred livestock will come into fashion again very soon.

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Twice-Told Tales

Popular Jokes of
Grandma's Day

AUNT BETTY, an elderly colored woman from a small country town in Virginia was in New York as a guest of some Northern people she had served when they visited in the South. She was seeing her first vaudeville show and was enjoying it immensely—that is, until the mind-reading act came on.

The mind reader, a tall mysterious looking man, sat on the stage blindfolded and without the slightest hesitation named the different objects which were being held aloft by his assistant in the audience. As the blindfolded mind reader performed his seemingly impossible stunts, Aunt Betty became more and more nervous and with bulging eyes finally turned to her hostess and in a perturbed voice asked if she objected if she left the theater and went home.

"Why, what's the matter, auntie," queried the astonished hostess, "aren't you enjoying the show?"

"Yes ma'am," mumbled Aunt Betty, "I likes it fine, but I specs I better be goin' 'cause dis ain't no place for a respectable colored woman wid nothing but a thin calico dress on."

Card Indexing the Heroine

ALL popular fiction is pretty much alike. The reader, no matter how busy he may be or how intent upon reaching the conclusion of the story, must wade through a description of the heroine who is always beautiful; and more than a fleeting glimpse is given of her physical charms.

How much simpler it would be to have a standard set of regulations for authors whereby they could use key numbers and thereby give their readers a description of their heroines without wading through the old familiar stuff about azure eyes, tempting lips, and so forth. This table is given in the hope of making lighter the load of writers and readers. It goes like this:

Eyes (a); like twin pools, 1; hazel, 2; fringed with long lashes, 3; chestnut, 4; black, 5; black as night, 6; brown, 7; blue, 8; heavenly blue, 9; gray, 10.

Lips (b); cherry red, 1; luscious, 2; kissable, 3; pouting, 4.

Nose (c); delicately chiseled, 1; tilted, 2; saucy, 3.

Neck (d); columnlike, 1; rising like a lily, 2.

Shoulders (e); bare, 1; gleaming, 2; satiny, 3; marble white, 4.

Legs (f); common to fair light, 1; medium and mixed, 2; best heavies, 3; delicately curved, 4; deliciously curved, 5; symmetrical, 6. Note: In refined fiction, it is to be remembered, legs should be called upper ankles.

By using this table the author could say: "At that moment Janice entered the room. (a-6; b-4; c-2; d-2; e-1; f-2.)"

Reference to the above table, printed in some convenient place

in every magazine and readily memorized by the readers, would give a picture of the girl in a moment and save writing as well as reading.

—T.S. ELROD.

American

A LITTLE son of Italy, about twelve years old, asked his teacher whether he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" she asked.

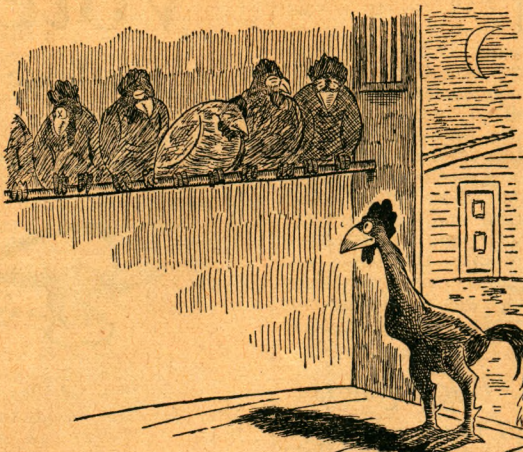
"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a foreigner."

"What name would you like to have?" "I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a soiled bit of paper on which was written—"Patrick Dennis McCarthy."

He Was Mistaken

A BOOK agent was stopping at a farmer's house over Sunday. While there a thunderstorm came up. The farmer and his wife were frightened at

Chaff



ROOSTER (IN CROWDED HENHOUSE): "GOOD NIGHT! THIS PARKIN' PROBLEM IS GETTIN' TO BE SOMETHING AWFUL!"

the loud claps of thunder and flashes of lightning.

But the book agent, a fearless chap, laughed and remarked that he

could walk around the yard with a pitchfork on his shoulder without the least danger. He did.

The simple funeral was a couple of days later.

My Feet

THE couples sway and glide along To music soft and sweet. Amoonlight waltz! But not for me, I've trouble with my feet.

While others all enjoy themselves, I sit aside forlorn. I know the steps but cannot dance, I have an awful corn.

Our village band, all blue and gold, Presents a sight most grand. They play in all the town parades, They're always in demand. I play a horn best of them all But with them cannot march;



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—Philadelphia Tailor's Advertisement.

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—Adv. in The Sacramento Bee.

Dressy Father

The bride entered the drawing room on the arm of her father, who wore a gown of white charmeuse satin trimmed with Venetian point lace, and with veil of the same.

—Cherry (Ohio) Circle.

Alas!

Sister Payne attended a convention of the Saints of God last week. While she was away she left her chickens in the care of the Lord. When she got back they were nearly all dead.

—Athabasca Landing, (Alberta) Dispatch.

Whoa, There!

The opening piece was rendered by a mule quartet.

—The Musical Courier, N. Y.

While others shine I fade because I have a fallen arch.

The boys and girls make fun of me, I can't do things they do; Not e'en so much as play croquet, It makes me very blue To think these pesky number tens Should put me out this way. My word, they even pinch and pain When solitaire I play!

But some day I shall have revenge, I'll need my feet no more When I sail out on life's last ride And land on heaven's shore.

For once I shall enjoy myself Away up there on high—I'll just forget those blamed old feet And grow some wings and fly.

—Ernest Stanton King.

Gems From Sammy Slocum's Diary

THERE is three kinds of people in this town—them that has a tooth drawn, them that has it pulled and the others that has yanked out.

The loudest laughs is also the loudest weepers.

I guess some folks read so much about farming without doing anything about it that their brains just goes to seed.

Pa says that sometimes ma calls him My Love in a tone of voice that fairly cuddles his blood.

Samuel Peters had to read his speech on World Peace at the community club the other night with one eye because Bill Hendricks had biffed the other eye.

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