WITHOUT A NET

By KENNETH F. LEE

The Missus and I had enjoyed a hair-raising downhill ride on a railroad "cars-buggy" that morning, the Section Crew from Kennebago taking us down to the trail that led in to John's Pond, a distance of three miles, in much less than the same number of minutes.

We had supplies for a couple of days in our light packs, and both carried flyrods, for John's Pond has a reputation in that part of the country for harboring large and succulent trout with fierce appetites, and we were bound to investigate the reports.

The trail, after it left the railroad right-of-way, led up through a dense alder run, and before we got fairly started a heavy thunderstorm came up and the alder leaves displayed a very unpleasant capability for catching and holding water. That is, they held it until we brushed against them, and then showed a decided tendency to freely baptize both of us. We were soaked to our hides long before we came out into the little clearing at the foot of the pond.

I found an old "tin" rowboat partly hidden in the underbrush, and a pair of oars that had quite obviously been serving as a lunch for the porcupines. The handles were chewed nearly through, but we decided that maybe they would be used, so we stowed our tackle in the bow of the craft and started up toward the head of the pond, where I had been told [illegible]

[illegible] Wang? If you [illegible] Uncle Sam's Navy. [illegible] probably put a derisive fin to [illegible] nose, and went away from there [illegible] and swiftly. No, no good! We mourned.

To make a bad matter even more so [illegible] those big, fat trout, one after another, and we were getting [illegible] all the time. Of course, we had bacon and beans and similar foods in our packs, but we had come to John's Pond to get trout . . . and trout we were going to eat.

Well, we tried slipping a hand over the trout's head and clinching [illegible] around the neck, but that proved to be a bit like trying to catch the greased pig at the county fair. Next we tried tipping the canoe over until its gunwale was nearly in the water and sliding the trout in over the side, but about the first crack out of the box a big "lunker" changed his mind at the crucial moment and dived under the boat, twisting the tip of my [illegible] rod until I had mysteries [illegible] sure it would break.

Right there I quit. "We'll eat bacon!" I declared. "There isn't a trout in this part of liberty-lovin' Canada that I'd best that rod for." My heartfelt sentiments didn't make the least bit of a hit with the Missus, and she said so right out loud. "We'll go back and make a net . . . or a gaff, or something . . . but we're going to have trout for supper. I didn't walk way in here, and get nearly drowned, just to eat bacon!" she declared firmly.

It has not taken me ten years to learn that arguing with one's better [illegible] Three-fourths is lost motion [illegible] back we went. "Eo . . . onka" to beat the band, all the way to camp. There we rummaged around for upwards of half an hour in search of materials from which to improvise a net, and as I was about to quit cold, the Missus got her eye on those wire broilers with two handles, the kind that are used to scorch steak over open coals. "That's just what we want!" she piped up enthusiastically, waving the broiler triumphantly over her head.

I couldn't see that her discovery had made much difference in our chances for a trout supper . . . but then . . . But we got into the tin music box and went back to the trout pool and started in casting all over again. It was nearly dark, and the big trout were coming up into the shallows from the cool depths of the pool; the lilies were loaded with them. They had their reported appetites right along, too.

My first strike was a daisy, an active, heavy fish that slashed out of the water with my dropper fly solidly in his jaw. No fish was ever handled more painstakingly than that gentleman, for I could anticipate the way he would smell in a sizzling pan of bacon fat.

He put up a gallant fight, but at length came rolling his pink sides toward the boat, where the Missus awaited him, holding the wire broiler down into the water. His sides caved in, and both her hands grabbed the handles firmly. I slid the big trout carefully along the surface, holding hard on the red butt to keep his head out of water, and the lady brought the broiler up over so gently, clamped the handles together . . . and plopped Mr. Trout right up into the broiler in one smooth swoop. Her Dear Dewey! We took he off Commander whoop and nearly upset the boat in [illegible]

After we had recovered our usual [illegible] we put the big trout over [illegible] the left of my belt [illegible] and all the trout we [illegible] after I had [illegible] as you'd better turn [illegible] and [illegible] a little [illegible] original Boys of the [illegible]

We got [illegible] and that night we [illegible] and chatted over [illegible] and listened to a [illegible] each other [illegible] in the camp behind the cabin. We had turned in for the night [illegible] perhaps climbed out on the [illegible] and gnawing the wooden [illegible] that [illegible] and I had to [illegible] the [illegible] and a chunk of [illegible] which I chased him [illegible] the brush at the end of the porch went back to bed. In about twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour, two more "porky" made their appearance on the porch and took up the good work where their dear departed had left off. I chased that pair, and, after that, we went to sleep and slept like a pair of wooden Injuns till dawn.

Police in London Halt Motors for Coaching Club

Eleven Coaches Represent Remnant of National Pastime of Yore

London.—Nineteen years ago, at a century ago were vividly brought to the attention of those Londoners who were fortunate enough to visit Hyde Park on a recent sunshiny June morning to see the annual first meet of the Coaching Club. Eleven coaches, shining with brilliant varnish and bright color, driven by men in gray top hats and frock coats, formed a picture which one observer accurately called "a Dickensian glory."

The entire atmosphere of the meeting was that of a quieter and more leisured age. The swift motorcars speeding through the park seemed modern anachronisms, a view apparently shared by London's traffic police who halted all motor traffic while the dignified and stately coaches passed through the park and then to Ranelagh. The only modern touch was the frocks of the women guests, the men and grooms being attired practically as they would have been had the journey be made a century ago.

This is the only surviving coaching club in London. Until last year there were two. England clings tightly to its traditions and its picturesque memories and a more easy-going age, and there were many in Hyde Park as the coaches set off who sighed regretfully for the pre-motor days when sociability and good fellowship distinguished transportation and the roads as contrasted with the incessant rush and turmoil of a petrol era.

The club will have two other meetings before the summer ends. The drivers find that by traveling in groups they avoid much of the difficulty caused by the practical monopoly of the country roads by motor cars.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.

Reveals Farmers Aiding Themselves

Aid for the farmers from a governmental agency is a novel point among potatoes, but the mid-westerners who have so long clamored for help know how to work for their and help each other on their own farms, points out George Godfrey, a farmer writing in the July issue of "Successful Farming."

"The farmers of a community," says the patchwork haymaker, "might be likened to a huge family. Everyone is working at the same thing at the same time without any apparent competition except in the speed and quality of the work. Each strives to have his plowing, planting or harvesting done along with the rest. Each does his work slightingly or thoroughly, characteristic of himself. Each keeps a friendly account of the other's progress. Even the hired man is sure to know at just what stage in their work every neighbor is. Farm life has a side of real community living."

"This group of community living," continues Mr. Godfrey in "Successful Farming," "develops a friendliness not found elsewhere. Nowhere in the world is there a finer feeling of friendliness. It is never expressed so much by words as by deeds. We farmers are a class not much given to expressing our sentiments in words. Let misfortune, however, come to one of a farm community and see the expression of sympathy. A neighbor is sick in the spring and is unable to plant his crop. It is done for him by his neighbors, without thought of direct remuneration. Let him break his leg at harvest time and his crop is gathered at a community picnic. All of us that have lived our lives in a farm community know all this. Most of us have felt the unspoken sympathy expressed by kindly hands in time of trouble. Seldom do we consider the fact that this is a condition not often found outside the rural community. We fail to recognize it as another view of the glory and richness of farm life."

Hoover and the Waterway

Victoria Colonist (Cons.): The nomination of Mr. Hoover has a special interest for Canada. He is the chief protagonist in the United States of the internationalization of the St. Lawrence waterway. His choice as President would undoubtedly give that project a fillip and lead to greater pressure than ever before being brought on the Government at Ottawa to solution what water power users and transportation interests want in the United States. A Republican victory in November next will be warning to Canada to bring public opinion to bear on the Government at Ottawa to prevent any cession to the United States of rights, which should bring, and which do belong, to this Dominion.

Try This On Your Tonsils

The helpful editor of the Rolls County, Missouri Record, has an effective test for bootleg liquor. Place, he says, a ten-penny nail in the liquor and leave it for a day. If the nail comes out rusty, it is fit to drink. If it becomes bent in the middle you had better leave it alone.

Old Port Up-to-Date

Port of London in Surveying Work, Makes Use of Echo-Sounding Device

London.—So far as is known, the Port of London is the only port to make use of the echo-sounding device in its surveying operations. This means of ascertaining the depth of water by sound was utilized as long ago as 1912 in Newfoundland and is now widely used in the deeper ocean waters.

The Port of London has hitherto used the ordinary lead line and while some parts of the river are surveyed only once in two years, in other parts where silting occurs, soundings have to be made frequently. An acoustic sounding machine has now been installed on the St. Katherine, the port's survey vessel, and the lead is used only in shallow waters. In some places, such as Barking Reach, soundings are taken twice a year, this reach being the approach for the big liners to King George Dock.

In water of a depth from 3 to 15 fathoms, obstructions such as abandoned wrecks are more easily detected by the echo sounder, as it has the property of returning a note which indicates an obstruction. With the old lead line an obstruction might be missed, although the area surrounding it has been thoroughly plumbed.

The advantages of the echo sounder over the hand plummet are: An increased frequency of soundings in a ratio of 30 to 1; a more thorough examination, owing to this increased frequency; a ready response to an obstruction and an indication of its height which is impossible with the plummet; the ability to take soundings in rough weather, and the reduction in the time taken for a survey, thus adding to the scope of the ship's operations.

Peking Now Peiping

As soon as the Chinese Nationalists completed their conquest of the territory north of the Yangtze it became evident that drastic changes would be made. All vestiges of the old regime in Peking, it was decided, should be swept away and the last trace of the Manchu dynasty obliterated. It is therefore not surprising that Peking is to be renamed Peiping, and that the province in which it is situated, Chihli, is to become Hopeh, which means north of the Yellow River. The change is significant of the gradual disappearance of old Chinese conservatism, which began to go with the abandonment of the pigtail.

Peking, like St. Petersburg, later Petrograd, and ultimately, Leningrad, was destined to take a place in the affairs of the country. It had been losing prestige in proportion to the rise of the southerners. Regret its disappearance as the northerners may, they will find consolation in the step which, it may be hoped, it marks toward a united China and toward the establishment of a single responsible government, lack of which has constituted a serious drawback to progress in China.

Economics Take Place of War in New China

Reconstruction Key Note of Southern Policy—Chihli Province Renamed

Shanghai.—Developing the move to strip Peking of all vestiges of imperial importance and make Nanking the new government seat the National Government decided to rename Peking as Peiping, and also reorganize the present metropolitan area. It further decided to rename Chihli province, in which Peking is located, Hopeh, meaning north of the Yellow River, the present name having a bearing on the Manchu conquest which the Nationalists dislike.

It is reported that Dr. C. T. Wang, the new Foreign Minister, will request the powers to send representatives to Nanking. Chiang Kai-shek is leaving Nanking for Peking to confer with Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan and discuss the northern situation in an effort to compose the differences splitting these two leaders over the division of influence, which is likely to cause further trouble unless it is settled.

With the military campaign practically completed the Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, has called an economic conference here of financiers, economists and industrialists to decide on a scheme of national policy. Mr. Soong declared that with the capture of Peking the Nationalist Government can now divest itself of war "psychology" and devote its efforts toward reconstruction.

Chang's Son Seeks To Avenge Father

London.—General Chang Tsan Chang, son of Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, former War Lord of Manchuria and North China, has arrived at Kalpin in an armored train, and announced his intention to fight the Nationalists who drove his father from Peking to Mukden.

Between 20,000 and 30,000 Northern troops are concentrated between Tongshan and the Lan River, the despatch said.

Chang Tso-Lin died of an injury received when his train was bombed on the retreat from Peking to Mukden.

There have been rumors that dissatisfaction with the dictatorship is spreading in Manchuria.

The Peace River

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): The Peace River knot can not be cut as easily as the Hudson Bay one was. In the latter case, it was a question of deciding which of two points should be aimed at. The Peace River question is much more complex. The Peace River district is not a point, but an empire. No one railway will serve it adequately. It will require a network, and the question to decide is the location of the main line which will afford the best outlet for this network.

A Million Doomed to Die in Shantung

Three million people—[illegible] the whole population of [illegible] and Prince Edward Island [illegible] facing starvation at the present moment in the province of Shantung, China, and one million of them doomed to die before aid can reach them, according to American [illegible] who have been over the stricken region, to devise relief measures. All these unfortunates [illegible] a hundred square miles of territory [illegible] as barren as Death Valley in California, says Reginald [illegible] land in a special cable from Shanghai to the Chicago Daily News. One million of the three, he thinks, [illegible] can manage to keep soul and together until relief can come from the United States, provided it comes the next three or four months. The second million is doubtful, and the third can not be saved. The [illegible] extends to many other [illegible] and told, but th particular area [illegible] vastated by battles as well as drought is the centre of the trouble. To quote Mr. Sweetzer [illegible] ther:

"Roots of trees and shrubs, blades of dried grass constitute food for the millions dri[illegible] sparingly over the province [illegible] find nourishment. It is not [illegible] to say that these millions [illegible] had the semblance of a meal [illegible] months. Other millions have [illegible] province and gone to Manchuria [illegible] ents have sold their sons and [illegible] ters for as little as $5 each [illegible] purpose of buying their passage [illegible] the stricken area.

"While Shantung provinces [illegible] ways been famine stricken as a [illegible] this year is the worst in the history, the natural farmers [illegible] ing severely aggravated [illegible] al conditions, and the [illegible] farming lands have been [illegible] battle-fields for the Nationalist [illegible] Northern forces. Lack of [illegible] tity, locusts, excessive taxation [illegible] warfare, these [illegible] a [illegible] 3,000,000 people.

"With Chiang under [illegible] rule it is expected that the [illegible] which aggravated the [illegible] are likely to end. [illegible] Chang Chang-[illegible] the province by collecting [illegible] advanced taxes from the farmers [illegible] yelling thousands to [illegible] bones. The crop [illegible] were dug up by the [illegible] and eaten before they [illegible] to sprout. Thousands [illegible] ents of Tsinan, evacuated [illegible] wing to the Japanese [illegible] depending upon the starving [illegible] to support them."

"An unfortunate [illegible] sands of moneys, have [illegible] ers struggling grimly to hang [illegible] their little bits of holdings [illegible] better outlook than a slow [illegible] death for themselves and [illegible] such is the word picture drawn [illegible] correspondent of the Manchester Guardian after a motor trip [illegible] miles in the stricken area [illegible] Peking and Nanking. It is [illegible] that 2,000,000 starving people [illegible] ing for their lives out [illegible] into Manchuria, where they [illegible] find land to cultivate. The [illegible] folk migration in the world [illegible] New York Times calls [illegible] paper we get these further [illegible] figures applying to the [illegible] affected:

"Three years of bad [illegible] ditions, meagre crops [illegible] ry, locusts and lack [illegible] brought at least 4,000,000 [illegible] state of dependency [illegible] more to destitution. [illegible] respondent a month [illegible] that 9,000,000 people [illegible] were suffering. Conditions [illegible] and must continue to [illegible] other crop comes. [illegible] is received or the [illegible] to where food can be [illegible]

Another cable dispatch [illegible] the Atlanta Constitution [illegible] details:

"Horror is blended [illegible] tales of strangers [illegible] of their aged parents [illegible] them from the ranks [illegible] strangled their parents [illegible] ed after on the 1,000 [illegible] the free lands of Manchuria [illegible] cide is now generally practiced [illegible] famine districts [illegible] barely keep themselves [illegible] can not endure to see [illegible] dying of slow starvation [illegible] the women of our villages [illegible] tiny babes who have been [illegible] wayside and from ditches [illegible] within a few hours of their [illegible]

It's good to have money [illegible] things that money can buy [illegible] good, too, to check up once in a [illegible] and make sure you haven't [illegible] things that money won't buy.

H. Lorimer.

A Question?

Who is Going to Foot Radio's Bills For Advertisers are Tired of Being "On the Air"

That the radio broadcasting companies will soon find themselves in a distressing position of having no [illegible] big-hearted industrial and commercial companies eager for the privilege of footing the entertainment bills in return for the mention of their name is predicted by Harry Botsford, well-known advertising expert, in an article on "That Static Strut" in the current issue of "Barron's Financial Weekly."

Mr. Botsford points out that practically all the companies that are advertising by radio to-day are new at the game. Few of the firms who were on the air last year have thought it worth their while to repeat. "This," he says, "might lead one to think that possibly the investment turned out to be a wild speculation." The cost of "radio advertising," explains this expert, "is too heavy compared with the value received. For a year of broadcasting a program of entertainment that will cover one hour, actual time spent in concrete selling talk is less than three and a half minutes. The cost with the talent may run up to $20,000, and audiences estimated, at probably best at the most, counting women and children. Radio advertising, at best, must remain an indirect advertising medium, and I have yet to see an indirect advertising expenditure [illegible] sales or every good will that [illegible] statements at the will to [illegible] the O.K. of an [illegible] lady [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]

Nova Scotia

[illegible] Nova Scotia [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]