

If States Cede Control of the Waters.

Then the Federal Government will protect the Nation's Fish Supply.

UNCLE SAM is about to inaugurate a battle to save the nation's food fish. Already he has given the subject much attention, and a department of fish hatcheries has planted in waters all over the country millions of spawn and fingerlings.

But the new movement is to be much more systematic. It will make the entire problem of fish supply one for Washington to deal with. As a preliminary, every state in the Union will be asked to cede its rights over the principal rivers and lakes, which pass through the territory of other states.

Thus empowered the United States Government will be able to enact uniform laws and have authority to compel observance of regulations that will prevent the wholesale destruction of one of the most important staples of our food.

The preliminaries to the movement were arranged a short time ago at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, which met in Erie, Pa., after having made an extensive investigation of the fish problem on the Great Lakes and their tributaries.

The society found that the once teeming supply of fish in the great inland sea is being steadily depleted until today it is not 50 per cent of what it was.

William E. Meehan, Chief of the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries, an expert, who has made a life study of the subject, announced that at the root of the trouble lay the lack of uniform legislation. Nearly every state has some laws to protect the fish, he said, and there are also Canadian restrictions, but they are not alike, and it is not possible, for example, to secure in Michigan obedience to an Ohio statute.

What is needed, the Commissioner explained, is a conference between State, Federal and Canadian authorities to map out a programme that will give the fish a chance.

Commissioner Meehan was authorized to present the case to President Roosevelt and to the Canadian authorities, and also to prepare for each state a draft of the bills that must be introduced into each Legislature to cede control of the fish waters to Washington. It is hoped that by the time the United States and Canada have their conference on the subject, that Uncle Sam will have obtained from all the interested states the rights necessary to act for all.

The American Fisheries Society is an influential body, made up of the Fish Commissioners of the United States Government and of the 30 states that have been attempting to deal with one of the most important problems bearing on the increasingly difficult question of food.

For two years the matter of Federal control has been recognized as the only solution of the Great Lakes fisheries question, but the present movement will carry this idea a good deal further, and will give Washington authority over every considerable body of water in the country that is a supply point for fish.

The Canadian Minister of Marine has expressed himself as eager to meet the United States Government more than half way on any proposition that can be advanced for the good of the cause.

In exercising authority over the fish waters the supply will be protected by the enforcement of laws as to the open and closed season, the size of fish to be caught, the size of the mesh of seines, so as to let the smaller fish escape, the methods of fishing, protection of the waters from pollution, and all the other advanced systems of saving the fishy residents of the deep from extinction.

National control will also have the effect of lessening the political influence in the handling of the question of minimizing the demands of the commercial fishermen, for it is a notorious fact that it is much easier to get concessions from corrupt officials than from Washington.

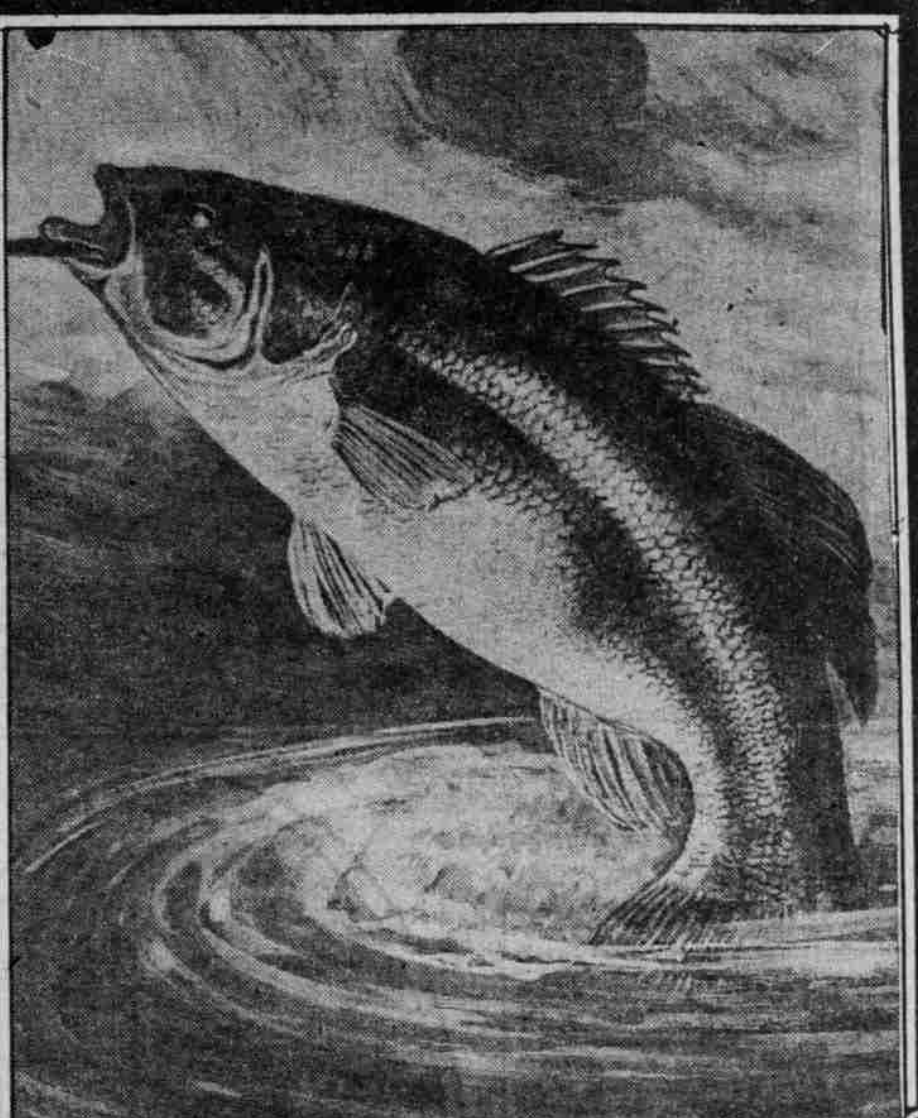
The movement is not planned in the interest of sportsmen, nor for those who sell fish, though both will benefit largely. The sportsmen of the country will be a unit for all such regulations as are planned, for their one great idea is to have the waters of Uncle Sam's domain protected from extinction.

But primarily the effort is being directed to save the common people what should be one of the cheapest possible kinds of food.

It costs nothing to raise fish. They do not have to be fed. The waters in which they grow provide them all the nourishment they need. The only cost is to catch them and get them to market. This ought to make them sell far cheaper than meat, and does, save in the case of trout and the game arctic crabs. At a time when the cost of living is ever mounting, the poor need protection, and that is why Uncle Sam is going to exert the limit of his power

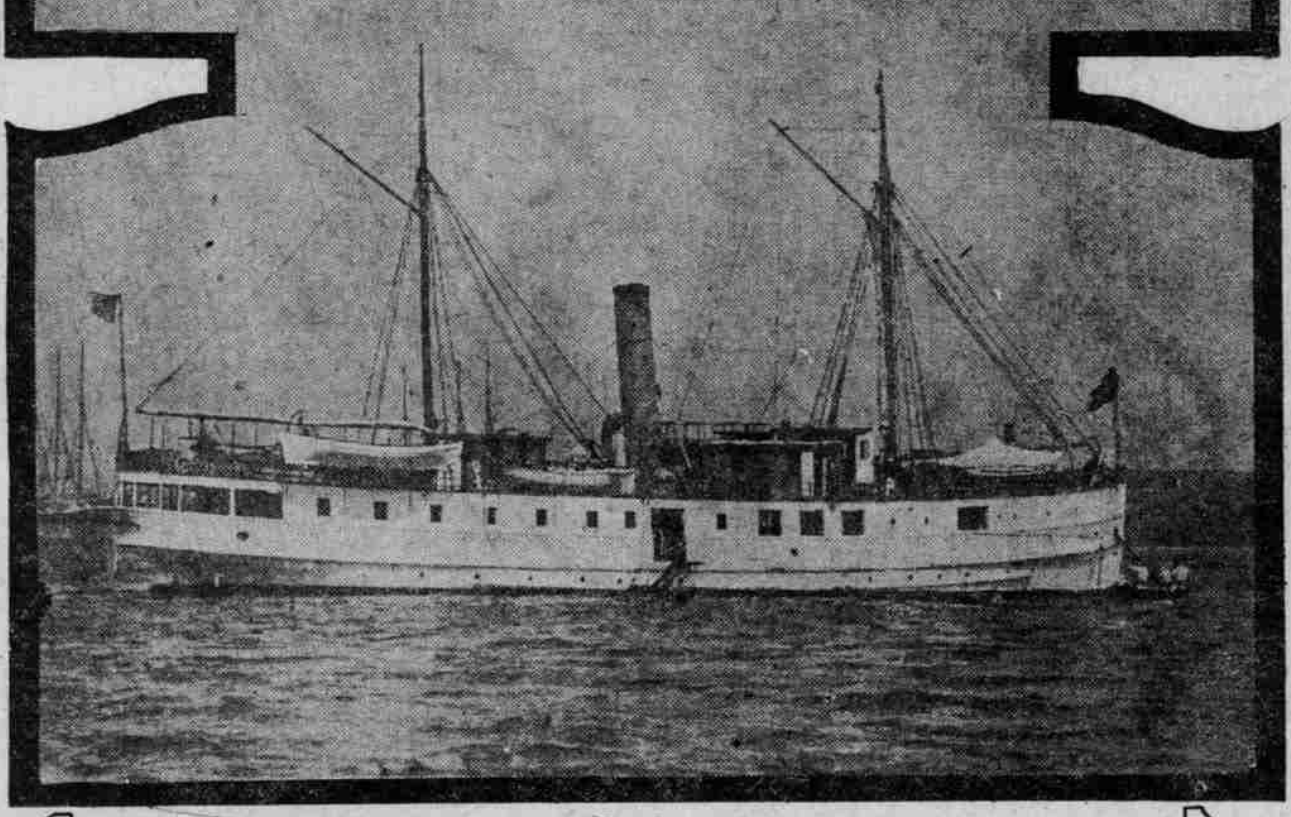


FISH COMMISSIONER, WILLIAM E. MEEHAN.
Who is at the head of movement to have States empower Government to do all that is needed to protect Fish Supply.

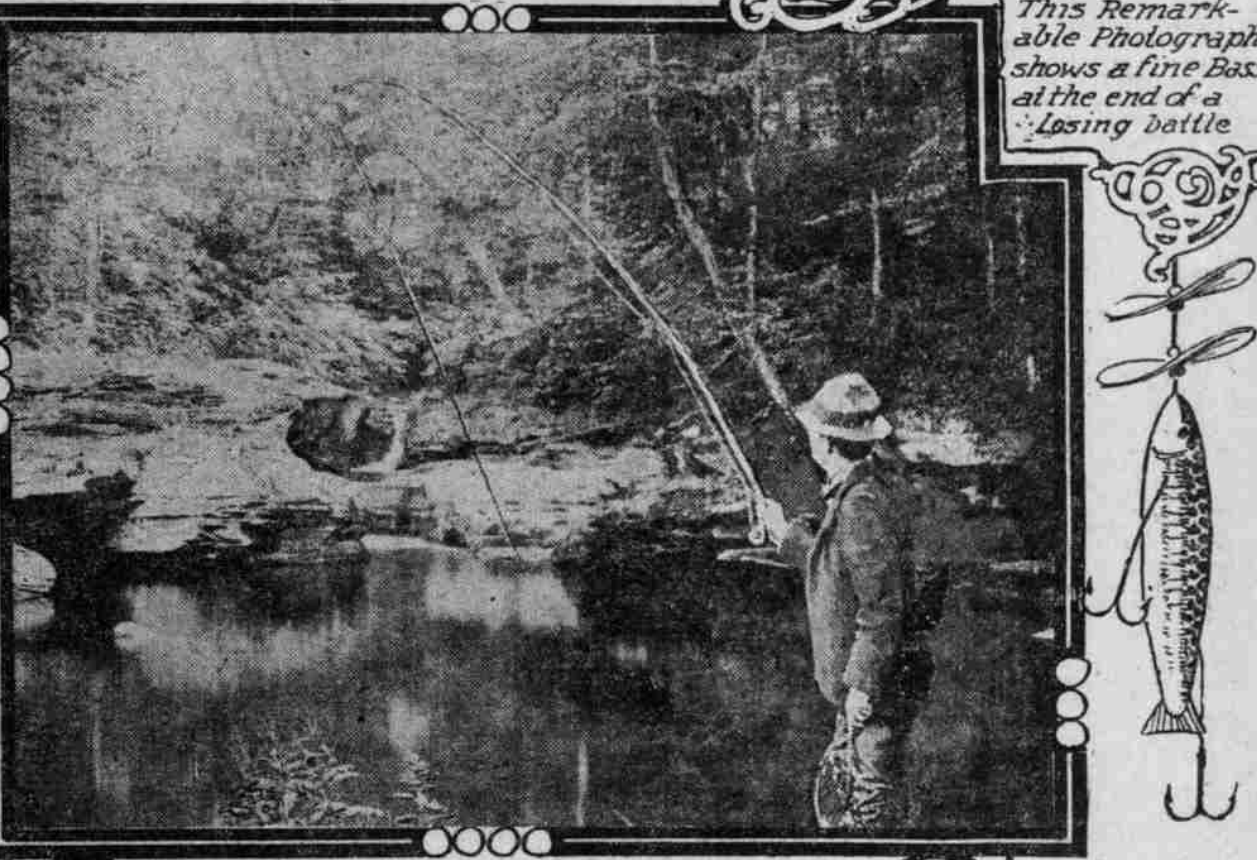


A BIG BASS HOOKED.

This remarkable Photograph shows a fine Bass at the end of a losing battle.



THE "FISH HAWK," This United States Government boat carries the Spawn and Fingerlings to Bays and Rivers, where Artificial culture is being attempted.



WHIPPING POOL FOR TROUT.
This great sport will pass away unless measures are taken to protect Fish Supply.

to keep his stock of fish from deception. Congressman Shiras, of Pittsburgh, has been selected to present the question to Congress, and he will find little trouble in pressing his views, for all his colleagues who have studied the questions share his views.

It is admitted on all sides that a time has arrived when the problem must be dealt with. The question is not so pressing in the South, but in the North, especially that section east of the Mississippi and north of Dixon's line, the greed of the fish dealers has had the effect of completely destroying many noted fishing grounds.

Thus the Connecticut River was at one time noted for producing some of the finest shad in the world. Now the catch hardly makes it pay the fishermen for putting out the nets. The Delaware River, the most noted shad supply source, in the country, was in almost as bad shape, but the United States ship, the Fishhawk, has stocked the river liberally with the spawn, so that this year quite an improvement was noted.

The two plans must go hand in hand. What fish there are surviving must be protected, and where the stock has almost passed artificial propagation must do its work of help.

The lack of uniform laws has really made Canada a worse sufferer than the United States. In some of our lake states the restrictive laws passed by State Legislatures make it impossible for fishermen to ply their trade in

American waters, so they cross over into Canadian waters, catch their fish and bring them into the United States to be sold. But if the regulations governing the lakes were made uniform, this practice would be impossible.

Artificial propagation could be made to do a wonderful work all over the country; in fact, it is absolutely necessary if our waters are to be made to produce as they once did.

Only 1 to 2 per cent of the fish hatched naturally reach maturity, and about 95 per cent of the eggs deposited by nature are destroyed. By artificial hatching 90 to 95 per cent of the eggs are hatched.

Yellow perch and pickerel eggs yield 95 per cent, while only 90 per cent of shad eggs are hatched. The loss of

wall-eyed pike eggs is the greatest. The hatch is only about 60 per cent. Yet the advantage of artificial hatching is the enormous difference of 60 to 95 per cent, as against only 5 per cent hatched in the natural way.

It is also hoped that by the change of laws the United States can gain more control over deep-sea fishing within the three-mile limit.

The operations of the Menhaden fishermen on the Atlantic Coast have

long been a source of concern to lovers of game fish, for the nets set for Menhaden are known to take in quantities of mackerel, butterfish, alewives, shad and bluefish.

As long as Legislatures had the way, it was hard for Washington to act, but now that protection of fish is to be a source of food supply, will be looked after in the efficient way that Uncle Sam does things.

parent only by the myriad lights which twinkled on the shores and far up the mountain sides, which shone from the vessels at anchor in her harbor and in a thousand broken reflections in the dark water; the stars above the lights, around and below—we floated in atmosphere—no suggestion of earth was there—we were one of the many lights only—a part of the great firmament itself!

It was midnight when we reached Portland, and as we stepped ashore, we came back to earth once more; but such a happy, charming spot on this earth earthy—that it was good to be there. From the appearance of the streets, it might have been 10 o'clock in the evening; people were sauntering about; drug stores, restaurants were open; the shops, although closed, were brightly lit, and there was the same air of sane, natural, happy life which we had noticed ever since we first set foot on Portland's shore.

Ab, me, I have left a bit of my heart in Portland and some day I hope to go back and find it.

PORTLAND, THE PORT OF BEAUTY

ENTHUSIASTIC APPRECIATION OF OREGON'S CHIEF CITY BY AN EASTERN VISITOR WHO HAS DESCRIPTIVE POWER

BY JEAN S. RENNY.

RATHER bored, if the truth be known, and utterly weary of the tropic heat and artificial vegetation of Los Angeles, we came to Portland and found a new interest in life and blessed rest for body and soul in the same happy life of the city, in its environment of wooded height and wave of washed shore and its revivifying air.

There in the scent of the sea is blent, With odors of the firs.

We have found our castle in Spain—a city where, in spite of an unmistakable atmosphere of sound business prosperity and of activity in all commercial lines—the sense of work, of bustle and confusion is not paramount; good picture and book-shops abound, and not only handsome homes testifying to wealth, but plenty of moderate homes of tidy cottages which seem to show widespread prosperity. There may be slums—there was a slum even in Eden—but we did not see them.

Although the modern American spirit which is impelling Seattle, for example, to hurl its hills bodily into the sea in its march of progress, is absent from Portland, still there is by no means a

sense of stagnation—it is more the same, natural growth of nature, the same resistless force which brings a mighty oak from a tiny acorn is at work in this fair city, spreading ever backward to its mountains, climbing up their wooded slopes and reaching out for miles along the beautiful banks of the Willamette.

A happy rather than a gay city seems Portland, and beautiful in all details, from the clustering balls of light which shed a soft, clear radiance at night to its handsome, substantial blocks of business houses.

The "outings" that the city offers are many; the chance to get back to nature is ever present, and few are too poor to at least reach the park, a bit of natural woodland just touched and trained a bit by an artist hand. We spent a blessed afternoon there; the spirit of nature was abroad, in deep ravines from whose fern-clad sides rose the mighty pines and firs of Oregon; in forest shades deep and cool, in mossy dells where gubbling springs and trickling streams made music sweet and low; in gardens fragrant with roses, and in leafy coverts where the deer, the squirrel, the royal peacock

and lesser birds of all degrees lived in happy freedom, unconscious that bounds were set to keep them captive, though free.

As we wandered along the pine-carpeted trails, like a strain of music kept breaking in my mind the rhythm and beauty of a verse from a recent poem, "The Green Inn," by Theodosia Garrison:

The roof is high and arched and blue; The floor is spread with pine; On my four walls the sunlight falls In golden flecks and gleams; And swift and fleet on noiseless feet The Four winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store— Great drinks mixed cunningly Wherein the scent of furs is blent With odor of the sea.

As from a cup, I drink it up, To thrill the veins of me.

Just as we were turning to leave the park, like a vision luminous and fair we caught a glimpse of Mount Hood, floating apparently a great white rose in clouds of violet and gray.

By a happy accident—for we were strangers in Portland and not yet well acquainted with her pleasure trips—we saw a car bearing the sign, "Mountains in View," and it seemed to us a goodly

thing to join the others going to pay homage to this fair sight.

Up and ever upward climbed our car, pushing its way apparently for the first time into the very heart of a primeval forest so dense the growth of trees on either side our narrow track. Traces that man had been before us, though, showed in beautiful homes perched on the mountain side, dropped as if by accident among the towering trees.

It was all very lovely, this ride in the quiet twilight through the perfume forest, with a chance glimpse at some turn or curve of a snowy peak or a bit of river blue. The supreme moment, when we stood like the gods of old on Olympus and viewed the world at our feet, came suddenly as the crises of life usually do.

From the isolated peak on which we stood we looked over the forest through which we had just come and the city nestling at its feet, across the Columbia River with its green islands touched and transfused by the sunset glow, at the majestic Cascades above whose darkly wooded slopes rose, each isolated and aloof, those white giants among the mountains, Hood, Adams, St. Helens, and still further off, looming up back of St. Helens, the great bulk of Rainier seemed to pierce the very skies.

Many mountains in their turn have held my heart; but for supreme grandeur, these peaks of Portland now hold sway. There is a marked resemblance to some parts of the Swiss ranges; the combination of lower ranges, densely green, and

snow peaks rising majestically above them, is peculiarly Alpine, of course; and in this particular the mountain ranges of Washington and Oregon gain in beauty over the Rocky Mountains, bare and cold from summit to base, save for occasional scraggy growth near the foot.

Again, seeing these great peaks of the Northwest from sea-level, gives them about 5000 feet above mountains of the same height seen from Colorado, that great plateau of a state lying from 4000 to 6000 or 7000 feet in the air.

The twilights are long and lovely in Portland, and we watched the white peaks turn to rose and gold, we saw the violet gray of early evening creep over river, city and forest before we turned reluctantly away.

The fact that a perfectly appointed Japanese tea house furnished us with delicious coffee and sandwiches, as we sat there on the edge of the world, did not detract from our joy.

The grade was appallingly steep as we slid down to the city, and it was balm to my soul to hear a man assure a maid that—

"An accident is impossible"—long mechanical details followed which my brain could not grasp. I just clung to that first sentence as we slipped around curves and twists or hung on the dizzy edge of some dark ravine.

Portland's twinkling lights looked very alluring below us—so suggestive of home comforts and pleasant freedoms; and it was quite a pleasant sensation to come down from "the heights" and mingle with the happy, sauntering crowds on her gaily-lighted streets.

A trip by water which gave us great joy was up the Columbia to The Dalles; so swiftly does the scenery change on this marvelous trip and so sharp the contrast in each case that I had the same feeling I had as a child when looking through a kaidoscope—each combination of colored glass was so beautiful that it wrung my heart to turn to the next. So with the river trip; the wooded islands and fertile sun-kissed river banks, with orchards deeply fruited that marked the first part of the trip, gave way all too soon to grimly towering peaks and bold bluffs, sharply jutting out from rocky walls, where snowy waterfalls beat themselves to foam in their headlong plunge to dark ravines below; softly rippling waves, that kissed the shores, and parted gently before us, changed in a second to swirling, seething rapids that in ugly mood, fought us, for every inch of our way; then came the placid silence of the lock, down which we quietly settled into the river bed again, grown quiet now, and running between level plains, for we were fast approaching The Dalles—the flat places—probably so fitly named by early Canadian-French explorers.

The homeward trip was even more beautiful than the outwardbound; for long shadows began to creep over land and waves, as slow evening came gently on; then the setting sun touched all nature with magic—

And there was glory over all the land, And there was glory over all the sea. The whole world seemed to float in a very sea of glory, and we sailed stilly and softly on. Night, "with her thousand eyes," had triumphed over "day," as we neared Portland; and the city was apparent only by the myriad lights which twinkled on the shores and far up the mountain sides, which shone from the vessels at anchor in her harbor and in a thousand broken reflections in the dark water; the stars above the lights, around and below—we floated in atmosphere—no suggestion of earth was there—we were one of the many lights only—a part of the great firmament itself!

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Moving a Seven-Room House.

Kansas City Star. Imitating the New York engineers who moved a great steel bridge two miles down the Harlem River on gows, a Boston firm has floated a seven-room house, intact, from Prison Point, Charlestown, to the beach at Winthrop Highlands. The house had stood for years at the Prison Point crossing of the Boston & Maine Railroad and was occupied by the draw tender. The construction of a grade crossing bridge made necessary the removal of the house. It was purchased by speculators and moved by them. It will be used as a Summer cottage.