

Where Portland's Izaak Walton's Catch Speckled Beauties

EARLY SPRING FISHING TO BE HAD NEAR PORTLAND.

An Hour or Two of Travel Takes the Local Exponent of Rod and Reel to Haunts of Finny Tribe—Clackamas, Hardest Fished Stream on Coast, Continues to Yield Good Catches—Trolling for Salmon in Willamette River.



String on Salmon Eggs For Bait Keeps The Spring Angler Busy.

This Is An Actual Life Size Reproduction Of A Typical Clackamas Trout Caught By An Oregonian Photographer.



Trolling For Salmon From A Row Boat



Patience Is Required By The Successful Salt Fisher!

PORTLAND fishermen enjoy a novel privilege. With but a single day of leisure at hand, or even with half a day, the local Izaak Walton is able to put in the day to good advantage on trout stream or salmon pool. For after all the years of arduous fishing the streams hereabouts continue holding up under the strain and yielding fine catches.

Although the fishing season has been legally open for the past month the real angling and casting period is just starting towards its zenith. In the course of the next month the sport will come to its very best in a score of streams. It is the impending transition from bait fishing to fly casting that brings out the full army of Portland's exponents of rod and stream.

With the average city dweller fishing trips are events to be dreamed of and realized once or twice in a year or a decade. While love of rod and stream is bred into hundreds of thousands a majority of these find no indulgence in the sport because of the busy swirl of metropolitan existence.

And here in Portland is the happy

combination—a great busy city with trout streams in profusion close at hand. Year after year these streams continue yielding their good catches. Occasionally the fisherman returns with empty creel but he generally is encouraged by a fair catch and during the season is certain of many exceptional takes if he persists.

An hour of travel from the heart of the city, for example, will take the fisherman to the haunt of "minnows" weighing from five to 10 pounds. This "big game" fishing is now excellent and is getting better. The scene is below the Willamette Falls at Oregon City and the game is the spring run of salmon. These big, scrappy fellows take a spoon readily. And once you hook one there is half an hour or more of an animated struggle.

"Big Game" Fishing.

Every day scores of fishermen are enjoying this splendid sport which never gives out during the season. The supply of salmon seems inexhaustible. Now and then a fisherman returns from the Falls with nothing to show for his

outing, but the average catch is from one to half a dozen—and when you consider that the average fish there will run better than ten pounds you need not feel the day lost if you catch but one fish.

It is a common occurrence for the fisherman to catch more fish than he can carry home. Those big fellows, you see, run into weight fast. You get one weighing 40 pounds, another weighing 30 and a couple of more in the 15-pound class and you will need

stout shoulders to tote away your catch.

This big game fishing is done mainly from boats. Spoons are cast out and drawn up and down until a Chinook, his curiosity aroused, strikes it "like one dog biting another" as the fishermen say. Then commences the battle. The gamy fish invariably takes one prodigious sheet across the river, leaping several feet out of the water and shaking himself in the process. For the first ten minutes of play the fish fights

with every ounce there is in him, darting and thrusting, striking with his tail and dashing up and down. It is not until his splendid strength begins to wane that he gives in to the inevitable and the instinct of self-preservation is rendered nil. Slowly he is brought up to the boat and as he catches a flash of his tormentors he puts his remaining strength into a final flurry. In the end he is drawn up and "gaffed" and then lifted into the boat.

Comparatively few fishermen go in

for this magnificent sport, however. It is the smaller fish of the trout streams that lure the majority. There are half a hundred of these small streams within a radius of 25 miles of Portland and each stream is the favorite place of scores of fishermen.

The Clackamas River is the hardest fished stream in Oregon. If not in the Northwest. You can strike the Clackamas in a run of 45 minutes by auto or streetcar, or you can travel for hours and even days up towards its source. Notwithstanding the inroads of tens of thousands of fishermen during the past 50 years the Clackamas can be relied upon for good catches the year around. It is particularly the standby of the bait fisherman, who is especially busy at this early part of the fishing season.

Big Fish in Clackamas.

Although the fisherman may meet an occasional day of hard luck in the Clackamas, it is unusual to return therefrom with empty creel. The beauty of fishing in the Clackamas is that it is the haunt of schools of big fish, and it is not at all unusual to get into a likely pool only to have the one and two-pounders begin fighting for first place on the hook. It is not, to be sure, a stream where the unskilled man may go out and get a day's record catch. The old river has been so hard fished that the fish, especially the larger ones, become quite fastidious as to the bait they take. So the man who doesn't know how to drape his salmon eggs, disguise his leader and let his bait fall with the water in a natural fashion, is reasonably certain of failure. It is not an uncommon sight to see two men fishing side by side—one with empty creel and the other with a fine take.

Until late in the summer bait fishing prevails on the Clackamas, which has an average width of some 50 yards. In its upper reaches it passes through rugged country that is difficult of access, and here some exceptional sport is to be had fly fishing in August and September.

Among the network of trout streams directly east of the city are the Little Sandy, Salmon River, Bull Run, Clear Creek, Deep Creek, Eagle Creek, Johnson Creek and the north fork of the Clackamas. West of Portland is a number of splendid early trout streams. The water in these does not run off the mountains, and is of a temperature that admits of good catches much earlier than in the typical mountain streams. In the list is Soroggin Creek, Patton Creek on the Tualatin, Gales Creek and Dairy Creek.

Small tributaries of the Columbia also afford much good sport easy of access. The best early fishing is on the Lower Columbia, the streams most fished being Scappoose Creek, Tide Creek, Clatskanie, Big Creek and the Necanicum.

When you go into the topic of fishing in Oregon the field is a big one. No better fishing, perhaps, can be found any place on earth than in some of the unfrequented streams of this state. Every county has its renowned trout streams, the most noted fishing places being the McKenzie River, out of Eugene; the Deschutes, in Eastern Oregon, and the Rogue River, in Southern Oregon.



Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.



Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

THE SECRET OF JOURNALISM.

They have an office boy on a New York newspaper—or, they had one, rather, as the tenure of office boys on newspapers averages about two weeks—who was the staff's despair, says the Harrisburg Telegram. Not that this is distinguishing or definite, but this boy's literariness and stupidity were the last words in those office boy arts.

It was Eddie's duty to empty the exchanges from the large mail bags every morning, spread them and carry them upstairs to the exchange editor's room. Invariably he would lay them upside down, so the scissors-and-paste man would have to turn them himself.

"Why do you do that, Eddie?" asked the exchange editor one day, his patience gone. "I can't read the papers that way. Do you know why you have to bring these newspapers up here?"

"Yes, sir," answered the truthful Eddie.

"Well?"

"Cause Mr. Jones tells me to."

"No, no! Good heavens! Do you know what newspapers are for? Do you know why they are printed?"

"Yes, sir. To sell."

They don't argue any more with Eddie. They just fired him, although the literary editor, who shared the room with the exchange editor, maintains that Eddie's answer was the best of many possible ones.

BURGLARS AND COLLECTIONS.

"Being a moral member of the community, naturally I deplore burglaries,"

said the church treasurer, according to the New York Times. "If I studied the welfare of the church alone I should encourage them, for, next to the burglars themselves, the people who profit most from an epidemic of small robberies are the churches."

"With peace and safety reigning in a neighborhood, householders leave most of their money at home when they go to church, consequently they contribute in dribblets, but just let that same locality become infested with burglars and everybody takes his money to church and increases his contributions proportionately."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Little Harold had just begun the study of music and a visitor asked how he was getting along. "All right," he replied, "only I have trouble with the sharks and flaps."

Dollie—But I don't want to wash my face, grandma. Grandma—But you must, dear. When I was a little girl I always washed my face. Dollie—Yes; and just look at it now!

"Mamma," said Little Dorothy upon her return from Sunday school, "I learned a verse this morning." "What is it dear?" asked her mother. "The Lord is my shepherd; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures and roll over!"—Chicago News.

COULDN'T STAND THE FACE.

The Army and Navy Club in Washington is an exclusive organization. The clubhouse is nicely decorated. One

Quips and Flings

"I don't see how the market for automobiles is kept up."

"Why, everybody wants one."

"I know. But those who can afford to buy them are being killed in auto accidents."—Satire.

"I think the doctor is about through with me. Told me my ailment is practically cured."

"What did you have?"

"Three hundred dollars originally."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ethel—Bella told me that you told her that she said I told you not to tell her.

Madge—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you.

Ethel—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did. —Chicago Daily News.

"In chapter I he shoots at her five times. Ain't that grand?"

"Yes; but them novels are misleading. Mayme. There ain't no earnest love like that in real life."—Kansas City Journal.

"That woman is much better dressed than I am, although I go to a better dressmaker."

"You would do better to have a less excellent cook."—Pele Mele.

"I should think," said the woman of the house, "you would have too much self-respect to make your living by begging."

"Lady," protested Ruffon Wrutz,

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

COME, JOUCUND SPRING.

Come jocund Spring, with bud on bough!
With daffodil and gentle zephyr,
With rich milk from the brindle cow
And gladness in the skipping heifer,
With blossoms rare,
And everywhere
New hope for bird and beast and man;
Come, Spring, and try
As you go by
To be as jocund as you can.

Come, Jocund Spring, with slop and mud,
With rivers prone to go astray,
With man and beast forced by the flood,
To seek the treetops where they may;
With frosts that kill
And winds that chill
And roaring rains that halt the plow;
You sometimes leave
Us cause to grieve,
But, please, be jocund, anyhow.

Come, jocund Spring, with burning piles
Of rubbish in the filthy alleys,
With hilltops wreathed in misty smiles
And wild streams gushing through
The valleys,
With buttercups,
And gleeful pups
That tumble, carefree, on the grass;
No doubt you'll make
Old people ache,
But do be jocund as you pass.

Come, jocund Spring, with rioting
Housecleaning, strikes and moving
day,
And all the other ills you bring
To spread discomfort and dismay,

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

With noses blue
For people who
Get off to see the opening game;
Brings chills and fogs,
Rain cats and dogs,
But please be jocund just the same.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A FOOL SAID THIS.

Once a time a fool said this,
That man was born to woe below,
Since this doctrine so amiss
Is carried to and fro below.

And for that fools are near and far,
Now we no comfort know below,
Oh ye, who so shortsighted are,
How long your ears must grow below.
—Joseph Viktor von Scheffel.

USELESS.

Oh, Young Lochinvar is come out of the sky;
Throughout the wide border he first
learned to fly.
Since nobody else has that kind of a
car,
There's no use in chasing the young
Lochinvar.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MARTYR.

The politician now appears
Armed for the coming fray;
He's overcome his modest fears,
But says he's in to stay.
He hates campaign publicity,
Its very thought offends,
But with a heart like this, you see,
He can't refuse his friends.
—Lippincott's.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

MUSICAL INDIVIDUAL.—Have you seen Hansel and Gretel?

SPORTING INDIVIDUAL.—Yes; cleverest pair of monkeys I've ever seen.—London Opinion.

"The girls declared they would rather dance than eat."

"Well."

"Yet now they're kicking because we added two waits numbers to the programme and cut down the supper menu a little bit."—Washington Herald.

STRAIGHTENING HIMSELF UP.—"self-respect is not all mine. I wouldn't do this for no other man on earth."—Chicago Tribune.

ILLUSTRATION: A man in a suit and hat stands next to a woman in a dress and hat. They appear to be in a conversation. The man is looking at the woman, and she is looking towards the viewer.