

CHAMPION FISHERMAN OF OREGON

Something About W. F. Isaacs of Medford Whose Skill Has Attracted the Admiration of the Best

Anglers of the World—Some of His Catches With Small Flies and Light Rods in the Rogue River and Other Streams of Southern Oregon.



A THREE HOURS CATCH.

A FEW HOURS CATCH WITH NO. 8 FLY.



BATTLING WITH A 9 LB RAINBOW

A DAY'S CATCH OF RAINBOW AND STEELHEAD WEIGHING 100 LBS. WITH NO. 6 FLY 600Z. EDD

A DAY'S CATCH OF RAINBOW, STEELHEAD AND CUTTHROAT TROUT.

TO W. F. ISAACS of Medford belongs the honor of being the champion fisherman of Oregon. Probably also of the Pacific coast, for he has fished with all the crack fishermen of California and Washington and more than held his own with the best of them. In the opinion of many Mr. Isaacs ranks as the premier fisherman of America. He has fished with the best fly fishermen of New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, and his catch was more than double the size of any of theirs.

The biggest catch in weight made in one day by Mr. Isaacs was that of 26 steelhead, which averaged 5 pounds apiece and were caught with a number 8 fly and 6-ounce rod. The largest fish ever caught by Mr. Isaacs with a fly was a 10-pound rainbow trout, the biggest fish of its kind ever caught in southern Oregon. Mr. Isaacs has frequently caught the full number allowed by the law in one day; none of them small.

Rogue river from its source in the mountains near Crater lake to its mouth that he is not familiar with and he has not frequently fished. He knows every rapid, every ripple and every eddy in the stream. Most of his fish, however, were caught near Medford or near Trail, some 25 miles above Medford.

The largest fish shown in the pictures are steelheads. The steelhead is a true trout, though it grows to such a large size that it is frequently styled salmon, but it is not a salmon. It is one of the gamiest fish native to western waters and puts up the hardest kind of a fight. Young steelheads are frequently called "salmon trout," but there is no such distinct variety of fish as the "salmon trout."

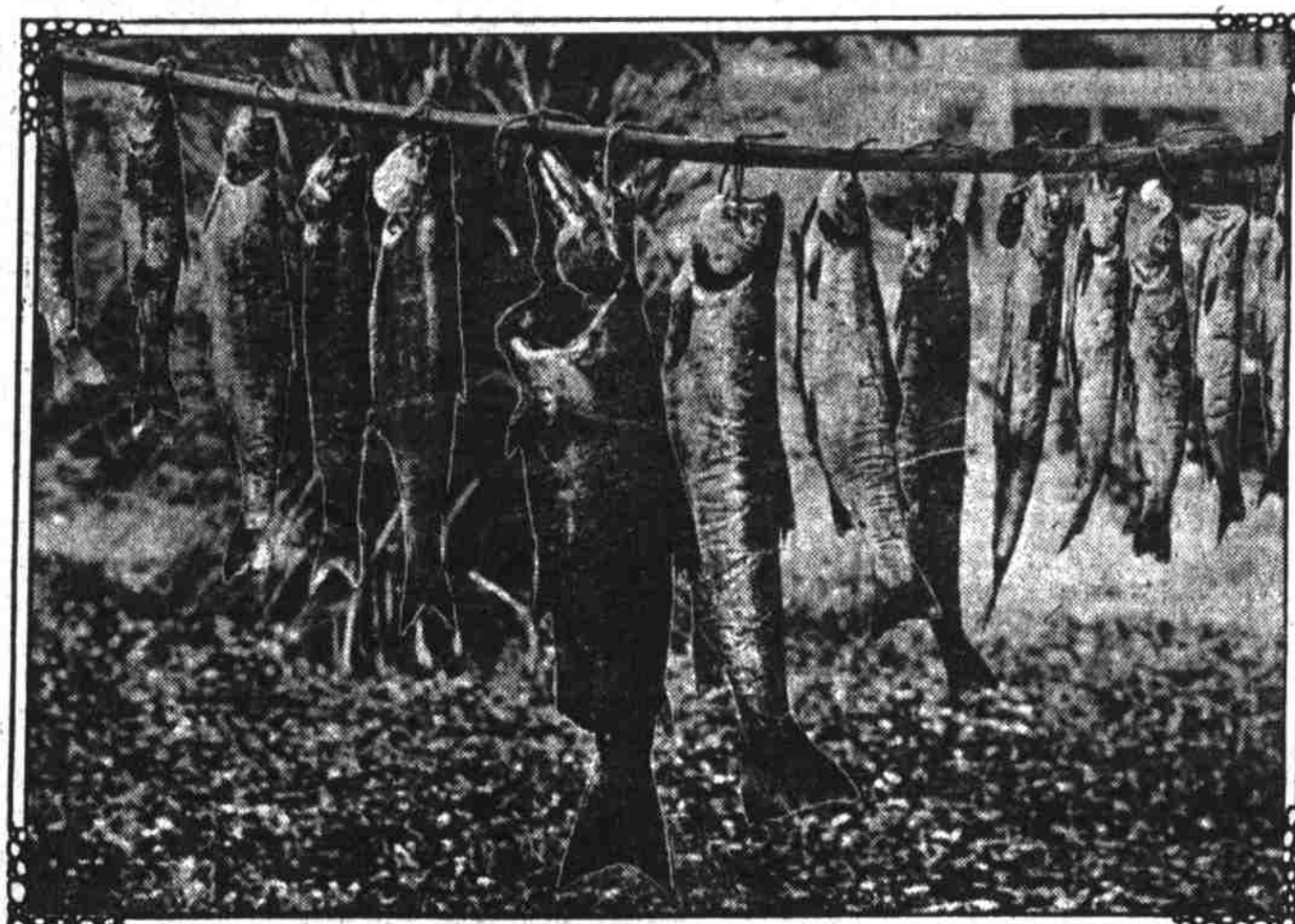
Other fish shown are "rainbow" trout, one of the gamiest and best of native game fish, the "cut-throat" trout, also a fighter, though smaller than the rainbow, and ordinary western brook trout, which seldom attain large size. In many Oregon streams these varieties have crossed, resulting in hybrid species.

A Native of Oregon.

Mr. Isaacs is a young man who was born and raised in southern Oregon, and for the past 15 years has fished along the Rogue river and other Oregon streams. There is no part of the

Outfishes Champions.

Among the crack fishermen who pay tribute to Isaacs' skill is W. D. Mansfield of San Francisco, champion fly caster of the United States. He fished alongside of Mr. Isaacs several days,



A DAY'S CATCH.

MURDERING THE LANGUAGE Cause of the Cockneys Dropping the "H." Nasal Twang of American Nationalities

NOT once, but several times I have heard the complaint made that what is generally called slang or dialect is finding its way into the language spoken by the educated classes. This is especially so in London, as I have noticed myself from my own experience, and I am also told that the same is the case in America.

It is not in London drawing-rooms that one hears nowadays the finest rhythms of that language which in poetry is full of music, and which in prose, too, might have a cadence as melodious as it is gritty.

The average conversation in London society sounds like the rappings of a telegraphic operator. From sound it becomes a thud, or a phenomenon of acoustic mud.

The Londoner, unlike the Parisian, has never been known to give his language the elegance and pointed grace that made Paris, ever since the days of Moliere, the seat and home of the finest diction in France. In England many people believe that the best French is spoken in Touraine. Quelle blague! To hear French at its best one must hear it spoken in Paris in the town where both the heart and intellectual pulse of France.

London has never been the heart of

England. The intellect without a heart is a flame without heat. Such an intellect becomes rapidly blasé, caustic, Byzantine. Having reached that condition it moulds itself an idiotic, cold, blasé, nasal, choppy, unmusical and graceless.

Have the etymologists, those great students of words and small understanders of language, ever inquired into the causes of the constant misplacement of the "H" in Cockney talk? I doubt it, yet there is half the psychology of Cockneydom. The less emotional a people becomes the more it talks from parts of the head instead of the breast. Just as the most emotional instruments are broad and peccatorial instead of long and heady.

Cause of Nasal Twang.

In the New World, whether in the United States or South America, the nasal twang may be heard in the English, Spanish or Portuguese alike. In the New World people have incomparatively less intense and less complicated emotionality; if at times a more violent one, than have the older nations of Europe. If now we apply this fact to the Londoner we need not wonder that his soul, robbed as it is of all emotions, is unable to muster sufficient peccatorial breath for a proper use of the

"H's." He mangles them as he mangles polysyllables for want of emotional breath.

Society, getting in certain layers as unemotional as a Chinese bronze, must necessarily pay the linguistic penalty for it.

Pectoral voices become rare, breath gets feeble. H's get discolored, G's are lopped off and R's tend to become vowels.

It is, however, when we turn our attention from the sounds of a single letter to those of whole sentences; it is in the cadence of phrases that the Cockneyfication of society becomes painful. As language consists of sentences and not of words, so pronunciation is more important in the tone and cadence of the sentence than in that of single words.

When a Spaniard or Italian asks you something you know that a question has been asked, even if you do not understand one word of what he said. You hear from the cadence that it is a question. Not so in London. Questions, doubts, amazement, irony, humorlessness, battery—all and everything are pronounced in the same cadence of drizzling word-drops. The wave of the sentence has no crest, no valley, no glittering foam, no heavy undulation. It is

water flowing from the rim of a rain-drenched hat.

This lack of cadence in sentences produces finally the worst of all features—the anaemic vocabulary of drawing-room conversation. To the close student of life there is a grim irony in the sight of a woman, whose dress is carefully chosen from the latest, best, most artistic, or would-be artistic, material and models, and whose words are taken from among the rags of the rag-bags of the East End of London. It is not once in a hundred cases that one is given to hear choice vocabulary. In Paris, in Berlin, in Rome, any man or woman entering a salon is expected to talk in a distinctive manner, both as to pronunciation and as to tournure de phrase.

Harm to English Prose.

Of London, on the other hand, it may be said, that it is of all places where to acquire something of the wealth of English, the poorest in the chances it offers for that purpose. In Paris you hear all that the language contains within one or two years, in London not in 20 years. This, I am convinced, has

done incalculable harm to English prose. Literary prose is a big river living on the numerous affluents of fine private conversation. This is how women have at all times influenced the literary prose of their men. Cicero himself says that the best Latin of his time was talked by Roman matrons. But where, as in London, talk is slipshod, the affluents of the big river are drained, and the river itself is dried up.

It has been said by very prominent men, of whom I have the highest opinion, that to overcome this, people should read English aloud, talk French and German, but I think that the cause of the evil is far deeper. By mere lip and tongue practice pure and original English will not be preserved. English, like everything great and precious, can be preserved only by the very cause by which it was produced.

Throbbing hearts and keen minds concentered in many an anxious crusade of life, the holy land of the English language.

It will only be by a proper electrification of the underground of London society that English will continue to be what it once was, a maiden much like beautiful Greek, armored by mighty Rome.

and openly expressed his admiration of the Oregonian.

When the champion marksmen of the world were through Medford a year ago, they were introduced to Rogue river fishing by Mr. Isaacs, and all acknowledged his skill. Among the marksmen were Walter Huff, William Crosby, William Hillis, Tom Marshall, David W. King of San Francisco, and Chauncey M. Powers of Decatur, Illinois, all of them noted anglers.

Frank Ayers, and Dr. Holden, of New York, who are both considered without peers in the streams of the Appalachian region, were so delighted with Mr. Isaacs' skill that they offered to pay his expenses east, provided he would enter into fly-casting and fishing contests in New York and other eastern states.

Though Mr. Isaacs has little trouble in making phenomenal catches, an ordinary fisherman can go over the same ground without securing a rise. His secret lies in his casting; the length of line he uses, and the way in which the fly lights on the water. He prefers light tackle and small flies, frequently landing a 10-pound fish on a No. 8 fly and a 6-ounce rod.

Faulty Fish Ladders.

Before the days when dams impeded the progress of the fish up stream, the Rogue river was the best fishing stream

in the state. Of late years, however, steelhead and salmon have become rare through the dams with faulty fishways being built.

There is at present a dam at Grants Pass which effectually stops the progress of many fish up stream. Fish are unable to find the ladder and beat their brains out leaping against the dam. Not one fish in 10 succeeds in getting past the dam, and there are prospects unless something is done to remedy the situation, that good fishing on the Rogue river will be a thing of the past.

Last week a committee of indignant fishermen waited upon the owners of the Grants Pass dam and informed them that unless the defects were remedied, some morning they might find the dam missing. The owners sent for Master Fish Warden Van Dusen, and offered to make the necessary alterations, but as yet nothing has been done. But little attempt is made by the local fish wardens to enforce the law, and thousands of salmon have been illegally taken by Grants Pass fishermen at the base of the dam. The wardens claim that prosecution is not made because evidence cannot be secured, but Attorney R. G. Smith of Grants Pass, who was at his own request, once temporarily appointed fish warden, had no difficulty in obtaining five convictions in as many days.

THE LONG ALASKA TRAIL-- In Summer a Lonely, Flowery Way; Vastly Different During Winter Months

Our trail still leads to the north along the great government road from Whitehorse to Dawson, a gold seeker writes in Hunter-Trapper. It is about 350 miles, well timbered all the way with spruce, poplar and cottonwood; some jack pine just starting in thick masses of many acres.

Forest fires ten years ago drove most of the game and fur to other parts, yet we see fresh signs of bear and fox in the dusty road every day for miles and miles. Some duck, geese and swan show up nearly every day's travel.

This is the middle of May—the grass is four inches high, blue and white flowers along the roadside, some strawberry blossoms, and yet a pans of glass frozen in our camp kettles each morning. Fruit is scarce 1,000 miles south.

This government road is a solitude in summer, not a person for a hundred miles, but in winter when the ice tops travel on the mighty Yukon river, then the road is a wide awake, thriving, bustling, hustling, get there runway for the traders and miners. Great four and six horse stages slam through this road night and day from both ends.

Change horses every twenty-two miles at hotels called roadhouses. The charges at these roadhouses are \$1.50 for each meal, \$1 for a bed \$1 for handout lunch; beer etc., 25 cents per drink; hay and oats five to ten cents per pound. The hay comes from Epk-

and the oats from Manitoba, both points about 1,500 miles away. Both articles are first class.

We were overtaken on this road by four droves of beef cattle of 135 head in each drove. They were shipped from Calgary, Canada, and Seattle, Wash., 500 miles by rail, 1,000 by sea, then 120 miles by rail, 140 miles on foot, then by boat 150 miles to Dawson, 1,500 miles to Fairbanks. Feed, both oats and hay, averages \$100 per ton.

The first cost of cattle is about \$70 per head. They are still fed until three years old and weigh from 4,000 to 5,000 each, the best in the land. The freight on each is more than \$100, the feed and care another \$100.

They sell in Fairbanks for \$250 to \$400 each. The man who works the pick and shovel pays for all. Chuck steak, 85 cents; T bone steak, 90 cents; best cuts \$1 per pound.

One herd lost five head through the ice; the next day the next herd lost nine head at the same place. They went under the ice in twelve feet of water. The miner must pay for this loss also. The hay each herd of 100 eats costs about \$200 each. Eight of the road. One herd was short a man to drive, so the younger of the herd gold hunter went for five or six dollars per day and expenses to help out.

Marion Reiter, former United States assessor from North Carolina, has come out for Fairbanks prospect for a third term.