

REVIVAL OF THE SPORT OF ARCHERY

Not So Easy As It Looks to Hit the Target
With an Arrow—Fine Exercise for Women

TOXOPHILITE ENTHUSIASTS AT CORONADO BEACH CAL LAST SUMMER.

A RCHERY! The very mention of the name is pregnant with a host of history's heroisms. Coupled with the long bow and the stories of William Tell shooting the tyrant Geiser, and Robin Hood cleaving the white willow wand, stuck in the ground, at a distance of 100 yards. Then, there are the names of Little John, Herbert and Friar Tuck, and even Diana with her quivers and Cupid with his bow.

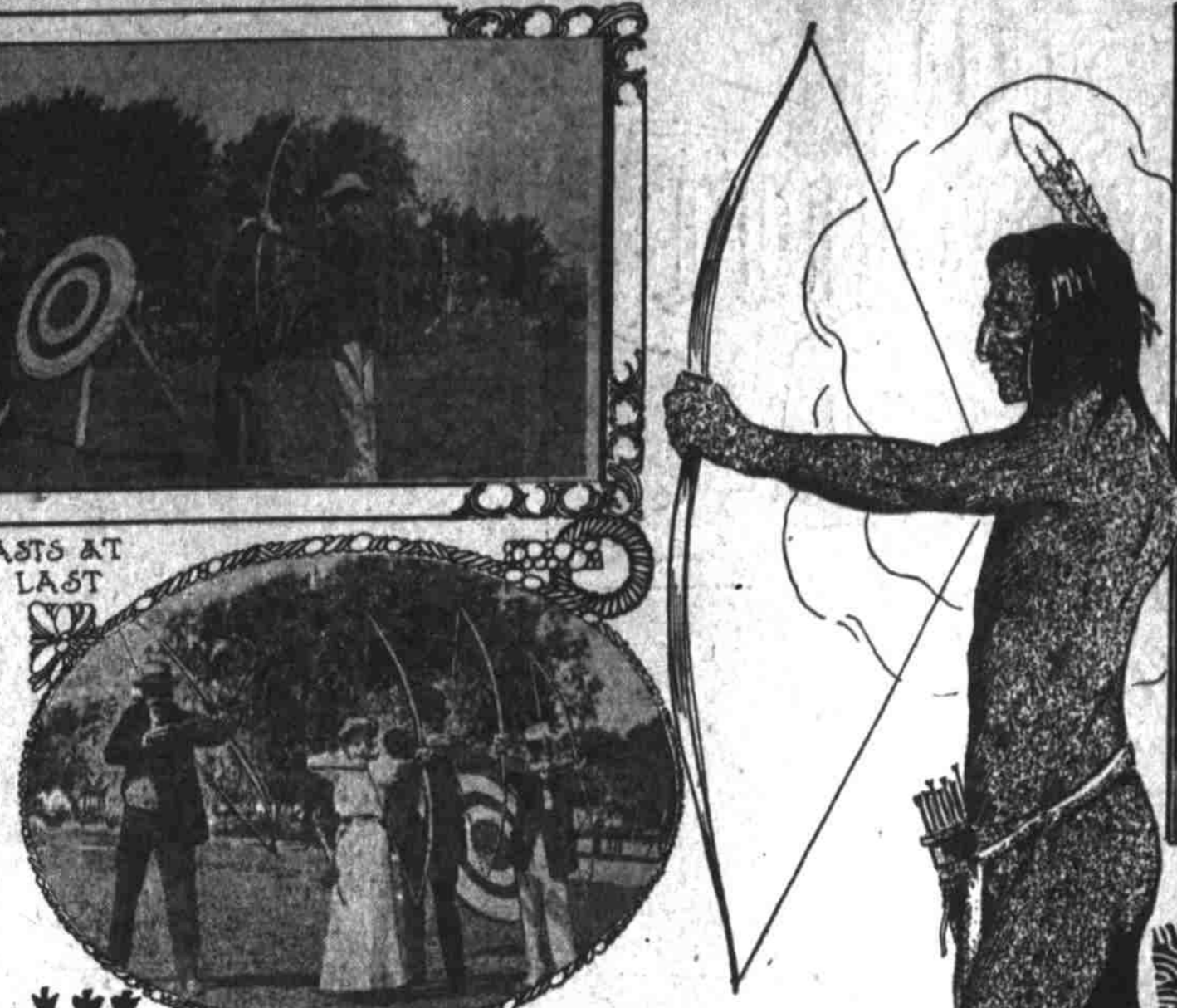
Research has proven that the bow and arrow, the one important implement of defense, offense and chase, in all the evolutionary stages from prehistoric to medieval times, was common to all races and nations. It was as well known and as dextrously handled in darkest Africa as in the flowery slopes of Japan, as much used and talked about in the celestial empire of China, as when knighthood was in flower or Cooper's noble red mer went "on the war path."

Archery the Fad.

About the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century archery became the great fad, the sport "par excellence," of the nobility and gentry of England, Scotland and Wales. It made its way into America through some articles published from the pen of the "Father of American Archery," Maurice Thompson, and has spread to every state of the union. Oregon has had its share in the carrying forward of this noble sport. There are quite a number of expert archers in and around Portland. At Forest Grove lives the veteran archer and acknowledged master bow maker of the world, F. S. Barnes. One companion archer has called his Barnes bow "a classic," and this is saying none too much.

It is a rare delight to visit this master workman in his workshop and view the wonderful work of the hands of a man. A box of horn tips for the bow ends were given while the writer talked with Mr. Barnes. There were some two dozen tips in all and these represented the work of the archer's workshop. The hand work; work at the bench, hour after hour. If some of our young men who feel that genius comes to them from the clouds of heaven, they could step into this workshop they would feel that the man was right who said "nine per cent of genius is hard work."

Mr. Barnes and some of his fellow archers are going on a hunt into the wilds this summer, for big game; going



A GROUP OF ARCHERS

not with rifle and bullets, but with their bows and arrows. Nothing but the best of bows will serve on such an occasion. The Oregon yew makes the best known bow, and to get his wood Mr. Barnes must go to the high altitudes of the Cascades, where the winds get a chance to put snap and tenacity into the fibre, and muscle into the makeup of the trunk; where no swampy softness can spoil the fine leap of its sinewy length. The trip must not be made in the summer when the sag is in the bow, but after November, and by pack horses at that. Up the long, steep trails near the clouds to select them, then carefully step by step following the slow descent of the pack horses, sometimes through the blackness of night, before the sticks are brought to where a wagon can get at them. All the way it is work; work for the tree, work for the bowman, work for the man who would successfully send the arrows hissing to the mark; work until he can leave the ranks of the tyro and enter the class with expert archers.

It Looks Easy.

To the onlooker, shooting arrows seems so easy, but tempt him to a try and watch the result. With a great strain that produces a bodily quiver he pulls away, humping his shoulders to add to the strength, yet he finds it next to impossible to pull the 50-pound bow back the full 28 inches. Having drawn to his limit, he now finds it just as difficult to let go and when the arrow finally tears itself away it pops up in the air and drops into the earth about half way to the target. Think of the work for an enthusiast before he can break 37 glass balls out of 50 thrown into the air from a distance of 25 yards, as did Mr. Thompson in his record. But this same man who broke the glass balls is the man who when hunting in Florida sent his arrow with such precision as to exactly cut in half the head of a duck. It is only a step from the target to game, a step however which requires earnest practice, yes, work on the part of the expert archer.

The names of the archers who are to take the trip into British Columbia after wild game are: Will H. Thompson of Seattle, J. M. Challies and Z. E. Jackson, lawyers of Atchison, Kansas. Mr. Frantz of the Youth's

His of the Arrow.

Perhaps Will H. Thompson will be able this summer to duplicate some of his former experiences, at least the trip itself will recall to mind a hunt town south which his brother has related in his delightful book: "Suddenly through the stillness and silence, from a dark angle of the border, the peculiar muffled sound of a bow's recoil, and distinctly the thin hiss of a flying arrow, ending with a deadly thud, I raised my bow and listened. The sound gave out a sharp whine, and was eager to be off. I plainly heard the noise of bounding feet—Will pursuing something. The next moment I saw a deer coming at a slashing run right upon me. In a second I loosed the dog, and he parted from me like a bolt, meeting the deer abreast, and dragging it to the ground within 10 steps of me. A yell attracted my attention and looking out on the prairie, I saw him racing after another deer, in whose head I could distinctly see an arrow. The animal blinded and craned was rearing and plunging this way and that, while Will was evidently trying to get hold of it. I ran out to join in the chase. As soon as I was near enough I drove an arrow into the animal's body, but this seemed rather to bring it to life than otherwise, for now it suddenly sped off on a right line. The dog came up just in time and overtook it dragging it down at the edge of the jungle, and holding it until I had put an arrow through its heart.

Polishing.

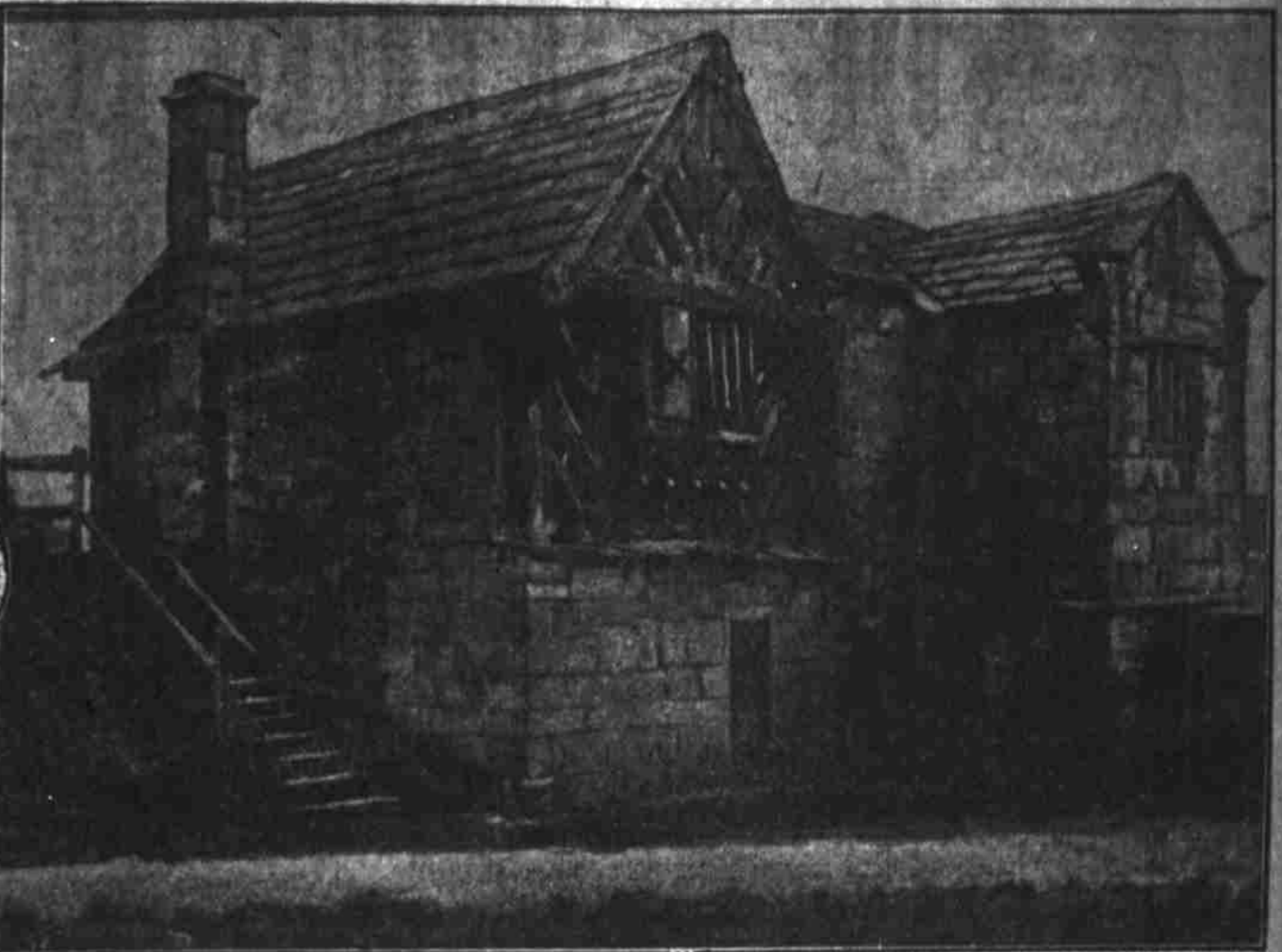
If you find you have a memory That's void of all reflection, Just have it rubbed with emery Of fine, with due collection; And thus make it a gemmy Of wondrous retrospaction. —From the Indianapolis News.

The largest plow ever built has been successfully used on a Texas ranch. The implement clears a strip of ground seven feet wide.

Companion, Boston, Massachusetts, Dr. Henry E. Jones of Portland, Oregon, and F. A. Barnes of Forest Grove, Oregon, will also be in the party. Already one of the game warden of British Columbia has written to Mr. Barnes offering his services to the party, in order that it may be entirely successful. He mentions his better the locality where black bear and white-tail deer are in abundance.

Richard Coeur de Lion—say Friar Tuck and Robin Hood making preparations for a feast. Not only is archery a sport for the hunter, but as a simple pastime and healthful exercise it is unsurpassed. It is a sport for all ages, and all strengths. Miss Leigh maintains that "it is a gentle and elegant amusement for young ladies and the most suitable to the matron who feels it undignified to take part in some outdoor game, and yet is quite young enough to enjoy them. Even quite old ladies can shoot and shoot well, too. No matter how old you may be, you can still shoot enough for your own enjoyment. In tennis the attire is conventional, but beautiful costumes, with the wealth of frequently not becoming; in automobile

ment, and display of dash and elegance, but the scene is usually soant in color and daintiness; in golf there is movement without especial grace; in fishing, boating, bicycling or hunting, the costume is strictly tailor-made, with a concession to hot weather in masculine negligee or feminine shirtwaist, leaving little opportunity for attractive garb; in basketball and other athletic sports the attire is conventional, but frequently not becoming; in automobile



FROM THE WINDOW (X) OF THIS HOUSE ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGTON (ROBIN HOOD) SHOT HIS LAST ARROW

BARNES, THE VETERAN ARCHER AND BOW-MAKER.

or embonpoint—of effervescent and brilliant feminine life. Given a pretty lawn smooth moved and glossy in its emerald sheen, with the variegated target at the end of the range, the stately society queens sweeping about in animated bowties, the men scouring around in the quest for errant arrows, all the devotees taking turn at the footmark from which the woods shafts are shot—there is nothing to equal the charm and fascination of all this in any other outdoor sport.

Idea of Musical Sound.

From the twang of the bowstring our early fathers caught the idea of musical sound, then the harp with its cords strung like the bowstring; and from music it was not far to poetry and sculpture. Thus truly is archery akin to the course of culture. One cannot help but feel, as they turn the pages of its history, that it deserves a far more prominent place in the realm of sport than is now given to it. It seems the simplicity with which one may prepare himself for the sport would in itself appeal to many busy people. One can pick his bow from its place in the hall, and in a moment, without change of costume, step out onto his own lawn and call into play the large and important muscle of the chest, arm and back, giving the lungs just the help they need after a long day at the desk, change the course of thought and put the attention on the "gold" and arousing a wholesome desire to beat a former try.

Besides being clean, delightful and profitable, the sport is so tried and ancient that we feel it is sure to maintain a hold upon the hearts of our outdoor exercise. Remembering that the old Talmudic writings of the Hebrews mention archery, and the sculptures of Ninive show the bowmen of that ancient world, we are led to enthusiastically believe that "so long as the new moon returns to heaven a bent and beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of mankind. And so today let us sing: Honor to the old bowstring, Honor to the bugle horn, Honor to the woods unshorn, Honor to the bow that makes Honor to the archer keen, Honor to bold Robin Hood, Sleeping in the Sherwood glen, And to all the Sherwood clan. —Keats.

TITLE GEW-GAW MANIA--By Mildred Stuart

ONE DREAMS to hear rumors of engagements between American girls and the representatives of empty titles from republics or monarchial countries, particularly since the revelations recently made that the erstwhile most brilliant alliance was dissolved on account of the dissolute life of the much-heralded duke of one of the oldest dukedoms of England.

America has been given back one of her most lovable and attractive daughters, now a wreck of her former self, with naught to cheer her broken heart but her children, who have been accorded to her on the promised payment of an annual royal sum. What has it profited her to mingle with royalty, receive the favor of the king and queen, if while her father paved the way with golden ducats to procure for her profigate husband the recognition to which his title should have accorded him, she learns that his dukedom was at the same time forfeiting every claim upon her affection by his treachery and disloyalty as a husband? One can easily imagine that every feeling was outraged before a proud-spirited American girl would sever the tie that bound her to the man whom she had sworn to honor and obey. There seems to be an indefinable infatuation on the part of American girls for the gew-gaws of a title, whether it means anything or not; whether the man be worthy or unworthy. His reputation may have preceded him. He may be a bankrupt morally and financially. He may even boast of the fact and demand a settlement of honestly-earned American dollars, enough to liquidate his financial indebtedness, and boldly declare his inability to cancel obligations incurred immorally, and yet he is accepted, "for better or worse," generally the worse predominating in his make-up.

The beautiful, innocent virgin is led to the altar and the father pays the demands, knowing that in a brief time she is likely to have to come to the rescue to save his child from an untimely grave and bring her and her offspring to her native land.

She comes a mere shadow of her former self, broken in fortune, health and spirits, to seek out the remainder of her days in vain regretting her marriage to a foreigner.

illness, the final effects of which were to cut short her young life. Unfortunately neither knowledge of the experience of others, education happy environments nor anything seems to serve to disorient American girls with foreigners, nor to stop international marriages. One can almost rely upon the fact that rumored international engagements will end in marriage.



Scene at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel of New York at the recent brilliant banquet given in honor of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the great English novelist. New York's most exclusive society set was present. The wealth of those in attendance ran into hundreds of millions. They were: Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Jane Addams, Robert W. De Forest, Mrs. George White Field, Dr. Seth T. Stewart, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, George M. Harvey, Humphrey Ward, Mrs. L. H. Gulick, Jacob Rlis, Dr. W. H. Maxwell, Cuno H. Rudolph, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, James Speyer, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., Mrs. James Speyer, O. H. P. Belmont, Ralph Pulitzer, Miss Ann Morgan, Mrs. William S. Webb, Frank E. Webb, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, Mrs. H. Oelrichs.

BOB AND HIS BEST GIRL--By Carolyn Prescott

IF YOU are poor and discontented, that is one matter; but if you are poor and not ashamed of it, that's another matter entirely. This thought was brought forcibly to my notice not long ago when I sat beside a paper boy and his best girl at the theatre. "Bob" has been selling me papers morning and evening for three years now, and he also sells me one five-cent magazine a week. His total income from his sales to me amounts to 25 cents, which seems very little, but when it is multiplied by several hundred it amounts to a very great deal evidently. To judge from "Bob's" appearance that night he sat beside me at the theatre.

How would you like to go to Palm Beach, dear reader? To spend the remainder of the winter down there amid blossoming magnolias and camellias? It would seem pretty nice if you had the money, but you cannot afford it. You haven't the price, and there's a reason for this. Of course, you make lots more money than "Bob," and even at that you can't afford to go, but if you were as willing to go without things as "Bob" is, you could go there this winter, and next winter, too. But here is where the trouble lies. We are not willing. We are not content to hang onto the pennies until they grow into dollars; not willing to wear our old clothes; not willing to get up early and stay up late, and work and save and save and save, until those pennies accumulate so thickly that we are forced to put them in the bank to keep them. Summer and winter before daylight. "Bob" is up selling papers, and in the evening he is still at his post. He is not above wearing old clothes, or even tying up his ears with an old woolen scarf when the wind blows and he has one object in life, since he was old enough to jump on and off the seat, has been to sell his papers and make his money. He is one of those economical fellows in the world, and is as industrious as he is economical. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he is content to make his life quietly, without trying to make a "splash," until he can afford to put with "the goods." Year by year he has saved and worked and gone without things until now he can produce "the goods."

"Bob" might have spent his money playing craps, visiting prostitutes, dancing, and living in a room with the curtains instead of the little modest room he can afford to rent. He might have lived up to about \$25 a week on his income; he might have quit his newspaper job for one with less money, but where he could spend it earlier; he might have been satisfied of being a newsie—but he isn't.

MOST BRILLIANT BANQUET EVER GIVEN AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS WALDORF-ASTORIA

Scene at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel of New York at the recent brilliant banquet given in honor of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the great English novelist. New York's most exclusive society set was present. The wealth of those in attendance ran into hundreds of millions. They were: Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Jane Addams, Robert W. De Forest, Mrs. George White Field, Dr. Seth T. Stewart, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, George M. Harvey, Humphrey Ward, Mrs. L. H. Gulick, Jacob Rlis, Dr. W. H. Maxwell, Cuno H. Rudolph, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, James Speyer, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., Mrs. James Speyer, O. H. P. Belmont, Ralph Pulitzer, Miss Ann Morgan, Mrs. William S. Webb, Frank E. Webb, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, Mrs. H. Oelrichs.