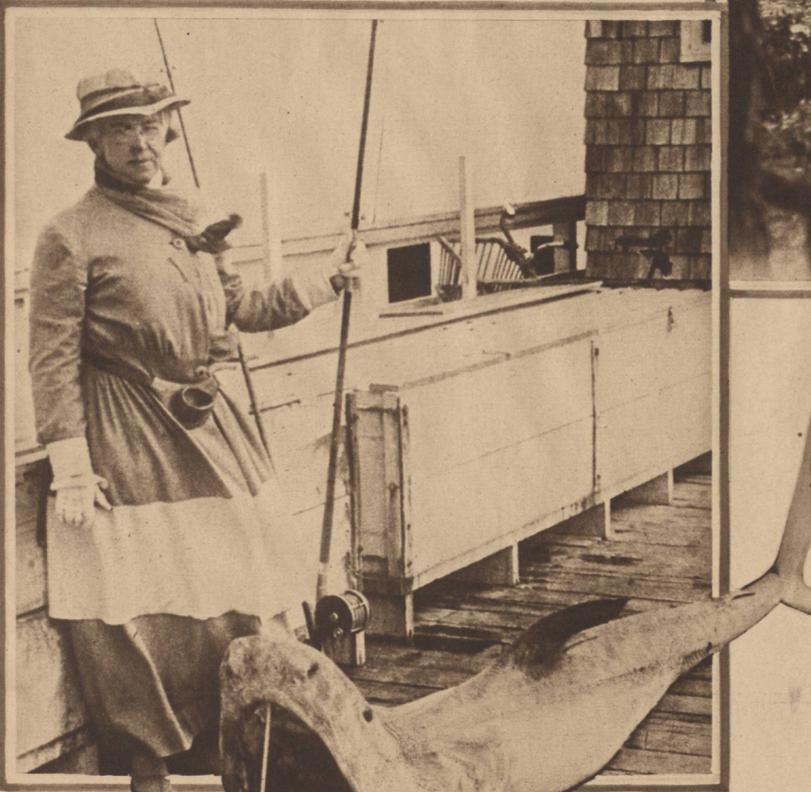


# THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Edited by EDWARD CAVE.



Mrs. Frank Butler's thoroughbred English setter, Dave, doesn't know that his mistress is Annie Oakley, because she quit giving shooting exhibitions before she got him. He just knows she is a dear little white-haired woman who is the best shot at quail he has ever hunted with. And to prove that he is the best dog in Pinehurst, and not the least speck gun-shy, he doesn't care how many times she plays William Tell with him and shoots an apple off his head with a .22 caliber rifle. Mrs. Butler would laugh if it were suggested that she might miss the apple, for it is no more difficult to hit it than to hit a pumpkin two feet in diameter at 25 yards, at which distance a good shot can hit a bullseye smaller than an apple every time. Recently, on her fiftieth birthday, she broke 98 out of 100 clay birds in a regulation trap shoot. The best of the men professionals are glad to do that well, and generally don't.



If we were a shark and it had to happen, we would rather figure as the catch of the season at Palm Beach than to get hauled alongside some old tub of a submarine dodger by a be-whiskered Portuguese, yanked aboard with block and tackle and swatted over the head. We would much prefer to have our face propped open for the inspection of the elite at Palm Beach than to lie on some dirty deck and be leered and jibed at by a lot of vindictive, superstitious sailors. We might even welcome having our skin peeled off and mounted, to be hung in a New York Club. But we would insist, if we had to submit to the inevitable, on being caught by a woman. From our imagination of the point of view of the 750 pound, 12 foot shark which Mrs. Otto Jaeger of Montclair, N. J., caught at Palm Beach recently, the humiliation she wrought when she landed him made amends for all the big fish she had ever lost. Few men have ever caught such a whopper. © Underwood & Underwood.

Young ladies who hold their ears and utter little squeals of fright when someone points a gun are no longer popular. Women and girls are going in for shooting, and with the kind of guns that bang the loudest and kick the hardest. Black and yellow saucers—made of a mixture of pine pitch and mud and weighing three ounces—are the targets, and they are sailed away from you through the air by a machine called a trap. You stand sixteen yards behind the pit in the ground where the trap is hidden and shoot at the targets with a shotgun loaded with three drams of smokeless powder, one and one-quarter ounces of small shot and a twenty-five-pound kick. Mrs. B. G. Earle, seen firing here, is one of the most expert woman amateurs in the East. She has such an enthusiastic following of fair shooters in Lakewood that the men who shoot at the Laurel House Gun Club no longer call it "our club." © Underwood & Underwood.

We suppose that inasmuch as two of our New York girls rode to San Francisco on motorcycles last summer, we shall soon hear of lady motorcyclists training to become dispatch riders in event of war. As yet, however, all is quiet along the motor-cycling Fotomac. Not so on the tanbark. There will be dispatch riders on horseback without question. Cavalry, perhaps—if there are any mounts left when the men get through calling for them. The Central Park Riding Academy can already muster a dashing patrol, uniformed and drilled (somewhat) and eager to do something braver than running a street-car or keeping the children off the grass in the park. Miss Verna Holmes says they can, too; and of course they can. © Underwood & Underwood.



The best way for a girl or a woman to learn trap-shooting is to practice shooting at clay birds thrown with a hand trap. If she cannot hit them when they fly like a quail, maybe her obliging instructor can be induced to throw them so they soar more leisurely. Before you try your hand they sail so enticingly you think you can smash every one, and maybe you say they ought to make the "saucers" smaller. But when you try it you find there is something in the saying that "they make them small enough at the factory." But what a glorious smash when you hit! No wonder they call it "the sport alluring."

The usefulness of our women fliers is no joke, says Victor Carlstrom, and he ought to know. Of course there is only one Ruth Law. But she herself admits that there are other young women who can fly well enough and who have nerve and stamina enough to be extremely useful to this country in event of war. For instance, there is Miss Elizabeth Stinson, of Richmond, Va., who conducts a school devoted entirely to women fliers. It is the Stinson Aviatress School. It just goes to show that there is no telling what the women will be doing next.

Of course there never will be another Annie Oakley, even though she is doing all she can to increase interest, through teaching without charge, in shooting by women. However, that does not mean the men have everything their own way. There are women trap shooters in practically every State who shoot well enough to hold their own with the men, and there are a few who can outshoot most of the men at any tournament. At the Grand American Handicap at St. Louis, last August, when this picture was made, eight women State champions were present. From left to right, those in the group are: Mrs. C. Edmiston, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. J. L. Hooper, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Emma Westlake, Nichols, Ia.; Mrs. D. B. Foster, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. H. L. Foster, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. F. A. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Harold Alment, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Arthur Killam, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J. D. Dalton, Warsaw, Ind.; Miss H. D. Hammond, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. L. C. Vogel, Detroit, Mich.; and Miss Lucile Muesel, Green Bay, Wis. Stars indicate State champions. Photo by Peter P. Carney.

