

CHICAGO, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1906.

FRESH FISH

cooling of the hot weather, which drives the gamy bass to the cool depths far below the surface, where he is safely beyond the reach of the spoon hooks and the enticing flies of the expert

Mr. Ilg Shoots a Thirty Pound

consigns to the muskellunge fishing has been as good as over this year as any other. The fishing is the best recorded. There are hundreds of lakein Wisconsin where muskellunge may be caught, and throughout the country are anglers who are all the time coming and coming in the quest of the big and savage fish. Of these anglers, the muskellunge fisherman is in a different order from those who confine their efforts to landing the trout and bass. The muskellunge fisherman, in landing a big thirty pound "musk", makes it a more fascinating pursuit, and it is not until he has landed the fish by a shot from a revolver before he can be landed in the boat, the muskellunge fisherman is not content with the fish, he is also interested in the handling of the rod and reel.

Big Catches Are Mingled
With Exciting Adventures.

Three times I got him up to the boat but not near enough to be able to hit him and stun him. I have never before been so close to a fish. I saw the scales and saw it was the only thing I could do to land the fish in the boat. As a rule I never back the head will put them out of business. But this fish was too lively and active for that. At the end of six minutes I was out of the boat and out of string, and I made up my mind to shoot him. I managed to reel him in and he was dead. I saw the scales and when his head showed at the surface I fired one shot with my revolver. This was the last shot I fired. The fish went into him, lodging back of his heart. He was killed and I got him into the boat after the good struggle. I saw the scales. He was a perfect specimen of a mackinell, and I sent him

One of the largest catches reported to have been made in northern Wisconsin was by Joseph F. Ilg, contracting agent of the Reading dispatch line, early in the season. Mr. Ilg is known as one of the most expert muskellunge fishermen in Chicago and for years has spent part of his vacation in the northern woods, in the vicinity of the haunts of the muskel-

With a Spoon in His Jaw.
 "The fish bit pretty freely, and I promised to be good sport. But I had only one spoon hook and was guarded pretty carefully for fear of losing it. Finally the expected happened. A big fish made a vicious strike and I felt his get away. When I reeled in I found I had lost my spoon and gave up all hope of getting it again. We had to stop baiting then, and had fairly good luck. Late in the afternoon I had a chance to go out after a third time. To my surprise he had caught in his lower jaw the spoon hook that I had

"The fishing on the Manitowish was certainly the best I have ever seen it," said Mr. Ilg in recounting the events of his trip. "I have spent my vacations in that part of the country for a number of years back with my family, and am fairly familiar with the muskellunge and how to go after him. The fish that we caught were all fairly good sized ones. There was one forty-two

T'S CAMP.

"The weather is too hot for the bass to come near the surface," said Mr. Swede, "and there will probably not be any good fishing again until the middle of September. I have a theory that the bass go down in deep water at this time and that is the reason fishermen in the hot part of August have no luck. I had pretty good luck early in the season, however, at some of the lakes in Indiana. Before the weather got warm a friend of mine and myself spent a day at Ha-

Probably the most remarkable capture of a muskellunge this season is described by S. H. Gillette of the North western road. Mr. Gillette was returning from a two weeks' fishing trip in the northern part of Wisconsin when he witnessed the remarkable capture of the fish by a fisherman in the act of catching the muskellunge. As an illustration of the dangers while attend muskellunge fishing unless one possesses a rudimentary knowledge of the way to go at it, the story perhaps deserves a place in the fishing lore.

with bug abie to see the fish strike when your fly is cast near the surface of the water, and then playing the fish so that he has a chance for his life. The true fisherman is never still in a boat but keeps up a succession of casts. He is never satisfied with the first throw of fly-casting can never be successful in catching bass unless he finds a place where they are so thick they will bite anything. A good fisherman will try half a dozen times to land his fly in place where he believes there is a good sized bass, and he will eventually go home, while the unskilled fisherman will

with the fish, known as the Manitowish, and the day after he got there he rented a boat and started out by himself with a guide. He kept his eyes on the guides that took fishermen out and noticed the places where they did most of their fishing. He took with him an old hand line, and when he had finally got into the lake and the location of the various spots, he took the line and started his line over and trolled around in the vicinity for hours after the other party had gone in. Late one afternoon at Iowa man hooked a big fish and, without any preliminary attempt to play him

Henderson H. Miner, manager of the Steel Supply company, is generally re-

water and then would dive again. But the Iowa man finally got the fish up close to the boat and, with a big jerk, pulled him over the side. As soon as he got him in he lay down on top of him, grating his arm around the body. The boat then started to struggle and dipped and rose three times and then went a third time. Every minute I expected to see it on its side, as the man wouldn't let go. But guide on shore had seen the trouble and rowing out, got there before we did. I managed to kill the muskellunge with blow between the eyes, and probably saved the Iowa man from being drowned.

"I have had very fair luck all the season in my traps after bass," said Mr. Minnerly in the first of the season. "In several days when my catch was not usually good. In my last traps during the hot weather, however, I have found that the bass are pretty well fed and do not bite as readily as they did earlier. I presume a good many of them have gone into deeper water. The last time I was out I saw a good many bass in the middle of the lake. I considered many dogfish and bullheads, but I did not catch several of those last in nets."

The biggest dog's thing I have seen

back to Iowa, taking the fish with him. He had had all he wanted. The fishermen up at the resort considered the venture one of the most remarkable that had occurred there, and old man Buck related it to every one who stopped at his place.

Good Fishing Along The Chain o' Lakes.

"I had pretty good luck on my trip myself. I came down from State Hill with a guide and we spent two weeks going through the Chain o' Lakes. We stopped at Wolf Lake, where we caught

or occasionally good catches, too, in the near-drowning of the Pittsburgh Coal company's No. 222, twenty-one days each time it has been out on a dry. Stanley of Chicago landed 152 on a day at Pearson, Ind. Of course the number he threw most of them back, the Indiana law prohibits a fisherman from taking more than twenty a day and pouring the waters from being open-ended fishery.

My fishing of late years has been bass entirely, as the bass is practically the best game fish that is accessible to the average fisherman. A number of years ago I made several trips for mus-

"I caught three large muskellunge, one of them weighing over thirty pounds, and a number of smaller ones. We made no attempt to catch any more than we could take care of, and in one place, running into a logging camp, gave two big muskys to the lumbermen."

EXPERIENCES AND SCENES IN A MUSKELLUNGE FISHERMAN'S CAMP