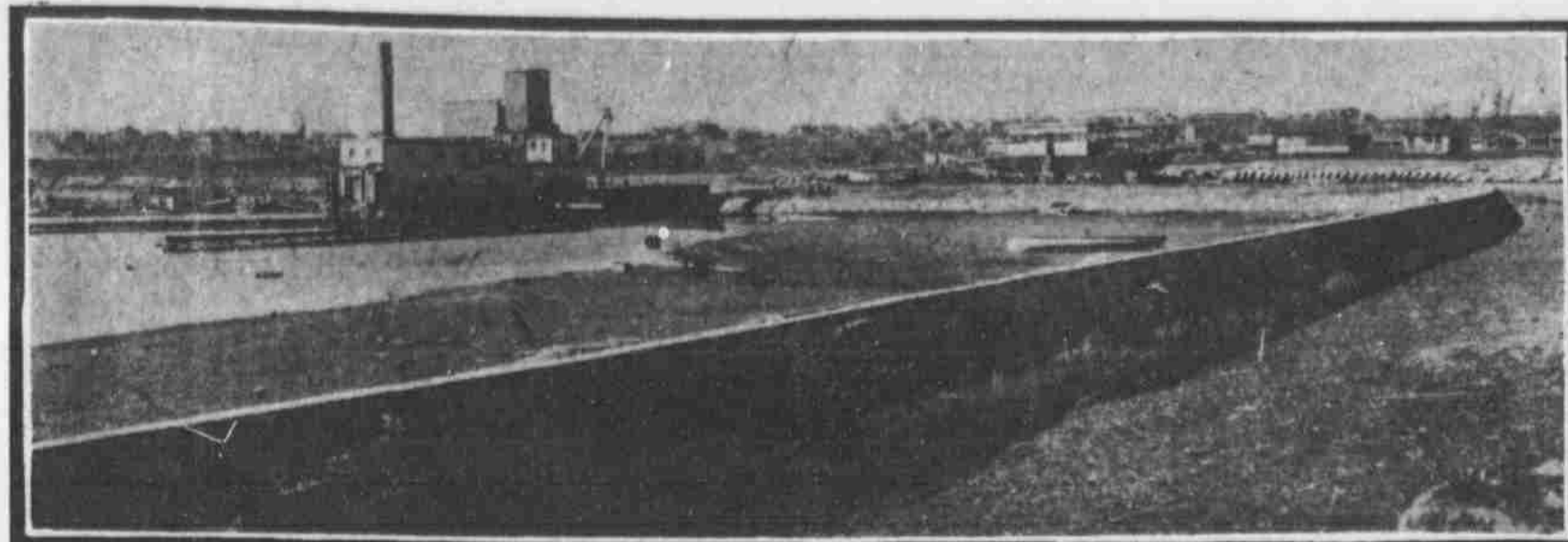
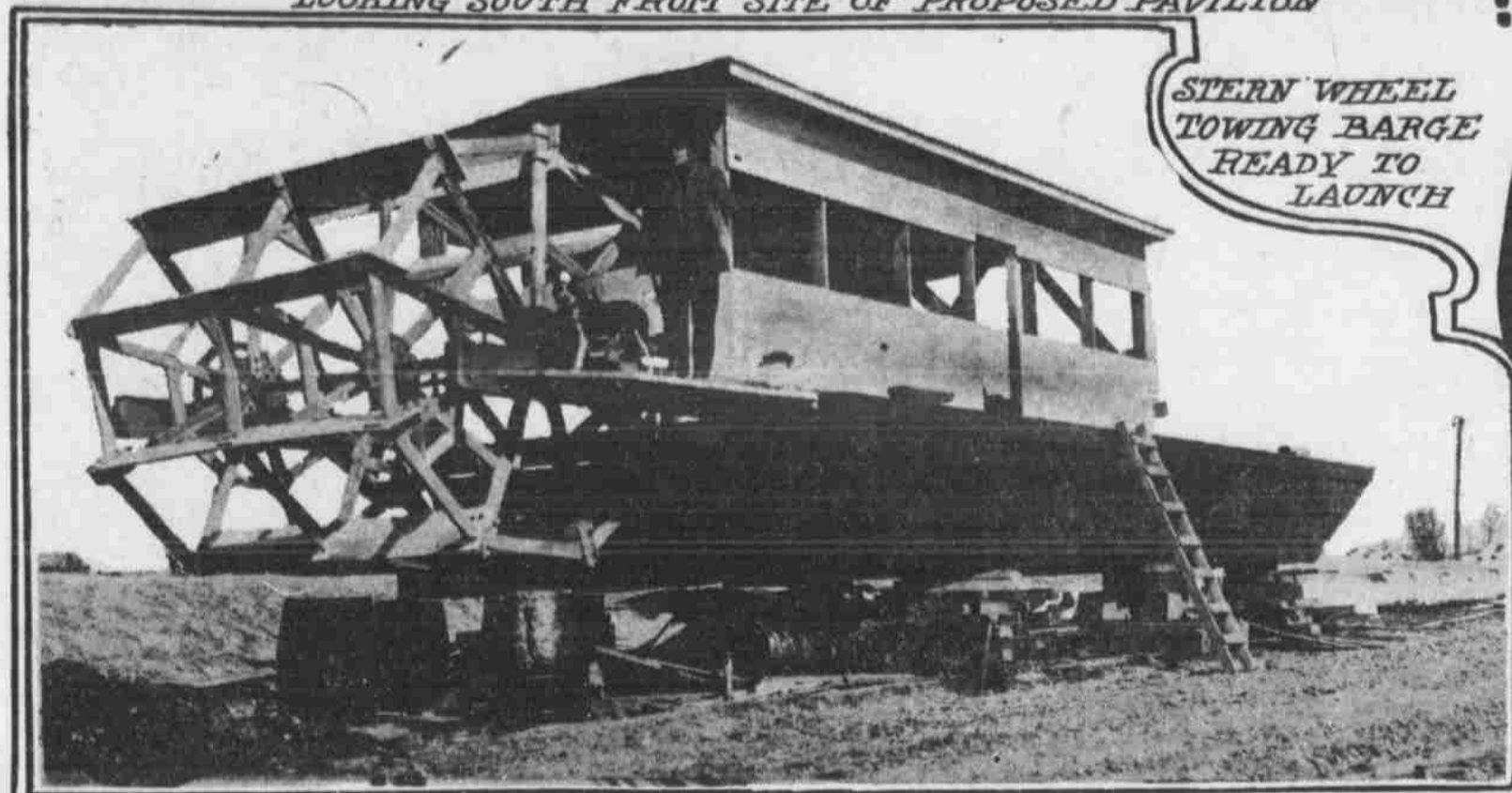


Carter Lake and Park to Be Expanse of Real Beauty



LOOKING SOUTH FROM SITE OF PROPOSED PAVILION



STERN WHEEL TOWING BARGE READY TO LAUNCH



A GOOD MORNING'S CATCH



SATISFIED AND HAPPY

WITH seven and a half miles of fine boulevard built around the shores, filled in banks, concrete retaining walls, a new and commodious boat harbor, a modern pavilion, free bath house, a fleet of steel rowboats, and widespread natural decorations in the way of trees and shrubbery—when these improvements are completed Carter lake and park will take its place as one of the finest outdoor pleasure prospects in the west.

This beautiful project is not a dream, but is fast being realized by hard work under intelligent direction. It was given a first positive impetus by the generosity of Mrs. Selma Carter-Cornish, when she supplied a fund of \$50,000 to buy land surrounding the lake, formerly known as Cut-Off. She also has paid in \$13,000 cash to settle certain claims of land owners, and besides has already contributed \$20,000 cash toward making the improvements under way and contemplated.

The attention of Mrs. Cornish was centered on the poent possibilities of the lake in Omaha's north dooryard long ago, and when the city, through its park board, began to evince an interest in the proper development of the stretch of water and woodland Mrs. Cornish quickly gave very substantial evidence of her grasp of the situation. Negotiations with property owners, and some more or less friendly litigation, had to be gone through before the way was straightened and made clear for the formulation and adoption of plans. This preliminary work accomplished, and a plan adopted, the work was started in earnest.

Dredging Lake and Filling Low Places.
At the very beginning it was agreed that certain portions of the lake should be dredged, the material to be used for filling low places and raising the shore line to a proper height. To do this a large dredge was built on the shore of the lake and was formally launched under the auspices of interested residents of North Omaha, headed by "Uncle Joe" Redman. The dredge had to have a coal tender, and then it was found the coal tender had to have a towboat. This latter craft is now on the stocks on the west shore of the lake, and is practically ready to launch as soon as the spring freshets raise the lake level. The towboat is a stern-wheeler, not large, but powerful enough to do all the towing necessary.

The dredge, which operated the better part of last season, is of a type that sucks the mud and sediment from the lake bed and discharges it through long tubes wherever filling is required. It has worked very successfully, and within a few days will be in active operation again, filling in behind the concrete walls which have been built in the immediate neighborhood of the old Larson boat landing.

Something over half a mile of this concrete wall has been built where it was necessary to thus safeguard the bank, and beyond the ends of the wall considerable riprapping with broken stone has been done, and more will be. The north line of the wall will be the south line of the new boat harbor; and the row of piling shown in one of the illustrations marks the north line of the harbor. When the bath house is erected it will be located just east of the row of piling, on a sandy beach which is to be left just about as it stands at present, to permit of youngsters wading and having fun in shallow water.

Where the Larson home stands now is the site selected for the pavilion, and the new concrete boat landing, with steps down to the water, will adjoin the building. The concrete wall is built around the footing point of land at Larson's place, and a sidewalk and roadway is to run around the wall for the use of pedestrians and vehicles visiting the lake. This new harbor will not only accommodate several hundred boats, but will also furnish a safe shelter in stormy weather. The rowboats will be kept on wooden floats when not in use, and the Park board will regulate the charges for their use.

Superintendent Adams Talks of Plans.
When the photographs were being taken Park Superintendent Adams was busy with a gang of men at that particular place. Mr. Adams is not given to unnecessary conversation, and has to be pumped with some persistence to tell things. Once started, though, he pictured the finished work in a most interesting fashion.

"It doesn't look very promising now," he said, "because we have only made a fair start as yet. All this land about the dredge and lying in front of the wall is to be pumped out and spread about the banks of the lake. The same process will deepen the harbor and fill in behind the piling yonder, which will be faced



RETAINING WALL

with heavy planks. Then we will establish a clear waterway to that slough over near Fifteenth street, thus getting a smaller lake, or big pond, that will add materially to the general ensemble at this focal point. It is in the boulevarding about the shore of the lake that the great effect will be secured. Eventually the roadway will be lined with trees, and when the proper connections are made the finished work here will be practically a part, and perhaps the most satisfying and attractive part, of the Omaha park and boulevard system.

"Naturally, when this improvement is carried out in its entirety, it will probably result in the extension of the street car line from Sherman avenue to the pavilion, and Carter lake will then be as accessible to the general public as any other part of the park system."

Mr. Adams also said it is the intention to have the railroad tracks moved from their present location to a point farther north of the lake shore to permit of carrying out the decorative part of the scheme. Reservations for ice houses now located on the lake are permitted by the plan adopted, but steps will be taken to bring the houses and the immediate surroundings into harmony with the general prospect.

"Billy" O'Brien, state fish warden, has for several years past been taking particular pains to stock Carter lake with the best species of game fish. In this work he has had the active co-operation of the Omaha Rod and Gun club, which maintains a paid warden on its own account to aid in patrolling the lake against poachers and game hogs.

As a result of the co-operation of the state and

the genuine sportsmen of Omaha Carter lake is today one of the best fishing places in this section, and Mr. O'Brien asserts it will become better and better as the years go by. Every season a cleaning out is made of the voracious, destructive and useless species of fish, to the end that eventually the lake shall be free of them, leaving only the game fish.

A generation ago certain kinds of fish were so plentiful in the lake that they could be taken out by hand when the water was low in the spring. That happy condition has vanished forever, but thousands of hopeful hooks are dropped in Carter lake every season, and with fairly satisfactory results. Bank fishing is perhaps more popular at Carter lake than boat fishing, and any day in the season dozens of men, women and children put in pleasant hours in the open air watching a bobber, ruminating on the restful philosophy of Isaac Walton, and occasionally pulling in the glittering game that arouses their joy.

"Regulars" a Feature of Fishing Brigade.

The group known to Carter lake frequenters as "regulars" are inveterate hook and line handlers. Many of them arise before daylight and "hike" anywhere from a mile to five miles to reach the shore and try for a mess before breakfast, returning home on the street cars. Others keep lines out all night, with several hooks attached, and in the season indulge in early morning hunting. Hand lines, bamboo poles, rod and reel—from the most primitive to the costliest tackle—are all to be found in use at Carter lake. Wise old "bank" fishermen have special spots they like to preempt on their fishing excursions, and some of

them are as jealous of their preemptions as a gold miner of his claim. Many of the rod and reel men likewise have special spots along the shore or among the reed gardens where they regularly anchor their boats and exercise their skill.

Amateurs are not barred at Carter lake, and form perhaps the larger group of frequenters. A goodly proportion are women, but not one of them will confess to such little knowledge of the game as the woman of whom Councilman Sheldon tells this yarn: "A prize fisherman was getting ready for his first try of the season at the lake. He had rod, reel, gaff,

reel, lines, hooks, bait and every little extra all ready, when his wife approached with a bunch of sticky and speckled paper.

"What in Sam Hill is this?" asked the astonished husband as she smilingly handed the bundle to him. "Why, you said last fall you always had to buy flies when you wanted to go fishing, so I saved all the old fly papers for you."

Spring Fever is Prevalent Now.

Just now "spring fever" has taken a hold on people with a bent for fishing, and while they act sleepily and are given to yawning at ordinary tasks, they are ready to work like niggers at the business of trying to lure a few finny beauties from the lairs they wot of in Carter lake and other places. Adults are not alone in being attacked with the call of the hook and line. A goodly number of youngsters can be found any day sitting quietly on the bank for a longer time than they can ever be kept quiet at any other occupation. Most of them bring a dog along, and it's surprising how well behaved these canine friends are when the little master is exercising such unwonted patience. The spirit of care actually seems to be communicated to the dog.

Let the breezes blow as chillily as they will; let rain threaten as it may; let school keep or not—the true fisherman, boy or man, pits his stored up longing and his winter accumulation of heat against anything the weather man can spring on him. He prefers to bathe in sunshine, and to hear the music of the crickets and the birds, but fish he will. One good bite suffices for much weary waiting, and one very ordinary fish will satisfy the craving he cherishes. If he be fortunate enough to land a good one, then his cup of joy is full indeed. This thing is medicine and meat for the angler.

One specially favored place at Carter lake just now, for the youngsters, is alongside the big dredge. Here are several floats on which the large discharge pipes are laid, and these latter make a good seat, while the paraphernalia and the dog can be disposed of on the floats. Some few boats are to be seen out thus early, and in the hours just after the dawn a company of "regulars" can be found scattered in the neighborhood of the ice houses. Soon the family groups will be on the ground to spend the day, angling and rusticated, with home-made lunches packed plentifully in baskets, and then Carter lake will be in full bloom, with its devotees working from early morn to dewy eve, taking "fisherman's luck" as part of the day's work.

Just a hint to would-be fishermen from an old denizen of the Carter lake grounds: "The best time to get fish here is when rain is falling gently and the wind is just a zephyr."



WAITING FOR A BITE

How to Choose Right Flies for Bass and Trout

FROM now on till late summer this most important item in the flyfisher's art is the chief aid to success both as to numbers and size of fish captured, writes Louis Rhead. Most fish that take a fly, including salmon—sea and landlocked; various species of trout and charr, bass, wall-eye perch and—in a limited locality—the grayling, all cause no end of trouble and expense to anglers in getting the right fly. Ninety per cent of these men have little time to spare in making a study of natural flies on the water's surface, and it is perfectly natural for the most successful anglers to abstain from telling their rivals what fly got the "big fish."

It is hardly to be expected that tackle shop clerks know everything, however knowing and wise they may seem when you purchase flies; all they possibly can do is to tell you which fly sells best. But that is not an infallible guide; indeed, it is most likely to be otherwise. It is a truism in fishing, as Myles Standish said of women, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." For that reason if you study the "natural" fly you will be able to choose the right "artificial" fly. In America it is well known that "fancy" flies are more numerous than the imitations of the natural fly, and the entomology of stream life has not so far been carefully studied as it has in Great Britain. We are, therefore, obliged to be guided to a choice by the known results of their use in various places, seasons and methods of other anglers. Success achieved by study and care is a delight that holds its own in more ways than one. To that end a short and simple classification of the natural insects will be helpful to identify them by the following names:

There are browns, drakes, duns, spinners, houseflies, beetles and ants. Of these seven there are a great many varieties and many stages of existence, from the egg, the larva and the pupa to the "imago,"

or perfect fly; but during the entire time they are aquatic insects they are preyed upon by game and other fishes. The brown flies, of which the needle brown, orange brown and yellow sally are familiar, while in the "creeper" state are extremely active, run-

Spiritual Comfort

A WRITER in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives an interesting glimpse into primitive conditions in Missouri. He says:

At the Sni ford, in Lafayette county, where the old Santa Fe trail crossed the Sni river, are the remains of a distillery, a primitive Baptist church and the residence of James Warder. The James Warder house was a noted place in the old Missouri on the old trail. Warder, so the story goes, was a hardshell Baptist preacher nearly a century ago. He built on one side of the Santa Fe trail a hardshell Baptist church, where he preached as occasion offered the iron gospel of that sturdy faith.

Across the trail but a few yards distant upon the same river at the same ford he built a distillery, which he operated during week days and the product of which he sold at reasonable prices, pure and undiluted, as occasion demanded. His home was upon a rocky eminence to the east of the church and distillery, overlooking the Sni river bottom. The traveler along the trail at Warder's ford was, of course, compelled to make the dangerous crossing of the Sni river, but he had the opportunity of fortifying himself for the fording by a visit to Warder's distillery or Warder's church, or both.

ning about the shallow bed of the stream, where trout feed upon them.

The drakes are an interesting class, with delicately veined wings, so common on the streams in the daytime, and they are known also as "day flies." The mature insect lives but a short time, for the purpose of reproduction only, but as larva and pupa they live from one to three years burrowing in the mud, hiding under stones and among grass and weeds. In different localities they are known under various names, as May flies, drakes and cocktails, the latter because of the reversed and elevated position of the "atylata," or tails. Among these species the best known are the green drake, March brown, iron-blue dun and others.

There are a large number of "duns," varying in shade from a light copper to deep gray, the structure of the wings resembling those of moths. Like the two classes previously mentioned, they lay their eggs upon the water. From these eggs are hatched the larvae or "creepers," but, unlike other larvae, as soon as they are hatched begin to construct a tiny covering of sticks, stones, bits of sand, gravel or shells by means of a glue-like thread. While abiding in this they are known as case worms or caddis worms, and are able to move it about on the bed of the stream by thrusting forth from their tubular case the head and forefeet, dragging the case along with them.

The spinners are very numerous upon the water; familiar types are the crane fly, daddy longlegs and mosquitoes. The house fly is represented by the cow dung fly, black knot and bluebottle. Of these few, chosen from thousands of varieties of insects seen near or on the water, the angler can, with a little study, inform himself in choosing the right fly. It is beyond argument or question that to fish most successfully you must offer the fish an exact imitation of the food it consumes.