

Giving the Nebraska Angler a Boost



FISH COMMISSIONER 'BILL' O'BRIEN AT THE STATE HATCHERIES.



THE BIG FISH "THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY"

By JOHN H. KEARNES. During the past two weeks State Game Warden Koster has planted in Carter lake, for the future pleasure of Omaha anglers, a quarter of a million fish, consisting of blueheads, ring perch, blue gills, crappies, sunfish and bass, which he took from a veritable fish mine in Nemaha county.

Such as buffalo, leather backs, German carp, hickory shad, river pike, sheepshead and catfish. Spectators and hungry residents in the vicinity have been the recipients of the largesse of the state fish and game department, and there never was such a feasting on piscatorial food in Nemaha as there has been in the last month.

Lake a Lure. The work of removing the fish has been supervised by Warden Koster, and the work has such a



STATE GAME WARDEN PLANS TO GIVE HELPING HAND TO FISHERMAN WHO USES BAMBOO POLE, A BENT PIN AND A WORM



A GOOD HAUL

fascination that the lake at all times has been a lure, while the seining was going on, for what are known as "river rats" as well as the outdoor men and the sportsmen and fishermen of this vicinity. To see what treasures each draught of the seine would bring up, fastidious professors of the normal college, the leading fishermen of the neighborhood and business men have volunteered to don waders and join the state employees in the work.

There is no part of the lake where the water is more than knee deep, and all the work of seining the fish is done by men who wade about in the muddy water. As soon as the seine is drawn there is a scramble to see the species of fish that are taken.

Countless Thousands. In every draught there are countless thousands of blueheads, ranging from fingerlings to full grown size; frogs that are not yet in the hibernating stage, although they are sluggish; fat bass and ring perch, aliens to the Missouri river and these waters, and which must

have come from some private pond or from clear water lakes and streams during flood times; large gars and spoonbills; then many pounds of the coarse fish, such as carp or buffalo.

There are countless thousands of crappie in the water, and these are hog-fat, as are all of the fish taken, due to the rich feed. Fishermen, despite the richness of fish life in the lake, have had but poor success angling therein for the reason they never find the fish hungry enough to bite.

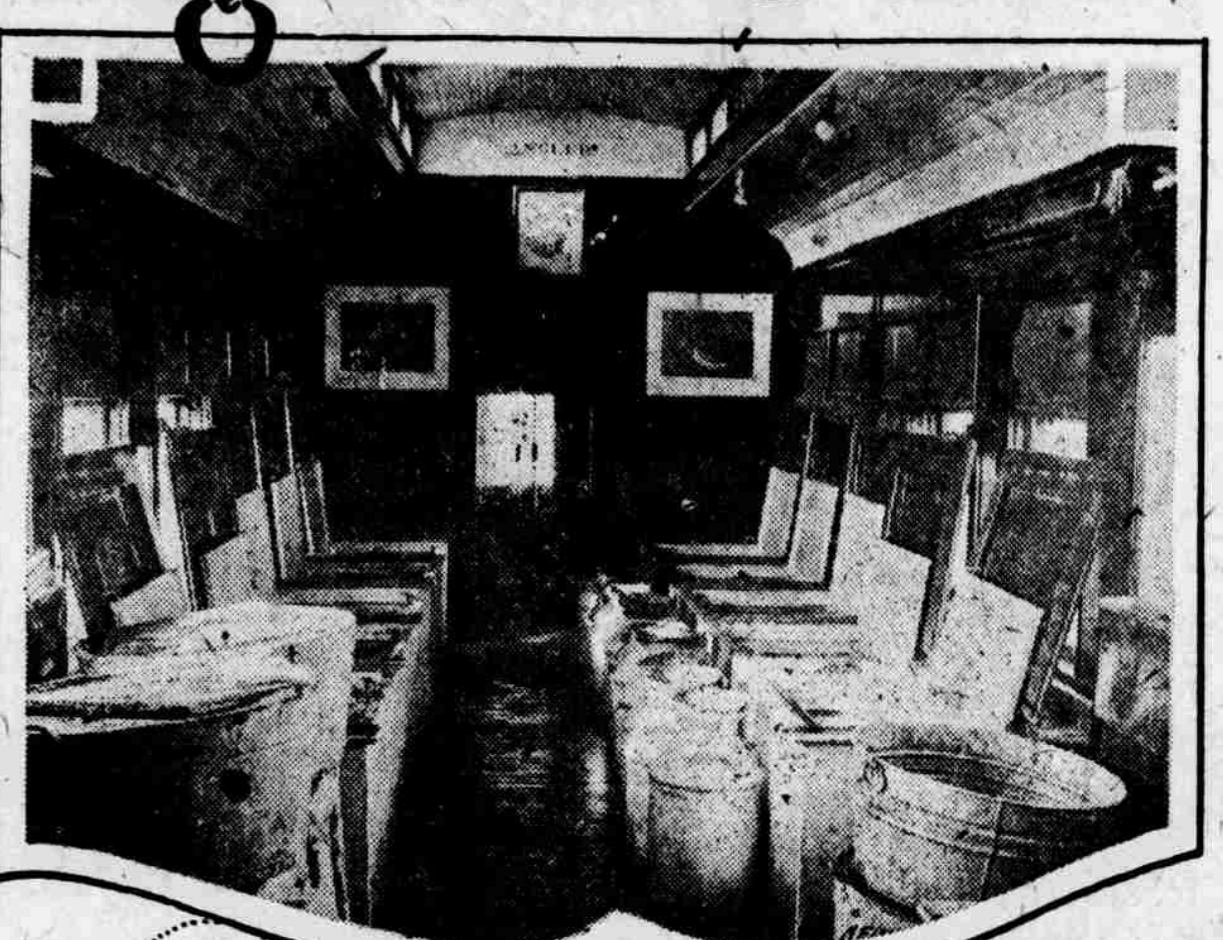
Destructive to Nets. One of the species of fish taken in large numbers, and which are anathema to the workers, are the alligator gars, which run large in size and are destructive to the nets.

As soon as a half-ton of fish suitable for transplanting is procured these are placed in tubs and are taken in a truck to the state fish car, the Angler, which is 76 feet in length and is one of the best equipped cars of the kind in America.

There the fish are placed in tanks which are treated with com-

pressed air at intervals by a unique mechanism. The blueheads will stand crowding and there are thousands of these in each tank. The crappie, bass and perch are more exclusive, and as compared with the blueheads, only a few can be placed in a tank.

Notable Hatchery. At Gretna the state of Nebraska maintains one of the really notable fish hatcheries of the United States. It is in charge of Superintendent William O'Brien, who is regarded as one of the most expert fish culturists in America. He hatches at the plant three countless millions of trout of the different species, bass, crappies, and other game fish with which to stock the clear water running streams in the state, most of which are located in the sand-hill country. These are the aristocrats of fresh water life and because of the comparative inaccessibility of some of the trout streams and bass lakes of the state, and the cost of equipment for a fishing trip of a few days, only the wealthy or leisurely citizens of the



INTERIOR OF STATE FISH CAR - "ANGLER"



STATE FISH CAR - ANGLER and STATE GAME WARDEN GEORGE KOSTER

state can take advantage of the sport that is made possible by the work of the Gretna, Benkleman and Valentine fish hatcheries.

Close to Railway. The shallow lake at Peru, located close to the Burlington railway, and so economical for working, is a splendid supplement for the state fish hatcheries. It provides the fish for hot pools. They are the kind that the man of family can afford to go for when he takes his brood out for a day with nature and an old-fashioned fishing trip. They are the kind of fish that can be caught with a cane pole, a cotton line, a common fish hook, with a worm for bait. Bluehead and crappie, with the ring perch, will bite for the common man and his family and will afford the same modicum of sport, relatively, that the aristocratic rainbow trout or Oswego bass will for the angler with his costly outfit of steel or split bamboo pole, silk lines, expensive leaders and flies.

Enough for State. There are enough fish in the lake to supply all of the ponds, lakes, creeks, rivers and other water courses of the state with game and

food fish. The supply will never diminish, for it is constantly replenished from the Missouri river with its inexhaustible stores of fish life. In fact, Majors lake is a veritable fish reservoir.

The Honorable Ellis Good, representative from Nemaha county, has called the attention of the governor to the opportunities for replenishment of the waters of the state with fish from this lake. He has asked that an engineer from the state highway department, with Superintendent O'Brien and Warden Koster, make a survey of the lake, ascertain what requirements will be needed in diking and retaining the waters therein for the preservation of the fish at all seasons of the year.

Rates Are High. In the event that this can be done it is probable that an appropriation will be made to purchase the tract and convert it into a fish pond, from which during the season the fish can be distributed all over the state. Mr. Koster says that more than 30 cars of fish can be taken from its waters each year and that the great expense involved will be that of transportation of the fish car.

This year the appropriation was

so small and the rates so high that his work with the car was limited. In a number of cases, especially in those of Wayne and Fremont, citizens in the respective communities defrayed the cost of replenishing the waters near their towns with the fish taken from Majors lake.

Contiguous to Majors lake, but closer to the Missouri river, is another lake of considerable area, and which is accessible for the fish car, which is literally teeming with fish of a different species. The varieties found therein are the blue, yellow and channel catfish, which only propagate in running water.

These fish were impounded during overflows of the nearby river, and they are now of considerable size. From this lake could be stocked such streams as the Blue, Republican, Elkhorn, Verdigris, Niobrara, Wood, Beaver and North Loup rivers, and the countless living streams and creeks in the state.

This would not only be a work of conservation in the development of a vast supply of food fish in the state, but it would also increase the possibilities for indulgence in the sport of angling in sections where this is now practically impossible because of the lack of fish life in the overfished streams, especially in the more accessible and densely populated portions of the state.

Economy of Handling. These lakes could also be used for the stocking of private ponds and lakes of the state where fish could be raised in large quantities for food purposes. There are several large ponds on farms in this part of the state which are bringing in a good revenue to the owners.

The possibilities of these lakes as an auxiliary to the state fish hatcheries where the finer game fish are propagated in limited quantities, and rather expensively, are limitless, both because of vast production and economy of handling.

As it is now the lakes are neglected and the tons and tons of fish life, laboriously produced by nature, are doomed to annual destruction by nature itself. The laws will not permit citizens of the state to seine or catch the game fish and save them for food even when the lakes are drying up or freezing over.

Game Warden Koster estimates that the smaller sized fish which he transplants from Majors lake to Carter lake, and the waters about Fremont and Wayne, will be large enough to catch in three years. A large proportion of them will bite and be worth taking home the coming spring and summer. There is promise of good sport for the man of family and his aids the coming year.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

(Creator of the Helen and Warren Characters.) This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced for four years by Mabel Herbert Urner. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Urner.

Breakfast in Their Stateroom Brings Out Warren's Inconsiderate Selfishness.

"Jove, it's thick!" raising the blind Warren glanced out the porthole at the dripping fog. "We've slowed down, too."

A shuddery blast. The deep-throated warning of the fog horn. "That blew all night—I couldn't sleep," Helen rose dizzily from her tumbled berth.

"Well, we'll not get up. We'll have breakfast in here," punching the bell as he slouched back into bed.

"Oh, no, dear, let's get out on deck," eager to escape from the close oppressive stateroom. "We'll feel so much better."

"You ring, Monsieur?" The French steward was at the door.

"Yes, see if my bath's ready. And we'll have breakfast here—coffee, toast and an omelet."

"Oui, oui, monsieur." In his slippers and robe Warren slumped out to his bath, while Helen lay back, claimed by a rush of dizziness.

It was only the second day out, and it had not been rough. Yet just the ship's vibration had brought on that sickening pressure in throat and chest.

She longed to get out to her deck chair, where the vibration was less and the chill air freshly reviving. But now Warren had insisted on having breakfast in the room and not getting up until lunch.

The very thought of food in that small, stuffy stateroom was revolting. Never in traveling her wishes were never considered. His inclinations dictated the plans for them both.

This hurried business trip to Paris had come unexpectedly, with only three days' notice. Dreading to be left alone, Helen had begged to go with him. He had grudgingly consented, warning her that a winter's trip might not be pleasant, and that she must take things as she found them and not "fuss."

A knock at her door, and the bath steward announced that her bath was ready.

Tucking her hair under a boudoir cap, Helen threw on her quilted kimono and swayed down the long, white corridor.

She bolted the bathroom door with a pleasant consciousness that everything was spotless. The huge porcelain tub and ponderous brass faucets glittered with a recent polish. On a platform was a chair covered with a large Turkish towel, which gave a throne-like effect.

The tepid sea water was stimulating, and she slipped back to their stateroom, eager to dress and get out on deck before that gnawing nausea returned.

The steward had just brought in the coffee, the first installment of their breakfast. Warren, again in his berth, was directing the placing of the tray.

"What's in that pitcher? Hot milk? Well, we'll want some cream. And you can bring some rolls, too—that toast looks pretty dry."

"But, dear, the oranges will keep. We ought to eat the others first," with her usual economy. "Look, that shaving soap rolled off the washstand."

"What if they are? I'm not going to eat what I don't want just to save it."

Obediently Helen started to peel him an orange. No extra plate on the tray, she tore an advertising leaf from a magazine to receive the rind.

"That's a good orange," he dispatched the juicy quarters as she separated them. "Ah, here we are!" approvingly, as the steward entered with another tray—cream, rolls, and a smoking omelet. "Just set it there—we'll serve it."

Helen knew that this meant she would serve it, for Warren had no intention of sipping from his berth. She poured the coffee, gave him four-fifths of the omelet, arranging it on the smaller tray which he could conveniently hold on his knees.

"That's the real thing! Takes the French to make an omelet," as he forked into the golden mound.

"Light as a feather. What's the matter? Letting yours get cold?" "I don't think I want any," for another sickening wave had claimed her.

"Nonsense. You get busy—don't get an omelet like that every day. Where's the butter? Didn't he bring any?"

At a disquieting lurch of the ship, Helen had dropped into her berth, but now she rose to hand him the butter from the other tray.

"Sweet butter!" as he spread the delicious unsalted butter served by the French line. "Thought you were crazy about it."

"I am, but I don't care for anything just now."

"See here, you'd better pitch in

and eat a good breakfast—that'll set you up. I'll have a little more coffee. Plenty of cream—it's pretty strong."

Having poured him a second cup, she gave him another roll and picked up his napkin that had slid to the floor.

"Now I tell you what I'd like to finish off with—a little preserves or marmalade. See if there isn't some in that basket."

Again Helen forced herself from her berth to explore the steamer basket. Under the fruit was a small jar of salted nuts, another of stuffed dates and a box of chocolates.

"Well, open the one the Stevens sent. I'll wager there's some in that."

"Dear, we don't want to open any more—we can't eat all this. I thought I'd take that large basket to the Kempfords. They always entertain us in London—and they never come to New York."

"Now see here, this stuff was sent to us to eat on the steamer. We're not going to lug it to London and dole it out there. Here, you take this tray and give me that basket—I'll open it."

She set the tray in the only clear space on the floor and dragged over the basket too heavy to lift.

"Oh, save that paper. We'll want to keep it covered."

But Warren ruthlessly tore off the white glazed paper and dived into the expensively-packed basket.

"Dear, do be careful—it's so full, stooping for a tangerine and a large amber plum that rolled to the floor."

"Ah, I thought so," triumphantly. "Here's the stuff to top off with," he held up a tiny jar of strawberry preserves. "Now open this and hand me back that tray."

Relieved of the basket, the tray once more in his lap, he proceeded

to dispatch several slices of toast liberally spread with sweet butter and strawberry preserves.

"Not a bad breakfast. They do you well on this boat," leaning back in well-fed content. "Ring for the steward to take out these trays—and we'll have a good snooze until lunch."

"Dear, I know I can't sleep, touching the bell by her berth. 'I'm beginning to feel seasick.'"

"Don't start coddling yourself. If you pull a long face—of course, you'll be sick! It's all imagination—everybody'll tell you that. What about these 'New Thought' lectures that set you back a 10 spot? Here's a chance to ring in some of that dope."

"I am trying," steadying the coffee pot, which toppled threateningly. "But I want to get out on deck in the fresh air."

"Yes, and it'll take you an hour to dress. You'll be putting around so I can't sleep. Plenty of air in here. The porthole's open—what more do you want?"

A heavier lurch sent her swaying against the washstand. Again the sick nausea swept over her. Too wretched to combat his inconsiderate selfishness, she sank on the edge of her berth.

"Oh, I wanted to get out!" helplessly. "The motion's much worse down here—and it's getting rougher every moment."

"Rough? You don't call this rough for a winter trip? If you feel rocky—get back into bed. No sense stirring around. Eat and sleep—that's all you want to do on ship-board. Now I'm going to rest up on this trip. You lie down there and stop your fussing—or the next time you won't get further than the dock!"

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