

**Hopeful Fishers**

And while on the subject of Miami, it is well to relate a story of a record-breaking fishing trip taken by Nathan Lazar-nick, the photographer, who promised to pilot a party to the happy fishing grounds, John Chetwood Wetmore, Mr. Nichols and the writer. The time was Saturday, the day ideal, and a boatman was secured after energetic hustling. The boat, the property of Captain Tom, from Barnegat Bay and Toms River, was a sail boat aided by a motor, a sort of a

lower of Isaac Walton, providing, of course, they will but leave the only "Jonah" behind. Owing to his age he was not thrown overboard this time to the whale of history or, what is better, to the sharks, which infest certain waters around Miami and which prove great sport to the seeker of big game.

**Wetmore's Luck**

And while speaking of Wetmore, it might be well to state that as long as Jai Ali remains the national game of Cuba, we may expect to have the Cuban road.



Major Miller in the middle, telling about the fun he will have from his wager of \$10,000, to fly in a balloon from New York to Franklyn.



PERCY P. PIERCE AND CARL PAIGE  
Veteran Automobilists

combination affair. The sociable host, Mr. Merrell, loaded the visitors with many things good and the trip started merrily. It ended just as merrily after a visit to the reefs, but that was all. The fish either would not bite or there were none, for the trip was a record-breaker in that no fish rewarded the anxious fishermen. Everyone caught a splendid case of sunburn and the trip was therefore not without results. In justice to Miami, let it be said that every other boat the same day brought back loads of fish of every known sort, and the spot may be recommended to any one who is a fol-

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race put forth as a greater event than even the Vanderbilt race. "Jonah" likes Jai Ali and attends every performance when in Havana, wagering his money freely on every game. Incidentally he comes out ahead and admiring the really game as he does believes there is nothing to compare with it. His luck is proverbial, for he can't lose. At one day of sport he mixed his Spanish a little and in purchasing the ticket in the mutuals called for the ticket he did not want, white instead of blue. Innocently enough he shoved the ticket into his vest pocket and all during the game rooted with the