
Seven Shooting Galleries That Hold World's Record for Ammunition Consumption.

STRIKING SUCCESS STORY TOLD FOR THE FIRST
TIME.

In the long series of business romances evolved in this age of industry, one important employment of man has been consistently overlooked. It is safe to say that not one person in ten thousand who reads these lines has ever before seen a printed word bearing on the subject of the shooting gallery.

Probably every other work of mankind has been done into type—in either a favorable or unfavorable light—and nearly as many have found their way to the expressive moving picture film and have been flashed in drama or comedy before watching thousands. But the tale of the .22 repeater, the little copper cartridge and the lane of fire has been passed by, “A loud-mouthed imitation of Buffalo Bill, a begrimed row of crooked-shooting rifles and a line of clay pipes and white-washed targets”—this, sad to say, has been the popular impression of the gallery man and his paraphernalia.

It will surprise the world to know that one string of galleries located at Coney Island has been so conducted as to continue for twenty-six years in ever increasing prosperity against a handicap of fire losses alone—which the festive Island seems fated to bear at regular periods—of more than a quarter of a million dollars. This magnificently organized machine of seven separate galleries is owned by the McCullough Brothers, James J. and Henry M., who started twenty-eight years ago with one gallery on the Bowery in New York City, and who by exceptional sagacity and industry, have developed a business which has no peer of its kind in the world.

Nothing is more apparent than the fact that a determination to give every shooter his money's worth has been responsible for the continued prosperity of the McCullough galleries where too many others have floundered with the seasons. From the early 80s when the brothers staked their little pile in the Bowery gallery venture, all through the coming and going of the Coney crowds for a half-life time of summers, the man or woman who has stepped up to the counter in a McCullough gallery has found a “square” gun and the

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McCULLOUGH

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best am/munition to be had, and has been given a fair chance at the targets.

In the gallery business, as in other walks of life, twenty-eight years have brought many innovations and these McCullough patrons have been the first to enjoy. The now familiar glass balls playing at the top of a stream of water were first offered as targets in these galleries, as was the popular "falling bird" target. The McCulloughs were also first to provide shooters with the modern Remington gallery rifle and have lost no opportunity at any time to place gallery shooting on a higher plane or to add to its attractiveness.

Some idea of the staple character of the McCullough business may be gathered from the fact that in twenty-six years at Coney Island, their galleries have never consumed less than three million five hundred thousand cartridges annually. No, this is not a statement from the report of the Secretary of War—the McCullough books will substantiate it. No other concern or individual in civil life has ever developed such an insatiable appetite for cartridges. To dole out this tremendous supply of ammunition to those anxious to "try their skill," at least fifty men are employed in season to operate the local galleries and some outfits that "follow the fairs" and other big events, all over the continent. All of these activities are handled from the modern, business-like headquarters at Coney Island.

As the McCulloughs have developed in their own work, they have transmitted their experience to others and they are responsible for the establishment of many galleries throughout this and many foreign countries. It was early necessary to devote a corner of the office to the making of the various targets and other parts and to the repair and general care of guns and other work in connection with the upkeep of operating galleries and outfitting new ones. This "corner" soon spread into an up-to-date shop and foundry, equipped with the latest machinery. In this shop, complete galleries and units of galleries are made and shipped to all parts of the world.

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So here is the outline of a big, broad "success" story, with its opening scene laid in a dingy room on the Bowery, and its succeeding chapters, replete with the peculiar interest inherent in this little known branch of industrial history, reaching into every civilized land on the globe.



The D. & M. Cup

Attention, Baseball Leagues

Beautiful sterling silver watch fobs or trophy cups are to be given free to the winning clubs of professional and amateur baseball leagues that adopt the D. & M. Official League Ball for 1913. Write for complete information and contract, giving the name, size, class and number of games to be played in your league. Also name of your dealer.

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The Draper-Maynard Company, Plymouth, N. H., U. S. A.

The Wrong Man

The reporter who had accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man who had one arm in a sling, a bandage over one eye, his front teeth gone, and his nose knocked four points to starboard, sitting on a piece of the locomotive and surveying the horrible ruin all about him.

"Can you give me some particulars of this accident?" asked the reporter, taking out his notebook.

"I haven't heard of any accident, young man," replied the disfigured party stiffly.

He was one of the directors of the railroad.—
Fun.