

Mrs. Audrey Savin.



THE PROTECTOR OF HIS PEOPLE

By MICHAEL WHITE

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KHAN SHAH was a good tiger, highly respected in the neighborhood. Do not be surprised at this, because there are both good and bad tigers, though, as with human beings, the reputation of the daring criminal is likely to occupy more news space than the virtuous, law-abiding citizen. Hence Khan Shah was unknown to the world at large, but almost defied by the villagers within range of his labor.

It was Khan Shah who preserved the crops from spoliation by killing off the deer and wild hogs, and he it was who drove away a suspicious-looking vagrant of his own tribe; but never, under any circumstances, had he been known to harm man, child or tame beast. Therefore the villagers built a little altar to Khan Shah, upon festival occasions presented him with an old cow long past bringing any price, and dignified him by the title "Protector of His People."

So when the rains had swept over the land, and the bright green of the fresh crop rose above the brown soil, giving excellent promise, a villager, catching a glimpse of the golden yellow of Khan Shah's supple form, with its soft velvet stripes, leaping through the nearby jungle in chase of deer or wild hog, he saluted him with great respect.

"Salaam, Khan Shah! May your huntership be ever successful, your teeth and claws kept well sharpened. May you always guard the crops of this people."

Indeed, in the pride and strength of his full perfection, Khan Shah was a tiger to be admired. The great head hung upon his massive shoulders, with its black rosettes and the delicate silver threads of whiskers, was purely majestic. In every movement of his long, agile body, ending in the wide sweeps of his sinuous, black-ringed tail, was grace above adverse comment. Khan Shah, standing in a shaft of golden sunlight against a background of emerald foliage, was an object to stay the real hunter's finger on the trigger of his rifle.

But gradually the burnished yellow of Khan Shah's body began to fade into the tawny shade, the velvet stripes took on almost a rusty hue, a gray tint appeared upon his muzzle, and his head swung lower in a stride which did not have the easy motion as of yore. Somehow, too, Khan Shah began to fall in his spring upon the deer and wild hogs, and the crops suffered in consequence.

Not that the villagers lost faith in Khan Shah quickly. They said that his spirit was gone hunting in other grounds, and must be brought back to his proper duty. So they made offerings and burned incense before his shrine, while Khan Shah, lying not so very far off, licked his paws over the discovery that his claws had grown blunt, that his joints were stiff, therefore it was hard for him to catch the deer and wild hogs. Moreover, he was becoming lean on that account, and some other way must be found to satisfy his natural appetite.

Some persons hold that animals do not possess reasoning power or sentiment, that they are guided merely by what we call instinct. Perhaps, then, it was instinct which moved Khan Shah to cast a hungry eye on the goats in the White Sahib's compound, instead of the lean cattle of his own people, and had nothing whatever to do with a tiger's conscience. In any case, the fat goats began to disappear, and the White Sahib took notice.

"Who is stealing my goats?" he demanded of his native butler. "Sir," replied the butler, who knew the real culprit, "the police have been informed of this matter, and say that it is a thief from another district. In future the Sahib's goats will be locked up at night."

If Khan Shah was to be convicted on the charge of goat stealing, assuredly the evidence would not be forthcoming from his own people.

With the White Sahib's goats cut off from his food supply, Khan Shah roamed further afield and killed a bullock, the property of a village some ten miles away. Also, in that same village, a man was dragged forth from his hut, without sound, in the dead of night, being heard of no more, and the people rose up and called upon their White Sahib to see into the matter. That White Sahib found pugs (tigers' footprints) in the dust, held a council of the headmen, and laid the crime pretty fairly on the right striped shoulders. So he wrote to the other White Sahib, and said: "I think your tiger is up to mischief. You had better look out for him. If he comes here again he'll be shot."

The White Sahib of Khan Shah's village recollected his missing goats, and knew that the hour was near at hand when he must deal with Khan Shah. But by the law of Khan Shah's people not without proof, lest in their eyes a great crime be committed. Was Khan Shah not the Protector of His People, the reincarnation of an animal god, and cursed be he who would deal a death blow upon that sacred hide. As yet, you see, there was no proof of guilt; even then only an outcaste White Sahib could presume to be the executioner. So the White Sahib took down his rifle, carefully tested the mechanism, and filled the maga-

zine with cartridges. Then he waited for the news he knew would come sooner or later. But it did not descend quite so shortly as he expected, for nothing was heard of Khan Shah during several weeks. Khan Shah was hiding his face from the sight of men, and his people wondered.

Now it happened that the White Sahib's house was set on the side of a hill, and from the veranda, beyond the slope of lawn, a belt of rock and scrub jungle fell down to the brink of a tank, or small lake. At evening it was the custom of the young village girls to resort to the lake, and with much mirthful splashing perform their ablutions. The White Sahib, sitting on his veranda, was pleased when these sounds reached his ears, for they meant that all was running smoothly in the village.

It was so on one particular evening, the sun sinking in crimson splendor toward the baked earth, and at some distance a haze of blue smoke rising above the thatched roofs of the village, proclaiming that cooking pots were on the fire. A peal of merry laughter from the bathing girls caused the White Sahib to come out of a reverie and turn his head downward toward the lake. But it was not the group of bathing girls that suddenly concentrated his gaze. His glance had lit upon a slowly moving yellow object, creeping stealthily in and out among the rocks, with a course set obviously toward the bathing girls. For a moment the yellow object came into full view, swinging its head backward as if to make sure of a retreat.

The White Sahib rose quickly and went in for his rifle—Khan Shah's hour having come in his evidently murderous design upon the bathing girls. There was not much time to lose, for Khan Shah was within a few leaps of the lake; but the White Sahib judged from experience that Khan Shah would proceed cautiously in this his first assault in the open. He would probably wait until one of the girls came out of the water, and then seize his helpless victim. So the White Sahib made an equally cautious detour among the rocks, with the intention of cutting in between Khan Shah and the bathing girls, whose actions and voices proclaimed complete innocence of danger. But something caused Khan Shah to change his purpose; in fact, gaining scent of the White Sahib, to take up his trail, creeping in his footsteps. Thus the hunter became the hunted, and the White Sahib beginning to wonder what on earth had become of Khan Shah, who ought to have been where he clearly was not. Little did the White Sahib imagine how more than once he was almost within Khan Shah's claw grip, and that for the most part Khan Shah's red, gleaming eyes were full upon him. In this way they trailed each other among the rocks, when the White Sahib was moved to turn back on his course.

A cavernous growl from the top of a rock not more than three paces distant, and a foot or two above his head caused the White Sahib to look up with a start. Crouching low was Khan Shah, with every savage instinct kindled into immediate action. The White Sahib understood something of the ways of tigers, and, therefore, to attempt retreat would be suicide. He flung himself down under cover of the rock, as Khan Shah's huge body swept over—a streak of faded yellow with rusty black bands. A great roar vibrated among the rocks as Khan Shah bounded to earth, but even then the White Sahib knew better than to shoot. Resting on one knee, with his rifle to the shoulder, the White Sahib waited for Khan Shah to present a vital spot.

As Khan Shah wheeled in savage rage in having missed his mark, a little spurt of flame shot from the barrel of the White Sahib's rifle, and that which went with it found a lodging in Khan Shah's brain. But that was not quite the end of Khan Shah. Presumably the people of the village heaped praise and honor on the White Sahib's head for having saved their daughters from the jaws of Khan Shah. Not at all. Instead they called him a murderer in their hearts, and secretly sent up a petition for his removal. They held that no crime had been proved against Khan Shah, and that he was the Protector of His People from deer and wild hogs. Even so he is still such, for in the gray of early morning does not his spirit hover on the outskirts of their fields, and is not the food set down before his shrine always eaten? The White Sahib, of course, does not believe these things; but then who is the White Sahib in India? A few hundred years ago he was not there, a few hundred years, perchance, Khan Shah will be honored when he is forgotten. Like him, others have come and gone, but India remains the same forever.

We Wished So, Too

Bobby, our neighbor's young son, was in the habit of having lunch occasionally at our house. One day after partaking of a hearty meal he leaned contentedly back in his chair, lost his balance, and in desperation grabbed the tablecloth. Continuing to fall he landed in a heap of dishes, food and tablecloth.

After picking himself up and viewing the ruin, he remarked, "Gee, I wish I was home."—Exchange.

Java Trade

Dealers of Java are trying to buy direct rather than through the old method, by which an American product wanted by a consumer in Java is ordered through a Dutch house in Batavia, with head offices in Rotterdam, which in turn orders from an American manufacturer through its New York agents.

POULTRY

BLACKHEAD MOST COMMON DISEASE

Blackhead is one of the most common diseases of turkeys. It is caused by a microscopic parasite that affects especially the liver and ceca (blind pouches of the intestines) of birds from six weeks to four months of age. Older turkeys or chickens, however, are not immune to the trouble. Chickens may be a source of infection and not show signs of the disease.

The term "blackhead" is misleading, as any disease which causes a decrease in the oxygen supply of the blood may cause the head to become darkened in color. The characteristic symptoms are drowsiness, a tendency to lag behind the flock, loss of appetite, diarrhea and sulphur-colored droppings. The dark color of the head is common, but it is not always a reliable diagnostic symptom, as it may be the result of some other trouble. As the disease progresses the feathers become ruffled, the wings droop and general debility is noticed. Usually, several poulters are stricken at once.

Treatment for blackhead is of little value. The hope is for prevention. Remove birds to new quarters and see that drinking and feeding vessels are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Sick birds should be killed and burned or buried deeply. A treatment which is advised by some is as follows: For each 20 birds give two teaspoonfuls of powdered ipecac mixed in a mash, twice a week until the poulters are three months of age, then reduce the dosage one-half and give once each 10 days until the birds are ready for market.

Hens Relish Succulence

in Potatoes and Apples

Raw potatoes and apples are relished by the hens and add succulence to the ration. However, a balanced dry mash should be used at the same time to encourage egg production. Melon leaves and vines are rather tough and not usually eaten by the hens when they have access to other green feed. A clover pasture or the succulent leaves of swiss chard will be much better.

Cull radishes and the leaves will be picked over by the hens. They like the roots but do not relish the tough leaves. Other grasses and green feed are better poultry feed. Much depends on the quality of the poultry range. Hens in small yards will seem to like certain tough leaves that they will never touch if more tender and succulent green feed is available.

Hints on Care of Eggs

Provide plenty of clean nests for the laying hens.

Gather eggs twice a day. Keep the eggs in a cool, fairly dry place.

Keep out the cracked, dirty, small and very large eggs for home use.

Never wash eggs unless they are to be used immediately by local trade.

Market eggs frequently, at least once a week and preferably twice.

Know the preferences of your market and strive to meet them. Grade your eggs for uniformity in size, shape and color.

Know the shipping requirements of express or railroad companies when you use their services.

Use only sound, strong, standard packages and pack the eggs properly.

Remember quality is essential for best prices.

If you are selling through a satisfactory agency with which you have established a reputation for high quality, be very sure that you have secured a better outlet before you make a change.

If you sell to local dealers, insist upon their buying eggs on a "loss off" or quality basis.—Farmers' Bulletin 1378, United States Department of Agriculture.

Poultry Notes

Dispose of all old birds that have stopped laying.

Do not sell early hatched pullets; they will mean winter eggs.

Hens and pullets should be put into a coop and if they do not lay slip them to the produce dealer.

Small, weak hens with long slim heads generally lack vigor and are usually short-time layers.

Soft-shelled eggs may be caused by condiments. Spices often lead to trouble.

W. R. Hlnshaw, authority on poultry diseases at the Kansas Agricultural college, recommends culling of weak, inferior birds, strict sanitation and protection from undue exposure as the most promising means of controlling the epizootic among fowls.

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To Avoid Foot Trouble.

The public health service gives the following information on standing and walking: In using the feet, it is important to (a) toe out a little, if at all, (b) throw the weight rather toward the outer side of the foot, (c) try to learn to use the toes to push as the foot leaves the ground, (d) in standing try to grasp with the toes, (e) in tiresome long standing toe-in on the weight-bearing foot.

Tidal Rivers.

The term "drowned river system" refers to such a system as tidal rivers as the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac and James, wherein the trunk valley and its branches were submerged by the sea entering their lower parts because of a sinking of the edge of the continent. This has made possible wonderful harbors at the mouths of these tidal streams.

World Grows Better.

Another thing an experienced newspaper man can do, says the Ohio State Journal, is to make a correction sound like an entirely new item. Which is better than the old-time policy of never making a correction, assuming an infallibility that was even less justified than it would be today.—Troy News.

Early Handkerchiefs.

Churchmen have been credited with being the first to use handkerchiefs in Europe, and for a time priests alone were permitted to carry them. Even they were subjected to certain restrictions of use, for the handkerchief formed part of the vestments of the cleric's office and as a "facial," by which name it was known, was worn by the priest officiating before the altar.

Old Nickname for Whisky.

The name "John Barleycorn," used as a personification of malt liquor, is derived from an English tract of old date entitled "The Arraigning and Indicting of Sir John Barleycorn Knt," printed for Timothy Tossop. Sir John Barleycorn appears as a person in a number of similar ballads by John Burns.

Remarkable Birds' Nest.

Humming birds build the most delicate and beautiful nests known, while the most remarkable nests are those of the American orioles and of the weaver birds of Africa and the East Indies.

Best Fruit Near the Top.

The tree of knowledge has to be climbed; most of us try to get along by breaking off a few branches.—Boston Transcript.

Terms Comes From French.

"Biscuit" is a French word which signifies "twice cooked," the term having been originally applied to thin, flat bread for the use of travelers and soldiers, baked a second time to increase its keeping quality by expelling practically all moisture.

Eggs Nine Years Old Good.

Biologists have discovered, in experimenting with rats, that storage eggs, although they may be nine years old and in a frozen condition nearly all of that time, are still potent in promoting rats, who apparently enjoy the aged food.

Cloud's Silver Lining.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and, when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—Willits.

Outwitted Old Nick.

Peter Fabel, an Englishman, a native of Edmonton, who died during the reign of Henry VII (1485-1509), according to a local tradition, sold his soul to the devil, and then cheated him out of it.

Martyrs Made Saints.

Pope Plus XI beatified eight men who sacrificed their lives in carrying the Gospel to the American Indians. They were Father Isaac Jogues, Brother Rene Goupil, Noel Chabanel, Anthony Daniel, Father Brebeuf and Father Lalumand.

Fairly Met.

"Better look out for me," warned the fair flirt. "You know I am a grass widow." "Oh, that's all right," replied the sophisticated male. "I am known as the human lawn mower."

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Fish That Sit Down.

Japanese goldfish boast of colors no human craftsman can copy, having wonderful tails that remind one of bridal veils or fans, and they sit down on these whenever tired. They sell for as high as \$25 apiece.

Noted for Medieval Glass.

The medieval glass that fills almost all the windows in the cathedral of Bourges is unsurpassed in beauty by any other collection of medieval glass work. The cathedral is one of the five greatest in France.

High French Honor.

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