

A Battle in the Mountains

There's Heart Interest in the Story of How a Dog Won in a Desperate Combat

NOT much of a story is this, yet its elements are those of dramatic tragedy and it has a stage that cannot be described justly and it was given in a theater that is divine. And the actors are but six, three little men, children and two dogs and a "bob" cat, which is just a wild thing with a brief tail. So, the company being small, the cost of production will be proportionate. Better make it "reproduction," though, for all this happened years ago.

Nothing but a clearing in the Rockies is the theater. It's today as it was when Old Tramp, the superannuated deer hound, set out with Curly, and Bud and the Baby to hunt 'possums. The cavalcade was armed to the teeth with an axe and a lantern. Even the countryside's freedom with lethal weapons balked at giving a gun to infants like Curly and Bud and the Baby, 12 and 11 and 10. The night was velvety dark and the woods were rusty with fall. The air was heavy with the sweet death of summer, as Curly and Bud and the Baby set bravely out, with the old dog in the lead.

They were scarcely out of sight of the lone light of the farm house when the dog, Old Tramp, began to bark. He had treed a 'possum. Curly and Bud and the Baby broke into a wild, joyous run. The lantern threw their twinkling legs onto the black trees in wondrous effects.

At the foot of a big old tree, the dog was giving the lie to Father Time. He was as crasy as a pup. Curly and Bud and the Baby began to make systematic preparations to fell the tree, the orthodox manner of trapping a 'possum. They didn't know, perhaps, the scientific name for their quarry, but they did know how to get him to where the dog could finish him.

Somewhat, this particular 'possum

didn't run true to 'possum form. He seemed inclined to go against all rules of 'possum-hunt etiquette. He started running down the tree. A lantern gives but a poor light, too, you know.

The 'possum, supposedly mock and frightened, came on and dashed down the nakedness of the lower part of the tree.

The air was very full of dog and howls and of a little dynamo of fur that spit and clawed.

"S a bob cat," said Curly.

Old Tramp seized an opportunity to escape. He retreated with a certain lack of dignity and a positive absence of pride in the possession of a tail. He stood not on the order of his going and the night was vocal with his woe.

The bob cat retired with the leisure of a victor.

Curly and Bud and the Baby said nothing of the disgrace of Old Tramp at home. Instead, they begged that they might take with them Flip, which animal was a red-tipped bulldog, built by nature to be brave and taught by man to fight. Flip was a potential champion of the pit and not for children to play with, lest his teeth be injured in retrieving sticks and stones. He was kept in his kennel and Curly and Bud and the Baby were forbidden to take him out.

"There's the old bound; I guess he's all right for what you want," said the immediate male ancestor of Curly and Bud and the Baby. In round-eyed innocence they accepted this decree from the head of the house. There was no appeal.

The next night the bob cat routed Old Tramp and the next. The old dog seemed possessed; he would tree nothing else.

The chieftain of the clan of Curly and Bud and the Baby laughed at them for their lack of success as 'possum hunters. He even went to the cruel extreme of offering to buy for them a tame one at the village, that they might capture him.

That night, the three little men started out into the velvet dark with the foolish Old Tramp frolicking ahead. But Curly and Bud slipped back and went to the kennel of the king. There was but a soft leather strap about the corded neck of him. The two little fellows braced against each other's feet and pulled hard. They sprang as the leather yielded and the dog leaped upon them in delight. They hugged him once more.

Down in the woods they found the Baby, standing intrepid watch with the lantern. The bob cat was already coming down and there was a whine in the mock defiance of Old Tramp.

The wild cat had reached the lowest branch and two hot eyes, little, close-set, green, malevolent, talked insultingly to the feeble old hound on the ground.

It was the hiss of Curly, a whole magazine of sibilants let loose at once, that sent Flip hurtling toward the tree and the cat.

The two animals, the tame and the wild, met six feet off the ground. The dog was a marvelous fighter and he had found his equal. They fell to the ground, a snarling, spitting, growling unit. The lantern was poor illumination for so magnificent a battle.

The cat's fore paws had Flip by his massive jaws and active hind feet clamped and tore at the dog's splendid chest and his unprotected belly; for such an attack he appeared to have no defense. All his strength of shoulders and fore legs was in his attempt to tear loose that terrible grip. No growls now, for breath was short and dear.

Curly and Bud and the Baby were frozen with fear; such an outcome they had not expected.

There were no sounds now, save for the loud rustling of the leafy bed on which the death embrace of two dumb things, fighting for their lives.

The dog seemed hopeless, helpless, and yet he fought. But to no purpose. Then he changed his tactics and he suffered the deadly hold of the cat. He kneeled and brought the fierce gray thing close to the ground. The lantern's dull, yellow rays showed his muscles knot and strain and knot again as he made his last attempt to win life.

Up above a solemn owl sailed out and hooted in wild alarm. Curly and Bud shivered and the Baby whimpered. Poor Flip! They loved the dog.

The dog's strength began to tell against the steel sinews of the wild cat. He bore it before him to the earth and under his head and shoulders. He could not get his awful jaws to bear and he tried that no more. Down, down, down into the leaves and onto the half-frozen earth he pushed the bob cat. Blood was pouring from him in a hundred tiny streams.

Curly and Bud and the Baby heard the wild cat's bones crack, crack, crack. And they went over and picked up the dog and kissed him and they took him home and received their punishment as little men of the mountains should.

Looking It Over

ARRANGEMENTS are being made between the American and Russian governments for the establishment of a regular wireless service across Bering Sea, which will insure telegraphic communication between America and Asia at all times, even in the event of interruption of cable service. This project, it is said, completes the circuit of the globe by wireless. No new construction is required for the institution of this service. The Russian government already has a wireless tower at Anadir, in Kamchatka and the American government has a station at Cape Nome, Alaska. There has been a limited ex-

change of signals between these two stations already.

Miss Sallie Holtzinger of St. Louis has not missed attending Sunday school at every possible occasion for 20 years, during which time she has missed preaching service but once. The pastor of the Third Baptist church of St. Louis, Rev. William J. Williamson, has presented a \$20 gold piece and a copy of the New Testament to Miss Holtzinger, in recognition of her record as a faithful worshiper, said to be without a parallel.

The home economics department of the Portland Woman's club is trying to find out what makes the cost of living so high. The women of the department are hold conferences with representatives of various business houses and are going into the problem thoroughly. One of the men who spoke before the club women was Rev. Father Edwin V. O'Hara, who suggested that housewives do their own marketing and advocated a free market, one that would do away with the middleman. Other speakers advised less deference to luxuries.

Antonio Gonzales tried to make his father get up and go to work the other morning. Enriquez Gonzales, the father, a Mexican section hand, resented this and fired a shot at the boy, "to frighten him." The boy was killed instantly. The shooting happened near Yuma, Arizona.

Here's a yarn about a man who didn't like to go to Sunday school, but was made to by his parents. W. F. Hoffer petitioned a Seattle court to have his name changed to W. E. Gordon and his wish was granted. "When I was a boy," said Hoffer, "I was forced to go to church and listen to long sermons or suffer a whipping. Now I want to get rid of my name and with it of the last thing that reminds me of those days."

Fire departments all over the world are bothered by the man or boy who turns in a false alarm, just to see the dash of the fire fighters to the scene of a supposed blaze. William McDonnell, a Portland longshoreman, tried that trick recently and it cost him \$50. He was caught immediately after he had turned in the alarm and was fined in the municipal court the following day.

The navy wants to "scrap" the battleship Oregon, on the ground that the old fighting craft is out of date and that it would not be of any value in a modern naval battle. An attempt is being made by patriotic Oregonians to save the ship from a fate of such ignominy. The Oregon's history as a fighting battleship is brilliant.

Many a man imagines that he is painting the town, when in reality he is only nailing shingles on the saloon-keeper's roof.

Goats Raised by Americans

There's Said to Be Money in the Handling of Angora Stock in this Country

THE banner goat farm of America is located in Texas, and numbers 10,000 head of grade and pure bred Angoras," says Farm and Fireside. "Last year the owner of this ranch realized a net profit of \$1 per animal from his flock. There are several other pretensions goat farms throughout New Mexico, California and Oregon. The largest goat ranch in the Mississippi valley has 2000 head, but the average flock in this country is from 100 to 500 animals.

Shearing

"The custom is to shear the goats early in April. Ordinary hair sells for 35 to 55 cents a pound. This common grade of mohair, which commands no especially high price, is that whose length is less than 12 inches; the ordinary fleece of one year's growth measures about 10 inches in length. The average mature doe will shear from six to nine pounds of mohair each year, while the full grown buck will yield from 10 to 15 pounds. Previous to shearing, the flock is graded into classes of does, bucks, kids and wethers. The fleeces are marketed according to this classification. The Ameri-

can Angora Goat association maintains a special mohair warehouse in Boston, where the fleeces of practically all the Angoras in this country are marketed. At this depot the fleeces are carefully cleaned, regraded if necessary, and baled ready for consignment to the manufacturing plants, where the raw mohair is converted into clothing, rugs, book bindings, shoes and gloves.

"One very beautiful fleece, which was 22 inches in length, sold for \$5.50 a pound, the record price for raw mohair in this country. Four dollars a pound is about the ordinary top figure.

"Land can be cleared by Angora goats of the worst brush known to this country for a little less than nothing. How? Simply this: Angora goats will live on leaves and weeds, leaving the land cleaner and nicer than can be done in any other way."

THE TIMELY BEGGAR.

B. C. Andrews, the chatty expert of Denver, was describing professional beggars, says the New York Tribune.

"They keep timely," he said. "Thus the Titanic disaster has caused a lot of them to pretend this season that they are sailors."

"A professional beggar tackled me in the country the other day as I was mending a puncture in my motor car."

"Boss," he said, "kin ye gimme a little help? I'm a sailor, and, as the Titanic proved, I carry my life in my hands."

"Oh," I said, "and that accounts for your not washing your hands, I suppose. Afraid to do it for fear you'll drown yourself, eh?"

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