

WONDERFUL SHEEP DOGS of the WESTERN

'BIG JIM' EVERETT AND HIS CROSSBRED BETWEEN COLLIE AND THE WOLF RANGE



AN OLD SCOTCH HERDER AND HIS COLLIES ON MONTANA PLAINS.



'BIG JIM' EVERETT OF BUFFALO WYOMING AND HIS PRIZE SHEEP DOGS



PICKING CACTUS THORNS OUT OF A SHEEP DOGS' FEET



'CLOSE HERDING' BUCKS IN A SHEEP CORRAL

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN.
HEARD FROM 'Big Jim' and the most wonderful sheep dogs in the world.

A giant of a fellow, with a browned and determined, yet pleasant face, had dismounted from his horse in front of the solitary restaurant boasted by the thriving sheep and cattle town of Buffalo, in Northern Wyoming. Instead of the beautiful, silky-haired collies conjured by the imagination, there trooped at his heels two rather small dogs, one black from tip to tip and the other black, save for a white breast.

Introduction to Jim Everett, like introduction to nearly all the outdoor men of the West, was not a matter of getting a card past a stony-faced private secretary. In three minutes Jim was expatiating on the accomplishments of his sheep dogs and extending an invitation to the writer to witness some of their feats—a bid that was promptly accepted.

Next day on the Crazy Woman Creek, a branch of Powder River, leaves an alkali-whitened trail, "Big Jim" showed what his sheep dogs could do.

"In the first place," said Jim, "these dogs are not pure-bred collies, as you must have noticed. The collie is a fine dog for sheep—in Scotland, but over here he needs a big strain of the wolf in him to make him effective. These dogs are half wolf. I caught their mother myself, out on the plains. Today these pups show more of the wolf strain than they do of the collie. Their ears are always pointed up, and they can hear twice as well as an ordinary collie. They are always on the lookout for danger, and their feet—well, that is their strong point. You see how thick the cactus-groves in this country. Well, an ordinary dog has got his feet full of cactus thorns when he comes into camp at night with the band of sheep. After the band has been bedded the herder's got to spend an hour or two by the camp fire picking thorns out of the dog's feet. But these wolf-dogs have got cushioned feet that are tougher than sole leather. You never see an old wolf out on the plains lying down and chewing cactus thorn out of his feet—and neither do you see these dogs doing the same trick. Just for this reason alone the wolf strain makes an animal like Nig or Lady the ideal sheep tender."

Nig and Lady at this time were several rods away, sitting on their haunches and looking out across the plains with that peculiar, alert expression that never seemed to desert them. Jim did not raise his voice above the conversational pitch, but, on the contrary dropped it a little, when he said:

"Where's that coyote?"

The human ear at its sharpest could not have detected the words at a distance of more than ten feet, but Nig and Lady heard every word, and instantly they were up and away, rising around the head of sheep, and ready to grapple with any prowling coyote or wolf that might be lurking in a sheltering arroyo. Suddenly Jim raised his arms until they extended in a horizontal position, and then he let them fall at his side. Instantly Nig and Lady stopped and sat down, with their eyes on their master.

"You see, it's not much use to yell at a dog, especially when you've got to yell against a Wyoming wind storm," said Jim. "So I've trained my dogs to work to signals—regular brakeman signals they are."

Here Jim waved one hand toward the left and Nig and Lady trotted off in that direction.

"If I want 'em to run around the sheep the other way," said Jim, "I just wave the other hand. When I want them to come in I just raise my hands over my head like this."

Up went the giant's brawny arms, and he trotted the sheep dogs and took up their station at their master's feet. At a motion, one of the dogs took a long excursion round the band, looking for stray lambs that might have become separated from the flock, thereby offering themselves as easy prey for coyotes. Another motion and the remaining dog "cut out" a single sheep from the bunch and ran down to guard it.

"That dog will watch that sheep for

dog and occasionally lands with the force of a battering-ram. But the sheep dog never tries to retaliate, but continues his patient work as guardian to the foolish flock. Even at night, when the band has been worked back toward camp, and is bedded down, the dog's work is not ended. The sheep in the most easily frightened of all animals, particularly at night. A slight noise will send the whole sleeping band to its feet and scurrying through the darkness. Unlike cattle, they do not run far, but

when coyotes are waiting in every draw and arroyo, it does not take much of a stampede to result in considerable loss. Naturally a strong bond of affection grows between the average sheep herder and his dog. The dog shares the comforts of the homelike sheep wagons in which most of the herders live. They have the best of food and care, which is no more than just when one considers the faithful and intelligent service they give.

The stirring annals of the West are full of stories of the devotion and intelligence of sheep dogs. The herder who descends his flock in the face of danger considers himself disgraced, and his dog seems to catch the same spirit of faithfulness. Not long ago a herder in Eastern Colorado was struck by lightning. Many herders meet death in this way, as thunder storms on the plains are frequent, and the guardians of the flocks usually stand on the highest hills so they can keep an eye on all of the straggling bands. In this instance it was three days before the herder's body was found, yet his dog had guarded the band of sheep all day, and not a sheep was missing, but the faithful dog was nearly starved.

The fearful blizzards that sweep over the plains are the greatest menace to the herders and their canine companions. In winter the flocks graze on the prairie, and in summer they are driven to the mountains. There is absolutely no protection on the plains, and the herder who strays away from his wagon in one of these blizzards is likely to pay for his

folly with his life. Sometimes the sheep will begin to "drift" before a storm, and the united efforts of man and dog will not turn the band back. The sheep wander on until at last they huddle together in some arroyo and are covered with drifting snow and soon another to death. If the herder and his dog cannot find their way back to camp, they perish miserably.

Last winter a herder in Albany County, Wyoming, would have lost his life but for his collie dog. He lost all sense of direction while wandering in a blizzard. He knew the flock was perishing, and it was his sole idea to get back to camp to save his own life. He struggled on all night, with his collie at his side, but at last gave up in despair, and sank down in the drifts to die. Several times he did this, but each time the dog would tug at his clothes and refuse to allow him to sink into the slumber that would have been his last. Aroused by the dog's baying, the herder would struggle to his feet and stagger on. Finally, in the evening of the second day, the blizzard slackened and he saw a light, and he and his dog were saved.

On the Red Desert of Wyoming a couple of Wintewago, a herder named

William Moody was caught in a blizzard. Cut off from his camp he wandered about the featureless plain until at last he sank down and died. He had two shepherd dogs that stood guard over his body two weeks. The dogs lived on the carcasses of frozen sheep, and it was through them that a searching party found the body of the herder lying face down in the snow.

Mexicans are very skillful in training sheep dogs, and the herders of the Southwest sometimes teach their canine companions many wonderful tricks, such as going to camp and bringing back a sack of tobacco or any article for which the herder may ask. Occasionally, on the Montana plains, one meets an old Scotch herder, who has cared for sheep in the old country, and who is an enthusiastic and convincing champion in behalf of the pure-bred collie.

As a rule, when they have outlived their usefulness, and can no longer undergo the exhausting work of herding sheep, the faithful dogs are replaced by younger animals and spend their remaining years on the "home ranch"—and who shall say that these pensioners have not earned all the favors they receive? Denver, Colo., Aug. 29.

Harnessing the Waves of Old Ocean

KANSAS CITY INVENTOR, WHO HAS DONE OTHER THINGS, THINKS HE HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 24.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—To harness the sea. That is the ambition, the hope of George C. Hale, of this city, known throughout the world as an inventor. For 15 years Mr. Hale has been working on an invention that would take the power of the waves from the ocean and convert that power into electricity for commercial purposes. At last he has perfected a machine which, if the demonstrations of the model are to be taken for anything, will actually harness the power of the ocean and make that power of commercial value.

It was 15 years ago that Mr. Hale sat one night on a pier at Rockaway Beach, watching the waves as they pounded against the stonework. Any, as he sat there, a steamer, outward bound, passed, with its stream of waves, tiny beggars those breaking against the pier, following the revolutions of the heavy propellers. Then it was that Mr. Hale realized the power of the waves and the possibilities for motive power if the strength of those waves could only be harnessed.

When he came back to Kansas City he began to work. Model after model was made, only to be thrown aside and a new idea carried out. There was but one way, he realized, to hold the power and that was by compressed air. At last, however, the right idea came, and a few days ago he gave a demonstration of the machine to scientific men of the city, a demonstration that convinced the scientists he was correct in his beliefs that the machine would be able to take power from the ocean and convert it to run street cars, light a city, and, in fact, everything that is now done by steam.

The model which Mr. Hale demonstrated, is built on the scale of one-half an inch to the foot. It is simple in construction. The main part of the body of the machine is to be a V-shaped abutment with interstices at regular intervals through which the water flows. The

wings that had fitted into the open spaces. The wings shot outward again and were ready for another wave. "Look at the register," Mr. Hale said. It showed that five pounds of air had been compressed. A few more strokes with the paddle and the indicator had gone to 20 pounds.

"Guess I'll let the engine work awhile," came from Mr. Hale, as he turned a small cock. The next moment the fly-wheels of two tiny engines were whirling and the dynamo to which they were attached, was generating electricity.

"And this is only a model—just about one-fifth as large as the real machine would be," the inventor explained. "But I've worked everything out to conform with the scale of reduction. This little machine has one-half horse power. The machine I would build for seacoast work would be 60 feet long, with 40 wings, instead of six, that would be nine feet high and 12 feet long. That machine would develop 300 horse power.

"Now, you see, the beauty of this machine," Mr. Hale became more interested in his work than ever, "the beauty of this machine is that a storm can't hurt it. It's built on the shores of masonry and steel. If the waves come in faster than usual, the wings have to work with the same rapidity, because, you see, they are governed by the flow of the water. To tell the truth, there's a benefit in a storm for this thing. It would just generate that much more electricity. Of course, the flow over the circuit would be the same, on account of the current governors. The surplus could be put into storage batteries."

"How about the cost of maintenance?" he asked.

"Isn't any," Mr. Hale replied. "All you have to do is to put up the machine and then hire some one to oil it. The waves do all the work. Two

men, experienced, of course, could watch a battery of eight or 10 of these machines. Why, there's practically no cost to it. For \$75,000 a battery of these machines could be placed on a seacoast and would furnish 15,000 horsepower. Two ordinary turbine engines, now used in the power houses to generate power, would cost \$25,000 more than this whole battery, and then, after they were installed, there would be the expense of coal, of men to watch the boilers, to handle the fuel and the ashes and to do the thousand and one other things about a power house. But with this harnessing of the waves of the ocean keep busy night and day and the expense isn't there at all."

George C. Hale is a man who has been making his name by his inventions. During the last 35 years he has invented the Hale water tower, in use by the fire departments of every large city of the world, a fire-alarm system now in use in New York City and many other things, including the swinging harness used by police officers to hold up their lanterns, and fire departments all over the world.

"Hate to brag about myself, but I guess I've done more for horses than lots of humane societies," he said one day last week. "Before I invented that swinging harness, the horses used to have to keep their harness on all the time so that they might be hitched to the fire apparatus quickly. Used to have to sleep with it on. Of course, the horses never looked nice, nor were they well cared for. Couldn't even take their harness off to groom them. But now, it's a whole lot different."

Among his 60 or more inventions, are the Hale tours, a moving-picture device in use at Coney Island and many other parks throughout the world.

But the last invention, Mr. Hale regards as his greatest.

"It's economy that everyone is looking for," he says. "And with this invention, there is nothing but economy. After this is put in operation the cities of New York, Boston, Galveston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and any other seacoast city or one near the coast, will be able to enjoy cheaper lighting, cheaper streetcar fares and in fact economy in everything with which electric power is connected."

Diving for a Locomotive.

F. Hopkinson Smith in Everybody's. Sometimes a diversion in the customs, any work of recovering sunken property would occur. It was a locomotive

on one occasion; she had attempted to cross a trestle and had toppled over in thirty feet of water bottomed by mud.

"Get her up!" said Captain Scott. "Certainly when'll I put her?"

"Back on the rails," said the manager with a laugh at the impossibility of the task.

"All right; she'll be there in the mornin'!"—and she was.

It was but the work of half a day for Captain Scott to rig up a pair of sheer poles, drop beside in his diving dress, pass some heavy chains under the boiler and between her axles, hook a block into a ring, take a turn on a hoisting engine aboard his wrecking tug, open a steam cylinder—and up she came. To lower her gently to the rails and wash her clean of the mud with a nozzle attached to the hose of his steam pump was the last service.

"There," he said when she was scrubbed clean, "now get it under her and pull her out; she's in my way."

There is no failure. In Success Magazine. There is no failure. Life itself is a song of victory o'er death, and ages long have told the story old of triumph wrought.

Unending from the things once held for naught. The battle's over; though defeated now. In coming time the waiting world shall bow before the throne of Truth that's bidden. Above the dust of those whose ashes lie. All heedless of the glorious fight they won. When earth obscured the light of victory's sun.

There is no failure. If we could but see Beyond the battle line; if we could be Where battle-smoke does ne'er behold the sun. Then we should know that where these—these Accented in habitations of death. Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath. The breath of life which they so nobly gave Shall swell anew above the lowly grave. And give new life and hope to hearts that Like heat.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan. There is no loss a lesson learned for man. Defeat is oft the discipline we need. To save us from the wrong or teaching head. To error— which would else more dearly cost. A lesson learned is never a battle lost. Where'er the cause is right, be not afraid; Defeat is then but victory delayed. And when the greatest victories of the world Are often won when battle flags are furled.