

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lans Leneve

Something struck me as rather amusing during the past trapping season. The I. E. Fox Company of New York offered cash prizes for the largest badger hides shipped them each month during the fur season. The thought struck me as to just who ever heard of a fox running a badger game?

Each season sees improved safety devices put upon the market for hunters and fishermen. A person may now purchase for less than \$5.00 a life preserver vest consisting of a not too heavy fabric that may be worn beneath a hunting or fishing jacket. It is rain-proof, wind-proof and in case the wearer falls into deep water it keeps him afloat exactly like an ordinary life preserver. Chains for automobiles are far from being a new invention, but chains for men are. A chain may now be purchased that can be wrapped about the sole of a gum boot, or a person's shoe that permits the walking upon slick surfaces with safety. They are ideal to wear while fishing rock strewn streams. They are easily removed or attached. Recently I saw a pair of them in action and they were certainly a wonderful help to the angler who was wearing them.

I have often heard men make the remark, "A woman has no business hunting," or "I wouldn't want to hunt in the same country where women were looking for deer." And yet, today sees many a lady indulging in the pastime of stalking deer, as well as shooting ducks. How often do you hear of one of them bagging a man for a deer, or accidentally shooting her hunting companion? It fact, it would behoove a lot of men who take to the marshes and the woods to follow the hunting methods employed by the gentler sex. A woman who is really a hunter is usually a very efficient one and possesses good nerves, a good eye and is usually a good shot and believe it or not, she is not as excitable as the majority of men hunters. It is this latter fact that causes accidents to be almost nil in the ranks of lady gunners.

It is really the early training that a hunter receives that makes of him either a reckless or a careful person with firearms. Some are naturally careless and never seem to correct their ways, while others are careful from the start. A good lecture by a seasoned hunter should be given every novice when he first shoulders a gun. It would go a long way toward preventing accidents.

The following little story regarding a dog which appeared in The Oregon Journal a while back will without doubt be appreciated by dog lovers and cannot help but stir the heart of any one who is human. It is a story that is bound to cause your throat to tighten and touch your heart with pity. Here it is:

"Although his master, Francis McMahon, died more than ten years ago in an upper floor operating room of St. Anthony's hospital, Rock Island, Ill., Shep, a Scotch collie, still is waiting in the lobby of the building.

"Shep is the truest friend Francis had," said McMahon's sister, who relates the story of the dog's devotion. McMahon was hurt by falling into the basement of a hotel in his home town, Erie, Ill., when a fence he was leaning against gave way. He was rushed by ambulance to the hospital on Rock Island, 20 miles away. As he was taken into the building on a stretcher it was discovered Shep had followed the speeding ambulance. Shep, you stay in the lobby and wait for me," ordered McMahon, who did not believe he was seriously injured. When death came, the body was removed by an elevator in another part of the building, and Shep, then two years old, did not see it. He has kept his lonely vigil day and night, often running to the elevator with gleeful barks when he hears the cage descending. Satisfied the occupants do not include his master, Shep walks back to his post a few feet away. The first few weeks after McMahon's death, Shep would not make friends with any one, but slowly and cautiously he allowed certain of the hospital Franciscan Sisters to pet his head. Later he started to take food. Sisters of the institution have adopted him as their ward and he meets each ambulance which stops at the hospital. McMahon's sister often calls at the hospital to see Shep but he is not overly friendly toward her. A week before last Christmas Shep was missed from the lobby and the Sisters were worried. He returned, however, within twenty-four hours. It is believed some one stole him and that he managed to make his way back to his post.

"Francis raised Shep from a puppy," his sister said, "he had a way with dogs."

If the above is not a case of love, loyalty and devotion, then I know not what one might call it. It lends strength to the fact that dog is beyond doubt the truest friend of man. It matters not what sort of treatment that a master metes out to his dog. He may be kicked, beaten, cursed and

starved and yet he will creep to his master's feet, lick his hand and gaze up into his face through brown eyes alight with pure worship. A man who beats his dog has no right to possess such an animal. They are too loyal a friend to be beaten and kicked about. Dogs can teach mere man real lessons concerning love and devotion.

A dog is a true pal and comrade. He stands ready to defend you with his life at any and all times. He knows not the meaning of faithlessness, doublecrossing, or ill temper toward you. It matters not whether you are bedecked in fine clothes, or rags, or whether his handout consists of the choicest of food, or merely an old bone, or nothing at all. He is content to be by your side. He will fight, die or starve for you. Owners of good dogs should bear these facts in mind, when in a fit of anger they start to beat their faithful dog. Your dog is intelligent and just as soon as he knows what you wish him to do he is only too glad to do it for you. Be patient with him in teaching him what you wish him to do—he's your best friend.

I recently received an agreeable surprise upon the receipt of a letter from the zoological laboratory of Cornell University, of Ithaca, N. Y., stating that I had been selected from the ranks of trappers and naturalists in this state to compile information for the university regarding Oregon's furbearing animals.

The most hardy little wild flower that grows is the little field daisy. During the big snow in January, which reached a depth of 19 1/4 inches here on the ranch, daisies that had blossomed, were completely covered for several days. But as the warm rays of Old Sol melted the snow away, the little flowers showed their bright faces once again. It was really a sight to inspire. Heavy frosts, chill winds, soaking rains and finally snow, all failed to daunt the courage of a mere daisy that persisted in spite of all of Nature's odds against it. The tiny flower won its fight against the mighty elements and when the great white blanket of snow finally vanished, those little beauties of the field seemed to lift their faces to receive the warm kiss of the sun god. Against overwhelming odds the daisies won the battle and they stand out alone to me as a symbol of strength—a harbinger of spring—with leafless trees in the background that had failed as yet to respond to Old Sol's coaxing to burst into bud. Yes, a mere field daisy can set an example in courage and fighting spirit that it would well behoove man to follow. Each sea-

son they are ruthlessly trod upon and plowed beneath the sod as the farmer prepares his fields for his crops. But with undaunted courage they fight their way up through the soil, through frost-bitten ground and even through snow, to smile a cheerful greeting beneath winter's leaden skies. There're no loving hands to tend them and watch after their welfare as is the case of home grown flowers. They are strictly on their own—one of Mother Nature's wonderful creations. Yep! My hat comes off to the daisy.

Brave little daisy with dauntless heart
Awaiting the kiss of spring;
Brave little flower with courage rare,
'Tis just of thee I song.

Yes the song I sing is just for you
And from my lips fond praises flow
For the brave little flower that lifts
its face
From out a field of snow.

In my heart you've inspired courage
To fight the winter through;
If I did not, I'd feel like a piker
Each time that I glanced at you.

I'm really not much of a singer
And I cannot do justice to you—
You with your dauntless courage
That lives the whole winter through.
And though cold winds roar

And dark clouds soar,
Whether skies be dark or blue
I always know little friend o'mine
That you're a smilin' through.

I guess I had better stop on that.
It really does not do the brave little
flower justice, but it's the best I
could do for you. You are perfectly
at liberty to make all the comments
upon it you wish, but I'm safe from
ridicule as far as the daisies are concerned,
for you know as the old song goes—
"Daisies Won't Tell."

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Missionary Society Meets

The monthly tea and program of the Woman's Missionary Society was given in the parlors of the Pioneer Church Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Raymond Wilder was in charge of the meeting, which was opened with community singing. The topic for the lesson hour was, "The Gospel Trails," emphasizing the conditions that confronted the pioneer trail blazers, and those of today. Mrs. E. Purvance made a few opening remarks; Mrs. Victor Russell gave the story of Bishop Wm. McKindree, one of the traveling preachers of pioneer days who became one of Methodism's greatest men. Rev. W. Raymond Wilder favored the company with a violin solo, "Traumerel," (Schumann), which was thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Skeels was the accompanist. Mrs. Luther Daniels told the story of Tobias Gibson entering the swamps of Mississippi. Mrs. Skeels told of the changed aspects of missions in "The New Gospel Trails." Mrs. Richmond added a number of statistics on the gaps between the old and the new trails. Mrs. Wilder gave a graphic description of settlement homes. She also closed the program with appropriate remarks. A social interval followed in which Bible contest games were played.

The hostesses, Mesdames L. P. Fugelson, S. Finley, C. W. Gano and R. B. Knife, served dainty "Shamrock" delicacies to those in attendance: Mesdames B. A. Davis, Margaret Brown, L. W. Oddy, Geo. Taylor, Jr., Orval Newton, Jas. Richmond, Henry Ellis, E. Purvance, Geo. Wilkins, Victor Russell, Clyde Minard, Luther Daniels, T. R. Luebke, W. R. Wilder, R. B. Rogers, Birdie Skeels, Jennie Adams, K. P. Lawrence, R. E. Boober, W. M. Gaffey, J. D. Gillespie and Rev. W. Raymond Wilder.

Knife Hospital

Geo. Davis, who had an emergency operation last Friday, is reported recovering nicely. Little Pauline Ford was operated on for mastoid last Friday morning and is doing well. Nile Miller, of Fishtrap, was operated on for appendicitis Monday afternoon. C. H. Lucia, of Remote, entered the hospital for treatment this week. Three young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Young had their tonsils removed Thursday morning. Dismissals from the hospital this week were: Mrs. Nora Moore, Mrs. Walter Oerding, Mrs. John Nodine, Delbert Watson, Mrs. Kate Moller, Miss Irma Caudill, Mrs. Ellis Gant.

Marriage Licenses

Mar. 22—Ellis Eldred Newton and Faye June Nozler, both of Coquille.
Mar. 27—James K. Miller and Helen Pinkston, both of Coquille. They were married on Wednesday by Rev. G. A. Gray at his home on Second street here. The witnesses were Mrs. Cyril McCurdy and Mrs. E. C. Finley.

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.
Chadwick Lodge No. 68
A. F. & A. M.
Stated Communication
April 9, 7:30 p. m.

Gov. Martin and Party

Inspect Coos Bay Bridge

Gov. Martin and highway commission members who were on a tour of the state did not stop in Coquille last Saturday morning as they came up the Coast Highway from the south but they did stop in North Bend where Editor McDaniels, of the Coos Bay Harbor, interviewed them and reports their visit as follows:

Saturday morning Governor Martin and members of the state highway commission drove through here on the last leg of a swing about the state that kept them away from their desks the entire week. They stopped at the new bridge site where under direction of State Engineer Baldock, the party inspected the work being done. The governor was pleased with the progress made and also delighted with the general selection of the site, which as he stated tied in so nicely with the business district of the city.

The structure is estimated by Engineer Baldock to be twelve per cent completed, and complimented the contractors on keeping ahead of schedule.

The governor was particularly pleased with the outcome of the fight for toll free bridges, which was his pet measure, and emphasized the statement that this measure will be the means of bringing thousands into Oregon who would have remained away had tolls been exacted.

Governor Martin and the commission and engineers who accompanied him found every section of the state in a receptive mood and in readiness to uphold the administration. "Of course, there are always a few exceptions to this rule," the governor stated, "but that is to be expected as it would be strange indeed if all men agreed on all subjects. As to the legislature, I am well satisfied with the work accomplished and have no complaints to offer or criticisms to make about any member," the governor added.

Governor Martin is in excellent health and has stood the rigors of the long tiresome grind without apparent detriment and is ready and alert to undertake further duties as they present themselves.

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