2 ENTRANTS IN 1,200 MILE BOVINE DERBY

Cows Making Long Trip on Hoof to Show.

St. Louis.—When "Tomboy" and "Alice," two pure bred Ayrshire cows, trudge through the streets of St. Louis early in October, this city will witness the finish of what is believed to be the first "bovine derby." Walking every step of the way from their homes in Vermont, the two cows are now en route to the national dairy show to be held in St. Louis, October 12 to 19.

Although it is necessary for the two cows to travel more than 1,200 miles in order to reach their destination, officials of the National Ayrshire Breeders association, with offices in Brandon, Vt., and sponsors of the hiking cows, are confident that they will successfully complete the journey.

"Tomboy" and "Alice," it has been stressed, will not be interested in attractive vaudeville offers, as the purpose of their derby is merely to demonstrate that the modern pure bred cow has just as much endurance as the old-fashioned cattle that accompanied early settlers on their long overland trips to the Western states. After completing the first 300 miles of their long trek, the cows have proved that they are efficient producers while en route.

Barn Travels by Truck.

The smaller of the animals, "Tomboy," has milked as high as 50 pounds of 4 per cent milk per day, and is now turning out 46 pounds. "Alice" has made more than 10,000 pounds of milk since last October when she freshened and is now producing about three gallons daily.

Accompanying the cattle is an attractive "barn," mounted on a truck chassis, which serves as headquarters for the attendants as well as a base of supplies for the animals. One pound of balanced ration is fed for every four pounds of milk produced, by the pair on their journey. No beet pulp, corn silage or hay is being carried. The cows are allowed to graze at night and along the roadside as they travel.

"Tomboy" was bred and is owned by L. B. Chapman, who maintains a herd of 200 Ayrshires on a mountainous farm near West Rutland. She is somewhat undersized, and before leaving home had never been fed more than six pounds of grain a day, nor ever enjoyed any legume hay or clover pasture. "Alice" was bred and is owned by the Vermont Industrial school at Vergennes, Vt. "Alice's" aunt—her mother's sister—is the highest record cow in Vermont. Both of the "bunion bossies" are said to be attractive specimens of the Ayrshire breed, and are red and white in color.

Follow Main Roads.

In selecting the animals for this march on St. Louis, no particular effort was made to secure outstanding or unusual specimens. Two breeders conveniently located to the Brandon office were invited to furnish candidates that would measure up to the average of their herds and the breed. One of the cows had been producing milk for only seven weeks when the trip was started. The other had been fresh more than eight months.

Original plans called for a route over dirt roads and the minimum use of hard surfaced highways. Experience, however, has demonstrated that the main paved roads are most satisfactory, and as a result the touring Ayrshires have followed the Cherry Valley turnpike and will follow other main roads.

Leather boots have been provided in the event of sore feet resulting from rough roads, but there has not yet been occasion to use them.

The two cows are traveling a minimum of ten miles a day, with occasional journeys of 13 and 14 miles a day. Attendants expect to walk the animals every day, with the exception of a week's stop at the Ohio state fair. By walking slightly more than 12½ miles a day, "Tomboy" and "Alice" can arrive in St. Louis on October 10 and have a day to rest before the opening of the national dairy show.

Milk weights are being kept and regular advanced registry supervision made while the cattle are traveling.

Angler Cuts Tentacles to Drive Away Octopus

Los Angeles, Calif.—Two men battled a huge octopus off the coast near here and emerged victorious. Capt. Web Monstad, of a fishing boat, fell into the clutches of the devil fish but was saved when Roy Pettibone, another fisherman, went to his rescue.

Pettibone, who was in a second boat, saw Monstad floundering and forced his way through a bed of kelp into which the captain had fallen.

Captain Monstad had disappeared beneath the surface. When he reappeared, Pettibone hacked off one tentacle after another. Captain Monstad fainted as Pettibone helped him into the boat, but was revived.

Affirming Alice of His Dreams

By LILY WANDEL

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JACK SEABURY looked at Billie Dean in knickers cleaning her golf clubs energetically, with stern disapproval. He vigorously disliked the athletic type of girl and Billie was all of that—plus. He honestly could not remember ever having heard her say she was tired, or chilly or afraid; you could not protect or take care of a girl like Billie. She stood too firmly on her own feet. She was not the soft he dreamed about, a lovely feminine type of sweet delicate beauty. He certainly not named Billie! He rather fancied the name of Alice, it was so distinctly feminine.

The girl he would marry, this Alice, would not be sitting on a tree stump where snakes were liable to be, in knickers with her arms burnt a nut brown. The fancied Alice would be in a rocking chair safely on the clubhouse porch.

"Harry, Billie!" the savagery suddenly left his voice. With his brassie, "I'm in love!"

If he had looked up he might have seen a red eye Billie's cheeks and the soft blue shine come into her velvet black eyes "with whom, Jack?" she asked carelessly, but the brown fingers regripping the putter were not of the steel.

"With a wonderful girl, Billie, a girl of my dreams. I can see her now, blue eyes (he really did not know Billie's were blue, for they were such a dark blue, but Billie sitting there on the tree stump held her breath; what she had hoped and longed for was coming true!) that are gentle and soft," continued Jack; "hair that is fluffy and glinty and a skin—the kind that you love to touch!

"And," continued Jack, totally unconscious of the dagger he was about to fling, "she doesn't play golf nor ride! And she's afraid of snakes, and once in a while she gets tired!"

Billie picked up the putter and began to rub and scrape, and then with all the braveness of a hero started to whistle a popular air. "What's her name, Jack?" she asked in a teasing voice, her hand like lead.

"I think it's Alice," he answered softly. "Funny thing is I've never met her nor seen her—but I want to—if I only could!"

"Don't despair. Sooner or later you will; there are plenty of these Alices you know. Jack, I believe if we want a thing bad enough we get it. Just affirm Alice. Every time you think of this Alice pictured in your mind, say very positively, 'Alice is.'"

It was a week later when Jack noticed a new girl at the club. A girl with pale gold hair, a white, transparent skin and baby blue eyes. She was knitting a yellow sweater that lay like a patch of sunlight on her white frock of soft silk. Jack lost no time in obtaining an introduction to Miss Willard. Almost immediately he asked her whether she enjoyed playing golf.

She shook her pretty head. "I'm afraid I'm not very athletic. I've never been very strong."

"But you ride? Or drive your own car?" he waited anxiously for a negative answer. "What is your first name?" he continued eagerly.

She looked up and smiled. "Alice."

"I thought so," he answered gravely. "I knew it must be Alice."

It annoyed him exceedingly an hour later when he rushed to the coatroom, his head full of plans of ordering orchids and roses, to have his best friend, Phil Baker, stop him. "I want to say goodby to you, Jack. I'm leaving for the West."

Jack wasn't a bit interested, but his friend's face looked so grief-stricken he was forced to stop and ask why the hurried trip.

"You wouldn't understand, Jack. You're a bachelor and I've been married seven long years! No one knows what I've been through married to Emily, living with that terribly pampered girl!"

"Why, Emily was always the sweetest little thing, so frail."

Phil shuddered. "Have you ever lived with anybody who is always getting a headache? The slightest unpleasantness sends her into hysterics? Have your vacations been just toting shawls and pillows and finding comfortable seats for somebody who is too lazy and indulgent to exercise and get up a little strength? Have you ever been forced to stick in the house for weeks and when you suggested playing a round of golf have a woman burst into tears?"

It was a very thoughtful, enlightened Jack Seabury who dressed for the Country club dance that evening. He found her almost immediately, a woman who suggested strength and glowing health, in her dress of shimmering green, beautiful against the soft tanned skin.

He hurried her out of the clubhouse for a walk over the knoll to the ninth hole, and there in the darkness, without a word of explanation, he drew her close and kissed her warm little mouth.

"I've always loved you, though I did not know it," he said softly, tenderly. "You've been my little pal, always there, always ready for anything. I don't want any wishy-washy delicate girl for my wife, but a real woman like you, Billie."

And as they walked back to the clubhouse Billie said happily: "It worked after all, affirming Alice. But he's been a darling; I was disappointed Alice, you know."

U. O. Artist Depicts Spirit of Paul Bunyan

EUGENE, Or.—The great Northwest, land of loggers, has its own mythology as absorbing and thrilling as that of ancient Greece or those countries of the Norseland. This mythology centers around the famed Paul Bunyan and his great blue ox. Tales of the prowess of the Herculean Paul and of the great strength of the ox are told around bunk house fires at night, the sturdy loggers vieing with each other in inventing new "whoppers."

But so far the great Paul has lacked an artist to memorialize him, to put him into everlasting stone or paint him on enduring canvas. Making a bid for this honor is Oliver Laurence Barrett, sculptor of the University of Oregon, who has just completed a working model of Paul and his great ox.

This model Mr. Barrett hopes some day to see in stone in gigantic size, perhaps 20 feet high. Paul is depicted kneeling at the head of his ox, as if in contemplation of some great deed such as the digging of Puget Sound or the carving of the great Columbia gorge. The ox stands ready, patient at his side. The whole is mounted on a pedestal base, which in turn is flanked by circular saws, their teeth making a symbolic pattern on either side.

Into the clay model Mr. Barrett has put the very spirit of the western woods. The massive strength, the majesty and the solidity of the trees and mountains are faithfully brought out in the carving.

It is the hope of Mr. Barrett that the statue may some day become the symbol of the Northwest basic industry, lumber, and that its replica in towering size may be placed in some prominent place as a fitting memorial for this spirit that is so familiar and so loved by all lumbermen.

Mr. Barrett, one of the younger artists of the West, is already achieving fame as an interpreter of the early Oregon country days. At a recent exhibition in San Francisco his work won warm praise from art critics. Notable western figures he has made include "Sandstorm," a statue of a cowboy and his horse battling a storm, which stands in the Legion of Honor palace at San Francisco; "The Indian," a tribute to the redman, and a striking group depicting the last stand of the wild horse. Among his other works is a highly artistic heroic depiction of "St. George and the Dragon."

The artist is thoroughly familiar with the lumber industry of the Northwest, and in his early youth was employed in various mills and logging camps. In these he heard the Bunyan tales and as soon as he became an artist resolved to make them one of his themes for interpretation.

Reveals Simple Method of "Invisible" Writing

An ex-convict who spent 15 terms in prison, recently visited the office of the London Daily Chronicle, and left a letter purporting to reveal a secret method of invisible writing by means of which prisoners were able to communicate with friends outside. In the letter he claims that this was the method employed by two prisoners who committed suicide, when, as stated at the time, they were able to send a request to friends to forward them poisoned sandwiches under the system which enables prisoners on remand to receive food from outside. The letter continues: "In this letter is the method under which they sent out their messages. Can you find it?" The explanation and a test of the trick were finally volunteered. In the blank spaces of the letter the ex-convict had penned an invisible message by dipping the pen nib in his mouth and writing with saliva. Lightly done this cannot be seen by the naked eye. To reveal the writing all that had to be done is to rub ordinary ink over the blank space, blot in quickly and the invisible words stand out like ordinary penmanship.

Doctor Braves Broken Leg to Save Patient

Paris.—Hopping about on his good leg, a young and courageous doctor of Villefranche-sur-Saone saved the life of one of his patients who was stricken with a hemorrhage in the physician's office. He ran downstairs to a druggist to obtain what was needed and returning slipped and broke his leg. Realizing the need of haste, he got up and managed to hobble back to the office and stop the bleeding.

Aged Woman Prisoner Killed Trying Escape

Bay City, Mich.—A federal prisoner, Mrs. Mattie Kelley, seventy-eight years old, of Saginaw, met death when she attempted to escape from the Bay county jail here. Mrs. Kelley suffered a skull fracture when she lost her hold on a rope with which she was trying to let herself down from a third floor window. She died as she was being taken into Mercy hospital.

Famous Silver Mine Closes

Mexico City.—The famous Dos Estrellas silver mine at Tlalpujahua, Michoacan, at one time the biggest in the world, announced a complete suspension of activities, throwing 3,000 men out of work.

Daddy Stork the Victim of "Eternal Triangle"

Fratricide is not uncommon in the snake world. Snake will eat snake, and very often does; but it must be said in justification that a snake must be very hungry and see no prospect of food at all before he will deliberately set out to eat his brother. Some snakes, however, loathe those of other species and kill them on sight.

German naturalists have observed the murderous passion in some birds, especially storks. One celebrated naturalist tells of a stork "triangle tragedy" enacted on a high chimney pot. While the male mate was away a younger and handsomer bird came to woo the lady. She first repulsed, then tolerated, then succumbed to his blandishments. Then, when the old husband was out frog hunting one day, the guilty pair flew to his marsh and belabored him to death.

She Wants Divorce

Chicago.—Declaring that her husband found amusement in making her dance to the tune of pistol shots at her feet, Mrs. Viola Rasor, of this city, has asked for a divorce on charges of cruelty.

Dean Says Scholarship Highest in Many Years

New Haven, Conn.—Dean Clarence M. Mendel of Yale believes scholarship is now on a higher scale than it has been in many years. Taking issue with recent statements of Chief Justice William Howard Taft, who bemoaned a decline in scholarship, Dean Mendel declared interest in college studies reached its lowest ebb between 1895 and 1905, but has shown a steady upward trend ever since.

First Summer School Commencement Held at U. of O.

For the first time the University of Oregon held graduation exercises for students who completed their work for diplomas during the summer term. Over 75 received degrees of bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, and master of arts and sciences. The class was several times as large as regular graduation classes at the university a few years ago.

FIRE VICTIM'S AID ACCUSED OF HEXING

Mysterious Killing Baffles Atlantic City Police.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Out of the jumble of theories which followed the death of Joseph London, fifty-eight, who was burned in his home at Conovertown, near here, there has emerged a story of voodooism in which a mulatto hexed the Gentile wife of his Jewish employer.

The mulatto is Otto Martin, the wife is the London widow, Mrs. Flossie London, half the age of her husband. A short time before London burned to death a break occurred between Martin and London, for whom he worked on shares, Martin collecting waste from the Atlantic City hotels to fatten hogs belonging to London, and the two splitting the profit.

Put Hex on Her.

It is along the hex story that private detectives who have unflaggingly continued their investigations since County Detective Chief Frank J. Harold unqualifiedly declared it an accident several days ago, are working in their efforts to solve the case, held a murder.

Mrs London told them how Martin had put a hex on her. Under Martin's influence, her story goes, she did not have the mental strength to tell him to stay away from her home at Conovertown as she said she would like to have done. In her mental stress Mrs. London went to an Atlantic City spiritualist, who gave her a tasteless herb to chew and remove the hex. This, she says, she did.

"It was a real thrill," she said, adding that her will was so strengthened that she found the breaking with Martin easy. She simply told him to stay away and he stayed.

Has Another Story.

Martin, however, had another story. He denied Mrs. London's hex story throughout. The son of a Virginia negro woman and an Absecon (N. J.) white man, he insisted he wielded no voodoo powers, and, in fact, knew nothing about such things. The reason he decided to break with London, he said, was a business disagreement with London and his objection to Mrs. London's smoking.

"What right did you have to object to the taste your employer's wife might have for cigarets?" Louis E. A. Lodovico, the private detective, asked. "I didn't have any right," Martin replied. "I just didn't like it, so I quit going there."

But the "hex" story remains as the most important clew unearthed by Lodovico in the mystery.

Snail Life in Florida and Cuba Is Vanishing

Little River, Fla.—Snail life in Florida and Cuba is vanishing in many localities as forests are being stripped from the land.

Students of the creatures will have to rely upon material collected years ago, according to C. T. Simpson, formerly of the National Museum and now a private investigator. He has spent more than 30 years studying snails.

"Man has wrought great destruction to the hammocks in which tree snails live," he said, "so that certain forms are almost exterminated in Florida.

"Great areas of forest have been cut recently in Cuba in order that sugar cane might be grown, and it is probable that it will be a short time only when these snails will be wiped out entirely in many localities in that island."

Although Florida is separated from Cuba by a deep channel 90 miles wide, he believes that the creatures are carried on trees and limbs across the stretch.

Name Children After Years of Their Birth

Kinston, N. C.—The Joneses will have no trouble forgetting their ages. The first grandchild of William Jones and his wife, negroes, has appeared at the residence of 1907 July Jones near here. Children in the family have been named for the year of their birth. The new addition will be christened either 1929 July Jones or July 1929 Jones, the parents said.

Nineteen Hundred Jones is now a resident of Baltimore, while the whereabouts of 1908 November Jones is not clear.

Husbands May Get Alimony in China

Peiping.—Chinese husbands will have the right to sue their errant wives for alimony, and will have just as much chance of getting a living allowance as will the wives themselves under the new law concerning "equal rights for women," soon to be promulgated by Wei Tao-Min, acting director of the judicial board at Nanking. The new law will permit the judge to decide alimony on the basis of culpability. If the wife is wrong, she pays alimony. If the husband is wrong, he pays.

Americans Buy All Attar in Bulgaria

Sofia.—Every little ounce of attar of roses produced by the famous Bulgarian rose fields belongs to Americans. American interests have outbid the French, the customary purchasers, and have bought up the entire Bulgarian rose essence crop.

Under Another Name

Passion and passion govern the world only under the control of reason.—Roy Lobb Wooley.

Can't Dodge Trouble

"Our sorrows are a part of our lives," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "He who seeks to run away from his troubles is trying to run away from himself."—Washington Star.

TOY TRAIN GOES AT VOCAL ORDER

Amazing Demonstration of New Televox Device.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—After extensive laboratory treatment, R. J. Wensley, engineer for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company, has evolved a big brother to Televox who understands the English language.

No longer will it be necessary to whistle into the telephone connected to the device to make it obey commands. One merely speaks and the device obeys.

The televox at its first public demonstration, was connected to a toy electric train and executives representing the principal railroads of the United States and manufacturers of railroad equipment who witnessed the device perform its tricks, were treated to a demonstration in new fangled railroading which amazed them.

"Go," commanded Mr. Wensley, and the toy electric train, on a long table, started forward.

"Stop," he ordered and the train halted.

"Back up," was the next command and the train, consisting of a locomotive, box car, flat car and caboose obediently reversed itself.

All of the starting, stopping and reversing was done through spoken commands. The commands were transmitted to the engine cab through a telephone connected to electrical apparatus that resembled a radio amplifier. Sound selective relays, vacuum tube amplifiers, rectox units and other electrical devices capable of directing action by voice are included in the equipment.

The unit contains electrical apparatus far more sensitive to sound than the human ear and these sound waves control the mechanism. It is stated that more practical applications of the device will come with further experimentation.

After falling over a 30-foot cliff while lost near the headwaters of Sicily creek, Howard Kaufman, young athlete of Huntington, spent one night in the chilly altitudes and walked 25 miles for assistance the next morning.

Two of the elk in the Eugene city park were presented to Alturas, Cal., it was announced. The animals were used at the celebration held there Saturday to celebrate the arriving of the golden spike on the Alturas cutoff of the Southern Pacific.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, $1.35; soft white, western white, $1.26; hard winter, northern spring, western red, $1.23.

Hay—Buying prices, f.o.b. Portland: Alfalfa, $19.50@20; valley timothy, $19@19.50; eastern Oregon timothy, $20.50@21; clover, $16; oat hay, $16; oats and vetch, $16.50; straw, $7.

Butterfat—47@51c.

Eggs—Ranch, 32@39c.

Cattle—Steers, good, $11@11.60.

Hogs—Good to choice, $10@12.

Lambs—Good to choice, $11@12.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, western white, $1.27; hard winter, western red, $1.24; northern spring, $1.25; bluestem $1.37.

Eggs—Ranch, 27@42c.

Butterfat—50c.

Cattle—Choice steers, $10.50@11.50.

Hogs—Prime, light, $12@12.15.

Lambs—Choice, $11@11.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, 9.75@10.50.

Hogs—Good and choice, $11.50@11.75.

Lambs—Choice, $10@10.25.

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