

THE LOST BUTTON

By JAMES F. DWYER

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SOMEbody has defined crime as "the momentary victory of a hereditary craving over common sense." In the case of the two Gillilans, the same craving manifested itself in each man at the same moment. This was peculiar. The desire came upon each of the brothers to possess two blooded horses belonging to a neighbor, and common sense was the result in the struggle to suppress the craving.

The Gillilans got the horses, and, incidentally, the sheriff got the Gillilans. A stern judge conducted the judicial inquiry and, unable to see that the brothers were victims of a craving handed down from a horse-loving ancestor, he sent them to Enclota penitentiary for seven years.

This was unfortunate. The younger Gillilan was consumptive, and Enclota's "Little Hell" was not an ideal health resort. Three months after sentence the boy was sent to the jail hospital, and became firmly imbued with the feeling that he would not recover his health. The sentence had smashed up the last ounce of vitality that was holding the fort against the disease, and the prisoner was sinking rapidly.

Now, prisoners in jail hospitals receive no tobacco. Whether the prison medico believes that the brand supplied to the numbered inmates is a compound that can only be safely consumed by the physically strong is not known, but the weekly supply allowed to a prisoner on the "works" is immediately cut off if he is taken to the hospital. The death of tobacco affected the consumptive Gillilan. He craved a "chevy," and in distress he acquainted the brother of his craving by what is in jail parlance known as a "stiff." With a pin the sick man scratched his wants on the loose leaf of a hymn book, and in due time the pitiful note, after passing through the hands of a dozen prisoners, reached the healthy brother, who was learning to manufacture boots in the prison workshop.

The elder Gillilan had deep pools of sentiment beneath a rough exterior. Furthermore, he took no heed of consequences. He pictured the sick brother, waiting tobaccoless in the dreary hospital, and he took a chance to supply him. The chance was a risky one. While passing the barred hospital yard he dexterously jerked a small cube of tobacco to the white-faced brother, who happened to be walking up and down inside, and he breathed a tremendous sigh of relief when he became certain that the warden in charge of the squad had not noticed the action. The elder Gillilan was not afraid of any punishment that might fall upon himself; he was afraid lest the morsel of tobacco would be taken away from the sick youth who craved the delicacy.

But Nemeals was galloping on the heels of the two Gillilans. Warden Hulstrode, looking down from his perch on the south tower, saw the movement and Hulstrode was a conscientious officer. Five minutes after, the younger brother and the giver of the miserable gift and the stiver was dragged before the chief warden and sentenced to seven days' dark cell for a breach of prison discipline. "In jail, charity is a virtue that is promptly smothered when the powers that be become aware of its existence."

It was the elder Gillilan's first introduction to the dark cell. When he was pushed into the windowless chamber, the horrible, intense, suffocating darkness closed in upon him like a smothering pall. Blind and stupefied, he groped his way around the bare walls, the horror piercing him through and through like an icy sword. Afterward he flung himself on the stone floor and lay like a man stunned by a terrific blow.

Some hours later he thought of the button. A medical student, who had once undergone a term of imprisonment at Enclota, had promulgated a theory by which the mental agony produced by dark-cell treatment could be considerably relieved. He advised all prisoner friends who might visit "the doghole" to toss a button into the air, and while away the time by searching for it on hands and knees in the darkness. The student understood the value of little things, and he recognized the fact that a continuous hunt for a missing button would drag the mind away from the black abyss of insanity.

Gillilan, groping blindly in the darkness, remembered the advice. He ripped a button from his striped jacket and tossed it into the thick air. Listening intently he heard it fall in a far-away corner of the cell, and on hands and knees he started to search for it.

The sport fascinated him. When he discovered the metal disk he spun it up and again started in pursuit. The leaden hours rolled by slowly, but the game continued. Gillilan blessed the button. He began to feel a love for it. He craved it when it hid from him in the cracks between the cold stones, and he cried hysterically over it when he discovered it after a long search. It seemed alive. It became a companion to him in that horrible black vault into which not one single ray of light came to pierce the darkness.

It was on the evening of the sixth

day that Nemeals clinched with Gillilan. The prisoner had, up to that moment, thrown the button up a thousand times and found it on each occasion by laboriously searching on hands and knees. But on the evening of the sixth day a peculiar incident happened. The prisoner threw the button up into the blackness, but it did not come down again.

Gillilan waited with aching ears to hear the tinkle of the metal on the stone, but he heard no sound. The button didn't fall, and the silence that filled the cell as he stood listening hurt him. He clenched his teeth to strangle a scream of terror that fear pushed to his lips. What was wrong?

The prisoner's trembling knees gave way under him and he sank to the floor. His hands moved out into the darkness and commenced to feel the stone flooring, but every nerve was a taut.

On every other occasion when he had tossed up the button he had heard it fall distinctly, but he was certain that there was not the slightest sound after the last toss. Still, he would search.

The hot hands crept over the stones eagerly, feverishly. The fingers worked madly, but the bare floor mocked their search. There was no button. Again and again the prisoner searched. Through the cold hours of the night he crawled backward and forward till each joining between those tombstones of hope seemed familiar to his blind fingers. But there was nothing on the floor. The button had not fallen after he had jerked it into the blackness!

Gillilan tried to think. Why had it not returned? he asked himself. What had happened to it? There was nothing above him but bare walls, and yet—! Where was it? Again and again he whispered the question of the thick black pall that seemed to heave around him. He asked it in a louder tone. He screamed it. Then something like a laugh came from one corner of that brain-destroying pit of horror, and Gillilan was panic-stricken.

Imagination, contrary to the opinion of scientific experts, lies in the stomach, and the bread-and-water diet that Gillilan had been receiving was not sufficiently weighty to keep it down. The prisoner began to see things. The thick waves of curse-encrusted darkness welled up from the corners and smothered him. Invisible hands grasped his throat and strangled him. He kicked at the door leading into the dark corridor opening into the main wing, but Warden Tomlinson of the night watch was slightly deaf and did not hear him. He raced round the cell with Terror—grasping, gibbering Terror—at his heels, and the stone vault echoed to his wild screams of agony.

When Warden Dunworth opened the door on the morning of the seventh day to acquaint Gillilan of the fact that his term in dark cell was over, the hands of Terror had completed their work. The prisoner's face was battered beyond recognition where he had dashed against the walls in his mad race, and he shrieked wildly when the warden attempted to drag him into the light.

Eleven years afterward, when an enlightened prison controller did away with the dark cells, the madons, tearing down the black vault at Enclota found a jacket button securely fastened in a thick cubet near the ceiling of the cell. But in the criminal ward of Enclota insane asylum a prisoner still spends his days and nights hunting for that button.

Greece Given Credit for the Modern Table

The first tables of beautiful design and real usefulness were those made by the Grecian craftsmen, for they are mentioned many times in the writings of Sophocles and other Hellenic men of letters.

During the reign of the pharaohs the table became increasingly popular and its magnificence of design and ornamentation developed enormously. We know that from the time when the history of Rome was set down by authentic historians the table was a recognized piece of furniture in the palaces of the Caesars and of their henchmen. When the Roman empire was conquered by the Goths tables and nearly all other types of furniture disappeared for well over five centuries.

The curious thing about the table is that, although, as has been stated, all kinds of household furniture were forgotten after the conquest of the Roman empire, the table was the last to reappear, and when it was again brought into use it had exceeded in design until it was no more than an imitation of the sacrificial altar from which it originally evolved many hundreds of years before.

Comprehensive

An actress who was compiling her autobiography sprinkled it plentifully with photographs which had little to do with the story. Among them was one of the Matterhorn.

"Why this?" asked the prospective publisher.

"As you see, I have labeled it 'The Matterhorn, which I once partly climbed.'"

"I see. And while we are about it we'll just run in one and label it 'The earth, where all this took place.'"

Painful Popularity

Mrs. Langtry, the former actress, who has been publishing her memoirs, was once the idol of London society. So intense was the excitement she aroused that on one occasion a girl seated in Hyde park, being mistaken for her, was so badly hurt by the attentions of the crowd that she was taken unconscious to the hospital.



LIVE STOCK

FLUSHING EWES TO INCREASE LAMBS

Those who have ewes to breed this fall may well be thinking about getting them in good physical condition before the mating time arrives. It is a well-known fact that when ewes are in a gaining condition at the time of breeding that the lamb crop will not only be larger, but the individual lambs will also be stronger and healthier. Putting ewes in a gaining condition is spoken of as "flushing" them.

Some years ago the United States Department of Agriculture carried on a number of tests with flushing ewes just before the breeding season and came to the conclusion, after six years of experimentation, that flushing increases the lamb crop about 20 per cent. The Kansas experiment station calls attention to lambs it has secured in tests with 17 groups of ewes. The ewes that were not fed grain during the breeding season gained about 1.7 pounds per head and had a lamb crop of 119 per cent, whereas those that received one-half pound of grain a day prior to breeding gained 8 pounds per head and had a lamb crop of 147 per cent. In other words, on that basis every hundred ewes that were flushed produced 28 more lambs than those that were not liberally fed prior to breeding. It isn't so important that a ration of a definite composition be fed. Any good feed that will cause the ewes to gain in flesh will turn the trick. A good bluegrass or alfalfa pasture without grain is all right.

A very good grain ration, however, is composed of one-third part by weight of corn, oats and bran. One-half corn and one-half oats will also make a good ration. Oats alone will do very well indeed. Nor should a great deal of grain be fed. One-half pound per day per head is usually enough, although ewes that are in a run-down condition will do better if fed as much as three-fourths of a pound per head per day for a period of 14 to 18 days before breeding.

There are other advantages in flushing the ewe flock aside from getting a larger and stronger crop of lambs. Flushing tends to cause the ewes to come in heat. Thus the flock can be bred in less time and the lambs will come within a range of about two weeks of each other. A short lambing season in the spring is preferable to a long season because it lessens the labor of caring for the youngsters. Besides, as the lambs grow up they will be more uniform in size, which is an advantage when running together in one flock. They will also be ready for the market at the same time and practically all will be uniform as to weight when sold. These are factors of considerable importance.

Avoidable Waste in Hog Raising in Kansas Huge

"Kansas raises four hogs per litter and eight pounds of pork per bushel of corn," said Dr. C. W. McCampbell, head of the animal husbandry department at the Kansas State Agricultural college. In his talk before the Kansas swine breeders' associations.

"Kansas can raise eight hogs per litter and 16 pounds of pork per bushel of corn," he continued. "Kansas loses more hogs than she raises. For every four pigs raised nine are farrowed. About 88 per cent of the farmers may be traced directly to the death. It may be due to neglect or to ignorance. In either case it can be avoided and can usually be avoided with a reasonable amount of care and precaution."

"Poor management can be superseded by good management. Poor feeding can be avoided by a study of what types of food a hog must have, what proportions it should have, and how these qualities can be obtained satisfactorily and economically."

"If the breeder chooses he can, by proper management, careful feeding, and wise selection, grow strong, thrifty, vigorous hogs."

Live Stock Hints

Don't let animals go thirsty.

Breed ewes for early spring lambs.

Don't allow dairy cows and laying hens to become fat.

Don't feed animals of different ages and sizes in the same pen or lot.

Plan to show your hogs at the county and community fairs.

It is not advisable to pasture sheep and hogs together in a small pasture.

When the ewes are turned out of the individual pens, those with twin lambs should be kept separate from those with only one lamb.

The rugged, stretchy, growthy, fast-growing, heavy-boned, deep-bodied, big-type hog is best for pork-production purposes.

The feeding of too much grain, especially corn, is very apt to cause the sows to take on flesh rapidly, and produce a sluggish condition of the system.



DAIRY FACTS

DORMANT PERIOD IS CRITICAL FOR COWS

Of course it is desirable to make certain modifications in rations for dairy cows that are to be fed during lactation as well as during the dry period. A milking ration must necessarily carry more protein than a maintenance ration. In too many instances dairymen feel that since the cow is not producing milk, she can survive on coarse roughages that are not supplemented with the usual grain allowance. This is a common error and a serious one.

If I were to judge the critical period, as far as nutrition is concerned, as it occurs in a dairy cow's cycle, I should say that the care and attention to the feed that is supplied during her dormant period is even more important than the selection of that given her while she is in milk, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker. If the cow is in good condition, then a ration consisting of 30 pounds cornmeal, 20 pounds ground oats, 30 pounds bran, 10 pounds linseed meal, makes an excellent winter dry ration. During the summer months, the linseed meal might properly be replaced with gluten feed or gluten meal. You understand, of course, that you feed about twice as much gluten feed as you do gluten meal in order to bring about an equal amount of protein. The 3 1/2 pounds of grain that you are feeding twice daily is quite sufficient during her lactation period, provided this will carry from 20 to 25 per cent of protein.

A ration consisting of equal parts of bran, cornmeal, gluten feed, and oilmeal would be rather concentrated, although it would carry about 20 per cent of protein. The addition of some ground oats to this combination would provide bulk and bring it more nearly into balance, especially for summer feeding. Neither millet hay nor the mixed hay you describe is suitable for milk production and it might be to your advantage to replace this roughage with alfalfa or clover hay, or at least mixed hay carrying some clover.

Let her have all of the corn fodder that she will clean up with relish. In fact, under the individual feeding system it is almost immaterial how and when the roughage is supplied. In the absence of some succulent feed such as cow peas, turnips, or small potatoes, or similar home-grown garden products, I should feed some moistened beet pulp. The candy pulp serves as a vehicle in this instance, wherein four or five pounds of dry beet pulp is moistened for 12 hours before feeding and given the animal in two equal quantities, morning and night. This succulent feed is a carbohydrate carrier, is very palatable, and when fed in conjunction with grain ration mentioned above, when the cow is in milk, results in an increased daily production.

Alfalfa and Silage for Dairy Cows Without Grain

Some experiment station has been conducting a long-time experiment in feeding dairy cows on alfalfa hay and corn silage without grain feed. The test has been running now some ten years and the records show an average production per cow of something over 290 pounds of butterfat a year. That is good.

Alfalfa hay and corn silage make up a perfectly balanced ration and provide ample substance for cows of average production. Cows of high production, of course, require grain, but it might be said that the production of average cows kept for dairying in Minnesota could be increased a third if they were fed all the alfalfa hay and corn silage they required without grain. Too many farms are without an acre of alfalfa and without a silo.

A ton of good alfalfa hay is worth pretty close to a ton of bran for milk production. From two to three tons per acre is a reasonable yield. It can be seeded as late as June. Make a start this season.

Dairy Facts

Silage is a summer feed the year round.

Good cows are kept; poor cows maintained.

No farmer ever made anything running a poorhouse for cows.

Breeders differ as to the breeding powers of the bull when silage is fed.

Silage fed in large amounts will have a tendency to distend the paunch, which is very undesirable.

The cow must be fed liberally so that she will have the raw materials to maintain her bodily health and strength and produce large quantities of rich milk besides.

Successful dairymen insist upon a treatment of the cow which will insure health, comfort, and continuous work.

If the milk is kept clean and away from any unusual odors which it will readily absorb it should retain the natural flavor.

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Creoles Not Colored.

Creole is the name given to people born or naturalized in the West Indies or the tropical countries of America but of European (usually French or Spanish) origin, as distinguished from the offspring of mixed blood, such as mulattoes and quadroons, from negroes and from aborigines. The name has no connection with the color.

'Twas 138 in Shade.

What is the hottest day on record? T. F. Hayes, well-known Britisher, says that during the summer of 1917, at a place called Samarra in Mesopotamia, the thermometer in a railway station reached 138 degrees. This was in the shade. He says the temperature remained around 135 degrees for a fortnight.

Good Work Completed.

"Brothah Johnson," said Parson White, "Ah'd lak to git you to come to chu'ch." "Why, parson," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, shocked, "dey ain' no none fo' me to come to chu'ch. Yo'—Los Angeles Times.

There You Have It.

I asked if any of the children in my class could tell what a vacuum is, and one little fellow answered: "It's a place where the air isn't, and nothing else is."—Chicago Tribune.

Broke All Windows.

Immediately after being served with divorce papers, Douglas Fleet Goldsmith, an auctioneer of London, went to his mother-in-law's house and broke all the windows in it when he was refused admission.

Day and Night Air.

There is very little difference in the purity of the air, except that there is less wind at night than in the day, and also less traffic, and therefore less stirring up of the dust and dirt of the streets.

Dust and Temperature.

Floating dust sent to high altitudes by volcanic action intercepts so much of the sun's heat that the earth's temperature is reduced for long periods following severe eruptions.

Undoubtedly.

Little Brother (in audible whisper)—Wouldn't it be more exciting, auntie, if they christened babies like they do ships, by cracking them over the nose with a bottle?

Pleasant for Brides.

In Spain it is the custom for the bridegroom to present his bride with her wedding gown and as many other dresses as his means allow.

This Insomniac Age.

Science says that sleeping will some day be unnecessary. It's almost impossible now.—Dayton News.

Jewish Wedding Custom.

The breaking of glass is one of the characteristic features of a Jewish wedding.

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