



THEY WERE BROTHERS BY NUMBER

By WILLIAM J. HARSHA

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

"I'M NUMBER THIRTEEN in a gang of brothers," the guy says to me. "You look it," says I. "What—unlucky number?" he asks with a grin.

"Mebbe," I answers dry-like, for I was figurin' what would be his, if he come any tricks on me. "But I was thinkin' you looks like one of a gang."

"Sure thing!" says he, spittin' through his teeth. "I'll forgive ye if you'll show me the trail out of this."

"You'd better come down to the cave," says he. "It'll soon be night and your boss is lame."

"When did you git out?" I asks. "How did you know?" asks he, grin'nin' still wider.

"I'm somethin' of a mind-reader, you savvy." "Left Sling Sling the first of last May," says he, as easy as if he was talkin' of movin' from one cabin to another.

This was promisin', now wasn't it? Here I was, lost on the wrong side of Gore canyon, a dense forest for miles around me, my bronc gone lame, and, 'last but not least,' as the story tellers says, a pump five thousand of money in my inside vest pocket.

It was Ted Jordan's doin's—or rather, the doin's of Ted's wife. She had to have the money all in hundred-dollar bills; no bank draft for hers! She was givin' by stage, come Tuesday, up to Dillon and so down to Denver, up to the shoppin' and Ted (he's the big cowboy for whom I'm boss puncher) had sent me into the bank at Radium to get the dough. And I was new to that side of the Grand, too. So was my bronc. Between us we was lost good and plenty.

And here shows up this cut-throat maverick, choppin' of green aspens and pushin' down dead ones, right in the heart of a thousand-square-mile reserve!

"Lead on!" says I. "I'll try your cave." There was nothin' else for it. I had to git shelter for myself.

"There's twelve more of us in this here cave," I queries, careless like. "Fourteen—countin' Brother Number One. We are numbered as we comes in."

"So you are not the last of the bunch, to come in." "No, Brother Number Fourteen is jest out of Albany—burglary—and Brother Number Fifteen has jest been pardoned out of Canyon City—manslaughter."

"That so! And Brother Number One is your captain," says I. "Yes," says he.

"What's he in for—or rather, out?" "We're all out for a livin'," says he, with his cussed grin. "As for Brother Number One, it was forgery, I think. That was along while ago. His hair has grown out."

So then I had the show sized up. Brother Number One was due for the first taste of cold lead if it come to-a-free-for-all shootin'.

I was leadin' my cayuse, for he was dead spent, and old Thirteen walked on ahead of me. I took pains to see that he did. He carried only an ax, as far as I could see, but he was some quick on his feet and powerful built and active and so long. I wasn't goin' to take no chances. Ted allowed I could bring the money through and I was sure figurin' on doin' it.

The mountains on the south side of the Gore has always been a likely place for outlaws; I knowed this. And there's a particular gulch what we calls "Robbers' Roost," but I didn't know jest where it lay.

So we moosed along and bimbeys we come to a gate in a wire fence and we takes down a stiff trail to a clearin' in the woods and bimbeys we come to some stubble fields and then to a group of log buildin's. In the door of a long squatty ranch house stands an old guy in overalls and jumper, what says to me:

"Welcome to the cave, stranger!" "Howdy!" says I, guarded like. I was glad the lower end of my gun case was tied down. This helps a feller to git said gun out in a hurry, if it is needed, you savvy.

"Brother Number Seven!" sings out the old chap. "Take the gentleman's hoss."

A one-eyed ruffian shows up and leads the bronc away. "Come in, stranger! Come in!" cries Number One. I looks around casual but sharp. I didn't see no cave. But I saw a whole passel of other things—rifles and shot-guns and axes and villains.

You see, usually that would knock some light into a feller, for Jordan I know in our parts as a man what defies what belongs to him, whether man or beast. But old Number One hair didn't ruffle none and I set him down as a cool customer. He paid no more notice to Ted's name than a wild cow does to a quirt when she has turned to bay.

Well, we talks on some, random, and bimbeys the mob of murderers clumb in for supper, fifteen of them in all, as the guy had said. What a bunch! Some had long hair—these were the brothers from numbers two to about eight; some had hair about half grown out, they numbered from nine to eleven. The balance was cropped close. So I could tell about how long each guy had been out of the pen. And all of them had the lock step, all right, and fell into it natural as they shambled in.

"Set up!" said one brother, who was along about number twelve, and I started. I'd figured that I'd git near the door, for I saw that the push was too big for anything but a runnin' fight. But old Cap hauls me up to a chair beside him at the head of the table.

"All right," I thinks, "I'm handy to give you your dose, anyway." The supper was good enough and we pitched in. And the talk! Say, them fellers wasn't at all backward about comin' forward as to their past doin's. It was a reg'lar love feast of confessions.

"In the old days when I was a yegg-man," says one, and then he gives us a yarn of what he used to do. "When I was a second-story operator," sings out another; and so it went. And such thieves' slang! And they all told without a wink about bein' in prison here and there and for how long. I've beered them talk in some languages and several states, but I never did hear men talk like they did, and all of 'em smilin' blissful. I thought they was thinkin' what easy meat I'd be for breakfast.

After supper we all stacked our dishes and I leaned my chair against the wall with a full view of proceedin's. I couldn't make out why they didn't git busy, if they had a tip about my money. About half of 'em went out. Of the rest some cleaped up the dishes and some smoked. Perhaps, for all there was so many of them, they kind o' thought it would be healthy to sneak in on me after I'd gone to bed and git me.

"I don't see no cave," says I to old Cap as I rolled a cigarette. "This is the cave," says he, wavin' his hand promiscuous. "What? This ranch house?"

"The whole place. It's the Cave of Adullam." And he smiles sweet. I was sure stumped. Never had heard of it. Didn't know there was such a place in the park. Old Cap sees me wonderin' and he goes to smilin' a soft, kind, sort o' merry smile. Bimbeys he says:

"I'll explain by tellin' you a little story." Now, say, I can't give you his words. He could talk fine. About what he says was this:

Once there was a king. He was a big-bug king. He had soldiers and cities and palaces and wives and so on. One day he goes wrong—sings, you savvy, and then the good Lord goes after him hot. He gets kicked out of his palaces and his enemies git the drop on him and he goes flyin' to the mountains and he hides in a cave at a place called Adullam. And then, because he'd been ornary himself he thinks of all the poor cusses what was left back on earth. And so he sends out word: "Come on here, you poor devils! We'll live together and make good. I hasn't got much, but what I have is yarn!" Well, so all the tramps and fellers what had been in jail and those who was down on their luck and was in debt and was sore in their souls—they all runs to the king in that there cave.

Old Cap he tells me all this and I see a tear in his eye and bimbeys I say he:

"I slinned when I was a young feller. And I came out here. And these brothers has all gone to the bad. I takes 'em in and we calls this place the Cave of Adullam. And we're tryin' to make good."

I was struck all of a heap. What was his game? Was he a smooth chap lullin' me to sleep? Or was he really up to what he said?

They gave me a room in the end of the long ranch house and for an hour I thought of the old Cap's fairy tale. I puts my money and my gun under my pillow and clumb into bed, but I couldn't sleep. The partitions was thin and I could hear men movin' round in the other rooms. Bimbeys I heered some one come to the room next to mine. He called out somethin' to one of the men, so I knowed this was the Cap himself who was near me.

"It's comin' now, whatever it is," says I to myself. Then—what do you think? I heered the old feller singin' tender-like:

I was a wanderin' sheep I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled.

What do you think o' that? And bimbeys I heered him talkin' to some one, quiet-like, and this is what he said:

"Dear Lord, if I cannot do much good in the world, don't let me do any more harm!"

Wouldn't that jar you? Well, I drew a long breath as a bronc draws after a hard race and then I went to sleep.

A prize of \$5,000 is offered in England for the best storage battery electric locomotive for use in deep coal mines.

DAIRY

PLANT SOY BEANS WITH CORN CROP

The combination of corn and soy beans for silage produced an average increase of approximately one ton of green forage, or 500 pounds of dry matter per acre, as compared with corn alone, in four years of experiments conducted by the agricultural experiment station at Storrs, Conn. The amount of additional protein per acre supplied by the addition of soy beans was figured as equivalent to 300 pounds of 40 per cent cotton seed meal.

The largest total yields of grain and dry matter under Connecticut conditions were produced by growing one stalk of corn to three of beans in every 12 inches of the row. Drilling the corn and soy beans proved decidedly better than planting both in the same hill, or planting the beans between the stalks of corn. Eighteen different varieties of soy beans were tried and the best variety was a stiff-stemmed, reasonably tall, large yielding variety, which will have its pods two-thirds filled when the corn is ready to be cut.

One question which has been argued a good deal is whether or not the planting of soy beans with the corn increases the nitrogen content of the corn crop the same season. No such increase was noted in these studies.

It was considered not desirable to grow soy beans alone and corn alone, mixing the two as they are put into the silo. Growing them together as a silage combination added a value of approximately \$10 per acre to the silage crop.

Best and Cheapest Way to Maintain Dairy Herd

The problem of what is the best and cheapest way to maintain a herd of dairy cows is always before the man who produces milk. It is practically impossible to give a standard set of rules which will apply in all cases. The method used in maintaining a herd must largely be determined by the individual, recognizing the contributing factors.

A dairy herd may be maintained by continued purchase of mature animals to replace those whose period of usefulness has passed. There are many conditions under which this may be a wise practice. If it is desirable to have the whole herd composed of cows in their full productive capacity; if there is abundant opportunity for selection and purchase near at hand; if there is a reasonably good market for cows that are undesirable, and if one has reasonable skill in selecting, and good ability in bargaining, a herd of high-productive capacity may be more easily and more cheaply maintained in this way than by attempting to raise young animals to replace those that are worn out.

Superior Grain Mixture Recommended by Purdue

A satisfactory grain mixture commonly fed in Indiana for milk production is recommended by L. H. Fairchild of Purdue university. It is made up of four parts ground corn, two parts ground oats, two parts bran and one part linseed oil meal, all by weight. Plenty of legume hay will reduce the need of oil meal. Roughage consisting of nontlegume hay and corn stover needs at least two parts of some high protein concentrate to balance.

Corn silage, alfalfa, clover or soy-bean hay and a grain mixture of four parts ground corn, two parts ground oats and one part ground soy beans provide all the nutrients necessary for economical production. A grain mixture of corn and oats or corn and wheat bran is not complete because of lack of protein. Cottonseed meal, linseed oil-meal, corn gluten meal, soy-bean oil meal or ground soy beans can be used to bring up the protein content.

Dairy Notes

Feed a cow all the roughage she will eat. The feeding of silage before milking often causes additional odors in the milk. Protein and minerals are necessary in building muscle and bone as well as in producing milk. Clean milk requires sanitary conditions. Clean barns and clean cows are the first essentials. A thin cow with "lumps," enlarged glands about the udder, is always open to suspicion of having tuberculosis. A very heavy increase in the use of milking machines has been noted in the last few years throughout the country. Cottonseed meal should not be used in too large quantities. About two pounds per cow per day is all that it is safe to feed. Pure-bred sires must be used, that will improve the herd from the standpoint of production. Proper feeds must be grown and fed so that maximum results will be obtained.

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Harmless Viper.
 Contrary to superstition regarding this reptile, the spreading viper is harmless. It is not poisonous and the teeth are too short to inflict a wound in case the snake did strike at a person. One of the peculiar habits of this snake is that of feigning death, which it accomplishes by rolling over on its back. When turned over it immediately resumes this absurd position.
 That's Different, of Course.
 There is nothing truer than that blood is thicker than water, and there is no greater evidence of this than when a man goes out with blood in his eye and a club in his hand to settle some boys who are raising a disturbance in the street and when he finds out that they are his own says: "Oh, well, boys will be boys." — Liberty Press.

Hairless Mice.
 A number of hairless mice were exhibited before the Zoological society at London. They were caught in North Longoni. The mice are of pink fleshy color and except for whiskers are utterly devoid of hair.

Odd Banknote Collection.
 Historic banknotes to the number of 27,000 have been collected by a London business man. They include notes issued in China 600 years ago and a whole series of forged bank of England banknotes.

Chivalry Never Dead.
 Some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong unredressed on earth.—Kingsley.

"Man of December"
 Napoleon III of France often was called the "Man of December" in allusion to his coup d'etat of December, 1851, by which he obtained control of the government, and to his becoming emperor in December, 1852.

Acting.
 About one person in a million can sit before a camera and look pleasant. The rest of us simply look anxious to look pleasant.—Boston Transcript.

Hidden Clouds.
 The kind of blue sky you buy of engaging salesmen is not the kind that makes bright days.—Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

First Labor Bank.
 The first American labor bank was founded in Milwaukee in 1912.

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A Famous Man

The originator of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood, as well as the "Favorite Prescription" for women, was Dr. Ray W. Pierce, a practicing physician in Western Pennsylvania. He early moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and established The Invalids' Hotel, then he put up his home remedies in the World's Dispensary, where they were carefully prepared from roots, barks and herbs, and placed them with druggists all over the United States.

Dr. Pierce's Discovery, for the blood, has been sold in larger quantities by druggists all over the United States than any other medicine. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic in its effect on the stomach and digestive apparatus; an alterative in its actions on the blood, liver and skin. It increases the appetite, stimulates the digestion, enriches the blood, clears the skin of eruptions and blemishes, and makes both men and women feel as they did when they were young and care free.

Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's family medicine, in tablets or liquid or send 10 cents for a trial package of any of Dr. Pierce's Medicines in tablet form, to Doctor Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Swedish Church Treasures.

Swedish churches hold a national fortune of about \$27,000,000 in art treasures. A general act inventory of church property was taken as part of a movement to preserve the nation's cultural inheritances and the antiquities that are representative for each province. The average value of the contents of each church was estimated at \$10,800.

Power of Attorney.

Our word attorney is said to have been derived from the French "tour," meaning turn. An attorney is a person qualified to act for another at law. A person not a member of the legal profession can be empowered by a written authorization to represent another person and act for him with respect to a certain matter or generally.

Its Boundaries Restricted.

Oceania or Oceanica was a designation which embraced the land surface which remained after apportioning the continents of Eurasia, Africa and the Americas. The term covered Australia, the Indian archipelago and the Pacific islands. After Australasia was set apart as a continent Oceanica was restricted to the Malay archipelago and the islands of the Pacific.

Controlling Climate.

Climate is controlled to suit the most exacting needs in the work of the horticulturist and plant breeder in the greenhouses at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. Many of the plants receive the light 24 hours a day, through the aid of large electric bulbs, kept burning all night. Temperature and humidity conditions are also scientifically controlled.

The Home Question.

The little hospital patient came from a very poor home, where evidently there were other children. There was humor and pathos blended in her question when the nurses handed her a glass of warm milk. "How far down can I drink?" she asked appealingly.—Boston Transcript.

Such is Fame.

Greatness: A small headline on page 1. Fame: A large headline on the sport page.—Duluth Herald.

What, All of Them?

"Don't!" The girl's voice was sharp and she pronounced every "r."—Woman's Home Companion.

Set Them an Example.

You will find that things are pretty sure to go right if you do.

Unfortunate Stutter

A municipal candidate got up to make a speech in Liverpool, England. He was slightly afflicted with a stutter. Everything went nicely until he tried to tell his listeners that they must do away with the s-spenders.

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