

at Our Way



By Williams

Tales of Real Dogs— By Albert Payson Terhune

A MONGREL HEROINE



He Flew at the Nearer Snake

There are three dogs in this true story. I don't know the name of any of the three, nor does it matter greatly. They were mongrel farm dogs, owned by Perry Fite, a rancher who lived near Albany, Tex.

This is the tale of a mighty battle waged by two of them and of a strange deed of heroism achieved by the third.

Fite was riding across country toward a neighbor's, early in 1930. His horse was young and spirited and required much careful handling. Ahead of him trotted his three farm dogs.

One of these dogs was young; little more than a puppy. One was very old and had begun to waddle stiffly in his once free gait. The third was an unusually gentle and timid female.

She is the true heroine of our story, as you shall see, especially if there is truth in the ancient Norse definition of heroism, as "holding on just a little longer."

Fite was guiding his fidgety horse over a tumbled heap of hillside rocks, checking the mount's speed to a cautious walk. The three dogs thus were at some distance in front of their owner. Suddenly, the young dog sprang nimbly to one side as he crossed a space between two rocks.

This because a big rattlesnake had buzzed its gruesome warning as he all-but trod on the reptile. The mongrel's sidelong leap was barely swift enough and far enough to evade the snake's striking head.

A second rattler reared its ugly three-corned crest alongside the first. Both serpents were angry at this invasion on their doze in the warm hillside sun. Both were murderously eager to wreak revenge upon their disturber.

Now of all a dog's many animal foes, a rattlesnake is the most deadly and dangerous. Thousands of unwary hunting dogs, particularly in Florida and nearby states and in the lower southwest, have been killed by them. Hunters who would not think of venturing through rattler-infested fields without wearing high puttees to guard their own legs, seem to feel no concern about subjecting their unprotected pointers and setters to the same mortal peril.

At sight of the two fiercely coiled rattlers, Perry Fite's timid female dog shrank back toward her master. But the young male dog was

either more pugnacious or else gifted with cautious instinct.

For he flew at the nearer of the two snakes, the moment he could check his own first impulsive sideways jump. His teeth met in the rattler's thick back, breaking the snake's spine, and rending the scurrying body asunder with his strong teeth.

But, savage as he was, and fearless, he lacked the skill to prevent the snake from sinking its fangs thrice in his face, before he killed it. One of the bites was close beneath his eye; a spot over near the brain and where the venom has not far to travel before causing death.

Moreover, the second rattler was assailing the foolish young mongrel from the rear, in defence of its mate. It was the sight of this rear attack which made the older male dog forget his native wisdom, and fling himself into the fray in the hope of saving his young comrade.

Well did the aged dog know the awful danger. But, in behalf of his chum, he braved that danger. However, he did not rush heedlessly into trouble as had his stricken pal. Instead, he turned the snake's attention by obtrusive little rushes which stopped short, every time, just soon enough to let him miss the darting head of his foe.

A snake can strike only when it is coiled. As it strikes, the motion tends to uncoil it. The old dog sought to dash in on the serpent during the successive brief instants when the latter had struck and was uncoiled. The plan was excellent strategy. But the dog's rheumatically stiff old body could not summon the needed lightning swiftness for the maneuver.

As a result, he could not reach his goal, which was the back of the rattler's neck. In one of his feinting rushes, the old dog's feet slipped on the treacherous rockside grass. Quickly he recovered his footing; and sought to dodge out of danger.

But the fraction of a second of delay had given the rattler time to drive its fangs in the ancient warrior's neck.

Meantime, Perry Fite was having troubles of his own. At first sound of the buzzing of the two snake's rattles, his nervous young horse had reared and wheeled about and tried

lished nation accumulates capital. There is so much tongue-tied money in New York, money that doesn't talk even in whispers, the banks which are custodians of it are gladly lending it at the rate of 1 1/2 per cent per annum. The government at Washington is borrowing on term p-per at the rate of 1.60 per annum. If all its outstanding 4 1/4 per cent bonds could be called at par, at this juncture, it could no doubt refund them at 2 per cent.

This situation proves that money is not lacking. And this feature of the present condition argues strongly for an early or an eventual righting of the ship. In previous depressions comparable to this, the coun-

to bolt. The uproar of the battling dogs completed the steed's panic. For two or three minutes, Fite had all he could do to control the scared mount. When at last he was able to dismount, he tied the horse and ran forward, swinging aloft his riding quirt.

He was too late. The young dog lay dead. Near him lay the old dog, apparently either dead or dying. With a blow of his quirt, Fite switched the head of the surviving rattler. Then he stood wondering what to do. He could not lift both dogs to the back of the quivering nervous horse and ride home with them.

It would be necessary to go for someone to help him in the task. He whistled to the female that stood crouched in rear against a rock and he galloped homeward.

When he arrived at the ranch he found she had not followed him. When he went back to the scene of battle with two of his men, the young dog still lay dead where he had fallen. But the old dog and the female had disappeared. Nor could he find them anywhere.

About two weeks later, as Fite was at work in his barnyard, he glanced up to behold a right astonishing spectacle.

In through the barnyard gate tottered his old dog. The dog was as thin as a skeleton. His head was swollen, as was his neck. His body was caked with dry mud. He was scarcely able to see. But he was alive.

Close at his side, guiding and encouraging him, walked the female. No part of her, save the legs and underbody, showed marks of the mud which covered the older animal. Fite was expert enough in such matters to guess what had happened.

Left alone with the dying old dog, when Fite had ridden away for help, the female had dragged the helpless oldster to a mud-wallow at the foot of the hill, and (as tracks later proved) had shoved him deep into the mud, smearing it over him.

There she had guarded and nursed him, until the healing mud poultices drew forth the poison from his blood. As soon as his cure was complete, she had steered him home again.

It was a splendid bit of instinct and kindness. As I said at the outset, she is the real heroine of this story.

NOT MUCH CHANGE

Cleveland — Elderly husbands haven't much chance to become fathers if we take the findings of Dr. David C. Secliff, Western Reserve University pathologist, as facts. He reveals that only one man in five past 50 is capable of reproduction, only one in 30 past 60, and only one in 10,000 past 70.

+++++ SHEEP MAY LEARN TO CHEW TOBACCO +++++
Ottawa—(NEA)—Give your sheep a chew of tobacco, advises the Canadian department of agriculture.
Losses from unthriftiness due to internal parasites in sheep may be reduced by feeding tobacco to the flock, says the department's latest bulletin.
The tobacco is given with salt in the proportion of 10 pounds of salt to one of crushed tobacco leaf. The leaf should be dried so that it may be broken up in a size equal to wheat bran. This, when mixed with the salt, slightly moistened, forms a cake which the sheep will lick when placed before them.

try was much poorer than now. Our debt abroad prior to the big war amounted to billions. Now billions are owed by foreigners to us. Most of them are meeting the interest whereas before 1914 we had to meet interest owed abroad. However, there is a disagreeable factor to be considered. When we owed Europe, Europe bought liberally from us. Now that we are the creditor, the debtor is not so good a spender. But it will all rub out on the washboard.

In parts of the Philippine islands, cotton is grown as a second crop, being planted in the dry season after rice has been harvested.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Coot, Properly Cooked, Makes Excellent Dish

Many hunters find the common coot, or mudhen, a real gastronomic treat, and where ducks and geese are scarce the coot can very well take their place. For that matter biologists of the United States Department of Agriculture say that the coot is not to be despised as food under any circumstances. An excellent recipe for cooking coot is furnished by George E. Mushback, superintendent of the Bear river migratory bird refuge, maintained by the biological survey in the northern marshes of Great Salt Lake, Utah. Mr. Mushback says that cooked in the following manner coot is equal to any duck we have:

Skin the birds and cut off legs and breast. Split breast in two parts. Wash all parts thoroughly in cold water and, if desired, soak them a few hours in salt or soda water, but this is not necessary, as skinned coot has no strong or unpleasant flavor. Roll damp meat in flour and place in frying pan over a slow fire. Cover pan and allow to fry slowly in either bacon grease or lard. Keep pan covered and after meat has cooked for about thirty minutes add a generous lump of butter. Get pan hot and then pour in a half to one cup of cold water (quantity to be gauged by size of pan and number to be served). Replace tight cover and allow to steam about a minute or two. Remove meat, add sufficient flour to thicken gravy, and serve. Sounds mighty tempting!

Dimes Provided Tour

Oscar S. Bodenhausen, an American, revealed in London while on a world tour, that the tour was financed on dimes he had saved for 28 years. Bodenhausen said each night he would put all the dimes he had in his pocket in a purse and each week put them on time deposit with compound interest twice a year. When he had saved \$3,250 he started on his world tour.

Go to a men's dinner and the food is always extremely substantial. "This why men like barbecues."

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.—Cowper.

A very little tombstone may tell a very big story.

Tons of Red Sediment in Downpour of Rain

Frederick Chapman, paleontologist of the Australian commonwealth, has continued his observations on red rain in southeastern Australia which he began in conjunction with H. J. Grayson in 1903. On the night of December 31, 1927, after a strong northerly wind had carried thick clouds of dust over Victoria and blown the finer particles southward over Bass strait, there were heavy but irregularly distributed falls of red rain. Mr. Chapman estimated the amount deposited in Balwyn, a suburb eight miles east of Melbourne, at 5 1/4 tons to the square mile; the commonwealth meteorologist, H. A. Hunt, estimated the deposit at 24 tons to the square mile.

The red dust on this occasion was exceptionally sticky, as the innumerable diatoms—nitzschia and cocconeis—still contained their endochrome. The red stains on leaves and flowers in the gardens were retained for days and even weeks. The impressions on glass indicate that each raindrop was coated by a thin film of the dust. On November 3, 1920, after a northerly gale, showers of red rain fell at 7:00 p. m. and after 9:00 p. m. The amount of the red sediment collected in a vessel in Mr. Chapman's garden indicated a fall of 64 tons to the square mile, or, if it had been equally distributed over Victoria, a fall of nearly 6,000,000 tons in that state. Both the minute reddish flakes of sediment and the diatoms and sponge spicules show that the material had been derived from the arid regions in the north-west of Victoria and in central Australia.—Nature Magazine.

Music Causes Cochlin Riot

Because musicians in a religious procession in a Cochlin (India) suburb started playing too soon a riot followed. Ezhavas, one of the Hindu depressed classes, led the procession, which was headed by a tom-tom and cymbal band. The music was stopped while passing a Christian church, but was resumed too soon to suit the Cochlin Christians. The ensuing argument developed into a riot, in which several were injured.

Large American Hospitals

The editor of the Modern Hospital Magazine says: "I believe that St. Elizabeth's hospital at Washington, D. C., is the largest in the United States, while Cook County hospital of Chicago is the largest general hospital, and possibly the second largest hospital."

If one is going to reform his manners, he had better do it gradually and not startle his acquaintances.

flies carry typhoid

kill them quick!



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Many American Indians

Recent estimates show there are 340,541 Indians enumerated at 82 federal agencies located in 25 states, and there are 7,923 Indians living in states in which there are no agencies. Oklahoma has the most Indians, 121,531; Arizona next with 45,350, followed in order by New Mexico, South Dakota, California, Minnesota, Montana, Washington, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Grinnell's "Indians of Today" gives the number of reservations as 186, scattered through 27 states. Some of the largest tribes are the Navaho, Choctaw, Apache, Sioux, Hopi, Crow, Chippewa, Cherokee, Arapaho, etc. In the census of 1910 there were found to be representatives of 280 Indian tribes in this country.

Call for Beetles Issued

Live death-watch beetles are urgently needed by the Forest Products' laboratory, at Princes Risborough, England, according to appeals to timber owners. It is explained that the death-watch beetle is so elusive that it cannot be found in timber it has damaged. The desired specimens are to be put in a large cage with a supply of old wood, so that the insect's life and habits may be studied.

Old Reliable Come-On

It's usually the fellow who is afraid to take a chance who loses on a sure thing.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Many men can name three requisites for a happy afternoon: Perfect weather, a seat on the seashore and somebody pleasant to talk to.

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