

Hunters' Helpers

As far back as human knowledge goes, man has been using certain members of the animal kingdom to help him hunt other members. The most familiar example, of course, is the dog, which is used in many ways: Fox hunting, deer hunting, and so forth. But there are many other examples not quite so familiar, some of which are shown in the accompanying series of photos.



Before the present war, Germans attempted to revive the sport of falconry on a large scale. Photo (left) shows a soldier falconer removing the victim (a rabbit) from the talons.



Hold that tiger! The big striped cat is easy to hold now, for he is dead, and is being loaded on a carrier elephant. The hunt was held on the vast jungle estate of the Maharajah of Gwalior, in India, in honor of former British Viceroy Lord Reading.

Right: The end of a cheetah hunt. The animal, streamlined member of the cat family, is trained to hunt deer. Human stalkers "spot" the deer and head it in the direction where the best run will give most entertainment to the hunters. Then a cheetah is turned loose.



A Chinese fisherman off on an expedition with his six cormorants. He puts an iron ring around the neck of each bird, to which is attached a light line. The ring prevents the bird from swallowing his catch, and the line keeps the bird under control.



One of the most ancient of sports is stag hunting. This photo was made during a stag hunt at the estate of the Count de Vibraye, near Paris. The stag attempted to swim the Cosson river, but the hounds cornered him for the kill.



A sunset scene in "good ducking" country. The hunters blaze away from their battery in the midst of their decoy flock.

Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

The 'Original Cowgirl'

WHEN an automobile accident resulted in the death of Lucille Mulhall near the town of Mulhall, Okla., recently, it snapped another link with the Old West. For she was the "original cowgirl," the first of that tribe of daring young women who risk their necks riding bucking broncos and roping steers or calves. But unlike many of the "synthetic cowgirls" you see at the rodeos or in circuses today, Lucille Mulhall was "authentic."

She was the daughter of Col. Zach Mulhall, a pioneer of Oklahoma, whose ranch on Beaver creek once comprised more than 80,000 acres. While she was still a little girl her father offered to give her every yearling she could rope and brand by herself. But he soon begged off on his bargain when he noticed how many of his steers were wearing the brand of "L. M."

When she was 14 she was the star attraction at the reunion of Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Oklahoma City in 1900. There she matched her



Lucille Mulhall in 1916.

skill as a rider and roper against some of the best cowboys in the Southwest and held her own with them. Four years later at the cattlemen's convention in Fort Worth, Texas, she did even better when she entered the steer-roping contest.

'Queen of the Range'

Each contestant drew three steers by lot. Miss Mulhall got two big tough ones at the start. She roped and tied the first one in 1 minute and 45 seconds. She cut that time down to 1 minute and 11 seconds with her second steer and she dropped her third one in the remarkable time of 40 seconds. Her total time for the three was 3 minutes and 36 seconds which was several seconds faster than her nearest cowboy competitor. So they hailed the slight girl (she weighed less than 100 pounds) "Queen of the Range" and awarded her the championship gold medal valued at \$1,000.

Just to prove that her victory at Fort Worth was no fluke, she entered a steer-roping contest at McAlester, Okla., in 1903 and roped and tied three steers in 30 1/2, 40 and 40 1/2 seconds. From that time on Lucille Mulhall was the sensation of every contest which she entered and her room in the Mulhall ranch house was filled with her trophies. She was the star of the Wild West show which Colonel Mulhall organized and took to the world's fair in St. Louis in 1904. When it showed in Madison Square Garden in New York city the next year, the Eastern papers and magazines waxed lyrical over her and printed pages about the "Best Horsewoman in America."

A 'Trail Boss'

Another of her feats for which she became famous came about in this way: Colonel Mulhall had bought a herd of 700 steers down in the Texas Panhandle but was too busy to go down there and drive them back to his ranch. So Lucille Mulhall proposed that she and her sister, Mildred, take on the job. They took a few cowboys with them but Lucille was the "boss of the outfit" and under her direction the 700 steers were driven over the 300-mile trail through bad weather without suffering the loss of a single steer.

When they buried her in the family plot on the Mulhall ranch an old-timer was heard to remark: "Cowgirls and cowboys might live longer if they stuck to horses." Perhaps he was thinking of the fact that Tom Mix, who had once worked on the Mulhall ranch, had been killed in an automobile accident in Arizona a few months earlier and that Will Rogers, who had also been a Mulhall ranch cowboy and a rider and roper in Colonel Zach's Wild West show, had lost his life in an airplane accident in Alaska.

HOMECOMING

By R. H. WILKINSON

(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

WE KNEW very little about Uncle Wilbur. And by the same token we knew all about him.

You see, it was like this: Uncle Wilbur ran away when he was a boy. I believe his aspirations were along the cowboy line. His father and mother tried to find him, but were unsuccessful. Wilbur was an only child, and it broke them all up.

About a year after Wilbur went away, his father died. And six months later his mother died, too. Folks said it was from broken hearts.

It so happened that I was the nearest living relative, and by the time I had grown up and married Sally, Uncle Wilbur was only a legend. All the facts concerning his disappearance were told to me by my own mother and father, now both dead. For I was but a babe in arms when Uncle Wilbur decamped for the western plains.

It was, therefore, a surprise when one day a letter arrived from El Paso, Texas, signed by Uncle Wilbur. It was a lengthy epistle, and from its contents we learned the following facts: Uncle Wilbur had but recently learned of the death of his father and mother. Since coming West he had served in a variety of capacities: stable boy, barroom helper, cowboy, horse wrangler and a dozen others which have no bearing on his present circumstances. Some twelve years ago he had turned prospector. Suffice it to say that Uncle Wilbur had, to quote his own phraseology, "struck it rich."

He was now, we gleaned, a retired rancher, a man of no small wealth. Investigation had revealed that we were his only living rela-



He seemed shrunken and bent and dried up.

tives. In fact, he seemed to be in possession of all the facts concerning the departure of our family from this earth, and of my own dire financial circumstances.

He expressed a desire to return to the land of his nativity, to spend his declining years with his only blood relative now existing. Delicately he touched upon the condition of our finances, the facts about which he seemed only too well aware, and advised that he was crediting to our account at the bank a sum of money, which was to be used at our discretion and for whatever purpose we saw fit. In conclusion Uncle Wilbur stated that he would arrive about the first of the following month, and trusted that his advent would not inconvenience us.

Directly following the reading of this letter I called my bank, and was staggered by the amount of money which Uncle Wilbur had credited to my balance.

For a time Sally and I were undecided. We discussed the thing from many angles and at length decided that the least we could do was to prepare a hearty welcome for the old man. His munificence had startled us. We hardly knew whether the money was to be used for our own needs, or for the purpose of preparing an elaborate homecoming.

The more we thought and talked about the proposed visit of Uncle Wilbur, the more delighted we became with the prospect. He was our only living relative, a fact which had, up to the present time, been more or less a source of annoyance. Those young married couples with whom we most associated were forever dwelling upon the achievements of their relatives, near and distant.

We therefore made haste to appraise our friends of Uncle Wilbur's planned visit, and covered our confusion nobly when asked why he had kept secret knowledge of his existence. We pictured him as a tall, powerful man; a sun-tanned and virile-looking westerner; a man of fabulous wealth, a man of distinction and bearing. We exaggerated and elaborated and secretly prayed that Uncle Wilbur would be, in appearance at any rate, everything that we had portrayed.

Sally had written to Uncle Wilbur that we would be delighted to have him visit us, to make his home with us as long as he liked. We drew unstintingly on the money he had deposited to our credit. We added a new wing to the house, which was fixed up into an attractive suite for

Uncle Wilbur's own use. We remodeled the interior of our own home and purchased new furniture.

Our friends were thus convinced of Uncle Wilbur's existence. They promised to be on hand to add their welcome. They were as pleased as we with the prospect, and aided us no end in painting Uncle Wilbur as the distinguished personage we thought him to be.

A letter arrived from Uncle Wilbur a week before his expected arrival. He would, he said, be delayed because of business reasons. He thanked us for our eagerness to have him with us, and declared he was looking forward to the day when once more he would be united with the last surviving members of his family. The letter contained a check of no small amount which he directed us to feel free to use for our personal needs.

The delay gave us further time to complete preparations. Moreover, the postponement and the check served to increase our interest and form a clear mental picture of the man who, it appeared, was to become our benefactor.

For a month, we heard no further word from Uncle Wilbur. And when another week had passed we began to despair of his coming. Our friends began to talk and wonder and suggest among themselves that our Uncle Wilbur was "mythical" after all. Sally wrote again, but received no answer. And as the weeks dragged by we spoke of Uncle Wilbur less often when folks were about for fear of hearing a soft but clear snicker in some remote corner of the room.

It was nearly fall when next we heard of Uncle Wilbur. A knock sounded on our door one evening, and upon opening it I discovered there a small man with a gray beard. The beard was stained with tobacco juice. The face of him was wizened and leathery looking. His eyes were red and watery. He seemed shrunken and bent and dried up. I would have closed the door on him, had he not thrust himself inside and said he had word for us from Uncle Wilbur.

There was a dirtiness about the little man that provoked our disgust, though we listened to his tale and then sent him away.

He told us that he came from Uncle Wilbur to deliver a message, which message he presented me in rather a bulky envelope. As we talked the watery eyes of him darted about the room and I saw on his face a look which would have aroused in me a feeling of pity, had it been a less despicable countenance.

The little man departed at last, having told us but vaguely about Uncle Wilbur, confirming only the facts about him we already knew.

As soon as he had gone we opened the package and found it to contain the last will and testament of our dear old uncle. He had bequeathed us his entire fortune, which was greater than we had at first supposed. A brief note accompanied the testament, written in Uncle Wilbur's curious hand, stating that he was at death's door. He had learned, he said, of our plans for his reception and of the picture we had conjured in our minds of his personal appearance. He hoped we would carry that memory with us always.

On the day following the body of a man was recovered from the river below the mill. The man was small and bearded and dirty looking. No papers of identification were on his person, though we recognized him as our visitor of the night previous. And in memory of our distinguished uncle we saw that the poor chap had a proper burial.

And that was the last we ever heard of Uncle Wilbur.

National Forest Rangers Have Numerous Duties

Deep in primeval wilderness of Olympic National park, a National Park Service ranger makes a reading of weather recording instruments, at one of the stations scattered about the park's 835,000 acres. The information he obtains he radios back to park headquarters. This is but one of the many duties a park ranger must perform, as on horseback or afoot, he makes long and oftentimes lonely patrols of the park area.

Park rangers usually are college graduates in forestry, biology or botany; obtain their appointments through exceedingly stiff civil service examinations, and while on duty are subject to call 24 hours a day. During the forest fire danger season, the ranger carries a "smoke-chaser" pack, that includes a map, compass, first-aid kit, hand pump, fire tools and two days' emergency rations. He carries this outfit on his back while on patrols ranging from 5 to 20 miles a day.

The ranger acts as guide, counselor and friend to visitors to the national park, while at other times his portable short-wave radio is often his only means of communication with park headquarters. He must be prepared to repair telephone lines in the wilderness, sometimes damaged by storms and falling trees. While on the trail the ranger is his own cook. Hotcakes, bacon and eggs are standard fare, rarely fresh meat or vegetables. And at night, he beds down, his horse tethered nearby, in some mountain meadow or beside a stream. He never uses his saddle for a pillow; rolled up jeans are more comfortable. But the saddle makes a good wind-break.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Willkie 'out of step' with party, but apparently takes wiser course... Predict more government ownership of electrical industry.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—"I'll bet they are awful mad with me," Wendell L. Willkie remarked to a personal friend after testifying before the senate foreign relations committee and conferring with President Roosevelt on the Lease-Lend bill.

He was talking about the Republican leaders in congress. He was absolutely right. They are, and have been for some time.

But the question is: Have they the right to be? Certainly Willkie never concealed his attitude about helping Britain during the recent political battles.

It is a fact that Willkie is out of step with the men who will probably decide who is to be the next chairman of the Republican National committee. It is obviously a fact that he is out of sympathy with a majority of the Republicans in both house and senate.

But neither of these facts is of any great moment NOW. It may be tremendously significant by 1944, or it may not.

CONSIDER POSSIBILITIES

Consider the possibilities. First, let's take the one that Britain may go down in the meantime. It is extremely likely that a vast majority of the people of this country will be distressed by the fact—will wish that it could have been averted. People feeling that way will be apt, it would seem, to be bitter against the political leaders who tried to prevent the largest measure of aid possible to Britain.

Or suppose that Britain is still fighting in 1944. Most people in Washington believe that if the war lasts that long we will be in it, and on the side of Britain. If that is so, it would not seem likely that to have opposed aid to Britain in 1940 and 1941 would be a healthy position for any candidate to occupy.

Or suppose there is peace by 1944. That will involve entirely the sort of peace it is—as to what public sentiment about the whole situation will be in this country. But if history is any guide, more people will be displeased than pleased by the peace terms.

But in order to imagine a situation in which public sentiment would turn strongly to the men who opposed aid to Britain it is virtually necessary for there to have been a revulsion of sentiment here against Britain as a result of some development concerning the ending of the war or the peace terms. It seems a bit thick, with the betting odds heavily favoring the Roosevelt-Willkie position being more popular than that taken by Sen. Burton K. Wheeler and Republican House Leader Joe Martin.

Predict More Public Ownership of Electricity

A very shrewd observer in the electrical industry predicts that within the next few years the proportion of government-owned systems will reach 40 per cent of the total. Actually this view is regarded by most disinterested observers as very conservative indeed. There are those who expect the next few decades to witness the disappearance of the privately owned electric utility.

Some critics say that the government is rather slow in recognizing a fact capable of demonstration—that steam is cheaper than water power in many instances, though lacking in its appeal to the popular imagination. Political platforms and political oratory have made much of the public right to the natural blessing of falling water.

But the tendency is significant. So far most of this turning to steam is "incidental"—not a happy word to the last ditch opponents of government ownership, since it was "incidental power," almost unavoidable in a dam project designed for navigation and flood control, which steered the TVA safely past the Supreme court.

Steam generation is "incidental" for the next little period in this march of government ownership because it is being projected almost exclusively in areas where it is to supplement hydroelectric power.

But the day is in sight when government steam plants will not be merely supplemental to existing hydro projects.

So long as the battle was waged on hydro power almost exclusively, the government had enormous advantages. It could charge off a big fraction of the first cost of the dam and reservoir—the main elements of cost in any hydro project being interest on the investment—to flood control and navigation. Then, with government bonds, it could borrow the money more cheaply. Finally it escaped a large fraction, at least, of the federal and local tax burdens of its private competitor. With steam, the battle is more nearly even, though the borrowing and tax advantages still lie with the government.

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If You Read in Bed You'll Want This Bag

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS bag was planned as a hospital gift for someone who was finding days in bed difficult enough without having books, magazines, writing materials and spectacle case scattered about and forever getting lost. If you like to take an assortment of reading matter to bed, sick or well, you will enjoy a bag like this. Its hanger hook may be sewed to box springs.

The bag shown here was made of a remnant of heavy cotton up-



holstery material in tones of green with a touch of red in the pattern. The red was repeated in the sateen lining. The sketch gives all the dimensions and shows how the lining and the outside part were made. A coat hanger was cut down to measure 12 inches from end to end and was placed between the lining and the outside; these being stitched together around the top, as illustrated.

NOTE: As a service to our readers Mrs. Spears has prepared a series of six booklets of her original ideas. Each booklet contains 32 home-making projects with illustrated directions. Booklets are numbered from 1 to 6, numbers 3 and 4 containing directions for other types of bags and door pockets that will make house-keeping easier. Booklets are 10c each and may be ordered direct from:

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