

## The Chase of an Aeroplane

(Continued from first page)

enthusiasm, now breathlessly followed the crowd. Over the lawn and down the street twinkled the heels of her little white shoes. She fell at the curb and when a kindly hand assisted her to rise hurried on again without a civil "thank you." With fine disregard she tripped lightly across the road before the very lamps of a racing automobile.

"There it is!" said a triumphant voice.

"Where?" she cried.

"Above the tallest tree," the voice answered.

"I cannot see it," Madge said impatiently.

A hand reached over her shoulder, pointing upward.

"If you will look exactly where I tell you," the owner of the hand suggested, "you will see it."

"I do now," she replied. "It is growing smaller. It must be very high up."

"About 2,300 feet," the voice answered exultantly.

Madge gave a little cry of disappointment.

"Oh, it is gone!" she said. "Can't we see it farther on?"

The man looked around quickly.

"This way!" he called, and ran swiftly up a wide, graveled path. She started bravely in pursuit, then stood still.

"I cannot go another step," she answered wearily.

The man turned back.

"Let me help you," he said, and immediately slipped his arm beneath her own. It was a very strong arm. Madge accepted its aid unquestioningly and was conscious of a comforting sense of protection throughout her confusing flight. They rested at last upon a broad expanse of lovely lawn.

"Stand just here," the man commanded, "and you will have an unobstructed view."

Madge the willful meekly obeyed, gazing in awed silence until the "ship of the sky" had sailed far into the distance, its throbbing engines sending back no sound. Then with its disappearance her strange excitement seemed to vanish. She turned, half dazedly, to look into the eyes of her companion.

"Where are we?" she asked slowly.

The young man in turn regarded his surroundings with a puzzled air.

"I don't know," he stammered. Then his dark eyes twinkled. "Looks like somebody's flower garden."

It was indeed a flower garden. Blooming geraniums bordered the hedge, and roses clambered riotously up their trellises.

"We are trespassing," the girl said severely. "You should not have brought me here."

"Brought you!" the young man exclaimed reproachfully. "Why, you were so keen on seeing that aeroplane I just had to help you along."

Madge studied her escort with interest. He had evidently started out upon this chase as unexpectedly as she, for he was both hatless and coatless. She put up her hand to smooth her disheveled locks, flushing with embarrassment that her sudden interest in aeroplanes should have led her into this peculiar position.

"Never mind," the young man said kindly. "Give me permission and I will see you safely home. The streets will be filled with the returning crowd at this time."

As Madge lingered irresolutely a heavy rumbling overhead caused both to look up in apprehension; then without further warning down came a heavy shower. Great sheets of rain swept the garden; it blew in their faces; it soaked their rumpled hair; it lay in little pools across the driveway. The man caught her hand, drawing her compellingly toward the house

in the background.

"Place seems to have been vacated for the summer," he said as they found shelter beneath a veranda roof, "otherwise you might ask for protection inside. The best thing under the circumstances for you to do is to wait here while I go for an umbrella."

Madge looked up at him indignantly. "Do you think I would be as selfish as that?" she said. "Why, you would be drenched before you could reach the gate."

The man smiled.

"Then we both had better stay where we are for the present. This shower cannot last long."

She flashed a glance at him as he dropped easily into a seat at her side; then, as their eyes met, her laughter rippled merrily.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that in some unaccountable way I have slipped back to my childhood days. Surely it is an unusual proceeding for a grownup to go racing about chasing a big balloon with—"

"A big boy," the man finished laughingly. He bent over her. "Let us keep up the game for awhile," he said impulsively. "One is not often privileged to return to the happy hours of childhood. Now, when I was a kid we became acquainted by simply asking two questions—'What is your name, and where do you live?'"

"Very well," Madge agreed demurely. "What is your name, little boy, and where do you live?"

"My name," the young man answered gravely, "is Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers, generally known as Tommy, and I live on Beechwood avenue."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why, so do I!" she exclaimed.

"Your number?" Tommy asked eagerly.

"Two hundred forty-four. And yours?"

"We are neighbors—near neighbors," the young man answered delightedly. "Mother and I moved recently into the house directly across from yours."

"Really?" said Madge. "How very strange that we should meet in this—informal manner."

"Isn't it?" said Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers. His eager eyes sought hers. "It will not be our last meeting if I can help it," he added fervently.

The sun had removed all trace of the shower when he finally stood at the entrance of Madge's home bidding her a reluctant goodby. Then as he reached the gateway he slowly retraced his steps.

"I have a confession to make," he began diffidently. "Please pardon a poor, lonely sinner. You see, I knew that you lived in this house all along. Fact is, I spend most of my time just looking over here—and—and it was my overwhelming desire to know you which prompted me to deliberately follow you this afternoon."

Madge looked up at him, gently accusing. Then her lips curved into an inscrutable little smile. "I knew that you followed me," she replied. "I hoped you would when I started."

And when her family returned later, damp and weary after a tiresome wait, because of overcrowded cars, they found that young lady calm and serene rocking to and fro on the veranda.

"You were wise to remain at home, my dear," her mother said, "for gazing at airships is but a foolish pastime."

Madge's eyes shone dreamily. "I think it's a lovely one," she said.

How Madge made the acquaintance of the young man who had moved into the house opposite none of her family could find out. The rest of it was plain enough. He called, he sent her flowers, he took her out to ride in his car, he proposed to her and was accepted, but until Madge, as his wife, entered the place and took possession no one knew how she had angled it and caught it on her hook when the rest of them were gazing skyward.

## Pendleton Normal School Proven Necessity

(Copied from Portland Oregonian.)

MONMOUTH, Ore., June 26.—The Oregon Normal school opened this week . . . students enrolled 785, largest on record for state Normal in Oregon . . . how to care for large student body a problem . . . 800 being crowded into auditorium with seating capacity of 550. Galleries filled with extra chairs in aisles. More than 150 students seated on platform. New boarding houses completed, additions to rooming houses built and tents used. One hundred girls sleep on upper floor of school.

The official school report gives 150 grade pupils in Monmouth, for teacher practice.

Read what those you have elected to handle the affairs of your state and who are thoroughly informed regarding school conditions in Oregon have to say concerning measure 308 on the ballot at the coming election:

By James Withycombe, Governor of Oregon:

"Oregon is unquestionably in need of more normal school work and Pendleton is the logical place for a school of this class in Eastern Oregon."

By J. A. Churchill, State Superintendent of Public Instruction:

"I trust that the voters of the State will assist in raising the standard of our schools by establishing a State Normal School at Pendleton."

By P. L. Campbell, President of the University of Oregon:

"At least one additional Normal School is urgently needed in Oregon."

By W. J. Kerr, President of the Oregon Agricultural College:

"Since the people of Pendleton are initiating a measure for the establishment of a Normal School at that place, it will give me pleasure to support this measure."

By J. H. Ackerman, President Oregon Normal School, at Monmouth:

"A careful analysis of the situation will convince any one that Oregon needs a Normal School in Eastern Oregon and Pendleton fills all the government requirements."

By the County School Superintendents of Oregon:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of the County School Superintendents of the State of Oregon, in convention assembled, that the best interests of the schools of the State demand increased facilities for the training of teachers, and that we, therefore, endorse the initiative measure to establish a Normal School at Pendleton."

By Mrs. Charles H. Castner, President of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs:

"I most heartily endorse the location of said Normal School at Pendleton."

Prof. Robert C. French, Former President of the Normal School Located at Weston:

"An immediate establishment of such a school at some central point such as Pendleton would prove a great asset to the State of Oregon."

B. F. Mulkey, Ex-President Southern Oregon Normal School:

"I shall support the location of an Eastern Oregon Normal School at Pendleton."

State Board of Regents of Oregon Normal School declares that "the necessity for additional Normal school facilities in Oregon is apparent."

Portland Chamber of Commerce endorses measure 308 and says Pendleton most logical location for Normal school in Eastern Oregon.

### 308 X YES IS A VOTE FOR YOUR CHILDREN

Eastern Oregon State Normal School Committee.  
(Paid Adv.) By J. H. Gwinn, Secy., Pendleton, Ore.

#### The Shrinking Sun.

The sun's diameter decreases at the rate of five miles in a century. Its present diameter is 800,000 miles.

#### The First Telegraph.

Professor Morse successfully operated the first telegraph line May 27, 1844, between New York and Baltimore.

#### Ireland.

The first inhabitants of Ireland are said to have been Phoenicians, an Asiatic people.

#### Whales.

A whale struck by a harpoon has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards in a minute.

#### One Exception at Least.

"You seem to think I'm never right about anything." "At all events, you're right about that."

#### Good on the Borrow.

"Is his credit good?" "It must be. I understand he owes money to everybody."—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Dog's Age.

The age of dogs ranges from twelve to fourteen years when they receive proper care.

#### Always the Way.

This world has a place for everybody, but there's usually somebody else in it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Compensations.

When a man pays as he goes he always gets a welcome back.—Philadelphia Record.

#### A Limited Always.

"I always agree with my husband." "Very sweet of you." "Except, of course, when he's wrong."—Exchange.