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MOSIER - OREGON

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The Druggist of Hood River, for them. He can send them to you cheaper than you can get them at home.

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Represents the combined tests and investigation of hundreds of the foremost Orchards in the country. No freaks or untried tools are found between its covers. You may depend absolutely upon the practicability of every tool shown and the Franz money back guarantee is back of the quality.

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**E. A. FRANZ CO.**  
HOOD RIVER, OREGON

**PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Announcement.**  
To the Legal Voters of Wasco County, Oregon:  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the republican nomination of Sheriff of Wasco county, subject to the will of the voters at the coming primaries.  
Should I be nominated and later elected, I will, as in the past, enforce the laws which come under the jurisdiction of said office, and will serve the people to the best of my ability, conducting the office in an economical a manner as possible in compliance with good service.  
LEVI CHRISMAN.  
Paid advertisement.

**Announcement.**  
To the Voters of Wasco County:  
I wish to announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of Wasco County, on the Republican ticket, subject to the wish of the voters at the Primary Election to be held May 15th next; and if nominated and elected I will conduct the office in a business-like and economic manner, with a strict enforcement of the laws.  
F. R. ANGLE.  
Paid advertisement.

**Fox Seeks Second Term.**  
I hereby announce to the voters of Wasco county, that I am a candidate for the nomination of county clerk of Wasco county, Oregon, at the coming republican primaries, May 15, and if nominated and elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, and to the best interests of the taxpayers and citizens in general, and along sound business principles, giving all the people a clean and economical service, as I have earnestly endeavored to do during my present administration.  
L. B. FOX.  
Paid advertisement.

**For Representation**  
I hereby respectfully announce myself a candidate for joint Representative of the 29th district consisting of Wasco and Hood River counties. Subject to the will of the republican voters at the primary. If I am nominated and elected, I will defend statement number one and the Initiative and Referendum. I will defend the tax payers against extravagant and unnecessary appropriation. I believe in legislative economy, good roads and their location by the people and the county control their construction.  
C. H. STRANAHAN.  
Paid advertisement.

**Candidate For Sheriff.**  
To the Voters of Wasco County:  
I hereby announce that my name will appear on the primary ballot as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Wasco county. If nominated and elected, I promise faithful discharge of the duties of the office to the best of my ability.  
Dated February 9, 1914.  
JAMES H. HARPER.  
(Paid adv.)

**Announcement.**  
To the Republican Voters of Wasco County:  
Having served as Deputy Sheriff for the past seven years I feel that I am thoroughly acquainted with the duties of the office of Sheriff, and that I am capable of conducting said office, and I therefore announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the will and wishes of the Republican voters of said county to be expressed at the primary election in May, 1914, and if elected I promise a faithful compliance with the duties of the office.  
GLENN O. ALLEN.  
(Paid adv.)

**For Representative.**  
I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for Representative from the twenty-ninth district, subject to the will of the voters, to be expressed at the May Primary Election. If nominated and elected I pledge myself to advocate and work for economy, decency, more liberal laws for the collection of taxes, and the extension, perfection and perpetuation of the "Oregon System."  
J. E. ANDERSON.  
Paid advertisement.

**School Industrial Clubs Making Great Progress**

Salem—Although the work of organizing industrial clubs in the public schools has been in progress only a short time, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill announces that the results are far better than had been expected. He said that 4363 pupils had been enrolled by clubs and that applications for membership were being received at a rate of 150 a day.  
There are 19 subjects in which the school children may compete for prizes, the names and the number of pupils enrolled in each being as follows: Canning and preserving, 274; cooking and baking, 563; dairy herd record, 36; corn raising, 383; manual arts, 216; pig raising, 151; potatoes, 296; poultry, 472; sewing, 1045; vegetable gardening, 777; total, 4363.  
"When we stop to think," said Mr. Churchill, "that most of our school girls will be housekeepers in a few years, and that our boys will be farmers, the value of this industrial work can readily be appreciated."  
The report was made to Mr. Churchill by Professor Griffin, of the Oregon Agricultural college, who is co-operating with the state department of education in this work.

**Loganberry Growers Form Permanent Organization**

Salem—A permanent organization of loganberry growers of the state was perfected here this week. More than 200 growers attended the meeting and it was the consensus of opinion that through organization adequate markets could be obtained.  
Officers were elected as follows: President, W. L. Bentley, of Woodburn; vice president, Alex. La Follette, Brooks; secretary, Fred S. Bynon, Salem; treasurer, L. H. Roberts, Salem; directors, Britt Asplwall, Brooks; H. E. Crowell, Dundee, and the president, vice president and treasurer.  
The constitution provides that the directors shall perfect a plan of operation at once, the industry to be developed by sending samples of fresh and dried berries to all parts of the country and the preparation of adequate statistics for the information of growers. Because of the big increase of acreage devoted to the fruit this year, it was feared that it might be impossible to find markets. Assurances have been received, however, that there will be an adequate demand. Arrangements have been made to sell quantities of the berries in parts of the country where they heretofore have been unknown.

**Portland's Stockyard Prices Go Way Up**

Portland—There has been a falling off in receipts of livestock at the Portland Union stockyard, and as a consequence prices of all classes of stock are advancing. Fancy steers sold by the carload at North Portland this week at \$8.10 and \$8.25 a hundred-weight, the highest prices that have prevailed since early last September.  
Not since June, 1913, have sheep and lamb prices been as high as at present. Ewes are selling at the yards at \$5, and wethers at \$6, while the best unshorn lambs are worth \$7 a hundred-weight.  
Hog prices also are climbing up again, the market showing a gain of 20 cents over last week's quotations. The best swine are bringing \$8.85. Higher prices than this, however, have been realized this year.

**Grange Asks Governor for "Good Roads Day"**

McMinnville — McMinnville Grange No. 31 has adopted resolutions calling on Governor West to proclaim April 10 a good roads day for Oregon.  
The letter to the governor says in part: "McMinnville Grange No. 31 has voted to ask you to designate April 10 a holiday to be known as Good Roads day for Oregon and that you request all citizens to go on the highways and work to improve the roads under the direction of the county courts and supervisors of the several districts. Also that an assistant supervisor be appointed for every section of the road where necessary."  
Stock of the Willamette Valley Southern is held by farmers and other residents of the district to be served. Some large blocks also are held in Oregon City. F. M. Sift and Grant B. Dimick, both of Oregon City, are president and secretary, respectively. The Portland company, it is understood, has not acquired any of the stock. Franklin T. Griffith, president of the company, denies any intention of acquiring any of it.

**Governor West Plans Limit on State Taxes**

Salem—Governor West said that he would prepare an amendment to the constitution to be initiated at the coming election limiting the state tax levy to \$2,000,000 on the present assessed valuation, which would help the legislature to exercise the strictest economy in making appropriations. He said the measure would be prepared in ample time for it to be thoroughly discussed before it was voted upon. He would hold the levy to 2 mills a year.  
The governor declared that the amendment would not interfere with permanent road building, for there already is a constitutional amendment applying to that. He also thinks limits should be made to the county tax levies the same as he proposes for the state.

**Governor Charges Fraud.**

Salem—Alleging that the original purchasers acquired the land through fraud, Governor West has furnished Attorney General Crawford a statement regarding methods with which the Pacific Livestock company obtained title to about 27,000 acres of state school, swamp and indemnity lands in Harney county. He asked the attorney general to recover the land for the state. The governor furnished exhibits, his object being to show that the land was obtained through "dummy" applications.

**Medford to Have Two Canneries.**

Medford—Medford merchants have decided that the Rogue River valley can support two canneries. The R. D. Hoke cannery will first be established, as it is more nearly financed. The site and building has been donated by the Rogue Lands company, the city has agreed to supply free water for two years and the required \$4000 has been nearly subscribed.  
It is also planned to move the Bagley cannery to Medford from Talent as soon as the new capitalization is effected.

**Fly Edict Issued at Salem.**

Salem—Mayor Steeves has issued a proclamation warning the residents of the city that all garbage piles and other fly-breeding attractions must be removed immediately. The mayor says scientific research has revealed that the house fly is a dangerous agency for the spread of disease and that the pest must be exterminated in this city. The commercial club is still doing a good business, buying flies from children at 25 cents a hundred.  
**Home Credits Do Much Good.**  
Buena Vista—According to reports coming from patrons of the Buena Vista school the home credit system is doing much to unite the school and home. For the past two years the plan has been in operation in this school and the results have been gratifying. Not only do the students do better work at home, but their school studies have been brought higher.

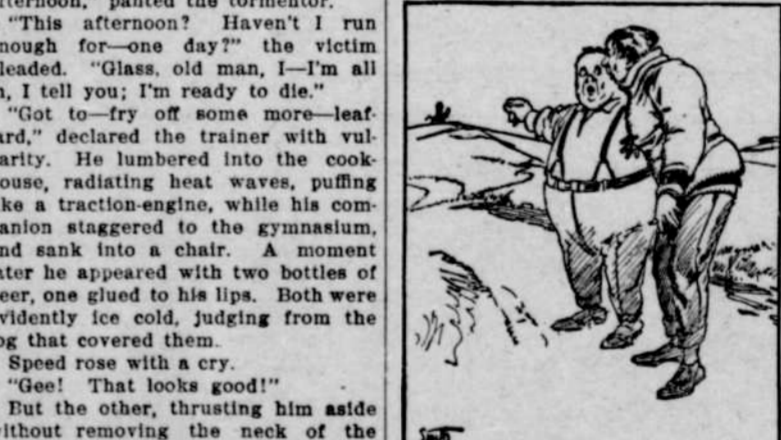


**GOING SOME A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION BY REX BEACH SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith**

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are nearbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cow of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Calver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chaparral, one of the cowboys, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Espy and his wife, Larry Glass, a lawyer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has passed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wallly, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to "take his place." Fresno, glue club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the new means of them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to get that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunner, declares the trainer will go back east packing in. If Speed fails, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.  
"We are ready!" called Jean Ganly.  
"What in the world—" Helen paused at sight of the swathed figure.  
"Are you cold, Mr. Speed?"  
"Climb on your horses and get a start," panted the burly trainer; "he's going to race you ten miles."  
"I'm going to do nothing of the sort. I'm going to—"  
But Glass jerked him violently, crying: "And no talkin' to gals, neither. You're trainin'. Now, get a move!"  
"Hit her up, Wallly! G'wan, now—faster! No loafing, boy, or I'll wallop you!" Nor did he cease until they both panted from exhaustion. Even then he would not allow his charge to do more than regain his breath before urging him onward.  
"See here," Wallly stormed at last, "what's the use? I can't—"  
"What's the use? That's the use!" Glass pointed to the north, where a lone horseman was watching them from a knoll. "Do you know who that is?"  
The rider was small and stoop-shouldered.  
"Willie!"  
"That's who!"  
"He's following us!"  
With knees trembling beneath him Speed jogged feebly on down the road, Glass puffing at his heels.  
When, after covering five miles, they finally returned to the Flying Heart, it was with difficulty that they could drag one foot after another.  
Wallly Speed was drenched with perspiration, and Glass resembled nothing so much as a steaming pudding; rivulets of sweat ran down his neck, his face was purple, his lips swollen.  
"You'll have to run alone—this afternoon," panted the tormentor.  
"This afternoon? Haven't I run enough for one day?" the victim pleaded. "Glass, old man, I—I'm in it, I tell you; I'm ready to die."  
"Got to—try off some more—leaf-lard," declared the trainer with vulgarly. He lumbered into the cook-house, radiating heat waves, puffing like a traction-engine, while his companion staggered to the gymnasium and sank into a chair. A moment later he appeared with two bottles of beer, one glued to his lips. Both were evidently ice cold, judging from the fog that covered them.  
Speed rose with a cry.  
"Gee! That looks good!"  
But the other, thrusting him aside without removing the neck of the bottle from his lips, gurgled:  
"No booze, Wallly! You're trainin'!"  
"But I'm thirstin'!" shouted the athlete, laying hands upon the full bottle, and trying to wrench it free.  
"Have a little sense. If you're thirsty hit the sink." Glass still maintained his hold, mumbling indistinctly: "Water's the worst thing in the world. Wallly! I'll get you some."  
He stepped into the bunk-room, to return an instant later with a cup half full. "Rinse out your mouth, and don't swallow it all."  
"All that isn't that much. Ugh! It's lukewarm. I want a bucket of ice-water—ice-water!"  
"Nothing doing! I won't stand to have your epithets chilled."  
"My what?"  
"Never mind now. Off with them clothes, and get under that shower. I guess it'll feel pretty good to-day."  
Speed obeyed instructions sullenly, while his trainer, reclining in the cosy-corner, uncorked the second bottle. From behind the blanket curtains where the barrel stood, the form demanded:  
"What did you mean by saying I'd have to run again this afternoon?"  
"Starts!" said Glass, shortly.  
"Starts?"  
"Fast work. We been loafing so far; you got to get some ginger."  
"Rats! What's the use?"

CHAPTER XII.  
IT WAS usually a procedure not alone of difficulty but of diplomacy as well, to rout out the ranch-hands of the Flying Heart without engendering hostile relations that might bear fruit during the day. This morning still Bill Stover had more than his customary share of trouble, for they seemed pessimistic.  
Carara, for instance, breathed a Spanish oath as he combed his hair, and when the foreman inquired the reason, replied:  
"I don't sleep good. I been t'ink mebbe I lose my saddle on this foot-race."  
Cloudy, whose toilet was much less intricate, grunted from the shadows: "I thought I heard that photograph all night."  
"It was the Natif Son singin' to his gal," explained one of the hands, "He's gettin' on my nerves, too. If he wasn't a friend of the boss, I'd sure take a surcingle and abate him considerable."  
"Vat you t'ank? I dream' Mr. Speed is ron avay an' broke his leg," volunteered Murphy, the Swede, whose name New Mexico had shortened from Bjorth Kjelliser.  
"Run away!"  
"Yas— I dream' he's out for little ron ven piece of noosepaper blow up in his face an' mak' him ron away, yust same as horse. He snort an' yump, an' ron till he step in prairie dog hole and broke his leg."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"D' You Know Who That is?"  
Blake! Wallly! Speed wilted miserably. "She mustn't know. I—I hire you over again."  
"Suit yourself."  
"You see, don't you? My love for Helen is the only serious thing I ever experienced," said the boy. "I—can't lose her. You've got to help me out."  
And so it was agreed.  
That evening, when the clock struck nine, J. Wallingford Speed stood ready and willing to drag himself out to bed, in spite of the knowledge that Fresno was waiting to take his place in the hammock. He was racked by a thousand pains, his muscles were sore, his back lame. He was consumed by a thirst which Glass stoutly refused to let him quench, and possessed by a fearful longing for a smoke. When he dozed off, regardless of the snores from the bunk-house adjoining, Berkeley Fresno's musical tenor was sounding in his ears.  
It seemed to Speed that he felt barely closed his eyes when he felt a rough hand shaking him, and heard his trainer's voice calling, in a half-whisper: "Come on, Cull! Get up!"  
When he turned over it was only to be shaken into complete wakefulness.

**PERIL OF FRENCH FASHIONS**

Rev. Alpheus C. Kerr Tells of an Incident at the Opera in Denver.  
The immorality of French fashions was being discussed at a tea in Denver. The new idea of American fashions for American women was being praised. Rev. Alpheus then said:  
"It is time that we removed our women from the peril of French fashions. I attended the opera last year during the Easter holidays. My companion pointed out to me a young man, blazing with diamonds, and he said: "That is old Gobsa Golde's daughter, the countess. I knew her father when he went about with his pants held up by one suspender."  
"I regarded the beautiful young woman through my glass. Her dress was audacious. I said, dryly: "She must take after her father, then. Her gown, I see, is held up by one strap."

"Hurry up, it's daylight!"  
"Where?"  
"Come, now, you got to run five miles before breakfast!"  
Speed sat up with a groan. "If I run five miles," he said, "I won't want any breakfast," and he laid himself down again gratefully—he was very sore—whereas his companion fairly dragged him out of bed. As yet the room was black, although the windows were grayed by the first faint streaks of dawn. From the adjoining room came a chorus of distress: snores of every size, volume, and degree of intensity, from the last harrowing gasp of strangulation to the bold trumpetings of a bull moose. There were long-drawn sighs, groans of torture rumbling blasts. Speed shuddered.  
"They sound like a troop of trained soldiers," he said.  
"Don't wake 'em up. Here!" Glass yawned widely, and tossed a bundle of sweaters at his companion.  
"Ugh! These clothes are all wet and cold, and—It feels like blood!"  
"Nothin' 'ut the mornin' dew."  
"It's perspiration."  
"Well, a little sweat won't hurt you."  
"Nasty word." Speed yawned in turn. "Perspiration! I can't wear wet clothes," and would have crept back into his bed.  
This time Glass deposited him upon a stool beside the table, and then lighted a candle, by the sickly glare of which he selected a pair of running shoes.  
"Why didn't you leave me alone?" grumbled the younger man. "The only pleasure I get is in sleep—I forget things then."  
"Yes," retorted the former, sarcastically, "and you also seem to forget that these are our last days among the living. Saturday the big thing comes off."  
"Forget! I dreamed about it!" The boy sighed heavily. It was the hour in which hope reaches its lowest ebb and vitality is weakest. He was very cold and very miserable.  
"You ain't got no edge on me," the other acknowledged, mournfully. "I'm too young to die, and that's a bet."  
Suddenly the pandemonium in the bunk-house was pierced by the brazen jangle of an alarm-clock, whereat a sleepy voice cried:  
"Cloudy, kill that—clock!"  
"The Indian uttered some indistinguishable epithet, and the next instant there came a crash as the offending timepiece was hurled violently against the wall."  
In silence Glass bowed his unsteady victim ahead of him out into the dawn in the east the sun was rising amid a riotous splendor. At any other time, under any other circumstances, Speed could not have restrained his admiration, for the whole world was a glorious sparkling panoply of color. But to the stiff and wearied Eastern lad it was all cruelly mocking. When he halted listlessly to view its beauties he was goaded forward, ever forward, faster and faster, until finally, amid protests and sighs and complaining joints, he broke into a heavy, flat-footed jog-trot that jolted the artistic sense entirely out of him.

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Shortening of the Day.  
For a long time it has been known that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and that they tend to lengthen the day. The effect is, however, so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated, with the aid of certain assumption and upon the data available, MacMillan has made the necessary computation by the formula used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.