

DAVID ROBINSON, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon  
MOSIER - OREGON

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Dentist  
HOOD RIVER : OREGON  
1081 Office Phone. : Res. Phone 333

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can supply you with any-  
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reasonable prices. : :  
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BE CONVINCED**  
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**FRANZ'S CATALOG**  
OF  
**ORCHARD SPECIALTIES**  
Represents the combined tests  
and investigation of hundreds  
of the foremost Orchards in the  
country. No freaks or untried  
tools are found between its cov-  
ers. You may depend absolute-  
ly upon the practicability of  
every tool shown and the  
Franz money back guarantee is  
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Send for it Today.  
Mail or phone orders are giv-  
ing prompt attention.  
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**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 pri-  
maries.  
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 abil-  
ity, conducting the office in an  
economical manner as possi-  
ble in compliance with good  
service.  
LEVI CHRISMAN.  
Paid advertisement.

**Announcement.**  
To the Voters of Wasco Coun-  
ty:  
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 nomi-  
nated and elected I will conduct  
the office in a business-like and  
economical 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 nomi-  
nation 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 gen-  
eral, and along sound business  
principles, giving all the people  
a clean and economical service,  
as I have earnestly endeavored  
to do during my present ad-  
ministration.  
L. B. FOX.  
Paid advertisement.

**For Representation**  
I hereby respectfully an-  
nounce 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 Referen-  
dum. 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 Coun-  
ty:  
I hereby announce that my  
name will appear on the pri-  
mary 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 ac-  
quainted with the duties of the  
office of Sheriff, and that I am  
capable of conducting said of-  
fice, and I therefore announce  
myself as a candidate for Sher-  
iff, 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 ex-  
pressed at the May Primary  
Election. If nominated and  
elected I pledge myself to ad-  
vocate and work for economy,  
decency, more liberal laws for  
the collection of taxes, and the  
extension, perfection and per-  
petuation of the "Oregon Sys-  
tem."  
J. E. ANDERSON.  
Paid advertisement.

**BATTLESHIP FLEET BACKS  
UP DEMAND ON HUERTA**  
Atlantic Squadron Rushed to Tampico  
With Auxiliary Force of 11,000.

Vera Cruz, Mex.—The Mexican foreign minister, Senor Portillo y Rojas, has transmitted to the American charge d'Affaires, Nelson O'Shaughnessy, a note dealing with the arrest of the assistant paymaster and a detachment of bluejackets from the United States gunboat Dolphin at Tampico, and the demand of Admiral Mayo that the American flag be saluted.

In effect the note says that the Mexican government cannot see wherein the Federals have inflicted any insult on the American nation; that ordering the army to salute the American flag would be an admission that the United States is exercising undue influence over this country's free action, and that President Huerta is disposed to uphold the honor and sovereignty of Mexico at any cost.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson has ordered practically the entire Atlantic fleet to Mexican waters to force a public salute to the Stars and Stripes from the Huerta government as an apology for the arrest of American marines at Tampico last Thursday.

No ultimatum has been issued—that is, no specified time has been set in which the Huerta government must comply—but the naval demonstration has been ordered as a concrete evidence of the fixed determination of the United States to back up Rear Admiral Mayo's demand for a salute. Up to Wednesday General Huerta had not made satisfactory response to the demand.

"Future developments depend on Huerta himself," was the way a high administration official close to the President summarized the situation. The decision to send the fleet was reached after the President and Secretary Bryan had conferred for an hour with John Lind, personal representative of President Wilson in Mexico, and after a two-hour cabinet meeting, at which dispatches from Charge O'Shaughnessy revealed that the Huerta government disputed the right of American marines to be ashore at Tampico and contended that its recent public statement of apology was ample.

Immediately after the cabinet meeting Secretary Daniels issued his order to the Atlantic fleet and wireless messages flashed up and down the Atlantic coast to put the fleet under steam for Tampico. It will be the largest fighting force the American government has assembled for possible action since the Spanish-American war. Eleven great battleships, with auxiliaries carrying 11,000 men, will comprise the force off Tampico.

**Many Cities Successful In  
Scent-the-Fly Campaigns**  
University of Oregon, Eugene—Re-  
ports of successes achieved in other  
states in anti-fly campaigns continue  
to come to Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, pro-  
fessor of social biology at the State  
university. A recent letter from Eliza-  
beth Cook, food inspector of Salt  
Lake City, says:  
"Nearly 100,000 flies were caught  
and brought in here last Saturday.  
Our picture shows are running slides,  
newspapers are helping, even the big  
packing houses are giving bounties for  
flies caught in their vicinity. I pre-  
pared the propaganda for the campaign  
and presented it to the commercial  
club in March. The club took hold  
with great enthusiasm and prepared  
30,000 booklets. It has furnished the  
traps, which the children buy for 15  
cents and sell for 25 cents. The stable  
window trap is made by boys in the  
manual training departments, and the  
net fly catchers in the domestic science  
departments of the schools. We feel  
very grateful to you and to Dr. Jean  
Dawson for your encouragement, and  
for the system with which you have  
carried out your campaign. Ours is  
planned along the same lines."  
In the Salt Lake Bulletin a fly is  
said now to be a curiosity in West-  
chester, Mass. The children of Worcester  
trapped 16,217,088 flies from June 20  
to July 17, 1911, filling 40 bushels.  
Campaigns have been held each year  
since.

Cleveland had a campaign in 1911.  
All the flies were not exterminated  
that year, but enough were killed to  
reduce greatly the typhoid fever per-  
centage. A greater effort was made  
in 1913, and most of the flies were ex-  
terminated. By the end of 1914,  
Cleveland hopes to be almost flyless.

Salt Lake and the 20 cities of Ore-  
gon that are organizing campaigns  
are only a few of the many in the civ-  
ilized world that have set as their goal  
freedom from what Hodge calls the  
worst assailant of public health that  
exists.

**Webb Liquor Law Upheld  
By Kansas Supreme Court**  
Topeka—The Webb-Kenyon bill,  
passed by congress, which gives the  
states control over liquor shipments,  
met the favor of the Kansas Supreme  
court. As a result of the decision  
Kansas will take charge of all liquor  
shipped into the state.  
The case was that of a St. Louis  
company appealing from a decision of  
the District court in Cherokee county.  
The St. Louis company shipped a car-  
load of beer to Corona, Kan. State  
officials confiscated it under the Webb  
law and the company sought the return  
of the beer or reimbursement.

"Without this law no state has any  
more control over liquor than it has  
over the shipment of wheat and corn,"  
said Justice R. A. Burch, who wrote  
the opinion.  
"We believe that the liquor traffic  
can be made subject to the same regu-  
lations as obscene literature and white  
slavery, and that congress has suffi-  
cient power to regulate the shipments  
of liquor as it has to prohibit trans-  
portation of white slaves."

**Dominican Rebels Quit.**  
Santo Domingo—The rebel forces  
who have occupied the citadel at San-  
tiago have surrendered to the govern-  
ment, it was announced Monday. An-  
other rebel force under command of  
General Jimenez, the chief of the in-  
surrection, which occupied a fortified  
position at Lavega, also has surren-  
dered to the federals commanded by  
Tancredio Savinon, who has been ap-  
pointed governor there. President  
Borja, at the head of 1500 men, now  
is on his way to Santiago, having  
taken the field against the insurgents.

**Brother Shoots Brother.**  
Houghton, Mich.—Victor Maki, 30,  
met his brother, John, 23, at Paines-  
dale after a separation of seven years,  
and instead of fraternal greetings they  
quarreled and Victor shot John to  
death. John upbraided Victor for im-  
temperance and the older brother fired  
a shot through the ceiling, saying:  
"The same to you if you don't shut  
up."  
John bared his breast, according to  
witnesses, and exclaimed: "Go ahead."  
Victor shot the younger through the  
heart.

**Excitement Is Fatal.**  
Monte Carlo—Ferdinand Forest, an  
aged inventor of a motor, died sudden-  
ly while testing a new automobile in  
which he was to break the mile speed  
record. The boat ran against a jetty!  
The craft was only slightly damaged,  
but the excitement proved fatal, as he  
suffered from heart trouble. Forest  
was the first man to construct a four-  
cylinder engine and apply the magneto  
ignition.

**Parents' Duties Topic.**  
Washington, D. C.—Full discussion  
of the responsibility of the parents to  
see that their children are trained in  
good citizenship has been provided for  
in the program of the Third Interna-  
tional congress on the welfare of the  
child. Announcement was made of  
this portion of the program Monday,  
and Judge Lindsey, of Denver, a lead-  
er in juvenile court work, will be one  
of the principal speakers. The general  
subject will be "Parents' Responsibility  
in Training Children for Self-Sup-  
port, Home-Making and Citizenship."

**Smallpox Closes School.**  
Grass Valley, Cal.—Owing to the  
prevalence of smallpox, all the public  
schools here have been ordered closed  
by the board of health. A campaign  
of compulsory vaccination is in pro-  
gress.

**Italy Treaty Ratified.**  
Washington, D. C.—Secretary Bry-  
an and Marquis Cusani Confalonieri,  
the Italian ambassador, exchanged ratifi-  
cations of the renewed arbitration  
treaty between Italy and the United  
States, which will run another five  
years. Secretary Bryan and Minister  
Bryon exchanged ratifications of a like  
treaty with Norway.



**GOING SOME**  
A ROMANCE OF  
STRENUOUS AFFECTION  
BY  
REX BEACH  
SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY  
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG  
Illustrated By  
Edgar Best Smith  
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are  
heartbroken over the loss of their much-  
prized photograph by the defeat of their  
champion in a foot-race with the cook of  
the "Centipede" ranch, west house party is  
on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford  
Covington, inter-collegiate champion run-  
ner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's  
sister, is interested in the loss of the  
photograph. She suggests to Jean  
Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch,  
that she induce "Houston, her lover, to  
win back the photograph. Helen declares  
that if Covington will run, Speed will  
win back the race. Willie, the gunman,  
declares that Covington will win, figur-  
ing that Covington will arrive in time to  
take the place. Fresno, slow club singer from  
Stanford university and in love with  
Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the  
ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass  
in the time they are supposed to be  
training playing cards in a secluded spot.  
The cowboys explain to Speed how much  
the race means to them. Speed assures  
them that he will win. The cowboys  
tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed  
wins. Willie, the gunman, declares  
that the trainer will go back east pack-  
ed in ice, if Speed fails. A telegram comes  
from Covington saying he is in jail at  
Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic  
declares to Larry that the best way  
out is for him (Speed) to injure him-  
self. Glass goes to the doctor. Glass forces  
Speed out at sunrise to practice running.  
At the instigation of Fresno the cowboys  
put ice in Speed's shower bath.

**CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.**  
"I give him a nerve treatment. A  
jack-rabbit jumped at him this morn-  
ing and he bolted to the outside fence,"  
Larry forced his employer to a seat,  
then, securing a firm hold of the flesh,  
began to discourse learnedly upon  
anatomy and hygiene, the while his  
victim writhed. It was evident that  
the cattlemen were intensely interest-  
ed. "Well, sir, when I first got him  
his sploven was in terrible shape,"  
said Larry. "In fact, I never saw  
such a—"  
"What was in terrible shape?" ven-  
tured the tenor.  
"His sploven."  
"Sploven! Is that a locality or a  
beverage?"  
Glass glowered at the cause of the  
interruption. "It's a nerve-center, of  
course!" Then to the others, he ran  
on, glibly: "The treatment was sim-  
ple, and it took time. You see, I had  
to first trace his beddido to its source,  
and this," He thrust a finger into  
Wall's back and glowed a furious up-  
ward. "You see?" He paused tri-  
umphantly. "A fore-shortened beddido!  
It ain't well yet."  
"Can a man run fast with one of  
them?" inquired Willie.  
"Certainly, certainly—provided, of  
course, that the percentage of spelfid-  
er in the blood offsets it."  
Both cowboys came closer now, and  
hung eagerly upon every word.  
"And—does it do—that?" they ques-  
tioned, while Fresno suggested that it  
was not easy to tell without bleeding  
the patient.  
"No, no! You can hear the spellid-  
er!" Glass motioned to Willie.  
"Put your ear to his chest. Hear  
anything?"  
"Heart's poundin' like a calf's at a  
brandin'."  
"Which proves it?" proudly asserted  
the trainer. "Barrin' accidents, Mr.  
Speed will be in the pink of condition  
by Saturday."  
The cowmen beamed benignantly.  
"That's fine!"  
"We are sure pleased, and we've got  
something for you, Mr. Speed. Come  
on, Mr. Fresno, and give us a hand.  
We'll bring it in."  
"It's a present!" exclaimed the ath-  
lete, brightly, when the three had gone  
out. "They seem more friendly this  
morning."  
"Yes!" Glass laughed, mirthlessly.  
"They think you're going to win."  
"Well, how do you know I can't  
win? You never saw this cook run."  
"I don't have to; I've seen you."  
"Just the same, I'm in pretty good  
shape. Maybe I could run if I really  
tried."  
"Send yourself along, kid. It won't  
harm you none." The speaker fan-  
ned himself, and took a seat in the cosey-  
corner.  
"Ah! Here they come, bearing  
gifts." Ah! Speed rose in pleased ex-  
pectancy. "I wonder what it can be?"  
The three who had just left re-  
entered the room, carrying a trayload of  
thick railroad crockery.  
"We've brought your breakfast to  
you," explained Stover. "We'd like you  
to eat alone till after the race." Still  
Bill began to whittle what appeared to  
be a blood-rare piece of flesh, while  
Willie awkwardly arranged the dishes.  
"You want me to eat as well as sleep  
here?"  
"Exactly."  
"Oh, I can't do that! I'm sorry,  
but—"  
"Don't make us insist." Willie looked  
up from his tray, and Glass raised a  
moist hand and said:  
"Don't make 'em insist."  
With fascinated stare Speed drew  
nearer to Stover and examined the  
meat bone.  
"Why—why, that's raw!" he ex-  
claimed.

"Does look rar'," agreed the fore-  
man.  
"Then take it out and build a fire  
under it. I'll consent to eat here, but I  
won't turn cannibal, even to please  
you."  
"I'm sorry." Stover did not inter-  
rupt his carving.  
"Your diet ain't been right," ex-  
plained Willie. "You ain't wild enough  
to suit us."  
"Is this a joke?"  
"We ain't never joked with you yet,  
have we?"  
"No. But—"  
"This breakfast goes as she lays!"  
Glass broke abruptly into smothered  
merriment. "When I laugh nowadays  
it's a funny joke," he giggled.  
That grown man could be so stupid  
was unbelievable, and Wall, seeing  
himself the object of a senseless  
prank, was roused to anger.  
"Lawrence, get my coat," said he.  
"I've been bullied enough; I'm going  
up to the house." When Stover only  
continued whittling methodically, he  
burst out: "Stop honing that shin-  
bone! If you like it you can eat it!  
I'm going now to swallow a stack of  
hot cakes with maple syrup!"  
"Mr. Speed," Willie impaled him  
with a steady glare, "you'll eat what  
we tell you to, and nothing else! If  
we say 'grass, grass it'll be. You're  
goin' to beat one Skinner if it takes  
a human life. And if that life hap-  
pens to be yours, you got nobody but  
yourself to blame."  
"Indeed!"  
"You heard me! I've been set to  
ride hard on you daytimes, the other  
boys 'll guard you nights. We been  
double-crossed once—it won't happen  
again."  
"You intend to make me eat this  
disgusting stuff, whether I want to or  
not?" Even yet the youth could not  
convince himself that this was other  
than a joke.  
"No," Willie shook his head. "We  
just aim to make you want to eat it."  
Then Larry Glass made his fatal  
mistake.  
"Say, why don't you let Mr. Speed  
buy you a new photograph, and call  
the race off?" he inquired.  
Stover, stricken dumb, paused, knife  
in hand; Willie stared as if bereft of  
motion. Then the former spoke slow-  
ly. "Looks like we ought to smoke  
up this fat party, Will."  
Willie nodded, and Glass realized  
that the little man's steel-blue eyes  
were riveted balefully upon him.  
"I've had a hunch it would come to  
that," the near-sighted one replied.  
"Every time I look at him, I see a  
bleedin' bullet hole in his abominable  
region, about here." He laid a finger  
upon his stomach, and Glass felt a  
darting pain at precisely the same  
spot.  
"That's where you hit the gambler  
at Ogden," he heard Stover say—  
it might have been from a great distance  
—but I aim for the bridge of the  
nose."  
"The belly ain't so sudden as the  
eye-socket, but it's more lingerin',  
and a heap painfuller," explained the  
gun man, and Speed was moved to  
sympathy.  
"Larry only wanted to please you—  
eh, Larry?" he said, nervously, but  
Stover only smiled.

"The only hardship is not to see  
you," he declared softly.  
Miss Blake dropped her eyes.  
"I thought you might like to go walk-  
ing; it's a gorgeous morning. You  
see, I've brought a book to read to you  
while you rest—you must be tired after  
your run."  
"I am, and I will. This is awfully  
good of you, Miss Blake." Speed rose,  
overwhelmed with joy, but the look of  
Glass was not to be passed up. "I'm  
afraid it's impossible, however."  
The blue eyes flew open in astonish-  
ment. "Why?" the girl questioned.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Heart's Pounding Like a Calf's at  
Brandin'."  
Glass made no reply. His distended  
orbs were frozen upon Willie. It was  
doubtful if he even heard.  
"Our honor ain't for sale," Still Bill  
declared.  
Here Berkeley Fresno spoke. "Of  
course not. And you mustn't think  
that Speed is trying to get out of the  
race. He wants to run! And if any-  
thing happened to prevent his running  
he'd be broken-hearted, I know he  
would!"  
Willie's hypnotic eye left the train-  
er's abdomen and traveled slowly to  
Speed.  
"What could happen?" questioned  
he.  
"Nothing that I know of."  
"You don't aim to leave?"

**WHEN EXERCISE WON'T HELP**  
If you Are Mentally Weary, Sit Down  
Quietly and Comfortably and  
Breathe Deeply.  
Are you weary? Breathe more; eat  
less.  
Active exercise will not rest you  
from mental work.  
When you are tired with mental  
work, says a well known physician,  
"do not think you must take active ex-  
ercise. That will make you more  
weary. All you need is rest and more  
air in your lungs. Sit down quietly  
and comfortably and breathe deeply  
twenty-five times. Rest a moment and  
repeat."  
"This air forced into the body re-  
moves the waste material which makes  
you weary."  
"Don't eat all you want."  
"Food not needed for support of the  
system is so much extra work for the  
body and requires more air to dispose  
of it."  
"This regimen will diminish your  
grocery bill and save your shoe  
leather."  
**Business.**  
Motorist—What's your name and  
address?  
Victim—John S—Smith—14—B—B  
—Bean street.  
Motorist—Righto, Smith. Can't  
stop now; tomorrow I'll call at your  
house and try to convince you that  
you should carry an accident policy  
in the company I represent—London  
Opinion.

"Certainly not."  
"Oh, you fellows take it too seri-  
ously." Fresno offered carelessly. "He  
might have to."  
Willie's upper lip drew back, show-  
ing his yellow teeth.  
"They don't sell no railroad tickets  
before Saturday, and the walkin' is  
bad. There's your breakfast, Mr.  
Speed. When you've eat your fill, you  
better rest. And don't talk to them  
ladies, neither; it spoils your train of  
thought!"

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
NOW that the possibility of es-  
cape from the Flying Heart  
was cut off, the young man  
felt agonizing regret that he  
had not yielded to his train-  
er's earlier importunities  
and taken refuge in flight  
while there was yet time.  
Everything was too late now.  
Even if he made a clean breast of the  
whole affair to Jean, or to her brother  
when he arrived, what good would that  
do? Doubtful Jack's ability to save  
him, in the light of what had just  
passed; for men like Willie cared  
nothing for the orders of the person  
whose pay roll they chanced to grace.  
And Willie was not alone, either; the  
rest of the crew were equally des-  
perate. What heed would these no-  
mads pay to Jack Chapin's commands,  
once they learned the truth?  
There were still, however, two days  
of grace, and to youth two days is an  
eternity. Therefore, he closed his eyes  
and trusted to the unexpected. How  
the unexpected could get past that



grim, watchful sentry just outside the  
door he could not imagine, but when  
the breakfast-bell reminded him of his  
hunger, he banished his fears for the  
sake of the edibles his custodians had  
served.  
"Don't you want anything to eat?"  
he inquired, when Larry made no move  
to depart for the cookhouse.  
"No."  
"Not hungry, eh?"  
"I'm hungry enough to eat a plush  
cushion, but—"  
"What?"  
"Mariesetta!"  
"Sure, she's been chasin' me again.  
If somebody don't stick track that Cu-  
ban, I'll have to lick Carara." He  
sighed. "I told you we'd ought to tin  
can it out of here. Now it's too late."  
It was perhaps a half-hour later  
that Helen Blake came tripping into  
the gymnasium, radiant, sparkling, her  
crisp white dress touched here and  
there with blue that matched her eyes,  
in her hands a sunshade, a novel, and  
a mysterious little bundle.  
"We were so sorry to lose you at  
breakfast," she began.  
Wally led her to the cosey-corner,  
and seated himself beside her.  
"I suppose it is a part of this hor-  
rid training. I would never have men-  
tioned that foot race if I had dreamed  
it would be like this."  
Here at least was a soul that sym-  
pathized.

"The only hardship is not to see  
you," he declared softly.  
Miss Blake dropped her eyes.  
"I thought you might like to go walk-  
ing; it's a gorgeous morning. You  
see, I've brought a book to read to you  
while you rest—you must be tired after  
your run."  
"I am, and I will. This is awfully  
good of you, Miss Blake." Speed rose,  
overwhelmed with joy, but the look of  
Glass was not to be passed up. "I'm  
afraid it's impossible, however."  
The blue eyes flew open in astonish-  
ment. "Why?" the girl questioned.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Hecatan Tried To.**  
"Phillip," said the teacher, "parse  
that sentence, 'Yucatan is a penin-  
sula.'"  
"Yes'm," falteringly began Phillip,  
who never could understand gram-  
mar any way, "Yucatan is a proper  
noun, non-tive case, second person,  
singular."  
"Why?" asked teacher in amaze-  
ment, "how do you make that out?"  
"Yes'm," said Phillip, swallowing  
hard. "First person I ca tan, second  
person, Yucatan, third person, Hecatan,  
plural, first person Weucatan, sec-  
ond per—"  
But right here the teacher fainted.

**One Way to Cure Habit of Stuttering.**  
Recently a well-known woman phy-  
sician wrote a pamphlet on "Stutter-  
ing Children," and sent it to all her  
friends. In it she told the mothers  
of all children who are inclined to  
stutter that the way to aggravate the  
affliction is to notice it.  
"Pay no attention to it," she wrote,  
"but when the child talks particularly  
clearly, praise him for it. Keep him  
in the open air as much as possible.  
There are only a few cases that must  
be sent to a school to overcome the  
stuttering habit."