

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

DR. C. H. JENKINS
Dentist
HOOD RIVER : OREGON
1081 Office Phone. : Res. Phone 233

BENNETT, SINNOTT & GALLOWAY
Attorneys at Law
GENERAL PRACTICE
THE DALLES, - OREGON

W. A. HUSBANDS
Blacksmith
Horse Shoeing and General
Repair Work.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MOSIER - OREGON

S. F. GOSS
PLUMBING.
STEAM and HOT WATER
HEATING
Jobbing promptly attended to.
MOSIER - OREGON

**Books, Stationery,
Office Supplies**
Subscriptions taken for
Magazines
Mail orders promptly at-
tended to. We will
try to please you
Pifer & Company
214 E 2nd St. The Dalles

**DRUGS?
SURE!**

Now that it is possible to
send merchandise by Parcels
Post, we suggest that should
you need anything in the way
of Prescriptions filled, Drugs
or Patent Medicines, that you
send to

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

L. COMINI
*The Tombstone
Man*
can supply you with any-
thing in this line at most
reasonable prices.
**TRY HIM AND
BE CONVINCED**
The Dalles - Oregon

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
back of the quality.

Send for it Today.
Mail or phone orders are giv-
ing prompt attention.

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 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 as
economical a 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 office,
and I therefore announce my-
self 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.

VERA CRUZ CAPTURED

**Four Americans Killed, 21 Wounded,
During Fighting in Streets.**

MEXICANS MAKE STUBBORN FIGHT

**Enemy's Loss Believed Fully 200—Main Force Retreats
Westward—Three-Inch Guns Bring Down Sharp-
shooters' Stronghold—Fighting Continues.**

Vera Cruz, Mex., April 21.—Vera Cruz tonight is in the hands of forces from the United States warships, but the occupation of the port was not accomplished without the loss of American lives.
Four Americans, bluejackets and marines, were killed by the fire of the Mexican soldiers and 20 fell wounded. The Mexican loss is not known, but it is believed to have been close to 200 dead and many wounded.

The waterfront, the custom house and all important piers, including those under the terminal works from which extend the railroads to the capital, have been occupied. All the territory around the American consulate is strongly patrolled and detachments hold other sections of the city.

The Mexican commander, General Gustavo Maas, offered a stubborn resistance and for many hours there was fighting in the streets. Toward night-fall it was reported that the main body of the federal garrison was in retreat westward.

Rear Admiral Fletcher, in command of the United States warships, pre-ferred his occupation of the port by a demand, through the American consul, W. W. Canada, for its surrender. General Maas promptly declined to accede to this demand, and shortly afterward ten whaleboats were sent off from the side of the transport *Prairie* loaded with marines. These boats effected a landing in the neighborhood of the custom house before noon, and a few minutes later Captain William R. Rush, of the battleship *Florida*, who was in command of the operations ashore, brought his flag in.

Captain Rush's men had already taken up their positions. They numbered 150 bluejackets from the *Florida*, 90 marines from the *Prairie* and 65 marines from the *Florida*. Later these were augmented by a detachment from the west end of Montezinos street, where a federal outpost was stationed.

The coming of the American forces was not heralded by any great excitement, but small crowds gathered to watch the landing. Soon the bluejackets and marines marched through the streets leading from the water-front and along the railroad yards. Others proceeded to the American consulate, while still others were deployed along the approaches to Central Plaza, in which General Maas had concentrated his men.

These maneuvers were effected without opposition, but suddenly General Maas challenged the advance with the first shots—a volley fired from a point three blocks from the marines and two blocks south of the main plaza. The marines replied immediately, but the action ceased in a moment. There was a lull for 10 minutes and then another brief exchange from the west end of Montezinos street, where a federal outpost was stationed.

At 12:30 the firing became general, and at 1 o'clock the guns of the transport *Prairie* went into action.
Prior to this a detachment of blue-jackets from the *Utah*, holding the ground between the consulate and the waterfront, opened fire with two of their three-inch guns. The first shots from these pieces were directed against an ancient tower which once served as a light house. This was occupied by Mexican sharpshooters.

Lieutenant Commander Buchanan, of the *Florida*, ordered that it be destroyed. Five shots brought the old Benito Juarez tower down.
The women of the American colony in Vera Cruz had already been placed aboard the chartered steamers *Esperanza* and *Mexico*, but the foreign col-ony, especially the American section, was greatly augmented this morning when three trainloads arrived from the capital. Some of these remained ashore, but many were taken aboard the steamers. So far as can be learned none of the refugees was injured.

Rebels Not To Join Huerta.
Agua Prieta.—"No matter what comes of the Tampico incidents, the constitutionalists cannot afford to join Huerta," declared Francisco Elias, president of the Sonora war and land tax committee and spokesman for constitutionalists along the border in this vicinity. "In my opinion Huerta is taking this stand he has announced in the belief that the people will flock to his standard when he proclaims himself a patriotic martyr standing alone against the allied United States and constitutionalist forces," he said.

Adipose Vexes Edison.
West Orange, N. J.—Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. Edison, Miss Madeline Edison and Theodore and Charles Edison returned to their home, Llewellyn Park, after a stay of six weeks at the Edison winter place in Fort Meyer, Fla.
Mr. Edison, several pounds heavier than when he left, said to one of his friends as he greeted him at the station in Newark:
"A vacation is a lazy thing and keeps a fellow down so much that he has to put on weight whether he wants to or not."

Municipal Store Fails.
Chicago—Chicago's municipal store, opened February 1 to furnish supplies to the poor at cost, is a failure and will be closed at the end of April. In making this announcement Joseph Meyers, county agent, said the sales have averaged only a few dollars a day and there was not enough demand for the enterprise to maintain it.

Washington, April 21.—Rear Admiral Fletcher reported to the Navy department from Vera Cruz under date of 10 p. m. that firing still was in progress. There was no mention of further casualties.

**MORE MEN LAND;
CITY IS SHELLED**

Washington, April 22.—A dispatch received here shortly before 11 o'clock today said the capture of the entire city of Vera Cruz by the Americans was under way. The dispatch carried no details, but additional word was expected momentarily.

The dispatch added that additional marines landed this morning under cover of a heavy fire from big guns. "The *Prairie*," the dispatch concluded, "is aiding the fleet in shelling the residence section, still held by the Mexicans."

Official confirmation of earlier reports that fighting had been renewed in Vera Cruz was received at the state department shortly before 8 o'clock this morning.
The message read:
"Supported by the big guns of the Atlantic fleet, which now occupies a commanding place in the harbor, the capture of the entire city of Vera Cruz was begun this morning."

**GERMAN LINER MAKES NO
ATTEMPT TO LAND ARMS**

Vera Cruz, April 21.—The Ham-burg-American steamer *Ypiranga* arrived in port today and signalled the flagship, voluntarily placing herself under Rear Admiral Fletcher's orders. The *Ypiranga* will stand by and the captain has given his word that he will not go out beyond hailing distance tomorrow.

Cadets Ready for War.
University of Washington, Seattle, April 22.—The University of Wash-ington could, in event of war, furnish 600 able-bodied men at once from the cadet corps to serve as volunteers. By the time they could be fully equipped, either by the state or the United States, as volunteers, the number would be increased by students not now enlisted in the university military department. The National Guard of Washington maintains one company of university men on the campus, and these are now ready to take up arms.

More Island Marines Embark.
Vallejo, Cal., April 22.—With the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," 500 marines, under command of Major John T. Meyers, left Mare Island late today and boarded the battleship *South Dakota*, which, with the collier *Jupiter*, has received orders to sail for San Diego as soon as the full complements have embarked. The sailing of the two vessels was postponed until 8 a. m. tomorrow. Throngs of people cheered and waved farewells, while the bay craft joined in a continous salute to the departing marines.

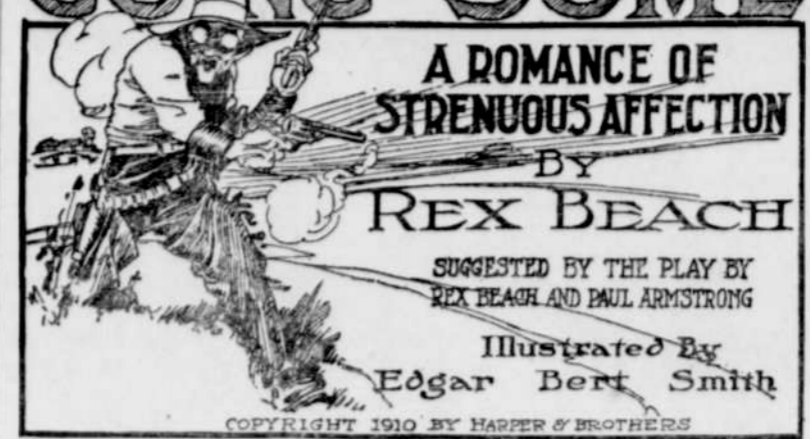
Idaho Militia Ready.
Lewiston, Idaho, April 22.—Captain Jones, of Company F, of the Idaho State Militia, when informed that Governor Haines had telegraphed President Wilson that Idaho desired to be the first state to offer the services of her National Guard, said: "Company F is in first-class condition and is ready to go to the front on 24 hours' notice. We are recruited to maximum strength and our waiting list is growing rapidly."

Idaho Militia Offered.
Boise, Idaho, April 19.—When dis-patches were shown him today which indicated that war with Mexico was imminent, Governor Haines telegraphed President Wilson that Idaho desired to be the first state to offer the services of her National Guard.

173 Given Up As Lost.
St. Johns, N. F.—After two weeks' search for the missing sealer *Southern Cross*, the steamer *Kyle* has returned to port. The *Southern Cross*, with her crew of 173 men has been finally given up as lost.

Two Airships Hurried.
Washington, D. C., April 19.—Orders were sent late tonight by Secretary Daniels for the sending of two hydroplanes with the torpedo-boat *Flotilla* from Pensacola, Fla.

GOING SOME

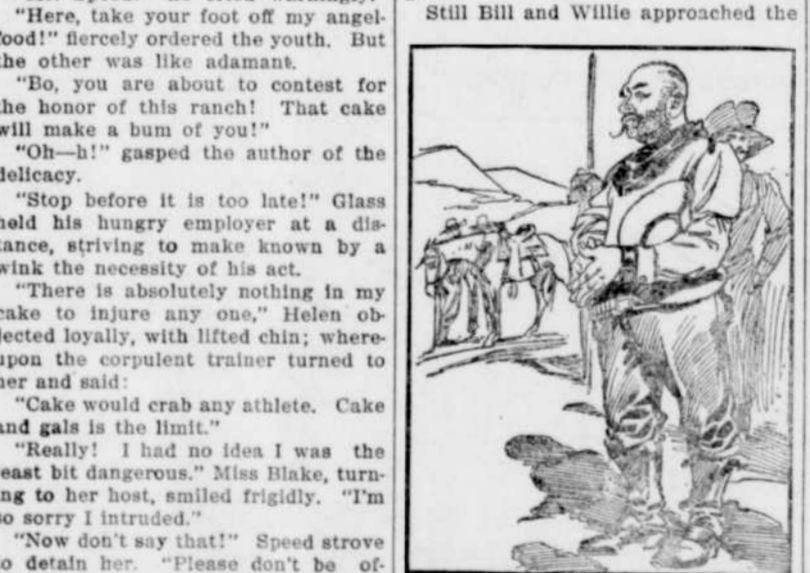


**A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION**
BY
REX BEACH
SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG
Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

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. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, the owner of the ranch, and Helen Blake, the owner of the Centipede ranch, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Joan Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, a lover of her, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown. Helen, who is a Stanford university and is loved by Stanford, 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 tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gambler, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice. If Speed fails, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha. Speed and Glass in a panic force Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.
"They won't let me. I—I'm supposed to keep to myself."
"They? Who?"
"Glass."
Miss Blake turned indignantly upon Larry. "Do you mean to say Mr. Speed can't go walking with me?"
"I never said nothing of the sort," declared the trainer. "He can go if he wants to."
"Just the same, I—oughtn't to do it. There is a strict routine."
A lift of the brows and a courteous smile proclaimed Miss Blake's perfect indifference to the subject, just as Willie sauntered past the open window and spoke to Glass beneath his breath: "Git her out!"
"I'm so sorry. May I show you a surprise I brought for you?" She unwrapped her parcel, and proudly displayed a pallid, anemic cake garlanded with wild flowers.
Speed was honestly overcome.
"For me?"
"For you. It isn't even cold yet, see! I made it before breakfast, and it looks even better than the one I baked at school!"
"That's what I call fine," declared the youth. "By Jove! and I'm so fond of cake!"
"Have a care!" breathed Larry, rising nervously, but Speed paid no attention.
"Break it with your own hands, please. Besides, it's too hot to eat."
Miss Blake broke it with her own hands, during which operation the brown face of the man outside reappeared in the window. At sight of the cake he spoke sharply, and Lawrence lumbered swiftly across the floor and laid a heavy hand upon the cake.
"Mr. Speed!" he cried warningly.
"Here, take your foot off my angel-food!" fiercely ordered the trainer. But the other was like adamant.
"So, you are about to contest for the honor of this ranch! That cake will make a bum of you!"
"Oh—!" gasped the author of the delicacy.
"Stop before it is too late!" Glass held his hungry employer at a distance, striving to make known by a wink the necessity of his act.
"There is absolutely nothing in my cake to injure any one," Helen objected joyfully, with lifted chin; where-upon the corpulent trainer turned to her and said:
"Cake would crub any athlete. Cake and gals is the limit."
"Really! I had no idea I was the least bit dangerous," Miss Blake, turning to her host, smiled frigidly. "I'm so sorry I intruded."
"Now don't say that!" Speed strove to detain her. "Please don't be offended—I just have to train!"
"Of course. And will you pardon me for interrupting your routine? You see, I had no idea I wasn't wanted."
"But you are, and I do want you!"
"Good-by!" She nodded pleasantly at the door, and left her lover staring after her.
When she had gone, he cried, in a trembling voice: "You're a fine yep, you are! She got up early to do something nice for me, and you insulted her! You wouldn't even let me sit and hold her hand!"
"No palm-reading!" Speed turned to behold his trainer ravenously devouring the cake, and dashed to its rescue.
"It's heavier than a frog full of buckshot. You won't like it, Cal!"
"It's perfectly delicious!" came the choking answer.
"Then get back of them curtains. Willie'd shoot on sight."
And that morning the prisoner idled about the premises, followed at a distance by his guard. He could not bear to read the future, anything seemed possible. Time and again he cursed that spirit of braggadocio, that thoughtless lack of moral scruple, which had led him into this predicament.

ment. He vowed that he was done with false pretenses; henceforth the strictest probity should be his. No more false poses. Praise won by dissimulation and deceit was empty, anyhow, and did he escape this once, henceforth the world should know J. Wallingford Speed for what he was—an average individual, with no uncommon gifts of mind or body, courage or ability.
At noon Wally went through the mockery of a second blood-race meal, with no cake to follow, and that afternoon Glass dragged him out under the hot sun, and made him sprint until he was ready to drop from exhaustion. His supper was wretched, and his fatigue so great that he fell asleep at Miss Blake's side during the evening. With the first hint of dawn he was up again, and Friday noon found him utterly hopeless, when, true to his prediction, the unexpected happened. In one moment he was raised from the blackest depths to the wildest transports of delight. It came in the shape of a telegram which Joan summoned him to the house to receive. He wondered listlessly as he opened the message, then started as if disbelieving his eyes; the marks of a wild emotion spread over his features, he burst into shrill, hysterical laughter.
"Do tell us!" begged Roberta.
"Covington—Covington is coming!" Wally felt his head whirl, and failed to note the chaperon's cry of surprise and see the paling of her cheeks. "Covington is coming! Don't you understand?" he shouted. "After all, the gods were not deaf! Good old Calver, who had never failed him, was coming as a deliverer."
Even in the face of his extraordinary outburst, the attention of the beholders was drawn to Lawrence Glass, who caused the porch to shake beneath his feet; who galloped to his employer, and seizing him by the hands, capered about like a hippopotamus.
"I told you 'Allah' was some guy," he wheezed. "When does Covington arrive?"
Wally reread the message. "It says 'noon Friday.' Why, that's today! He's here now!"
"Rah! Rah! Rah! Covington!" yelled the trainer, and Mrs. Keap sank to a seat with a stifled moan.
"Why all the 'Oh joys! Oh rapture! stuff?' questioned Berkeley Fresno.
"As Socrates, the Homeric Kid, would put it, 'Snatched from the shadow of the grave,'" quoth Glass, then paused abruptly. "Say, you don't think nothin' could happen to him on the way over from the depot?"
"I'm so sorry we didn't know in time to meet him, lamented Miss Chapin.
"And I could have run over to the railroad to bid him welcome," laughed Speed. "Twenty miles would do me good."
Still Bill and Willie approached the



Would You Like to Lay a Little Mo' on This Race?
gallery curiously, and in subdued tones inquired:
"What's the matter, Mr. Speed?"
"You ain't been summoned away?" Willie stared questioningly upward.
"No, no! My running partner is on his way here, that's all."
"Running partner?"
"Calver Covington."
"Oh, we was afraid something had happened. You see, Gabby Gallagher has just blown in from the Centipede to raise our bets."
"We think it's a bluff, and we'd like to call him."
"Do so, by all means!" cried the excited athlete. "Come on, let's all talk to him!"
The entire party, with the exception of Mrs. Keap, trooped down from the porch and followed the foreman out toward the sheds, where, in the midst of a crowd of ranchhands, a burly, lean-nouthed Texan was discoursing.
"I do wish Jack were here," said Jean nervously on the way.
Gabby Gallagher seemed a fitting leader for such a desperate crew as that of the Centipede, for he was the

hardest-looking citizen the easterners had beheld thus far. He was thickest, and burned to the color of a ripe olive; his long, drooping moustaches, tobacco-stained at the center, were bleached at the extremities to a hempen hue. His bristly hair was cut short, and stood aggressively erect upon a bullet head, his clothes were soiled and greasy beneath a gray coating of dust. A pair of alert, lead-blue eyes and a certain facility of movement belied the drawl that marked his nativity. He removed his hat and bowed at sight of Miss Chapin.

"Good evening, Miss Jean!" said he. "I hope I find y'all well."
"Quite well, Gallagher. And you?"
"To'able, thank you."
"These are my friends from the east."
The Centipede foreman ran his eyes coldly over Jean's companions until they rested upon Speed, where they remained. He shifted a lump in his cheek, spat dexterously, and directed his remark at the Yale man.

"I rode over to see if y'all would like to lay a little mo' in this y're foot race. I allow you are the unknown?"
Speed nodded, and Stover took occasion to remark:
"Them's our inclinations, but we've about gone our limit."
"I don't blame you none," said Gallagher, allowing his gaze to rove slowly from top to toe of the eastern lad. No, I can't blame you none whatever. But I'm terrible grieved at them tidin's. Though we Centipede punchers has ever considered y'all a cheap an' poverty-ridden outfit, we gives you credit for bein' game, till now." He spat for a second time, and regarded Stover scornfully.

A murmur ran through the cowboys. "We are game," retorted Stover, "and for your own good don't allow no belief to the contrary to become a superstition."
"Don't let a Centipede bluff you!" exclaimed Speed. "Cover anything they offer—give 'em odds. Anything you don't want, I'll take, pay or play, money at the tape. We can't lose."
"I got no more money," said Carara, removing his handsome bespangled hat, "but I bet my sombrero. 'E's wort' two hundred pesos."
Murphy, the Swede, followed quickly.
"Aye ban' send may vages home to may ole' moder, but aye shall bat you some."
"Haven't you boys risked enough already?" ventured Miss Chapin. "Remember, it will go pretty hard with the losers."
"Harder the better," came a voice. "Y'all don't have to bet, jest because I'm 'nyar," gibed Gallagher.
"God! I wish I was rich!" exclaimed Willie.

But Miss Chapin protested. "You are two months overdrawn, all of you. My brother won't advance you any more."
"Then my man, Lawrence, will take what they can't cover," offered Speed.
"That's right! Clean 'em good, brothers," croaked the trainer.
"If you'll step over to the bunk-house, Gabby, we'll dig up some personal perquisites and family belongings." Stover nodded toward his men's quarters, and Gallagher grinned joyously.
"That shore listens like a band from where I set. We aim to annex the wages, hopes, and personal ambitions of y'all, along with your talkin'-machines."
"Excuse me," Willie pushed his way forward. "How's she gettin' along?"
"Fine!"
"You mule-skinners ain't broke her?"
"No; we plays her every evenin'!"
"The little man shifted his feet; then allowed himself to inquire, as if regarding the habits of some dear departing friend:
"Have you chose any favorite records?"
"We all has our pick. Speakin' personal, I'm stuck on that baggage coach song of Mrs. More's."
"Mo-roy!" Willie corrected. "Mo-roy! Heleney Mo-roy is the lady's name."
"Mebbe so. Our foot-runnin' likes that Injun war-dance best of all." Carara smiled at Cloudy, who nodded, as if pleased by the compliment. Then it was that the Flying Heart spokesman made an inquiry in hushed, hesitating tones.
"How do you like 'The Holy City'?"
"—he removed his hat, as did those back of him. "As sung by Madam-sella Melby?"
"Rotten!" Gallagher said promptly. "That's a bum, for fair."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Undiscovered Interior.
A magazine editor recently returned a story to an aspiring contributor.
Immediately the latter wrote an indignant letter to him, saying that before sending her manuscript she had slightly pasted together several of the inner pages. When the story was returned to her it was in its original condition. She had always suspected editors of neglecting their duties; now she was sure of their carelessness, for her own story had not been read. To all this, the much berated man made reply: "Dear Madam: At breakfast, when I find that an egg is bad, I do not have to eat the whole of it to make sure."—The Sunday Magazine.

Tea Reveals Oil Field.
The discoverer of oil in Papua, British New Guinea, was the result of a native boy being whipped for placing kerosene in a miner's tea. The youth declared his innocence and led the miner to the well from which the water had been taken.
It was found that the surface of the water was completely covered with kerosene, the source of which is being developed into a huge commercial enterprise.
large numbers for the sake of its skin, for which there is a great market.
To prevent the wholesale destruction of the marsupial and also to give power to the state government to protect other native animals from time to time as occasion may require, the commission has directed that bill shall be prepared for introduction into parliament at an early date to provide for the protection of wild animals.
"Good men gone wrong," are usually only bad men discovered.

ANIMAL AND FLOWER RESERVE
Kangaroo Island for a Preservation of Australian Species of Wild Life.
Kangaroo Island, which is situated some six hours' steaming from Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, is regarded as an ideal place in which to preserve permanently animal and botanical species distinctive of the Australian continent. At present 175 square miles on the island are utilized