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### SUSPECTED DESERTERS.

Madisonville, Ky., Aug. 22.—Edward Lee Masters of Evansville and Perry Landmore of Frankel, Ind., were arrested at Mortons Gap and brought here this morning, the officers believing the boys having deserted from Camp Shelby, Miss. They were on a freight train when arrested. They claim to be members of company F, 113th supply train and said they were off on a furlough, claiming they had lost it. The authorities at Camp Shelby have been notified but no answer has been received yet.

### NORRIS LEADS IN NEBRASKA.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 21.—Returns from yesterday's primary election received tonight show United States Senator George W. Norris leading his opponents by about 1,000 votes for the republican nomination of the United States senate.

John H. Morehead, former governor, has probably won in the democratic race for nomination as United States senator.

In the democratic gubernatorial contest Governor Keith Neville continues to hold a commanding lead over Charles W. Bryan while Samuel R. McKelvie is running far ahead of Walter Johnson for the republican nomination for governor.

## The Age of Speed

By IRIS MACDONALD

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After nearly ten years on the West coast and in the Orient, Enderly had come home. That gracious feeling of belonging somewhere surged through his heart as he strolled down the drive of his modest estate underneath the stars. It was good to be back again, and he smiled as he leaned against the stone column of the gate listening to the music that syncopated through the night from the country club some three hundred yards down the road.

They were dancing! The youngsters had probably overrun the place after all these years, and then he laughed to himself, for he had been one of the youngsters at the time of his leaving, and those who were kids then, were the youngsters of today.

The lure of the music drew him down the road and he entered the club grounds and stood in the shadows of the great trees. The swaying couples circled past the long windows, the light dresses of the girls swinging wide on the turns. The music ceased, there was a ripple of applause—and then the music started again. A white figure slipped out of the door, stood hesitantly at the top of the steps and then descended. She paused for a moment at the drive and then scudded down through the trees toward the place where Enderly stood against the wall.

Suddenly she stopped, peering into the shadows—and then discerned Enderly in the gloom.

"Oh," she laughed lightly. "There you are, Charley boy! I'm so glad to see you—and so proud of you!" And she danced forward, throwing her eager young arms about Enderly's neck. "I knew you'd make good," she murmured, patting his cheek. And they've all been so hateful!"

Enderly was surprised, but, nothing daunted, he permitted himself to be embraced by this affectionate young woman. He even encouraged her a little and returned four or five of her kisses, but the last one had been given with so much fervor and had lasted such a length of time that the girl fell suddenly silent. Then the old moon moved over a bit and spilled a shaft of silver down through the trees right on the two of them as they stood there



Sitting on a Log.

heart to heart, and the girl stared in Enderly's eyes with a wild, wondering surprise.

"You—you," she murmured breathlessly. "You are not Charley, at all!" and she moved to release herself.

"Oh, yes I am," snuffed Enderly, letting her go, reluctantly.

"But not my Charley! You see—I was expecting my brother!" And her slim hand crept up and pressed tight over her mouth.

Just then there was a swift step on the gravel drive and they turned on the intruder quickly.

"Hello! That you, Sis?" he asked eagerly. Then he reached out and caught her about the shoulders, hugging her with a laugh, as he inspected Enderly curiously. "Why, it's Enderly," he said, extending his hand. "Member me? Member Charley Stanton, the kid you coached on the football drive? Sis was only twelve then—awful skinny legs! Member?" he chuckled on.

And then it was that Enderly remembered the Stantons and the two Stanton children. "But why the secret restlessness—brothers and sisters?" asked Enderly curiously.

Young Stanton grinned at his sister a little shamefacedly. "You've been away and didn't hear, I guess, about yours truly. Darn fool—awful tons—kicked out by Dad—and all that sort of thing. But Sis here stuck to me and I went away and made good, just to spite 'em. Going through town and just had to see the loyal lady for a moment. Got to go to Boston tonight. Taxi down the road—what do you say to walking down with me?"

So Enderly sauntered along with them, listening to their chatter. The boy was full of his job and his rising success, but the girl was silent for the most part. She couldn't rub out the feet of Enderly's knees long enough to

concentrate on anything her talkative brother was saying.

After young Stanton had gone, the two of them stood there in the road and inspected each other silently. Then they turned without a word and walked back to the steps of the clubhouse.

"Are you coming in?" she asked. "Not tonight," he said. "It would spoil it all. Perhaps tomorrow. Will you be here tomorrow afternoon?" "I don't know, I suppose so," she answered absently.

"Perhaps you think I owe you an apology," he said, "but I'm not sorry, so I can't very well apologize, can I?"

"I suppose not," she agreed with a little shrug. "It was all a—mistake, and anyway—it would be terrible for a girl to have to face the fact that she'd kissed a man against his will." And with a slight laugh she skipped up the steps and disappeared within.

The next afternoon Enderly found Stanton senior in the locker room at the club.

"Well, Charley," exclaimed that indignant gentility, "back among your own again? No more to dwell in heathen lands, eh? Had any golf lately?"

"Got some news for you, Stanton, Met Charley in town yesterday. What do you think of that?"

Stanton frowned. "That cub disgraced the Stantons forever. Got mixed up with a chorus girl to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars, and I couldn't afford it, either. Thought his mother'd never be able to hold up her head again!" He looked around stealthily. "How's the boy looking?" he asked.

"Fine—and making good in every way. He's working with Rodgers & Weeks, competitors of yours. Said it might be a good thing to know the business some day in case you might need him."

"Did he say that?" demanded Stanton.

"That and a lot more. He's a fine boy, Stanton. Good blood in him."

"By George, Enderly, I've missed that boy," said the older man, sitting down heavily on the bench. Husky, good-looking young devil, and just so full of pep he didn't know what to do with it all."

"Why don't you send for him?" persuaded Enderly, with his hand on the other's shoulder. "He's had his lesson. Let me telegraph for him to come home."

Up in the hall Enderly finished telephoning and stepped from the booth just as Grace Stanton and her daughter entered.

"Why, Charley Enderly!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton, catching his two hands eagerly. "Ada, dear, this is the young man who used to fish you out of the creek! You used positively to adore him."

"Did I?" said Miss Stanton indifferently, looking out of the window.

"Ada Stanton, if you aren't nice to Charley Enderly, I'll shake you," said her mother impatiently.

"My goodness, ma'am," exclaimed that young lady grimly, "what do you want me to do—kiss him?"

"It wouldn't be the first time," laughed her mother, recalling the awful past of Ada's childhood.

"Nor the last, maybe," grinned Enderly, leading the reluctant Ada out toward the veranda.

Half an hour later, Stanton senior had driven wild into a small clump of woods just beyond the third green, and while hunting for the ball he observed to his dismay a girl and a man sitting on a log. The party of the first part was his daughter and she was being kissed—and seemed to like it, whereat Stanton pushed the eager caddy out and hurried away. "Lost ball," he chuckled.

And that night he confided to his spouse as they prepared for bed. Immediately Mrs. Stanton marched into her daughter's room for an interview. But she found Ada quite unshamed though full of sly-eyed wonder at the love that had surprised her, so Grace Stanton returned to her husband in awe.

"My word!" she murmured. "This is the age of speed. Those two are engaged?"

And then she cried—because, well, mothers are queer, sometimes.

### HERE'S GREAT CHANCE FOR WAR PROFITEERS

Manchester, Conn. — James Veitch has a hen which lays fresh eggs once a week. They are usually of large size. The latest one, a double egg, measured 8 1/2 inches in circumference and 7 1/2 inches around the center. In the center of the larger egg was a smaller one, the shell of which was harder than the one outside.

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