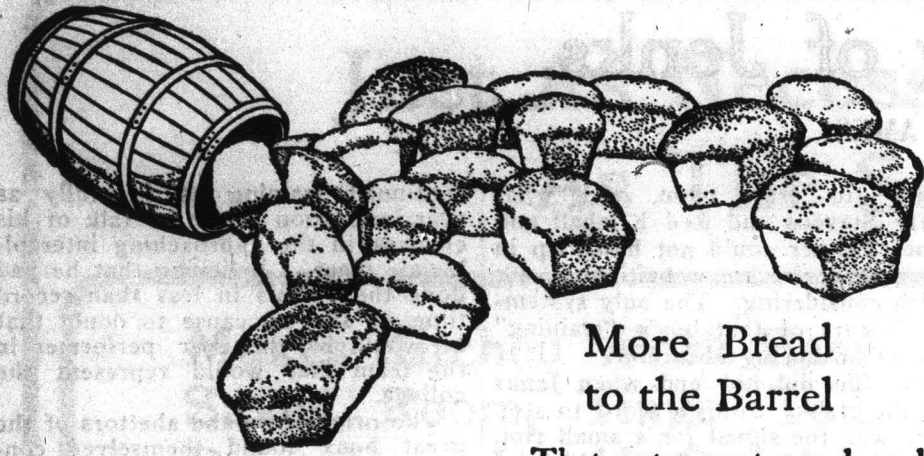




More Bread
to the Barrel

That extra cost per barrel
which you pay for

Ogilvie's Royal Household

doesn't go into anybody's pocket.

It covers the cost of inspecting the entire wheat crop of the country, and selecting the choicest grain.

It pays, for cleanliness, for purity and for scientific flour-making.

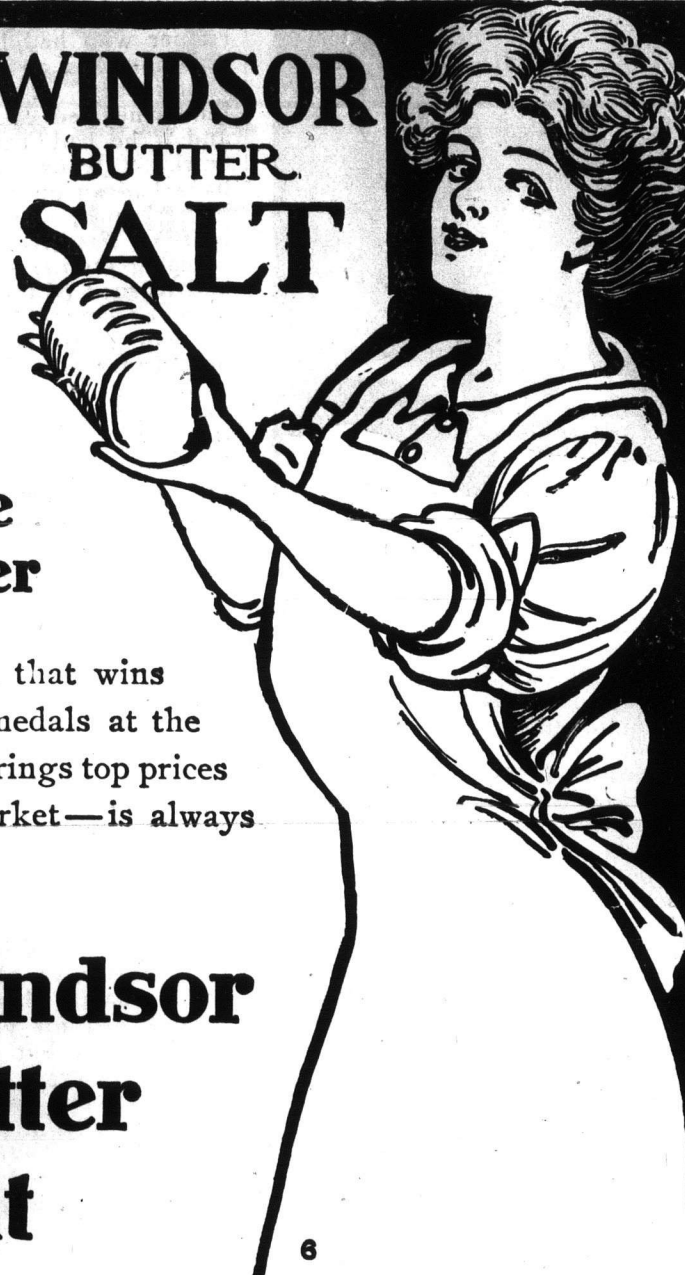
A barrel of Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour goes farther than a barrel of any other flour. It makes more bread and better bread.

You are not really spending that extra amount—you are investing it.

Go to your grocer and say "Royal Household."

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited.





WINDSOR BUTTER SALT

Prize Butter

—the kind that wins cash and medals at the fairs, and brings top prices in the market—is always made with

Windsor Butter Salt

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mind for a long while. I guess it'll come out all right."

Having unbounded faith in the resources of Pop's Irish wit, we left the field with clear consciences, feeling that the matter was as good as settled. But three days later we saw Jenks jogging around the track as doggedly as ever. Somewhat disturbed, we asked O'Brien what the matter was. He told us that the affair was all settled.

"But I'm goin' to let ye puzzle over it a little," the trainer added, with a mysterious grin. "A bit more worryment won't hurt ye. Maybe ye'll be surprised at the way I've managed it; but never ye mind, the lad's in my keepin'. He'll come out of this all right, or me name ain't O'Brien!"

That was all the satisfaction he would give them. Notwithstanding persistent efforts to worm his secret from him, the day of the meet arrived with Pop wearing the same baffling smile, and Jenks saying nothing, only working harder than any other man on the team.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that meet to the college. In the first place, it was our turn to hold it on our own grounds, consequently half the spectators were our old grads, our fathers and mothers and sisters and sub-freshman brothers, and other fellows' sisters, all wearing our colors and cock-sure of our success. Then, it was a year of unusually bitter rivalry between us and the State University. The preceding fall the university had licked us at football, and all this spring they had been bragging how they would do the same to our baseball and track teams.

For various reasons, but principally for its blustering bigness, we hated that institution. While we dated back nearly a century, to the time when our founder cleared the virgin forest, they could boast of barely a dozen years' mushroom growth. The Legislature voted them a generous annual appropriation, but Legislatures can't give history, nor traditions, nor moss-grown, time-mellowed buildings, nor old grads. In place of these the university had barrels of money, enormous classes, and still more enormous cheek.

Four other colleges sent teams to represent them, but the real contest was admittedly between us and our overgrown rival. Experts predicted the closest fight since the founding of the league. Upon Springler we depended for fifteen points, five for first place in each of the three dashes; but the university had a man who was equally sure to win the two long runs. In the half-mile, the hurdles, the jumps, and the weights we felt secure of as many points as they. Figuring out the prospects, we had concluded that we should win the meet by about five points. The outlook was cheerful, but not rosy enough to banish anxiety altogether, especially since the university rooters, as soon as they marched upon the field, began to behave as if they had not the slightest doubt about winning.

Each college had a certain section of the grand stand assigned to it, and even from a distance you could tell where each crowd sat from the predominating color. Stuffy and Hefty and Red and I, with a few others of our particular coterie, had the good luck to be unencumbered with relatives, so we went out to the field together, and all got seats in a bunch.

As we looked over the programs distributed through the rows by a couple of freshmen, Jenks and Pop O'Brien's promised surprise being far from our thoughts, suddenly there came a howl from Hefty:

"Oh, wow! Bully for Pop! See here, fellows, what he's done and done!"

Eagerly crowding around Hefty, we let our eyes rest on the spot his finger indicated. There, among the entries for the two-mile run appeared the name of M. A. Jenks!

With a common impulse, we

glanced at the list of men who were to take part in the dashes. Jenks was not there.

"Well, I don't see as he's helped things any," growled Kimball.

"You don't hey, you pudd'n'-head?" retorted Hefty. "Haven't you brains enough to understand that since Jenks isn't officially entered for the sprints, he can't start? That's Pop's foxy scheme. If the boy had been left out altogether, he might have expected a conspiracy; but now O'Brien can explain that his name got in the wrong place through some regrettable error, which was discovered too late to remedy. Since Jenks considers himself only a sprinter, he'd never dream of starting in the two-mile run, and so he'll be left out altogether."

"You're right!" shouted Stuffy, with a vigor that proved his delight. "That ought to let the freshman down without wounding his tenderest feelings."

More than satisfied with the manner in which Pop had kept his word, the gang dismissed the subject and prepared to give the coming events its undivided attention.

As usual, the meet began with the hundred-yard dash. Springler, just as everybody expected, won, with two yards of clear daylight between him and the nearest opponent. That started the cheering, and from then on there were few intervals when one college or another was not stretching its lungs. The State University men had every kind of new-fangled device for making a disturbance, and whenever one of their team won the racket was hideous.

An athlete of theirs took the low hurdles, with Johnson of our team second, while in the high hurdles the same two men came in ahead, only in positions just reversed. And this was an illustration of the way things went most of the afternoon. Practically, it was a dual meet, for the other colleges got firsts in only three events. Springler took the twenty in hollow style, and Felton, the university's crack distance man, had just as easy a time in the mile run. The field events distributed points about as we had anticipated, and then the result of the broad jump was announced we held the victory as good as won.

With the quarter and the two-mile events yet to come, the score stood thirty-eight to thirty-one in our favor. Springler was regarded as a certainty in the quarter, while the long run was conceded to Felton, so it looked as if nothing could prevent our coming out six or seven points ahead. The university men realized this as well as ourselves, for their cheering died away, and the section where their supporters sat suddenly became quiet as the grave, with hardly a flag in sight.

Although our rivals had not a man who could finish the quarter within yards of Springler, the two they had entered were considered good enough to beat any of the other contestants. Altogether, eight starters faced the mark.

The pistol cracked, and it was glorious to see the way our star man lit out from the bunch. Half way round the track he led by ten yards, running so easily that he scarcely seemed to exert himself at all. It looked like a walk-over; then all at once our cheering ended abruptly in a wail of dismay, for, entering the home-stretch, Springler, without warning, suddenly lost his magnificent stride, staggered a few steps, and pitched over on his face. The two university runners darted past, and the next minute they had crossed the line and won the race.

It all occurred so unexpectedly that for several seconds the whole grand stand sat silent in amazement. Then from that university section burst a roar that shook the distant dormitories.

How had it happened? There sat Springler on the edge of the track, with his face buried in his hands,

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