

How It Feels to Drown.

T FALLS to the lot of few medical men to be claimed by Davy Jones and yet to slip through his fingers. Such an experience is never to be forgotten.

A bright June sun was glinting off the choppy water lapping the rocky coast. The local swimming club was alive with members taking their morning plunge. The spot I had chosen for my dip was the inlet to a cave, into which the waves broke continuously, returning in a swift undercurrent of buck-wash. Barely ten feet of water divided the rocky banks of the inlet, which was about the extent of my ability to swim. I was ignorant of the fact that the treacherous undercurrent made the spot dangerous even for experienced swimmers.

Sliding from the rocky bank, I struck out with all the confidence of inexperience, and in about thirty strokes reached the opposite bank. "Splendid," I thought as I climbed up the rocks.

The shouts and laughter of the club members seemed to echo my exultation as I surveyed the miniature Hellscape I had crossed. Swimming was the easiest thing in the world, I thought, as I plunged in again to swim back. But this time I struck deeper water. Try how I might, I could not keep time with hands and feet, frog-fashion, as I had been told was the art of swimming. And even while I was making this discovery, the opposite ledge of rock began to slide literally before me. I was being carried out to sea.

As the outermost peak of rock slipped past me and only open sea appeared between me and the pier in the distance, I grew frightened. Frantically I tore and splashed at the yielding water, blowing hard for breath against the blinding spray.

An incoming wave lapped gently over me, overwhelming eyes, ears, nose, mouth. The briny liquid stung my throat, plunging into my stomach with the weight of a cannon ball. In a second the wave had passed, and my head was again above water. Half-choked, I gurgled and spat heavily as I began that awful struggle for air.

The heavy water rose and fell above my eyes and mouth. Every muscle of my body was fighting desperately for life. But claw and kick as I might, my frantic thrashings served but to keep my head bobbing like a cork above the surface.

Tighter and tighter, with the yielding heaviness of quicksilver, the water closed around me. A ferocious anger of animal brutality filled my brain. The water slapping me in the face knocked at my reason. The strong brine stung my eyes almost to blindness. My legs, numb and powerless, were as leaden weights dragging me down. My arms hung helpless from sheer fa-

igue. The pectoral muscles seemed unable to move, and my drooping limbs began to drag me under.

A glimpse of the distant bathers, their naked bodies mere specks of white, offered the proverbial straw to which hope might cling. With a herculean effort I threw up my arms to expand my chest for a despairing shout. A choking gasp, and then I found my voice. But it was a feeble cry. It was instantly answered by my overpowering enemy. An inrush of water seized my throat from within. I was being strangled. My bursting stomach and throat cried for assistance to every nerve in my body, but the muscular collapse prevented any cerebral response. In turn my overwrought nervous frenzy swamped my physical faculties even as the green water around me was slowly sucking down my body as a python swallows its living prey.

I was losing consciousness. A hand as of cold steel tightened around my brain. I was dimly conscious of swaying and rolling helplessly as I had been doing for years, for ever. The fight was over. In a dash of subconsciousness I saw my mother gazing at me speechless with agony. The instant's vision faded into amber-colored mist. The faintest streak of light danced and hovered above the yellow fog in which I was floating. And then all was over. I was drowned.

How long I lay in the condition of unconsciousness I cannot tell. Yet though I was dead to all sensation, I afterwards recalled a vivid moment when I seemed to awake with a start. Something solid touched me. An energy utterly beyond me filled the helpless easement of my body. A galvanic contortion of every muscle shivered up my limbs around the solid substance. The spasm was infinitesimal in duration, scarcely punctuating the period of total oblivion.

"Dead?"
"Aye, dead as a stone!"
"Poor devil. Let me give a hand."
Muffled like the voices in a fog, the sounds are miles and miles away.
"Turn him over again."
"Give us a hand here, you!" sharply.
My hearing had returned, dim and blurred with a dull stupor of irresponsibility.
"Pump him! Pump him! Harder, harder!"
"Keep it up, boys, for heaven's sake!"

Every tone of the voices was in crescendo. They were now close to me. Suddenly a terrible sense of agony began to thrill me, creeping in every direction through my body. Bang! My

Mama, Be Warned! Protect the Little Ones!

MAMA! Don't be frightened—but be warned! Every Mother knows, or should know that the terrible Mortality among children is caused by Stomach and Bowel troubles. Colic, Sour Curd, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Measles, Rash, Scarlet Fever—even Mumps—have their first cause in constipation.

The Delicate Tissues of a Baby's Bowels will not stand rough treatment. Salts are too violent, and Castor Oil will only grease the passages, but will not make and keep them Clean, Healthy and Strong.

There is no other medicine as safe for a child as Cascarets, the fragrant little Candy Tablet, that has saved thousands of families from unhappiness.

The Nursing Mother should always keep her Milk Mildly Purgative by taking a Cascaret at night before going to bed.

No other medicine has this remarkable and valuable quality. Mama takes the Cascaret, Baby gets the Benefit.

Cascarets act like strengthening Exercise on the weak little bowels of the growing babe, and make them able to get all the Nourishment out of Baby's Natural Food.

Larger children cannot always be watched, and will eat unreasonably. The Ready Remedy should ever be at hand—Cascarets—to take care of the trouble when it comes.

No need to Force or Bribe children to take Cascarets. They are always more than ready to eat the sweet little bit of Candy.

Home is not complete without the ever ready Box of Cascarets. Ten cents buys a small one at the Corner Drug Store.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

head, crushed as if in a vice, seemed to burst. Flashes of red and orange flames danced before my closed eyes. A stab pierced my heart. Another stab and another of exquisite torture. "Good heavens! His heart's starting!"

"Rub—rub like grim death! All together!"

"Over with him. Steady there! Keep it up for all you're worth!"

"Hurrah, he's getting warm!"

I am conscious of lying face downward, and can feel something rushing out of my mouth.

"Pump away!" cries the voice. I already recognize it as familiar.

"How long is it?"

"Hour and a half. Never mind. Keep it up. We'll get him yet!"

My arms are being pulled out of their sockets. My legs are stinging with pain. My smarting thighs are being seared with hot irons.

"Still warm?" asks someone.

"Yes, and getting warmer, if you only keep it up."

The agony is departing, and already a faint glow seems stealing through my helpless frame. Then, as if waking from sleep, I feel a faint quiver, and I hear myself sigh. A yell of delight greets the sound. The next moment my throat is on fire. The heat burns through to my breast, and I feel my chest heave.

Agony had passed since I began to hear these voices. Even before I was dimly conscious, the sounds had beaten to my brain, indelible but unintelligible as the scratches on the diaphragm of a phonograph. As my momentary consciousness struggled back to life my first concrete thought is a realization of utter helplessness. I am being rolled about and mauled, helpless to resist, or even to acknowledge that I know what is going on about me.

"Wipe his mouth here!"

"Rub his lips, hard."

Then I can just recall a ray of dull, yellowish light.

"He's opened his eyes!"

"Bravo! Now for it. Pour it down!"

Once again that burning liquid scalds my throat. The curtain of yellow mist lingers for a year or two, and as it fades dark outlines begin to assume human shape. A sense of movement around me, forms beginning to pull me this way and that, rubbing, pounding, hauling, stretching. It is life. Out of the chaos of sound and motion around, sense of animation is slowly regaining possession of me. I realize that I am on dry land. I am lying on my back on hard board. There is a crowd around me. A pair of strong arms grip me from behind under the shoulders.

"More brandy, there, plenty."

The touch of glass against my lips is now distinct, as I feel myself being held up in a sitting position. My teeth close on the glass with a bite.

"Don't let him swallow that broken glass. Spit, spit, spit!"

I spat, and something sharp scratched my lips. The action recalled the last voluntary act of the far-away life which had ended in that terrible struggle in the green water. I opened my eyes, to find myself lying on the pier under a hot noonday sun.

"Never mind your clothes, sir. We'll soon have ye home now." The bronzed waterman held the broken glass of brandy to my lips once more. "The two of ye was nearly gone, sir!"

"Two?" I echoed, automatically.

"Yes. The young fellow that dived in after ye; ye dragged him down, as he couldn't swim hisself. Ye was tight round him like a corkscrew or a devil-fish. The fellow what saved ye both only saw the hand of the other young chap, and he was mighty scared himself when he found two of ye instead of one. The other chap come to an hour ago, and is all right now, as you'll be soon, sir."

I have learned to swim since then—Dr. Sampson, in the London Daily Mail.

TROTTER QUEEN LAME.

Indianapolis, July 14.—Sweet Marie, the trotting queen, is being prepared at the state fair grounds for a long campaign on the grand circuit. Immediately after her trial here July 4, when she made a mile in 2:06, she developed alarming symptoms of lameness in the right hind leg, but they have disappeared, and she is working out as if there had been no soreness.

W. J. Andrews, her trainer, is working her some slow miles against Ashlandford, Wes Stout's fast trotter.

CHANCE FOR SHOES.

Chicago, July 14.—There is a possibility of Packey McFarland going to Denver for a fight. Harry Gilmore, Jr., who looks after the affairs of the stockyards fighter, today received word from a Denver club asking that Packey meet Muggsy Sholes of Cheyenne, Wyo. Gilmore is seriously considering the battle and declares that if nothing comes of the proposed match with Hyland he will accept. Should Packey meet Sholes the battle will be in rounds at 120 pounds.

READY FOR START.

Glidden Trophy Contest—Run of 1,200 Miles in Autos.

Chicago, July 15.—Except for filling their gasoline tanks, which were emptied at the First Regiment armory to comply with Chicago insurance regulations, the tourists in the trophy cars were ready for the start on their 1,200-mile run to New York.

Today the long line of automobiles will start for South Bend, Ind., by the same

It's a Wonderful Event

Never in the history of shoe selling was such enthusiasm shown by the public as this GREAT MONEY - SAVING

"MONEY BACK" SHOE SALE

Thousands have taken advantage and every day the great crowds send still greater crowds. Everybody is anxious to get the World's best Shoes at the sacrifice of $\frac{1}{2}$ and less. Read these prices and see what a little money will do now.

IN THE BARGAIN BASEMENT!

95	Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords for women, regularly priced \$3.50 to \$5	1 45
	Also Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords for Misses' worth up to \$3.00	

1 95	It means that the "Money-Back" Shoe store will not carry over one pair of shoes unless it is a line that is going to be carried next season.	The positive rule that all odds and ends, broken and discontinued lines must go is certainly being enforced to the letter. No approvals, exchanges or refunds on bargain table shoes.
	There is a good reason why "Money-Back" Shoes lead the shoe world in style and smartness—we clean out each season regardless of the sacrifice.	
	This is a wonderful clearing of Women's Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords that sold regularly at \$3.50 to \$10 a pair.	
	And over one thousand pair of Men's Shoes and Oxfords that sold up to 6.50	

35c	For Baby Shoes that sold up to 75c a pair. There are all colors and leathers in this lot.	45c
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And don't forget that every pair of Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords in the entire establishment on the main floor is reduced in price. You are properly fitted by a competent salesman as you always are.

COME TODAY!

DAVIS SHOE CO.

SLAUGHTER

Retiring from Business on account of ill health

Everything Must Be Sold at Once!

Today's Specials

\$50	buys an Upright Piano,	\$100
regular.		
\$45	buys a Music Box, regular	\$100
(12 Tunes operated with a penny)		
\$100	buys a new Upright	\$200
Piano, regular		
\$150	buys an Electric Banjo,	\$500
regular		
\$200	buys an Electric Piano,	\$500
regular		
\$375	buys an Electric Piano,	\$600
regular		
\$375	buys a Regina Sublima,	\$650
regular		
\$275	buys a Pipe Organ,	\$600
regular		

EVERYTHING MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE FOR SPOT CASH

This sale will be without a parallel, as everything MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE. We reserve absolutely nothing. We will sell all the stock on hand, fixtures, good will and accounts to anybody wishing a good paying business.

Will also sell one of the best Terraces in the city at a sacrifice. Also property in the eastern part of the town; also a Farm in Davis County; also controlling interest in a transfer business; also an automobile. ALL FOR CASH. Will gladly give particulars.

DAYNES-ROMNEY MUSIC COMPANY,
25-27 E. 1st So. H. S. DAYNES, Prest.

time that men have been sent across water in many years, is exciting international interest and records are being hunted up and inquiries made as to the speed of the men. Among those competing: Singles, Adolph Muller, Viking of Berlin; doubles, Carl Ernst and A. Giese; four crew, R. Mosler, stroke; Goldammer, G. Hoffman and R. Beer; bow; Hellas Rowing club, Berlin.

MUSIC TEACHERS.

All who desire to consult the of the representative profession and music teachers of Salt Lake should read the "Musical Directory" in the Saturday "News."

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

At Philadelphia Aug. 9.

New York, July 14.—Oarsmen are turning their attention to the national championships which will be held in Philadelphia on Aug. 9 and 10. The news that Germany will be represented, the first

route as the one by which they came to Chicago on Friday. The conditions, however, are radically different from those which governed the trip to Chicago. At a conference of the American Automobile association officials who are in charge of the tour, it was decided, in view of the experience of the first three days of the run, that the contesting machines should not be left to govern themselves on the road according to their own caprices, as they have been this far. During the remainder of the tour Chairman Frank B. Hower of the executive committee, will start at the beginning of each day's run half an hour ahead of the first contestant and act as pacemaker throughout the day. No car will be allowed to pass the pacemaker unless his machine should be disabled, in which event car No. 4 in the line will take his place. The pacemaker will set a pace which, in his judgment, all the cars in the line can follow, and will aim to reach the destination for the day half an hour ahead of the schedule to allow for possible breakdowns and delays. In addition to this regulation, each car will be given, as it starts, a card on which a number is conspicuously placed, the number being in relation and representing the car's place in the line. The contesting cars will then be expected to maintain the order in which they started, except in the event of breakdown or emergency.