



STANTON WINS

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 Illustrations by **FREDERIC THORNBERG**
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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They talk and walk, and Stanton leaves Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and Stanton and Stanton together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).
 "I am alone in the crowd, too," he rejoined. "If I thought Floyd would not object, or feel that I took advantage of his absence, I should ask if you would do me so much honor as to go to the theater with me, this evening."

Her gray eyes widened, the color flushed through her transparent skin. Suddenly and vividly Stanton was reminded of Floyd's face on the first night when he invited the mechanic to race with him for the season.

"You are asking me?" she doubted. "I would like to do so. But not if you think Floyd would refuse to let me, if he were here. He can't have much of an opinion of me."

"I wish I might tell you what Jesse thinks of you," she made grave answer. "I am quite sure that he would let me go with you, Mr. Stanton; you are very good and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

The little old Irishwoman in black silk opened the door for him, beaming and smiling. Amazed at himself, bewildered by a sense of having seen Floyd and yet not seen him, Stanton went down into the practical city street.

He spent two hours in selecting an irreproachable play and theater; a task of some delicacy in this his native town. After which, he ate a perfunctory dinner and went home to dress. Stanton, whose overbearing willfulness spared no one, whose rough tongue hurt his mechanic as often as they met, would no more have taken Floyd's sister to dine with him in a public restaurant without Floyd's permission, than he would have stolen his purse.

It was a dazzling Jessica whom he found waiting for him, at the appointed hour. Yet she was simply gowned in delicate gray, with a demure lace collar that came up to her round chin, and long lace sleeves. It was her vivid, expressive face; the bronze curls massed under the wide gray hat, the splendid glow and young vitality of her, that made people look and look again. Stanton approved of her unreservedly; he had fixed masculine notions of what women should wear in public places.

On her left arm, over the transparent sleeve, she wore an antique silver bracelet fully four inches in breadth; a singular ornament, set with dull turquoise matrix. When Stanton assisted her to remove her cloak, at the theater, she suddenly winced.

"The bracelet—it caught my arm," she explained, before he could question. "It is too heavy, really, to wear."

But nevertheless, she did not take it off, and several times through the evening touched her gloved finger to the silver band as if to assure herself that it was in place. A souvenir, perhaps, Stanton idly reflected. He was too much interested in the wearer to pay heed to the bracelet. Except for the hours passed with Floyd, he had never experienced anything like this satisfying companionship.

The performance had ended, and Stanton was carefully piloting his charge through the slow-moving mass of people, when he heard his own name exclaimed. He glanced around, and saw Valerie Carlisle coming down the stairs from the boxes, her large, amber eyes fixed upon him. Under the strong light, in her elaborate pale-green gown, her shoulders bare and showing satin-white where her cloak had slipped back, her blonde hair circled with a wreath of green emeralds and jeweled leaves, she was conspicuous enough to draw the glances of all those passing, as well as that of the man she called. Stanton bowed and would have continued on his way, but she called a second time, adding a gesture of summons.

"Mr. Stanton!"
 Evidently she expected him to excuse himself momentarily from his companion, as she had moved a few steps from her father and the younger gentleman who accompanied her. But Stanton's eyes glinted cold resistance of the attempt at command. He deliberately retained Jessica's hand upon his arm and, since he must go, led her with him.

"You called me, Miss Carlisle?" she questioned. "Miss Floyd, let me introduce Miss Carlisle."

The two women bowed without effusion, Valerie Carlisle scrutinizing Jessica with an acute attention that seized every detail of her appearance. "Miss Floyd, have we not met?" she puzzled. "Pardon, it seems so to me."

"Probably you have met my twin brother," Jessica suggested, gravely self-possessed. "He is much with Mr. Stanton."

There was a shock of antagonism in her meeting gaze, as there had been between Floyd and this girl when he had seen her in the railroad depot on the way to Lowell. Miss Carlisle turned to Stanton, enlightened.

"Oh, your mechanic; I remember."

trunk; in the dim light he could have imagined that she had become suddenly agitated and hurried. "No, it is too heavy," she declined. "Good night, I have enjoyed this evening very much."
 In his own hotel apartment, when he drew off his gloves, Stanton was puzzled to find his right fingers slightly stained with crimson. Slowly memory brought back the fact, unnoticed at the time, that Jessica's bracelet had been warm and damp to the touch when he picked it up. It had cut her arm, then, in falling, he deduced. And she had not spoken of the hurt or cried out! Stanton laughed in approving admiration, she had her brother's pluck. He hated whining people. Only he wished that her eyes were not so exactly like Floyd's; it confused him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Team-Mated.
 Floyd returned Stanton's call after a fashion of his own, some days later. "There's a gentleman down-stairs to see you, sir," the bell-boy brought information to the latter, one afternoon. "He won't come up because he says he can't leave his automobile, but he'd be glad if you'd come down, sir."

Stanton looked at the card presented, and rose with alacrity.
 His mechanic was in the hall, gazing across the wide windows at a low-slung, long-bonneted, dull-gray motorcar that stood by the curbstone; a car stripped as bare of every superfluous belonging as a pugilist entering the ring. At the hiss of the descending elevator he turned to meet Stanton with his smile of sun-shot cordiality.

"I was afraid to let your machine out of my sight," he exclaimed. "She is going on to Indiana, to-night, and the chief wanted you to see her first. There wasn't time to get you out to the factory, after fixing her steering business the way you wanted, so they sent her down for you to look over. The chief sent word for you to try her out anywhere you liked and he would pay the cost if you got in trouble, but to get her shipped west to-night unless she had to go back to the factory, for there were rumors of a strike among the train men and we might not be able to get her through in time for the race."

"Who drove her down here?" Stanton demanded, casting a jealous glance out the window, but accepting the facts more amiably than could have been expected.
 "The chief, until he left me at the avenue corner, just now. He said—never mind."

"Oh, go ahead."
 "Well, he said he had been a racing driver himself and knew how you would feel about having your car yanked thirty miles across country roads by another driver; and, er—that he guessed that he was the only man in the shops who'd care to tell you he had done it."

"I'll get some driving things," suggested Stanton, and went back to the elevator.
 When he joined Floyd beside the big car, he stood for a moment busied with the clasp of his gauntlet, before attempting to start.

"Miss Floyd told you of my call, the other day?" he queried.
 "Yes, of course. I was sorry to be away; I had never thought of your hunting me up."

"You did not object to my taking her out? There was no way of asking you."
 This from the self-willed Stanton! Floyd's eyes glinted with an appreciation at once humorous and touched.

"Object? Why? You could take care of her," he countered.
 "Fix the spark," bade Stanton, and went front to crank his motor.

"We'll not get half a block without drawing every mounted policeman for ten miles," Floyd called, above the roar of the exhausts. "We ought to have made ready by putting on a few dozen mufflers."

"What time must she be shipped?"
 "We must have her at the Mercury office by six o'clock, unless you say she has to go back to the factory."

"It is after four, now. No time to try the Long Island course, and there is a motor-cycle race on the Beach track. Get into your seat; we'll take Pelham Parkway!"
 "Pelham Parkway! Why?"

"Have you anything better to propose?"
 "It's a first offense," Floyd resigned himself. "They can't do worse than fine you."

Stanton shrugged his shoulders, and the car rolled forward.
 The Mercury glided through the teeming, congested streets, and left a faultless record behind her. Not a traffic officer's slightest signal was disregarded, no speed regulations were materially fractured; Stanton drove like a law-abiding chauffeur from the suburbs, and until they were in the park.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOST DAINY MODES

Present Styles Seem the Limit in Attractiveness.

Wonderful Materials and Originality of Design Are Combined with Charming Effect—Touches for the Lingerie Frock.

NEW YORK—Who among us can recall the time when people did not say that the styles at that particular season were prettier and more becoming than ever before? Of course, I am not speaking of the lean old people, who have such charming reminiscences that cling to the one colored past and which nothing, no matter how beautiful, could ever blot out. But truly it is hard to think that any styles were ever so attractive as our present modes—none certainly were ever able to express more originality, nor did they seem to show the natural lines of the figure so do the present.

Not only are the styles and designs attractive, but the wonderful materials that make it possible to obtain the daintiest effects are not to be forgotten when crediting the other essentials of the makeup. I am sure to one, even those with limited allowances, can fail to have attractive frocks this season, especially if they are at all apt with the needle and can add a few original touches which are lacking in the bought frocks.

Somehow, it seems to be quite a help in the dull, sultry days of summer to look cool, even though it may be quite impossible to feel that way. There really doesn't seem to be anything that is quite as cool looking as a dainty lingerie frock. Of course, it is the simple ones that are most effective, for I am sure that we have all seen the kind that are so overtrimmated that they look positively hot.

Secret of Daintiness.
 It isn't necessary to have a frock full up with expensive laces to make it dainty, nor yet to spend months in working up designs in hand embroidery. A simple model of white merized or cotton voile is always attractive in combination with a fine over eyelet embroidery. The plastron collar is particularly good for covering a passe blouse, and, of course, for a growing girl the attractive fold at the bottom of the skirt is quite an effective way for lengthening the skirt.

But it always seems quite a problem to find a fitting finish to a dainty collar, blouse or anything made of eyelet embroidery. Of course, it is possible to scallop and buttonhole the edges, but that takes a great amount of time, and hardly seems practical. A piping is always a help, and may often lend a color note to a dead white gown. Though they are quite popular at present, they are, as a rule, mostly in the form of cordings. When making cordings the material should be cut on a true bias, about an inch to an inch and a quarter in width, and be sure to press all the seams at the joinings before putting in the cordings.

After laying the cording in the center of the material, fold it over and run a row of stitching, as close to the cord as possible. Some find that machine stitching is quite all right, but to me, the hand sewing is much more satisfactory. There is an easy method of cutting bias, and if I can explain it clearly enough I know you will find it a help, for one is so apt not to get all the seams on the same side and often the width will vary.

Getting True Bias.
 Fold down a corner of your material to find a true bias—a straight line on the cross of the material laid on the selvage line will determine the true bias line. Then measure down the desired width in two or three places and join them with a straight line, either in the tailor's chalk or lead pencil, preferably ruled—repeat this until you have measured off the desired length of the bias. Then, placing one corner of the bias to the

Waists With Basques.
 Very pretty lace blouses with waists of colored silk, and basques front and back, but cut away on the hips, are being a good deal worn. They are particularly becoming to slim people, and one was seen this week which looked very well with a trim black moire skirt. It was in Irish lace with long sleeves, turned-back collar and cuffs of black moire and a folded waist belt of the same. The basque behind was about a foot long; in front it was a little longer.

To Restore Carpets.
 You will find the following suggestions invaluable when renovating carpets:
 To a pail of warm water add a tablespoonful of turpentine. Dip a cloth in this, wring nearly dry and wipe the entire surface of the carpet with the dampened cloth.
 Frequently rinse the cloth, so that it is freed from the dust gathered from the carpet.
 The turpentine restores the faded brilliancy of the colors.

first line draw sew the two selvage edges together. If you have been careful in ruling your lines and with the measuring, you will then be able to cut along the pencil or chalk that will form a spine.
 Then, too, a collar or anything, for that matter, of eyelet embroidery might be finished with a narrow frill of plaited net, with perhaps a wider one at the neck and at the bottom of the sleeves, or, if it were possible to find an attractive piece of embroidery edging that matched fairly well, this might be used for an effective finish.

Use of Filling.
 The use of filling on a dainty frock of batiste is always attractive and quite a help in getting a pretty effect. In putting it in, care must be taken that the seams are straight before applying the filling. Then stitch it (on the sewing machine) as close as possible to the tiny eyelets, without letting the stitching run into them. Then cut the material of the frock quite close to the seam and hem the material of the filling over it so that the folded edge will come on a line with the machine stitching.

I think that you will find that on frocks of mercerized voile or marquisette that are trimmed with the "self" trimming, a dainty color note can be suggested by introducing tiny roses of pale blue or pink chiffon, here and there along the puffings around the neck, belt and sleeves. On some of the frocks that do not suggest color, the laces used are even in tint and really make up effectively.

Another new feature about the most fashionable frocks is the vest or underdress suggested in the front of the models. On those of a lingerie type the underdress may be of any style of lace, from a large open pattern of the filmy shadow lace. On the linen dresses for afternoon wear Turkish toweling is used for this and is also suggested in the collar and cuffs. In many cases this panel arrangement is seen with a row of buttons on either side, or some button loops on side and buttons in their matching places on the other.

Buttons for Lingerie Frocks.
 On the lingerie type of frock the tiny button buttons are the most attractive, although you may find them rather expensive, but a friend of mine has a rather practical "stunt," as she calls it, for tiny buttons of this sort. She will buy the white ball fringe and cut off the tiny balls that really make the most attractive buttons, and are much less expensive. For the button loops a silk cord is perhaps the easiest to handle, and for a finished loop of about an inch or so, four inches will be required.

The cord should be joined first, folded in half and then, putting a knot at one end, is ready to be applied to the frock.

When joining the two ends of the cord I think you will find the joining less noticeable if the strands (if there are two) are cut an inch shorter at each end, then the two longer ones can be twisted together until they meet the shorter ones. Of course if the cord has three strands there should be two short ones at one end and one short one at the other.

For the Color Note.
 If a color note is suggested in the panel at the front of the frock, the button loops might also be of that color, using a bias strip of satin, either corded or plain.

Do you worry over what would be an appropriate wrap to wear with the lingerie frocks of the summer. They are usually made of a silk-taffeta, charmeuse or mesaline—or of a thin material like silk voile or marquisette. They are really inexpensive to make, for they require only about three yards of material for the average figure.

They are usually made of a rather bright color and may be worn effectively with the linen or cream serge afternoon frocks as well as those that are quite lacy. The color of the wrap is, as a rule, also suggested in the frock, and many times as well in the hat, that may be a large floppy panama or a cunning creation of embroidery.

Apple-green Shantung would look well made up in the dainty style shown in the illustration. The skirt has a narrow panel of either lace, galloon or figured silk, let in down the left side of front; a point is cut in with the material and taken over the panel below the knees, a button keeps it in position.

The bodice has the front to match and has a round yoke cut in with the panel at side; pieces of the material form under-sleeves.

Material required: Four yards 40 inches wide, 2 buttons, 1½ yards 20 inches wide for trimming.

Here and There.
 For girls going on motor trips the little boxes of individual toilet requisites are quite indispensable; in these tiny leatherette boxes come four articles—a sachet, a wee bottle of perfume and of toilet water and a box of talcum powder; each set is sufficient for a trip.

Instead of buttoning a blouse to a petticoat get a narrow beading twice the circumference of the skirt at the height of the ruffle. Sew one-half of it to the skirt at that height and head the blouse with the other. They are easily joined with a ribbon, with the ends finished. This gives a dainty finish and the blouse does not sag.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

J. P. DON'T KNOW AND HAS NO THINK



J. Pierpont Morgan, who knows a few things about finance and art, back from Europe the other day.

He had been away about six months during approximately the period the Stanley committee has been occupied in taking testimony and reporting. He has been up the Nile, in the art and money centers, and has done some yachting on his Corsair, which arrived ahead of his owner.

The yacht, with members of his family and grandchildren aboard, taking the steamer fore and aft with marine glasses, was at quarantine early in the morning. Son Jack Morgan went aboard the ship and found his father at breakfast. Mr. Morgan's niece, Miss Anne Tracey, and her friend, Miss Berwind, who were passengers, were at the same table.

The banker was very affable, if communicative, when seen later. He wore a gray sack suit and a small Panama with the rim turned up all around and bit one of the Morgan dollar cigars and held his cane in the air. He said: "Good morning" to the newspaper squad, but gave no chance for an interview.

"Go away. Get out. Nothing to say. Wouldn't say it here if I had." "Way. Leave me alone," was his answer to the request for a talk.

"Mr. Morgan, will you—"
 "No, I won't. You know I won't. Why do you bother me this way?" He glared not so unpleasantly. Mr. Morgan's face was ruddy, showing that he had been out in the sun.

The young man suggested to Mr. Morgan that he could get his salary raised if he could extract an interview from him.

"All right. How much will they raise it? I'll pay the difference. Give you a check right now. But tell me how much and then get out."

"Mr. Morgan, you were pretty close to Emperor William?"
 He whirled. "Who said so? Who told you that?"
 "It was cabled to the newspapers."
 "Well," the Wall street power snapped, "what of it? For God's sake what of it?"

"Winston Churchill made a speech in parliament."
 "Did he, did he?" inquired Mr. Morgan, becoming interested, and turning upon the companionway. "What did he say? What did he say?"
 "He called for 500,000 pounds and expressed an open fear of Germany."
 "Humph!" said the kaiser's guest.
 "Do you think that means war?"
 "How should I know?" he replied, without turning. "How should I know?"

"But you were with Emperor William?"
 He did not tell me he was going to war. He didn't tell me anything about it. See, here," continued Morgan, putting his emphatic fist under the reporter's nose. "I don't know and I don't think. I have got no think. Understand?"

THE RAPID RISE OF CHARLES D. HILLES

C. D. Hilles, today field marshal of the Republican forces, was less than four years ago, guarding the interests of several hundred orphans in a juvenile asylum at Lancaster, Ohio, of which he was the superintendent. His rapid rise in public life is a dramatic story and intensely American in its illustration of the opportunity that, even in these days, awaits the young man who does his job well.



From the hour of his renomination President Taft steadily insisted that his secretary was the right man to head the national committee, and after a little consideration of the character of Mr. Hilles the seasoned politicians reached the same decision.

Who is Mr. Hilles and why has he succeeded where his predecessors have constantly failed? By what art does he succeed as secretary to the president, recognized as the most difficult official billet in Washington? Why does the president prefer him as a leader in the campaign? The answer to these questions, direct from the White House, is Hilles has "the pulse and the touch."

It was the Chicago pre-convention campaign that made Mr. Hilles a national figure in politics. He had quietly organized the campaign in a thorough and painstaking manner that permitted Representative McKelvie, the president's political manager, to start with an efficient organization.

At Chicago, where Mr. Hilles was the personal representative of the president, he surprised friends and foes alike by his deep insight into every move of the opposition and his ready deflection for each attack.

His capacity for work kept him going until three and four o'clock in the morning without his feeling it. He went about his work in his orderly way, carrying it to his rooms with him in his suit cases, as if he were about to start on a long trip.

HETTY GREEN TO JOIN CHURCH



Mrs. Hetty Green, who is in her seventy-eighth year, was baptized the other day in the Episcopal faith in order to prepare for confirmation as a member of the church.

The ceremony was performed in Jersey City by the Rev. Augustine Elmendorf, rector of Holy Cross Episcopal church, Arlington and Clarendon avenues, in the presence of Col. Edward Howard Robinson Green, on whose shoulders have fallen much of his mother's great business responsibilities.

Father Elmendorf, as the clergyman is called by his parishioners, is constantly related to Mrs. Green, and for five or six years he has been endeavoring to induce her to think less of things earthly. He kept his secret to himself and labored diligently in his role of missionary by writing letters or carrying the message to her often in person.

Father Elmendorf went to the Trinity building, in New York city where Mrs. Green has her office, on the day of the ceremony. Although the great majority of workers in the financial district had taken advantage of the Saturday afternoon holiday, Mrs. Green was still busy, but as soon as she could straighten out everything she said she was ready to go with the minister. Colonel Green had his car in readiness and the trip across the river to Jersey City on their spiritual mission was made.

Several persons noticed Mrs. Green as she alighted from the car and entered the rectory, but nobody recognized her. Even the sexton of the church was kept in ignorance. The baptismal ceremony was conducted in the church. Owing to the advanced age of Mrs. Green sponsors were not required, according to the church laws, and Colonel Green merely acted as a witness. The Greens returned to New York after the ceremony.

Mrs. Green will now prepare herself for confirmation, a ceremony that will be conducted by Bishop Edwin S. Lines of the New York diocese.

Queen Elizabeth's Pedigree.
 One of the most interesting curiosities at Hatfield is the pedigree of Elizabeth, which is to be seen in the gallery. Those entrusted to make out the document wisely discovered that her descent could be traced through every important person, and especially through every beautiful person, it is said, that has lived since the straight back to Adam and Eve. It is on record that the Virgin Queen highly commended the work—London Evening Standard.

Romanian Amazons.
 M. Vechiu, the superintendent of a large farm at Busco, Rumania, was attacked by an army of 50 women, called Bucharwest commandos. Mr. Vechiu had refused to allow their cows to graze on his land and to frighten the deputation away he had fired over the heads of the women. Infuriated the milkmaids rushed upon him and it was only by the intervention of some shepherd that he was rescued from their vengeance.



"Miss Floyd, Let Me Introduce Miss Carlisle."

It is to her interest for me to win; the Mercury uses her father's tires."
 "Yes," agreed Jessica impersonally. When he left her, in the faintly lighted hall before the door of her apartment, she drew off her glove with a swift movement.
 "My father used to say that one only offered a covered hand to an enemy," she said half playful, half serious. "Good night."
 There was a tinkling crash, before he could reply. Stanton bent and recovered her wide silver bracelet, shaken loose by her rapid gesture of the previous moment.
 "May I put it on?" he asked.
 But she held out her hand for the

Medical Value of Spices

They Arouse the Appetite and Promote the Secretion of the Gastric Juice.

The spices are a very interesting group of substances; they are the foundation of a considerable industry, they have their medical uses and finally are of special importance in dietetics.

Their value resides in their richness in aromatic substances and essential oils; strictly speaking, they are not foods, but often enough they are essential elements in the diet. Spices have been the subject of classic research, as, for example, in the clover and important investigation which Pawlow undertook as to the psychic influences of food and as to the value of zest in nutrition.

Spices were shown to arouse appetite and to promote the secretion of the gastric juice, and the role they play therefore in dietetics is a very important one. The medicinal action of some of them is further of value. Allspice, for example, is used as an anesthetic and has been successfully administered for flatulency or for overcoming griping due to purgatives, and occasionally it is reported that the oil gives relief in rheumatism and neuralgia.

The medical uses of cinnamon are well known. Cardamoms are used in the form of a tincture as aromatic and stomachic and they are also employed as a flavoring agent in curry powder, cakes and liqueurs. The applications of capsicum and the peppers generally are well known. Cloves are aromatic, carminative and stimulant and have been used in dyspepsia, gastric irritation and in cases of vomiting in pregnancy.

Oil of cloves is also a popular remedy for toothache. It has also its uses in microscopy as a preservative and for clearing sections. The uses of nutmeg are wide, vanilla has an enormous application as a flavoring patronage on account of its bright yellow color and pleasant musky flavor—Lancet.

Recovers Ring 18 Years Lost.
 A class ring lost 18 years ago by Mrs. J. H. Reese, when she was a pupil of the Lancaster high school, was restored to the owner.

Mrs. Reese, then Miss Lella L. Urbam, lost the ring, which was engraved with her name, while walking on the lawn of her home. It was recovered by men resetting a fence—Lancaster Correspondent Philadelphia Public Ledger.