



SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury...

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

The silence was long. After reading, Floyd turned his face to the window...

"Yes, it means that I get back my father's factory," he confirmed quietly. "I am very glad, although it doesn't do me much actual good..."

"Can I not?" Stanton retorted. "Floyd, what do you think I am racing for, if I can not understand racing something for an object..."

CHAPTER IX.

The Chance for Jessica.

When the assistant manager of the Mercury Company came through the train, next morning, and saw the two who were breakfasting together in the dining-car...

The speed carnival held upon the superb two-mile track was to extend over three days. The contests were of varied types and classes...

"Aren't there any Atlanta cars entered, at all?" Floyd wondered, on the first morning at the track.

"None," Stanton assured. "Then I won't need to burn a joss stick."

"What for?" "Luck," said Floyd sweetly, and refused to explain.

Their luck held good. They had neither illness nor serious accident to mar their series of victories and trials.

Stanton struck the perfect course. Stanton, declared a famous rival, upon offering his congratulations after suffering a masterly defeat in a five-mile contest.

"How so?" queried Stanton as succinctly. "Between recklessness and over-caution."

It was quite true. With Floyd beside him, Stanton's driving was as daringly brilliant, but characterized by some rational consideration of the possibilities of disaster.

It was commencing to trouble Stanton himself, this growing affection for his mechanic that threatened to become an absorbing need.

Floyd laughed. And Floyd's laughter would have disarmed a Cossack. When

the massive, motionless machinery stood towering above the visitor and the slight young master of the domain...

As they made the tour from room to room and building to building, Floyd grew slowly whiter, his explanations more brief.

"Go away, for a moment," he requested, his voice catching. "I'll come after you. I haven't been here since my father—"

Stanton swung on his heel and went out; out to look at the mile track, where Edgar Floyd used to practice racing with little Jess tied in the car beside him.

When Floyd came after him, half an hour later, Stanton turned from his position against the track railing.

"Floyd, what do you figure is going to become of your sister?" he abruptly demanded.

Floyd stopped, gazing at the other with parted lips and startled gray eyes. A strong wind was blowing off Lake Erie, tossing his bronze hair and wrapping his long coat about him.

"My sister?" he repeated. "Why?" "She is a woman, she must have some life of her own. You can't keep her like a nun until she finds herself grown old without a chance at living."

Floyd continued to gaze at him, saying nothing; that half-hour in the office had left him almost wan in the gray afternoon light.

"You know me, Jess Floyd, if any one does. You know my vile temper, my rough tongue, and that I am a cross-grained brute at best."

"You seemed to expect it," the other corroborated. He looked with interested curiosity at his nonchalant assistant.

"That is about enough," Stanton signified. "I'll see you on the train, then."

They did meet on the train, and passed long hours of travel in work and discussion. The other passengers came to take a decided, if furtive interest in the two who sat opposite each other in absorbed conversation or argument, making drawings on envelopes and time-tables to illustrate their points and even leaving rows of figures upon the menu cards in the dining-car.

Incidentally, both men displayed a thorough training in mechanical design and construction, Stanton's far the more finished and scientific.

"I did not know—" Floyd marveled, at last.

Stanton forestalled the question by indifferently explaining. "I am a mechanical engineer; I

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally draw from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate.

Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

substances other than cane sugar, beet sugar, milk sugar and glucose sugar—particularly those sweetened with glycerine—shall not be imported. It is specified in the order that it is meant to include in general all synthetic chemical sweetening which does not possess food value.

We wish we could believe that this tariff anxiety to protect the Congo population against deleterious sweets was something more than an exhibition of the usual protective philanthropy which bears a competitive product to make sure the sale of something else.

A Polyglot Playwright. M. Dario Nicodemis is a citizen of the world. He was born in Italy. He was reared in the Argentine Republic, where he was initiated in Spanish culture. He wrote his first play in the language of Cervantes. It was produced at Buenos Ayres and was called "La Duda" (The Doubt).

Soon after that an Italian actress in South America offered a prize for an acceptable play in her mother tongue. M. Nicodemis took the prize with his play "Per la Vita." He soon afterward wrote "L'Hirondelle" (The Swallow) in French and it is played at Brussels. At Paris he began his work by translating and adapting the English play of "Raffles."—Le Cri de Paris

TURTLE HUNTING IN FLORIDA



HAUNT OF THE TURTLE

It is only during very recent years that common turtles, or loggerheads, and the easily raised water terrapin have been fully appreciated as articles of food that may be commonly enjoyed, instead of relegated to form the choice dish of banquets.

The most important commercially are the green turtle, the turkbanks, the hawksbills and the loggerheads. Though some of them weigh only a few pounds, there are some mammoth specimens captured, the claim being made, on good authority, that the largest have been known to reach a weight of 1,200 pounds.

At the present day turtles are captured mainly by nets, and also from the land by probing into their hiding places along the banks of streams with a turtlehook fastened to a long, stout pole.

Among the private turtle ponds owned and operated by progressive Florida farmers who possess many acres of submerged land bordering famous turtle streams, many interesting features await the study of the northern tourist.

The Florida native entertains the visitor with many interesting legends and traditions concerning the numerous turtles commonly known in the early days as Chelonias.

In these more practical days one questions why they should have been turned on their backs, thus to remain over night. Why there was not a possibility of some one else getting there first in the morning and reaping the fruits of the "turner's" labor.

Only a few years ago, when the turtle industry first began to be appreciated from its commercial standpoint, the beef and turtle markets of Key West stood side by side, many preferring the latter as a regular meat supply, and it then began to be a profitable industry to ship turtles alive to the northern markets, not only from Key West, but from all

along the southern coast of Florida. The turtle eggs are also valued as food, and the pioneer settlers in the far south found them a very appreciable item in their provisioning, as the large varieties of turtles have been known to lay from 100 to 300 eggs in each nest.

Among the visitors to the famous turtle grounds along the coast of Florida, inquiry is often made as to why the name tortoise is so seldom applied to the many varieties of marine chelonians found on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico.

It is true that tortoise is the correct name for all these various species—both the land and the marine species—the name is derived from various French and Latin words meaning twisted, crooked or contorted, describing the crookedness of the curious feet and head protruding from the tortoise shell.

How the tortoise of early days became known by the name of turtle is explained by the fact that certain species of sea turtles show such great affection for their mates, that the name of turtle (from turtle-dove celebrated for the constancy of its affection) came to be applied to them.

Later the name turtle was applied to many species of the marine tortoises, with turkey frequently used for the species found in the West Indies.

Green Turtle the Favorite. Among the private turtle ponds owned and operated by progressive Florida farmers who possess many acres of submerged land bordering famous turtle streams, many interesting features await the study of the northern tourist.

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A Question



Portable Lamp for Camper. Convenient Form of Light Consists of Acetylene Gas Generator and Reflector.

A very convenient form of lamp has recently been devised for the use of campers, hunters, etc. It consists of a portable acetylene gas generator, and a burner arranged with a reflector which is open at the front for the escape of heat.

The walls of the reflector are impervious, to prevent the passage of air through the reflector when the lamp is being moved about or is exposed to the wind.

The danger of extinguishing the light is avoided. The accompanying illustration shows in Fig. 1 how the lamp may be attached to the head of a man, while the gas generator is secured to his belt.

The details of the head attachment are shown in the sectional view, Fig. 2. The burner, A, is attached to the flexible tube, B, which runs the generator.

The reflector, C, in which the burner is fitted, is provided with a flange along its outer edge, to which the arms, D, are secured. These arms are fastened to a cage, E, provided with a strap, F, which is strapped about the head of the wearer.

As an additional support to the lamp, a small bracket, G, connects the bottom of the reflector directly to the head. When it is desired to use this device on a boat or in camp, it is mounted on a stand, H, as indicated at Fig. 3.

This stand is formed of two sections, one of which is hinged upon the other, so that the lamp may be moved laterally. By means of a thumb screw, I, the two sections may be clamped at any desired position.

The lamp is taken out of the head gear by unscrewing the bolts, J, and it may be then fastened in a bracket, K, which is swivelled on the upper end of the stand. The swivelled bracket is provided with a handle, L, which enables one to move the lamp in any desired direction.

The inventor of this portable lamp is Mr. O. A. Loveless of Waters Meet, Mich.—Scientific American.

I Have Learned From Fido. To keep clean. To smile the fly. To wait before tasting. To go in out of the rain. To "speak" when I want things. To growl at bullies. To sense an enemy and keep distance.

To know when a master appears. To remember that even bones have marrow. To drink plenty of cold water. To refuse to drink alcohol. To eliminate cats from my acquaintance.

To be a faithful friend, and To hit the shady spots in August—Judge.

For Your Bird Friends. If you want to add to the comfort of your bird neighbors during the summer make them a drinking and bathing place. To do this, drive a stake into the ground, letting it protrude about two feet above the surface.

On top of this nail a board about one foot square. Paint the whole thing a dark green. Get a good sized shallow tin pan and paint this green, inside and out. When the paint is thoroughly dried, fill the pan with fresh water and place it upon the raised block. Before long the birds will begin to flock to the drinking place and eventually will become very tame.

Easily Satisfied. Johnny's ma had company, and as each one was being helped to turkey at dinner each was asked what piece she wanted.

"I'll have a small piece of white meat," said one. "I'll take a joint with a little dark meat," said another. Johnny wasn't asked, but he said, "You can give me too much of both kinds, please."

Willie Wanted Pie. "Mamma," said four-year-old Willie, "let's play I am your mamma and you are my little boy."

"Very well, dear," replied his mother. "How shall we begin?" "Well," answered the little fellow, "you can ask me for a piece of pie, and I'll tell you pie isn't good for little boys."

Quite Likely. "Here is a country newspaper which contains the account of a rural dance, but, strange to say, the editor does not refer to the crowd as 'tripping the light fantastic.'"

"Perhaps they don't." "How is that?" "Oh, rustic folk are much enlightened these days. Perhaps they did the 'turkey trot' and the 'grizzly bear.'"

The Resemblance. "My easy chair always puts me in mind of a mountain gorge." "How's that?" "I suppose because a sleepy hollow naturally recalls a yawning chasm."

Character Seen in Back. Rear View of Men and Women Often Reveals their Personality to the Student.

Have you ever noticed that the back views of men and women are intensely characteristic of the persons? Then look carefully at that very ordinary young man who has passed you. He has one hand in his pocket, and shoulders slightly stooped. From what you can see of him, his head is bent, and every now and again he gives an aimless little kick at some object in his path.

What back view could be more eloquent of indecision of character? Now glance at the receding back of the man who has passed you by. Why does it fill you with an instinctive sense of reliability? Because there is strength in it; not necessarily physical, but mental. The back is straight and alert. The head is held well back, the arms swing easily, and the walk is buoyant, confident, hopeful.

Now direct your gaze across the street a moment. There goes a girl who, under a cursory scrutiny, looks the personification of what wealth can do. Walk behind her a little way, and take good stock of the back view presented you. You soon discover that the end of a fringe net hangs down on to the coat collar. The collar of the blouse is done up with a large pin. The middle seam of the skirt is not in its place. There is a hole in the stocking just above the ankle, and the shoes, in spite of being expensive, need repairing. Evidently the wearer is an untidy, shiftless woman.

The Folly of Women. "Women are the slaves of fashion," he grumbled. "Yes, dear," his wife replied, "I know. We are an awfully silly lot. By the way, I found your last summer's straw hat yesterday, and it's as good as new and as clean as new. Shall I get it for you?"

"What! Do you want me to make myself ridiculous by wearing that thing? It isn't the right shape for this season."

Book Agent—"Here's a book, 3 Million Ways to Make a Thousand." The Man—"I bought one before." Book Agent—"No, sir; that one was 'A Thousand Ways to Make a Million.'"—Judge.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio. "Three years ago I was married and went to Iowa keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, I had bladder trouble, and I could not enter a step. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done so. You told me, I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Liver Pills, and now I have my health. I feel like a new woman. I can do anything I want to do. I know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. Bessie H. Stranberry, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unqualified testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give you confidence.

Farmers and Merchants. Write us for our cash offer on your Farm and Dairy Produce. If we don't handle it will refer you to the best buyer. PEARSON-PAGE CO. Portland, Oregon.

Machinery. Howard Head Machine. Sewing, mangle, etc. The J. E. Martin Co. Portland, Oregon. Send for Stock List and prices.

KODAK. Write for Catalog. P. I. Build, G. Smith.

PANAMAS. Write for Catalog. P. I. Build, G. Smith.

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE. Write for Catalog. P. I. Build, G. Smith.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS. Paraffin rubbed on the bees' stockings will cause them to last longer.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. FOR SORE SHOULDERS. Jas. Beck & Son, Centerfield, Utah.

Book Agent—"Here's a book, 3 Million Ways to Make a Thousand." The Man—"I bought one before." Book Agent—"No, sir; that one was 'A Thousand Ways to Make a Million.'"—Judge.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL. Tells How Sick She Was and What Saved Her From An Operation.

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