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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest 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 alight to take walk, and train 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 they dine 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. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Just before important race tires needed for Stanton's car are delayed.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

The assistant manager stared in a reproach touched with hysteria. His collar was wilted, his eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"Buy them? Buy enough racing tires fitting the Mercury to last you for a three hundred mile road race, and get them here by to-morrow morning? What's the matter with you, Stanton?"

"Well, since there is nothing to do but eat, come to dinner, Floyd," said the other.

"It isn't dinner, it's supper," corrected his mechanician. "This is the country and you had your dinner at noon. But I'll come, anyhow."

At the table in the course of the meal, a small tea-pot was set before Stanton.

"Chocolate, sir," he was apprised.

"Why, you had none at luncheon!"

The pompadoured waitress giggled.

"No, sir. But the gentleman sent a boy after some and came down and saw the cook, and cook's that fond of nonsense, and she fifty-four next December—"

Stanton looked across into Floyd's mirthful gray eyes.

"I hadn't anything better to do," was the malicious explanation. "And I was afraid your nerves would go to pieces if you didn't get your usual drug and then you'd wreck us to-morrow."

"He'd coax a bird off a tree, sir," tittered the departing maid.

"Give me your cup and have some," Stanton briefly commanded.

"Going to throw it at me, like you did that jug of water on the first night we raced together?" teased his companion, obeying.

Stanton's head lifted slightly, the regard in which he enveloped Floyd was almost savage in its leap of intense and tenacious passion. Such a glance from man to woman would have been a declaration, from man to man it was not a thing to be voiced. Floyd himself faltered before it, startled into pallor.

"You can throw it at me, if you like, and square up," was all Stanton said, and reached for the sugar-bowl with his customary nonchalance.

"Thanks; it's boiling. I guess I won't," Floyd acknowledged. But he did not look at the other, and his manner was troubled.

The meal was ended and the evening had commenced, when a telegram came in from New York.

"Car marked Ruby Co. consigned to Mercury Co. Coney Island, left here last night."

Mr. Green uttered a howl and felt for the telephone.

"They've shipped the car to Coney Island instead of to Long Branch," he raged. "The tires must be out at the Beach track, or near it."

"Don't telephone; send some one out there to get them," advised Stanton practically.

"I've got to be here, and I can't get our New York men in time, now."

"Well, I'll go, then. Coney Island has got to be raked fine and the tires brought here as soon as they are found."

"You? You? Traveling and wearing yourself out on the eve of a grueling race? No. Go to bed and get your rest, please, Stanton. I'll send some one."

Stanton did not go to bed, but he went into the hotel room across the hall and played billiards with three of his fellow-drivers. He was less forbidding, less caustic of speech than formerly. Floyd had taught him the art of companionship. Before the game ended, the four players found themselves very good company and drank a good night in Apollinaris, to the landlord's Bacchic disgust.

About ten o'clock, Stanton looked into the apartment where Mr. Green sat between the telegraph operator and the telephone.

"Where is Floyd?" he casually wondered.

"Hello, hello—no, hold the wire. What is it? Floyd? Oh, he's gone to Coney Island. Hello, yes—wrong number."

"To Coney Island! You sent him?"

"He offered to go," Mr. Green jerkily imparted. "Please go to bed, won't you? Floyd can take care of himself, I should think, and he has had a two weeks' rest to get ready for this."

"What do you mean? He has been working at the factory or with you ever since we came back from Indianapolis."

In a nervous exasperation the assistant manager whirled his chair around.

"He had a two weeks' vacation," he reiterated crossly. "He told me that he was going off by himself for a quiet rest. You don't have to know everything, Stanton. I fancy he needed a rest after what you put him through out west, he asked me not to tell you about it. Hello—454—"

Stanton paused for a moment, dumb, then turned on his heel and went out. He was so stunned and bitterly angered that little red flecks danced before his vision. Floyd had lied to him, systematically deceived him; in order to escape from his too pressing friendship, no doubt. He remembered that the mechanician had always shrunk from his personal advances and only yielded to them under compulsion. Now he understood the letter which he had received the previous night from Green, and Mr. Bailey's confused answer to his question about Floyd. He had been put off to be amused by Jessica, until Floyd was again ready to use him in the plans for the Comet factory. Jessica! Stanton stopped short in the dark hall. Had Jessica also deceived him? Was she too playing a part in order to keep him in a good humor? He struck his clenched hand violently against the wall beside him.

"What's that?" cried the affrighted Mr. Green, within the room. "Who—"

"I ran against the wall, in the dark," Stanton called, his voice a little hoarse, but evenly controlled. "Good night."

"Good night. We'll fix things all right, Stanton; you take a good sleep."

"I shall," promised the driver.

He did not.

At seven o'clock, the next morning, Mr. Green burst into the hotel dining-room where Stanton was at breakfast.

"He's got them! They're coming," he rejoiced maniacally. "The car wasn't at Brighton, but he located it ten miles farther over, on a siding. And he raised such a disturbance around the express people's cars that they unloaded the tires then and there, and rushed out two motor trucks to cart them across to us. They'll be here by eight and the race starts at nine. I have been up all night—an hour ago it looked as if you would have to be withdrawn from the contest for lack of a few sets of rubber tires. That fool tire company!" He wiped his forehead. "Don't you want to come out to the course, after you finish here? Floyd is due on the train which arrives in fifteen minutes, if he isn't smothered by the crowd. I never saw such a mob of people; they have been coming since dawn; all night, in fact, and they're still coming."

"Yes," acquiesced the other unemotionally. His dark face gave an effect of bronzelike immobility, his blue-black eyes held steel glints.

Played Billiards With Three of His Fellow Drivers.

"Well," the assistant manager resumed, and paused.

The pompadoured waitress was leaning between them, placing a tea-pot on the table.

"Chocolate, sir," she giggled.

Stanton pushed back his chair, then checked himself as sharply.

"No," he stated, and set the pot away from before him.

The movement was not violent, but there was in it so much poorly restrained force that the china vessel shattered upon striking the table and all the fragrant brown liquid ran over the white cloth. The girl exclaimed in dismay, Mr. Green stared; Stanton only dropped a dollar-bill beside his plate and rose to go.

"I am ready," he signified.

The Mercury camp was a scene of animated preparation, twenty minutes later, when Floyd emerged from the dense press of arriving spectators and gained the inclosure. The assistant manager almost received him in his arms, the rest of the force clustered around. Gay, blithe, triumphant, here, if it wasn't for you," he declared, once.

"I'm awfully bright," Floyd agreed, but he did not smile.

The machines were preparing to go to their stations for the start, Stanton was in his seat at the wheel, when Floyd came over, and leaning against the car, looked up into the driver's face.

"What have I done?" he asked simply.

Both men were still unmasked, their privacy of speech was secured by the uproar around them. Stanton looked grimly back.

"Lied to me. You were not kept away from New York by work with Green, or any other work, for the last two weeks."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Floyd's pallor, he bent his head.

"Yes, I lied to you," he admitted.

Stanton's gauntleted hand closed on his wheel.

"There was no need. Your time was your own, Floyd; I claimed no control over you. I don't know why you did it, to be rid of me for a while, I suppose, but the reason doesn't matter. Last night I thought a good many wild things about you, and your sister, but this morning I've got my grip again. No doubt you had all you could stand of me, I'm not precisely lovable and I would have understood if you had just told me so. But I will have no friend I can't trust all the way. Get in—we will finish this race, and part."

Floyd raised his head and gave to the stern scrutiny his candid gray eyes.

"Stanton, trust me all the way now," he appealed. "Can you do that? Can you take my word that your friendship is the only thing in the world I want? If I deceived you, it was so I could be here to race with you to-day. I will tell you afterward, I can't now."

"You mean—"

Floyd held out his hand.

"I've got everything badly mixed up, but it's clean to offer you, Stanton."

As swiftly impulsive as his condemnation was Stanton's movement as he bent to give the clasp.

"All right," he said curtly. "Get in; I ought to have given you a chance." And as the other obeyed: "I didn't mean to meet you as I did, an hour ago, anyhow; it slipped me."

"They're signaling," warned Mr. Green, hurrying over. "Are you ready? Both of you?"

From his place beside Stanton, Floyd turned a face of incarnate sunshine to the assistant manager, a face so changed in its color and glow and warmth that all who saw drew breath in sheer wonder.

"We're ready," his lilting tones assured. "Don't worry."

Stanton laughed with him, fastening on the mask, and sent the Mercury rolling forward. The world was right once more, and life sane.

It was an exquisite morning; windless, cool, with happy little effects of snowy cloud against a cobalt-blue sky. The October air was a summer-distilled cordial, an ethereal intoxicant. The racers had no time to notice it, yet the effect was there. The speed made on the first laps was record-breaking.

The brown or gray streak of road ahead, the deadly turns, the treacherous smooth hill down which it was so easy to make speed and still more easy to meet disaster—for the first hour Stanton had no attention to spare from these. Moreover, the spectators were massed over the course in many places, recoiling just enough to leave a lane for each car's passage, and so imposing another anxiety upon the drivers who knew the swerve of a foot must bring death to some one.

"Car behind," Floyd's clear accents gave the familiar cautions, from time to time. "He's tryin' to get us before the turn. The Atalanta's head in the dust."

The pace maintained was the fastest at which the Mercury could be held to the road. It was Stanton's way to gain the lead first, when possible, then keep a steady average regardless of his rivals' spurts of speed; unless the race were too short to permit such tactics or the contest too close. Now at the end of the second hour Floyd made the desired announcement, as they shot past the grand-stand and the bulletin boards.

"We're leadin'. The tires have been holdin' fine—look out for them this round."

Stanton moved his head affirmatively, his narrowed eyes unswerving from the line of course ahead. Heeding the advice, he did take the turns more carefully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Divorced From Dead Man

Queer Requirements Made in France That Official Records May Be Completed.

In France, as in some other countries, every citizen has an official history. Not as varied and interesting as his real history, but still important. From this there follow at times quaint consequences. If a woman is married, for example, a wife she remains officially though the husband may be missing.

Consider the case of the painter who went fishing on Anthie bay. He has not since been seen. The body of one man who went with him was washed ashore lifeless. You would call this tolerably convincing proof that his wife had been made a widow. She thought so and in due time she sought to have it recorded in her official history that she was a widow. We are familiar with applications to a court of justice for leave to presume the death of persons who have vanished. But the French judge was not to be so easily persuaded as our courts. The wife was in her official history a wife and there was no certificate to justify her appellation being changed to widow. Without a certificate or reasonable documentary evidence no man obviously ought to die.

There was a way round. The bereaved woman applied for a divorce on the ground of desertion. Since death is beyond dispute the most complete kind of desertion, the court of Montreuil decided that she could not be denied. So the widow is recognized as an independent woman and apparently both the law and she are satisfied. But you will observe that the official history must now record the wife of a dead man as a divorcee, which does not seem very creditable to official history.

Glaciers Caused by Milky Way.

Another suggested cause of glacial periods is that they have been due to the shifting of the milky way, such as is known to have occurred.

Assuming that much of the earth's heat comes from the stars, Dr. Rudolf Spitaler finds that the change of position in relation to the milky way might have given a different distribution of temperature from that existing at the present time. The stars are not only crowded in the region of the milky way but many of them are of the hottest type.

Dreams of Youth.

Son—Oh, father, I should like a Turkish bath.

Father—Ah, my boy, when I was young like you, I too, was romantic.—London Opinion.

Georgia Copper in New York Has Cash in Socks

NEW YORK.—He turned out to be a policeman from Awgustah, Gawgia, but he also closely resembled a walking safety deposit box. He was a money-lined cop all right. He came here several days ago and went to Coney Island.

A postal card found in his pocket, which he had forgotten to mail, read:

"I am having a great time."

Another of a later date had on it: "I am having a h—l of a time."

He came up from Coney the other day, and at 14th street and Broadway he smiled a great deal, danced a bit and was telling a crowd how he was enjoying his stay.

Then he met Patrolman Schwartz of the Mercer street station. He flashed his badge on Schwartz, slapped him on the back and became so friendly that Schwartz affably invited him to come around to the "house" and meet Lieutenant Bauer. The Awgustah cop accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. There he gave his name as Thomas J. Foster.

Bauer said: "I think you had better spend the night here."

"That's real hospitable of you," said the southerner. "I think I'll just do that."

"Perhaps you'd better let us take care of your money," suggested Bauer, giving Schwartz the signal to search him.

"I've got a lot of money, even if I am only an Awgustah cop," he said. But Schwartz, searching his pockets, could only bring forth a $5 bill. It had been thrust far down in the upper outside pocket of his coat.

"Is that all your money?" asked Bauer.

"I got more'n 'at," declared Foster.

Schwartz dug up 74 cents from a trouser pocket.

"Five seventy-four isn't much in New York," commented Bauer.

"I get more'n 'at," announced Foster.

Sure enough, Schwartz found a $20 yellowback pinned to one of his socks.

"More'n 'at," declared Foster.

There was another $20 yellowback in a little pocketbook pinned to the other sock. In the toe of his right shoe was also found a first-class return ticket to Awgustah.

"Got more'n 'at," persisted Foster.

"Where is it—down the back of your neck?" demanded Bauer.

"No, suh. It's in Gawgia in a bank," smiled Foster. "I sho' do appreciate yo' hospitality."

Then he was taken to a cell, charged with intoxication. He expressed himself as quite satisfied and sank swiftly to sleep.

How Mayor Fitzgerald Picked Out the Right Cow

BOSTON, Mass.—Mayor Fitzgerald, Daniel J. McDonald of the city council, Andrew R. Kelley, the state committeeman from ward 20, and a host of others interested in the development of the Suffolk School for Boys in Rainesford island, visited that place the other day.

First, the excellently equipped and managed shoe shop was inspected, then the gymnasium, the dining hall and the tailor shop in order.

The mayor is one who is not given to regretful moods. "To the barn, boys; to the barn," he said. "I want to show you how to milk."

"You don't have to show me," said Committeeman Kelley.

"Nor me," voiced Councilor McDonald.

"Here's a dollar that says that I can show you both," challenged the mayor.

The bets were posted, and then tracks were made for the barn.

"A cow for each," said Superintendent Ryan, adding, "make your choice."

Each of the contestants picked a cow, but as there was but one pail available it was promptly agreed that each in his turn should have one minute.

Committeeman Kelley drew first place, but the cow might have been of wood for all the good it did him.

Councilor McDonald, too, labored industriously until time was called, but, beyond a little moisture on his fingers, had no better luck than the committeeman.

"Just watch the real farmer," said the mayor laughingly, taking the pail and cautiously approaching the cow with a "soo boss, soo boss," he patted her on the hip, the small of the back and then gently began to stroke her foreshoulder as he started "Sweet Adeline," in a cooing tone.

"Nothing like getting the confidence of the cow first, if for nothing more than safety," he explained. He dropped to the low stool, placed the pail tightly between his knees and as his voice swelled with strains of "I Want to Be in Dixie," the milk began to dash against the bottom of the pail with a noise like steam escaping from an exhaust pipe.

The mayor, of course, was declared the winner and as the superintendent was about to pass the money over to him, he remarked:

"It's a shame to take their money. You couldn't lose."

"No," repeated the superintendent, very gravely, "you couldn't lose, because the other two cows are dry—yes, have been so for nearly a month."

The bets were declared off.

Man Has Warrant Sworn Out for His Own Arrest

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—A man fighting with himself, going through all the motions of a regular ringside fistic encounter and angering his "opponent" to such a white hot rage that he finally pulls himself into a police station and requests the sergeant to arrest himself, is the unique form of outdoor sport by which an absent-minded citizen of St. Louis entertained himself the other night.

Samuel Williams of East St. Louis is the man and is declared by the police to be insane. On this particular night Williams was attacked and beaten by a thug. He arrived at Justice Bell's office the next morning much the worse for wear and asked that a warrant be issued for the arrest of a certain person.

"Whom do you want to arrest?" asked the justice, looking Williams over with a scrutinizing eye.

"I want to jail Samuel Williams, that's who," shouted Williams.

"What's the charge?"

"I don't know what to charge him with, but I know what he did to me. He attacked me on the street as I was going home and beat me to a pulp just because when he went through my pockets there was no money to be found."

"And what is your name again, please?" queried the court, with the shadow of a smile.

"It don't make no difference what my name is. I want that man arrested."

Williams shuffled out of the police court and wandered back to his home. A half hour later he was surprised to see two husky bluecoats drive up in a patrol wagon and stop at his door.

"You're under arrest," growled the first cop, seizing Williams roughly. "Come along to the station."

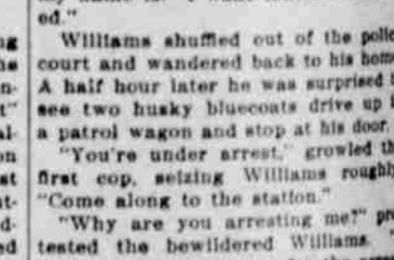
"Why are you arresting me?" protested the bewildered Williams. "I just got out a warrant for the arrest of another man who beat me up last night. Didn't you get him?"

"Come on! Come on!" yelled the second bluecoat. "That kind of stuff don't go in this town. We're too wise for that small town chatter. Get in the wagon and ask no more questions or there'll be trouble."

Williams did as directed and was haled before the justice who signed his own warrant.

Then Williams recalled that he was Samuel Williams and by a mistake had charged himself with disturbing the peace. He was released when he assured the police that any charge that that he had fought with himself was greatly exaggerated and more or less untrue.

Naval Recruits' $20 Bills Cause Money Panic



CHICAGO.—Eighty recruits from the naval training station at Lake Bluff nearly caused a financial panic at Highwood and Highland Park the other day.

The recruits, each bearing a $20 bill received from the naval station, boarded a Chicago and Milwaukee car in the morning. They were all bound for Chicago, from which city they were to leave for their homes on the seven-day furlough. John Hall of Highwood, the conductor, held out a hand invitingly to the first recruit in the car for 35 cents, the fare to Evanston.

The recruit pulled up one trouser leg, unbuttoned the flap of a secret pocket and presented the conductor with a $20 bill.

"Is that the smallest you have?" asked the conductor.

"That's the smallest, the largest and all," said the recruit, "and every one of these eighty men has one just like it."

Hall telephoned to the paymaster of the company, who boarded the train at Highwood with a hand grip full of bills and started to change the big bills into smaller ones. Before he was half way through the car his supply of bills had been exhausted.

When the car reached Highland Park the paymaster hurried to the bank and threw a bundle of twenties to the teller, saying he wanted a lot of ones, twos and fives.

The teller reached into the drawer and before all the twenties had been changed the second time the small bills of the bank were almost gone.

The eighty recruits had completed their course at the naval station and had been granted a seven days' furlough before reporting for duty aboard their respective ships.