



STANTON WINS

ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Author of "The Game and the Candle" "The Flying Mercury" etc.
Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

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 slight 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 train. Floyd makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his 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 asks visit Jessica, and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle just before important race. He is credited for Stanton's car. Floyd is delayed. Floyd traces the tires and brings them to camp.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).
The precaution was justified. On the most dreaded angle of the course came the well-known explosion, immediately followed by a second from the opposite wheel, the Mercury toppled perilously.

Floyd was leaning over the back, unstrapping the extra tires, before Stanton had brought the car to a standstill. The two men were out on the ground together, dragging forth tools. Ringed about by pushing, exclaiming spectators, they worked with quick precision, wasting no time in speech. Dust-wrapped, two big cars sped by them, the red one hanging doggedly at the flank of the white.

"George thinks he's winnin'," said Floyd mockingly. "But he isn't goin' to be." Stanton was on his feet again. "In with the tools," he directed, with brevity.

But the blue-black eyes and gray exchanged one smiling glance before the Mercury sprang forward.

The race began its third hour, as Stanton started out to regain his lost lead. It was noon, a dazzling, breathless noon of azure and gold. Down past the grand stand with his heaving expanse of color and movement they swept again, the joyous applause coming to them across the roar of their own motor, and on between the walls of people into the quieter back stretch in pursuit of their rivals.

There was a bridge, back there, across a shallow running brook shut in by a strip of autumn-tinted woodland. "Car ahead!" Floyd cried suddenly, as they rushed around a curve and bore down on the crossing. "Look out—Stanton!"

In the center of the bridge was a reeling, staggering car, coming to a halt and striving to maintain its equilibrium meanwhile. The chain had broken loose, its driver afterward explained, and was lashing the under-mechanism to scrap metal. Seeing too late to stop his own machine, Stanton took the only chance of saving any of the four lives and tried to twist past the other car on the narrow bridge. Only a master-driver would have attempted the feat; Stanton carried it to the verge of success. They were along side, passing, when the edge of the wooden bridge gave way under the double strain. There was the rip of splintering planks, as the Mercury's outside wheels crushed through the flooring, a shuddering lurch.

"Jump!" Stanton shouted his vain command to Floyd, as they went down. The cool water lapped around his fingers, trickled revilingly across his intolerably painful arm, gurgling like a joyous voice as it passed by him. Slowly, with infinite effort, Stanton dragged himself up upon the other arm, the uninjured right. He must see; that was the imperative cry of brain and heart, to see. It seemed to him years ago that the Mercury had gone off the bridge, yet he knew the time could be but moments, since the ambulance had not come and he was still here.

His vision was clearing. Yes; there, half in the dusky brook, half on the green bank, lay the heap of bent and broken metal that had been the Mercury racing car. And beside it—

When he drove back the faintness that blackened the bright noon, Stanton began to drag his pain-racked body toward what lay beside the Mercury. Movement hurt, but unbearably, yet was a less anguish than thought. For he knew, knew the mechanic seldom escapes.

Floyd lay near the machine, unmarred to outward view except for a cut over his temple and a stain of blood on his lips. His mask and cap were gone, one hand was flung out, palm upward, and the torn sleeve left bare the slim arm crossed by the zigzag scar gained at Lowell. He looked very young and strangely grave, as the sunlight and tree-shadows flickered back and forth across his colorless face and shining bronze waves of hair.

"Floyd," Stanton articulated hoarsely.

"The brook gurgled cheerfully, a belated oriole flashed past a streak of flame. Stanton's head sank back down against his mechanic's inert hand, and the world fell out of knowledge.

CHAPTER XII.

Jess.

It was two weeks later when Ralph Stanton first reopened conscious eyes, this time upon the immaculate dreariness of a hospital room. A linen-clad nurse stood beside him, and at the foot of the bed was a gentleman unmistakably medical.

"Better, Mr. Stanton?" queried the

latter, breezily professional.

"Floyd?" Stanton whispered, with difficulty. "Where is Jess Floyd?"

The doctor surveyed him oddly, hesitating. But the nurse stooped over him, her expression altering to impulsive compassion.

"Well, very well," she assured hastily. "Jess Floyd has gone home. Try to rest; try not to think of things."

He had known the truth before he asked the question. Stanton quietly turned his face to the wall and fainted, being very weak.

In his next conscious interval, he put another demand.

"Miss Floyd? She is alive?"

"Yes, oh yes," the nurse heartily affirmed. "Yes, indeed."

Once more Stanton turned to the wall. Jessica had not died when Jess did, then, according to her prediction; the tie of kinship had not held so far. She was in the little apartment, alone.

Later in the night his steady, silent gaze drew the attendant to his side.

"What is it? You are suffering more?"

"Ask her to stop singing," he begged. "It wasn't my fault. Ask her to stop."

The nurse took a glass from the table.

"There is no one singing, Mr. Stanton, no one at all. Drink this."

"No one? Not out there in the dark?"

"No."

He averted his gaze, and remained mute, unprotesting. After that he never lost memory again; not even in sleep, for he dreamed. Day and night, hour after hour, Jessica's monotonous song beat through his sick brain.

"Oft, in the stillly night—"

His nights were not still, always when he closed his eyes he heard some one sobbing, Jessica Floyd weeping for her brother.

But gradually the last traces of delirium faded out. Slowly his superb health reasserted its dominion and brought Stanton back to normal life. The fractured bones knit, the other injuries healed.

He never spoke Floyd's name a second time. Nor did any one mention it to him. The head of the Mercury Company came out from New York to see him and express cordial sympathy. George, who had driven the Duplex to victory after the Mercury's wreck, came to visit him more than once, a blonde, cheery presence; as did the driver of the machine on the bridge who owned his own life to Stanton's cool fearlessness and skill. Mr. Green brought his fussy condolence. But none of them alluded to Jess Floyd. There was a curious constraint that marked them all, an air of watchfully keeping silent upon some subject constantly present in their minds. Stanton looked them through and



Stanton Surveyed Him With Blank Non-Recognition.

ond time. Nor did any one mention it to him. The head of the Mercury Company came out from New York to see him and express cordial sympathy. George, who had driven the Duplex to victory after the Mercury's wreck, came to visit him more than once, a blonde, cheery presence; as did the driver of the machine on the bridge who owned his own life to Stanton's cool fearlessness and skill. Mr. Green brought his fussy condolence. But none of them alluded to Jess Floyd. There was a curious constraint that marked them all, an air of watchfully keeping silent upon some subject constantly present in their minds. Stanton looked them through and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First of Animal Hospitals

More Than 2,000 Years Ago One Was Established in India, Says an Authority.

The New York women who have opened a free animal dispensary in this city are regarded as pioneers in a good work. As a matter of fact one must go to the Orient and look back more than 2,000 years to find the first animal hospital known.

The famous Buddhist emperor of India, Asoka, whose long reign from 294 to 272 B. C. abounded in many good works, was probably the earliest to establish a hospital for the treatment of animals, says Our Dumb Animals. Asoka was a true humanitarian as well as a most powerful sovereign and although ruling a vast domain became deeply impressed by the horrors of warfare.

He gave up his desire for conquest and the rock inscriptions, which are still extant, record such beneficent edicts of his as the counseling of planting shade trees, the digging of wells, sending out of missionaries, appointment of special officers to super-

through with his hollow blue-black eyes, and asked nothing.

It was two months before he could leave the hospital. Winter had shut in, raw and bleak. The day fixed for his departure, the doctor lingered in bidding him good-by.

"I have not wanted you to be worried, Mr. Stanton," he said brusquely. "Not on any account. But from the fact that your first question was 'Jess Floyd?' I imagine you feel some responsibility in that matter. May I ask where you are going?"

Before the spoken name Stanton winced, but steadily met the other's inquisitive eyes.

"To Miss Floyd," he responded. The doctor held out a hearty hand.

"Good, I was sure of it! A patient shows a lot of his character to his physician. Good luck to you—all kinds."

How did he know of unprotected Jessica Floyd? Stanton wearily pondered the question as he descended to the carriage. Or rather, how did he know of Stanton's feeling of responsibility toward her? The mechanic was supposed to take his chance with the driver. Perhaps delirium had revealed the close bond of friendship between Floyd and himself.

At the railroad station, a tall young man approached him, as the train whistled in the distance.

"My name is Richards," he announced diffidently. "You're hardly on your feet yet, Mr. Stanton; if there is anything I can do for you on the trip into the city, I'd be glad."

Stanton surveyed him with blank non-recognition.

"You don't remember me?" the young man tried again. "Have you forgotten the cub reporter who followed you on the afternoon you were arrested for speeding your machine in Pelham Parkway? You let your companion give me the story."

Stanton put out his hand, the poignant memory unendurable.

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"I gave me my start, it meant a big life for me; and I didn't forget it. I made the accounts of the accident at the Cup race as easy for Miss Floyd as I could, when they came out. There was bound to be some sensationalism."

"Thank you," Stanton made brief acknowledgment. "There is nothing that you can do for me."

The train was hissing at the platform, but the reporter pursued him a step farther.

"You, you'll look after Miss Floyd, Mr. Stanton? That's square?"

The driver turned an amazed resentful glance upon his questioner, his hand on the rail. But, hardly aware why, he answered, however glacially.

"Yes, sir."

The reporter beamed at him, radiant. "I knew it," he called, above the roar and clang of the starting train. "I knew it was all right."

A dull gray sky arched above a

PLUSH MUCH FAVORED

IS SEEN IN ALL EXAMPLES OF THE NEW MILLINERY.

Fad for Huge, Low Hats, With Little Trimming, Seems Likely to Hold Over—Some Charming Color Combinations Seen.

Plush hats have been blossoming plentifully ever since early in August, and now even the fuzziest and warmest are in vogue.

Plush in particular, fairly romps through the new millinery, figuring in every type of hat from the soft little tailored model for street and outing wear to the handsome of big dress hats, and white plush, though lamentably impractical, takes precedence.

"Oh, you can clean it easily with French chalk," the saleswoman says airily—but you can't, and there will be sad sights in connection with those white plush hats a little later when seat and dust have done their worst. While they are clean, however, they are soft and pretty and becoming, and Casandra was a deservedly unpopular woman; so a trace to dire popularity.

There are two kinds of plush, one with thick soft velvet like pile and one with longer nap and a little more of the look of silk beaver. The latter is the one more often used for the dress hat and there is frequently a low plain crown of slightly draped brown or black plush in white associated with a wide brim of black velvet or black satin.

A single great velvet rose white or black may be the only trimming, for the summer hat for huge low hats, little trimmed, seems likely to hold over, but more often the trimming is some fancy feather set at a jaunty angle or a full egret or tail of parakeet, plumes usually and somewhat rakishly posed. Full fluffy trimming effects concealing the hat lines are as little used as they have been during the summer. The line is the thing, and in the small hats, whatever trimming is applied is likely to be narrow and high, while the trimming of the larger hat is usually low and unobtrusive or narrow and ending.

Fashions in Ostrich Plumes.

There are, of course, many exceptions to this rule. Beautifully shaded ostrich plumes set at an angle or around some of the wide brims or around low crowns, but so far few of them stand up in the old-fashioned fashion.

Large tall bows do blur the outlines of some of the hats, but these bows appear most frequently upon medium sized hats, not upon the large shapes, and often the whole hat is of the tulle, with touches of fur to lend

Tea Gowns of Ninon.

Some of the bordered ninons that have been so prevalent during the summer, and were in many quarters appreciably reduced in price during the recent sales, fashion into the daintiest tea gowns under deft manipulation. By a process of mitered corners the borders can be arranged to run up either front, as well as round the hem, while in these days of daintily apparent seams the remainder of the story becomes a mere bagatelle.

Over a basis of soft white satin draped with point de Bruxelles lace there was arranged a sort of tunic coat of rose ninon, bordered with a gold design, a sash of old blue crepe defining the waist of underdress, and only really revealing its presence just in the immediate center front. The ensemble was quite lovely.

Smart Fall Costume.

A lovely little gown for smart afternoon wear, which would be equally useful on autumn days with rich furs, and which bears the unmistakable cachet of everything which emanates from Paris is carried out in satin meoteore, in a pale copper shade, shot with fageolet green, and is encrusted with fancy net and lace embroidered in buff and gray flowers, while it is everywhere edged with little billions of its own material. The corsage is scooped out in deep oval over a vest of black net over white, and there are big cut jet buttons for further decorations, and a great chok of fageolet green and copper silk on one side.

Pretty Hat Scarfs.

For the cutting hats there are to be had "hat scarfs" of Roman ribbon, in soft tones from dark shades to light; these cost \$1.10 to \$1.35, and can be added to any hat at home, giving just the little touch which takes off the shop look. These ribbons are especially excellent for the hats of Panama straw. Another ribbon novelty for the hat is an imported butterfly bow of taffeta. The ribbon is dotted like the wings of a butterfly, and comes with a set of six small pins, which fasten it in butterfly form; a large tinsel "body" comes for the center of the bow. This is all the trimming a simple hat would require.

Swiss Dresses for Tots.

Dresses of dotted swiss are being shown for the small tots. Many of these have insets of Irish laces or a combination of Irish and one of the pretty shadow laces, for even the little folks have more than one kind of lace introduced into their frocks this fall. Some of these swiss dresses are designed along empire lines, while others have the long-waisted effects so becoming to certain types of children. Dainty little sashes are worn with three dresses, or if the mother does not care for those, the frocks may be worn perfectly plain.

Autumn Fashion Notes.

Winter hats will have a choice of blossoms for their adornment in a variety of material and color hitherto unknown in millinery circles. The hues will, of course, be of a more subdued character than the summer ones, and the materials used in the makeup of the flowers will be specially made to suit the weather. Rainproof roses will be seen, and artificial flowers will be created in fabrics immune from the onslaught of fog or snow. In order that the flowers shall have

an appropriate setting there will be a change in the winter hat itself. During the coming autumn a large quantity of black chily hats are to be imported from Italy, and in one quarter it is stated that no fewer than two million dozen of these hats will shortly come on the market.

Synonymous?

First Wife—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Smith?" Second Wife—"Oh, about midnight."

Judge.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

INTERESTING LORE OF HAND

Few Men Can Tell the Truth While Their Hands Remain Open—Some Signs and Symbols.

When a man is not telling the truth he is apt to clench his hands, as few men can lie with their hands open.

A man who holds his thumb tightly within his hand has weak will power. Strong willed persons hold their thumbs outside when shutting their hands.

Shaking hands in greeting was originally an evidence that each person was unarmed.

Among savage tribes when a man holds up hands it is a sign of peace, an evidence that he is unarmed or does not intend to use weapons. An outlaw says, "Hold up your hands!" meaning thereby to make his victim powerless to resist attack.

When a man kisses the hands of a woman he expresses his submission. This is also the idea when kissing the hands of kings. By this act their superiority is acknowledged.

When an oath is taken it is done by raising the right hand, or laying it upon a Bible.

In the consecration of bishops, priests and deacons, and also in confirmation, the laying on of hands is the essence of the sacramental rite.

A bishop gives his blessing with the thumb and first and second fingers. In this the thumb represents God the Father, the first finger stands for God the Holy Ghost, the three together symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

The wedding ring is placed upon the third finger of the woman's hand to show that, after the Trinity, man's love, honor and duty is given to his wife.

Besides the deaf and dumb there are many people, notably of Latin and Semitic races, who talk with their hands.

FISHING POINTERS FOR BOYS

Proper Method of Fastening Line to a Hook is Shown—Some Quite Useful Suggestions.

The drawing shows the proper way to line a hook. This method holds the hook at right angles with the line, and thus keeps it from getting tangled. The best place for sunfish is in a shallow, quiet place by the side of a large stream. After you catch the first one, be very quiet and try to keep your line constantly in the water, for they travel in schools and are easily scared. They will not linger about the same place long unless something to eat is in sight. If

you are pulling them up rapidly just bait the top barb of your hook.

Bullheads abound in weedy places and bite best after a rain, when a west wind is blowing.

Quite a Difference.

Little Bess—What does your father do?

Little Nell—He's a horse doctor.

Little Bess—Oh, dear, I guess I'd better not play with you then. I'm afraid you don't belong to our set.

Little Nell—Why, what does your father do?

Little Bess—He's a vet'nary surgeon.

Considerate of Elmer.

Little Elmer—Papa, you are going to take me to the circus, aren't you?

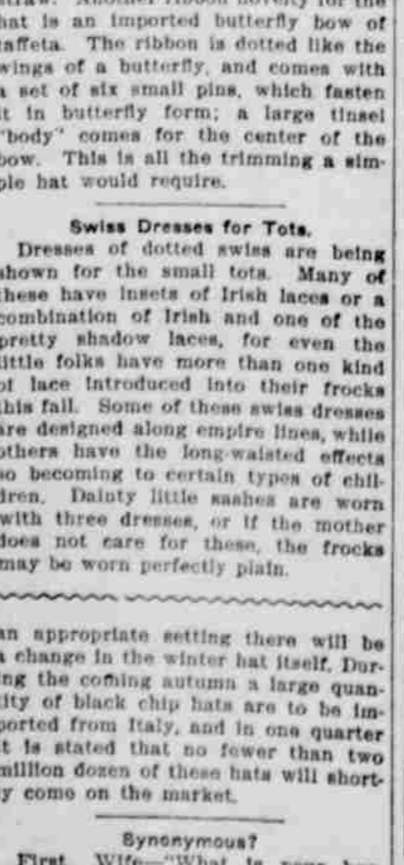
Papa—Yes, if you are a good boy.

Little Elmer—Well, I'll try awfully hard to be good, papa; 'cause if you can't take me you won't have any excuse for going yourself, and I don't want to disappoint you.

Shy on the Ground.

One foggy morning little Clarence looked out of the window and exclaimed: "Oh, look at the sky, mamma! It's lying on the ground."

IN THE CAMP OF THE "CAMP FIRE GIRLS."



On the Estate of Mrs. Thompson Beton, Greenwich, Conn.

A primitive way of making one's toilet. A mirror hung on a cross piece and there you have mildy's dressing room, with the dome of the blue sky over head.

INTEREST IN SOAP BUBBLES

Those Made of Soap Water to Which Glycerine Has Been Added Are Quite Attractive.

Have you ever stopped to think what a really interesting thing a soap bubble is? Soap bubbles are not only interesting to boys and girls, but they have long been a source of wonder and interest to men of science. In fact, scientists have employed soap bubbles in trying to perform certain experiments.

A soap bubble is nothing more than a film of water molecules (tiny particles that cannot be seen with the naked eye), held together by the sticking power of dissolved soap. As most of us know, in making bubbles the bowl of a common clay pipe is dipped into soapy water. The bubble maker blows air into the pipe and the bubble at once expands. While bubbles made of plain soap water are interesting, those made of

When a man is not telling the truth he is apt to clench his hands, as few men can lie with their hands open.

A man who holds his thumb tightly within his hand has weak will power. Strong willed persons hold their thumbs outside when shutting their hands.

Shaking hands in greeting was originally an evidence that each person was unarmed.

Among savage tribes when a man holds up hands it is a sign of peace, an evidence that he is unarmed or does not intend to use weapons. An outlaw says, "Hold up your hands!" meaning thereby to make his victim powerless to resist attack.

When a man kisses the hands of a woman he expresses his submission. This is also the idea when kissing the hands of kings. By this act their superiority is acknowledged.

When an oath is taken it is done by raising the right hand, or laying it upon a Bible.

In the consecration of bishops, priests and deacons, and also in confirmation, the laying on of hands is the essence of the sacramental rite.

A bishop gives his blessing with the thumb and first and second fingers. In this the thumb represents God the Father, the first finger stands for God the Holy Ghost, the three together symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

The wedding ring is placed upon the third finger of the woman's hand to show that, after the Trinity, man's love, honor and duty is given to his wife.

Besides the deaf and dumb there are many people, notably of Latin and Semitic races, who talk with their hands.

FISHING POINTERS FOR BOYS

Proper Method of Fastening Line to a Hook is Shown—Some Quite Useful Suggestions.

The drawing shows the proper way to line a hook. This method holds the hook at right angles with the line, and thus keeps it from getting tangled. The best place for sunfish is in a shallow, quiet place by the side of a large stream. After you catch the first one, be very quiet and try to keep your line constantly in the water, for they travel in schools and are easily scared. They will not linger about the same place long unless something to eat is in sight. If

you are pulling them up rapidly just bait the top barb of your hook.

Bullheads abound in weedy places and bite best after a rain, when a west wind is blowing.

Quite a Difference.

Little Bess—What does your father do?

Little Nell—He's a horse doctor.

Little Bess—Oh, dear, I guess I'd better not play with you then. I'm afraid you don't belong to our set.

Little Nell—Why, what does your father do?

Little Bess—He's a vet'nary surgeon.

Considerate of Elmer.

Little Elmer—Papa, you are going to take me to the circus, aren't you?

Papa—Yes, if you are a good boy.

Little Elmer—Well, I'll try awfully hard to be good, papa; 'cause if you can't take me you won't have any excuse for going yourself, and I don't want to disappoint you.

Shy on the Ground.

One foggy morning little Clarence looked out of the window and exclaimed: "Oh, look at the sky, mamma! It's lying on the ground."

PUZZLES.

How can I get the wine out of a bottle if I have no corkscrew and must not break the glass, or make any hole in it or in the cork?

Answer—Push the cork into the bottle.

A person tells another that he can put something into his right hand, which the other cannot put into his left.

Answer—The last person's left elbow.

How must I draw a circle round a person placed in the center of a room so that he will not be able to jump out of it though his legs should be free?

Answer draw it round his body.

What Made Baby Cry.

"Why, Nettie," said a mother to her small daughter, who had been left in charge of the little brother, "what is baby crying for?"

"I don't know," answered Nettie, "unless it's 'cause he can't think of anything else to do."

Awful Solemn Smell.

It was a church wedding and the church was handsomely decorated with flowers, the air being laden with their fragrance. Little Lola exclaimed in an audible whisper: "Oh, mamma, doesn't it smell awfully solemn is here?"

Pugger and Pugger.

"Mamma," said little four-year-old Frances, "I wish I didn't have a turn-up nose." "I think your nose is pretty, dear," said her mother. "Oh, so, it isn't," rejoined the little miss. "It gets pugger and pugger every day."

Money for Boys.

Boys who like to raise rabbits should write to the U. S. department of agriculture at Washington for Farmers' Bulletin 496, on "Raising Belgian Hares and Other Rabbits."