



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 rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"My father is president of a tire company," she idly remarked. "His tires are being used on some of the cars, the Mercury for one, I believe, and he wanted to watch their testing under use. So, after a dinner engagement we could not escape, we motored down here from the city. You see I have not viewed much of the race. I admit this does not look very perilous and I am a bit disappointed. I," again her short crystal laugh, "I shall hope better things of the famous Stanton; I want to admire him very much. But I am detaining you, and you were leaving! Every thanks for your patience."

"Hardly leaving, since the twenty-four hour race is not six hours old," he corrected briefly. "I am glad to have been of any use to you."

She returned his salute; then, upon the cool impulse of one accustomed to doing as she chose, put her question directly:

"Ah—I am Miss Carlisle; I would like to know who has been good enough to aid me in my ignorance."

"My name is Stanton," he complied, and went on.

From the shelter of the obscurity he looked back. She had taken a step forward into the light and her veil had slipped aside as she gazed after him with an expression of acute and eager interest. She could not have been older than twenty-four or five, with a finely cut, beautiful face framed in waves of fair hair.

Floyd was sitting on a camp-stool outside the tent, chatting with a group of men, when Stanton returned. The rest had brought back the mechanic's color and animation; in fact, he looked ridiculously young and irresponsible. But he sprang up readily at the driver's nod.

"Time?" he asked, his gray eyes like burnished steel.

"Yes," Stanton confirmed. And to the nearest man: "Bring in the car."

There was an obedient commotion. Several men ran to flag the other driver; Floyd caught up goggles and cap, and knelt to tighten a legging strap. As Stanton made his own preparations, Mr. Green hustled up to him.

"We're leading," he reminded superfluously. "There isn't, really, any need for extra fast work, Stanton."

Stanton snapped a buckle, saying nothing.

"I telephoned to the office and told Rupert he needn't come. I told him that you had a new man."

"Well?"

"He said, 'Poor mut.'"

The driver straightened to his full height, his firm dark face locking to bronze inflexibility.

"You had better report his sympathy to Floyd, whom it's meant for," he advised hardily. "I'm not interested. If the company doesn't like the way I drive, let them get some one in my place; but while I do drive the car, I drive, and not Rupert or Floyd, or any one else. I'll neither take risks nor shirk them to order."

The assistant manager choked, speechless. He had no way of knowing why Stanton flashed a sullen glance toward the row of automobiles before the grand-stand, or who was meant by that "any one else." Meanwhile, he was intractable, he was in-subordinate, and he was obstinate—but he was Stanton.

The Mercury rolled in, the two men climbed from their seats, and there was a momentary delay for tank filling. Stanton took his place, experimentally speeding and retarding his motor while he waited for the workmen to finish.

"Stop a minute while I fix the carburetor," requested Floyd, from beside the machine. "It's colder late at night like this. Wait, you've dropped your glove."

Stanton silenced the engine. Something in the fresh voice, the boyish grace of the slight figure, the ready courtesy of the act, stirred him with a strange sensation and pricking shame at his own brutality. "Poor mut," a whisper repeated to his inner ear. When Floyd offered the gauntlet, the other dropped a hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you riding with me because you want the money badly enough to

chance anything," Stanton demanded harshly, "or because you are willing to trust my driving?"

Taken by surprise, open astonishment crossed the younger man's face, but his eyes did not flinch from the ones behind the goggles.

"I think you're the best driver on the track," came the steady answer. "And I'd rather trust myself to your recklessness than to some one else's mistakes, if you want to know. I guess you can steer straight enough for both of us."

Stanton's hand relaxed its hold. "Go fix your carburetor. Yes, I can steer—straight."

Again the blue-black eyes flashed sneering defiance toward the grand-stand; for the moment, Miss Carlisle's hope of witnessing desperate feats by the Mercury car seemed far from realization.

But the Mercury had not circled the mile oval four times when the Duplex, its choked feed-pipe cleared at last, burst from the paddock with its master driver at the wheel and bent on the recovery of lost time. The Mercury was on the back stretch of track, running casually near sixty miles at the moment.

"Car comin'," Floyd cautioned suddenly.

Stanton raised his head, alert a fractional second too late, and his closest rival shot past him, roaring down the white path. It was too much; Floyd and Miss Carlisle sank out of memory together, as Stanton reached for throttle and spark. The Mercury snarled and leaped like a startled cat. The dull period was over.

The Mercury car was slightly the faster, but the Duplex held the inside line, and the difference between the drivers was not in skill so much as in daredevilry. Slower machines kept conservatively out of the way as the dangerous rivals fought out their speed-battle. Three times Stanton hunted the Duplex around the track, gaining on each lap, until the last circuit was made with the cars side by side, a flaming team. The spectators, scanty at this hour before dawn, rose, applauding and cheering, as the two passed again, still clinging together.

But gradually it became evident that Stanton, who held the outside, was steadily crowding the Duplex toward the paddock fence. Nor could the Duplex defend itself from the maneuver which must ultimately force it to fall behind at one of the turns or accept destruction by collision. The machines were so close that a swerve on the part of either, the blow-out of a tire or a catch in the ruts cut in the track at certain points, meant ungentle death. Mercilessly, gradually, Stanton pressed his perilous advantage. And at the crucial moment he heard a low, exultant laugh.

"Cut him closer!" urged his mechanic's eager, excited accents at his ear. "We'll get him on this turn—he's weakenin'—Cut him close!"

The comrade triumph came to Stanton as an unaccustomed cordial. They were passing the grand-stand, just ahead lay the worst curve.

It was partly reputation which won. If the Duplex had held firm, the Mercury must in self-preservation have yielded room. But the driver knew Stanton, guessed him capable of wrecking both by obstinate persistence in attack, and dared not meet the issue. There came the gun-like reports of a shut-off motor, the Duplex slackened its furious pace, and Stanton hurtled past him on the turn itself, lurching across the ruts, and led the way down the track.

The witnesses in stands and paddock went frantic. Floyd pumped oil. Stanton snatched a glance at the miniature watch strapped on his wrist, over his glove, and slightly reduced speed. The maneuver had been successful, but the driver knew that it might have called down upon him the judges' just censure and have sent him from the track, disqualified.

The number of laps steadily grew on the bulletin register. A faint, dull light overspread the sky, the fore-runner of the early summer dawn. At four o'clock the Mercury unexpectedly blew out a tire, reeling across to the fence line from the shock and the jar of sharply applied brakes. Stanton said something, and sent his car limping cautiously around to the camp where its repairers stood ready.

Floyd slid out of his hard, narrow seat rather stiffly. The cold grayness was bright enough now to show the streaks of grimy dust and oil wherever the masks had failed to protect the men's faces, and the effects of fa-

igue and strain of watching. Stanton looked for the inevitable pitcher of water, but found himself confronted instead with a grinning, admiringly awed messenger boy who held out a cluster of heavy purple flowers.

"What?" marveled the disgusted driver. "What idiotic trick—" "For Mr. Stanton, sir," deferentially insisted the boy; who would have addressed the president as "bo," and gibed at the czar.

Stanton caught the blossoms roughly, anticipating a practical joke from some fun-loving fellow-competitor, and saw a white card dangling by a bit of ribbon.

"Thank you," he read in careless penciling. "I have no laurel wreaths here, so send the victor of the hour my corsage bouquet."

She had had the imprudence, or the cool disregard of comment, to use one of her own cards. Valerie Atherton Carlisle, the name was engraved across the heavy pasteboard.

She had thought that wild duel with the Duplex was an exhibition given for her, that at her wanton whim he had jeopardized four lives, one his own. With a strong exclamation of contempt Stanton moved to fling the flowers aside to the path before the Mercury's wheels, then checked himself, remembering appearances. The orchids curled limply around his warm fingers; suddenly the magnificent arrogance of this girl struck him with angry humor, and he laughed shortly.

"Throw them in the tent, Blake," he requested, tossing the bouquet to one of the men. "They'll wither fast enough."

The new tire was on. As Stanton turned to his machine, after tearing the card to unreadable fragments, he saw Floyd watching him with curious intentness.

A raw, wet mist had commenced to roll in from the near-by ocean. The promise of dawn was recalled, a dull obscurity closed over the motordrome, leaving even the search-lighted path dim. The cars rushed on steadily.

The night had been singularly free from accidents. Only one machine had been actually wrecked, although three had been withdrawn from the contest. The officials in the judges' stand were congratulating one another, at the moment when the second disaster occurred.

The mist had grown thicker, in the lights a dazzling silver curtain before men's eyes, and the track had been worn to deep grooves at the turns. The Mercury was sweeping past the grand-stand, when one of the two slower cars, being overtaken, slipped its driver's control, caught in a foot-deep rut, and swerved crashing into the machine next it. Twice over it rolled, splintering sickeningly, but flinging both of its men clear of the wreck. The car struck, plunged on around the curve into the mist, apparently unhurt.

Out across the damp dusk pierced the shriek of the klaxon, mingled with the cry of the people and the tinkle of the hospital telephone. Stanton, swinging wide to avoid the pitiful wreckage, kept on his course.

"Stop!" Floyd shouted imperatively beside him. "Stop, Stanton, stop!"

Stanton sped on, disregarding what he supposed was a novice's nervous sympathy. He could not aid the stunned men lying on the track, and one glance had told him that they could be safely passed; as indeed they had been.

"Stop!" the command rang again; and as Stanton merely shook his



"For Mr. Stanton," the Boy Insisted.

head with impatient annoyance, the mechanician swiftly stooped forward.

The motor slackened oddly. Before the astounded driver had time to grasp the situation, the power died from under his hands and the car was only carried forward by its own momentum. Automatically he jammed down the brakes and turned in his seat to confront his companion in a wrathful amazement choking speech. Floyd faced him, even his lips white beneath his mask, but with steadfast eyes.

"I know," he forestalled the tempest. "You've got the right to put me off the car—I threw your switch. I've got nothing to say. But the mist lifted and I saw what lay ahead."

What lay ahead? The klaxon was shrieking madly, from all around the track came the sound of halting cars. The rising wind pushed along the fog walls again, and they opened to reveal the second machine of the late accident, not twenty-five feet ahead, a

tilted, motionless heap. After the collision it had staggered this far, to go down with a broken rear axle and two lost rear wheels. Its men were still in their seats unhurt.

There was an instant of silence. The avoided disaster was no excuse for the mechanician's interference, nor did Floyd offer it as such, well aware that his driver was perfectly justified in any course he chose to take. There can be but one pilot at any wheel.

"Since I suppose you are not equal to cranking a ninety Mercury, you had better fix the spark and gas while I start it," dryly suggested Stanton. "And—never do that again."

He stepped out and went to the front of his car, seizing the crank and starting the big motor with an exertion of superb strength which would indeed have been impossible to the slender Floyd. When he retook his seat, the mechanician made his equally laconic apology and acknowledgment of error.

"I never will," Floyd gave his word. The wind shook the mist more strongly, streamers of pink and gold trembled across the sky. The day had commenced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GAVE OF SURPLUS WEALTH

Rich Men In Other Days Lavish in Their Donations to Their Favorite Cities.

"Many a man who has inherited millions," once said Frederic Harrison, "is gnawed with envy as he watches a practical man turning an honest penny. How he would like to earn an honest penny! He never did; he never will; and he feels like a dyspeptic invalid watching a hearty beggar enjoying a bone or a crust. Many a rich man is capable of better things; but he does not know how to begin!" The ancient law suggests a restoration of the liturgies, the public services of rich men as they were organized in the model Greek republics. "At Athens the liturgies were legal and constitutional offices imposed periodically and according to a regular order by each local community on citizens rated as having capital of more than a given amount. . . . It always remained a public office, a duty to be filled by taste, skill, personal effort and public spirit. Rich men contended for the office. The chief ambition of a rich man came to be that of making splendid gifts to his fellow citizens, and theaters, stadiums, colonnades, aqueducts, gardens, libraries, museums, pictures, statues—all were showered upon favorite cities by wealthy men who possessed or coveted the name of citizen." A few multimillionaires in our American republic have made public benefactions. May their tribe increase! The gift of a public hospital or a school building is always in order.—The Christian Herald.

Ruins of Immense Age.

Prof. Hiram Bingham, director of the Yale expedition to Peru, reports among the archaeological discoveries a number of Inca or pre-Inca cities, including Macchu Pichu, a city probably built by the "megalithic race" which preceded the Incas. The ruins are on an almost inaccessible ridge, two thousand feet above the Urubamba river. They are of great beauty and magnificence, and include palaces, baths, temples and about 150 houses. Carefully cut blocks of white granite, some of them twelve feet long, were used in the construction of the walls.

Fireman's Unique Wedding.

A fireman's wedding in a burnt-out church is certainly something of a novelty. Such a wedding has just taken place in the chancel of St. George's, Leicester, the greater part of the building having been destroyed by fire last year. It was the first fireman's wedding in Leicester, and the bridegroom's colleague, formed a guard of honor and arranged an arch of axes, etc., under which the bride and bridegroom passed out after the ceremony. Fireman Sturges, the bridegroom, was among those who fought the flames at St. George's last October.—London Tit Bits.

Gift Declined.

The wayfarer asked for old clothes. "I have none," said the head of the house.

"Not even an old pair of shoes?"

"No; but here is an old automobile you may have."

"Thanks, boss, but I have enough trouble supplying my own wants, without begging gasoline from door to door."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Leaning Tower's Secret.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is in no danger of falling. For over eight hundred years it has been inclined to one side, but it is said to be as safe today as when it was built. This is because the workmen found it settling to one side while they were erecting it, so the tower was made accordingly.

Just So.

"The bridegroom is a pleasant man—he has that certain something—" "I'd rather have a man with some thing certain."—Satire.

BABIES SOLD FOR \$5.00

CINCINNATI INVESTIGATOR SAYS CHILDREN FIND A MARKET.

Declares Infants Supposed to Be Dead Are Disposed of Outright Through "Farms"—Each Establishment Has Woman Agent.

Cincinnati.—Discovery of the alleged wholesale selling of babies at prices ranging from \$5 to \$100 is the latest development in the war on baby "farms," headed by R. A. Longman, of the Children's Home, last year's president of the state conference of charities.

Information in the case of Nora Davis appeared to show that her baby, which had been born in a hospital, was not dead as she had been notified, but sold. Habeas corpus papers have been drawn up to gain possession of the child.

For a long time the mother believed her baby was dead. She says she was told so at the maternity home. The habeas corpus suit will be directed against the woman conducting the place. The mother has reason now to believe that the child did not die, but was disposed of through a baby "farm" operated by a negro woman.

The girl's case will be used in opening a war against baby farms, Longman declared. The mother will be backed by the Children's Home and the health department. Longman and Health Officer Landis have been making a secret investigation for weeks.

"There are three baby 'farms' in Cincinnati that we know of," Longman said. "Our efforts will be directed against their operation."

Babies are sold outright through these "farms" it is declared. Each of the establishments has a woman agent who goes about the country. In small towns she advertises that she has orphan children "for sale." She never has any trouble of meeting buyers.

No less than twenty babies, born in Cincinnati maternity homes, have been disposed of in this way, Longman says.

The mother who is to sue says the only sight she ever had of her baby was when the cover of the bed was pulled back and some one said, "look!" She looked just once at the little face, and then, she says, someone else took the child away to be buried, they told her.

Attorney Eugene Adler, who was the author of a legislative bill to regulate baby "farms," will conduct the case of the mother.

CONVICT'S HEAD TO SCIENCE

Life Prisoner in Nebraska State Penitentiary Makes Will Leaving Brain to Doctor.

Lincoln, Neb.—Charles Marly, the Knoxville, Mo., convict recently given a life sentence for murdering Warden Delahanty of the state penitentiary, has made a will in which he bequeathes his head and brains to Dr. M. G. Welch, the assistant prison physician. Marly carries a bullet in his head, received in a fight in Kansas City a few years ago, and it is for the advancement of science that he desires Dr. Welch to have his head. The will follows:

LANCASTER, Neb., May 20, 1912.—to Whom it may concern—this is to certify that I the under signed, Chas. A. Marly, being of sound mind does on this the 20th day of May (1912) Will and Bequeath to one M. Gifford Welch M. D. my head and brains after death on conditions that he the said M. Gifford Welch remove the Bullet from the Brains and dissect the said Brain the knowledge gained therein to be used for the Benefit of the medical profession and the advancement of the same. Witness my signature, Chas. A. Marly.

While Marly was waiting to hear the verdict of the jury he told the doctor that if he was hanged he wanted the doctor to have his head and cut it up to find out how the bullet affected him. After he saw the doctor, when the jury had fixed his punishment at life imprisonment, he said:

"Cheer up, doc; I'll write out my will anyway."

A few days ago he made his will.

"I used to know something about law," Marly said, "and I have been careful to put in this legal phraseology. How did I get that bullet in my head? A man in Kansas City had a quarrel with a friend of mine, and one day as I was walking on the street he shot me. I don't know whether he mistook me for the other fellow or whether he had a grudge against me. The bullet hit me in the eyebrow. It split. One piece lodged under my right eye and the other near the back of the right ear, and both pieces are there yet. I lost the sight of my right eye and am still blind in it. But I don't expect to die very soon."

Cat in Box Seat.

New York.—Wearing a crown and an ermine robe and eating cakes between acts, King Edward VIII., a cat occupied a box seat in the Republic theater with Mrs. Alfred Brooks.