

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By **Clifford M. Ingram**

Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Illustrations by **Frederic Thorburn**

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CHAPTER I.

The Man Who Dared.

The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness. "What?" he shouted, above the pulsing roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grandstand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

"The mechanician of the Mercury is off his car!"

"Fainted—"

"Fell—"

"The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick."

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon.

"Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanician just dropped off his seat, dead."

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement.

"My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wine of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skillful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch.

Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green meadow.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "9, Mercury."

"Durand's down and out—give me another man," called Stanton, halting his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanicians. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?"

For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes, a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice that," eagerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile we'll send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line. "Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—"

two hundred dollars for a man to ride the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton. The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illumination around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, warning, summoning.

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton—"

Some one was running toward them, some one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go."

"Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up. "Why, it's a boy!"

"Floyd," Mr. Green hailed hysterically. "You'll go?"

"I'll go," assured Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stanton.

"You? You couldn't crank a taxicab," flung the racer, brutal with disappointment and wrath. "You'd go? A boy?"

"I'm as old as the driver of the Slinger car, and scant five years younger than you—I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort. "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?"

Met on his own tone, Stanton gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your own clothes?" he demanded savagely. "Are you going to race like that? Jump, you useless cowards there—can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some one."

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell jingled madly. "Yes Floyd is one of our new factory

dancing behind the goggles, the red young mouth smiling below the mask, the shining young curls which the cap failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went forward.

"The talking done while I'm up, is done by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Remember."

"Don't you ever need a rest?" queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed them again without speaking. His trained glance went to sweep his opponents, gauging their relative positions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. The successive flashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was suffocating with the exhaust gasoline and acetylene fumes. It was as familiar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitation of the coast; the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to acknowledge him.

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grandstand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve." There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the bearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.

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ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE—Services and sermon at 4 p. m. every Sunday. Sunday School at 3:30 a. m. Communion service on second Sunday of each month. Dr. Van Water and Rev. Oswald W. Taylor.

LENTS BAPTIST CHURCH—First Avenue, near Foster Road. Rev. J. N. Nelson, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING—Held every Sunday at 10:00 a. m. and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Finland avenue. Rev. B. H. Nystrom, pastor.

SWEDISH METHODIST CHURCH, ANABEL—Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m. Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 8 p. m. Scandinavian people cordially invited and welcome.

GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS—Preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Alliance every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting and Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music. All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.

LENTS FRIENDS CHURCH—South Main St. Sabbath School 10:00 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Evangelistic service 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Myra B. Smith, pastor.

LENTS M. E. CHURCH—Corner of 7th Ave. and Gordon St. Sunday School 10:00 a. m. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening of each week. All most cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—62nd Ave. 69th St. E. Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Service 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Lynn, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor. Residence 692 1-2 Lovejoy St. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Morning Worship 11 a. m.

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GRANGE DIRECTORY

(Granges are requested to send to The Herald information so that a brief card can be run free under this heading. Send place, day and hour of meeting.)

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE, No. 348
Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. m. and fourth Saturday at 10:30 a. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE—Meets the first Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. and third Saturday at 10 a. m.

MULTNOMAH GRANGE, NO. 71—Meets the fourth Saturday in every month at 10:30 a. m. in Grange hall, Orient.

FAIRVIEW GRANGE—Meets first Saturday and the third Friday of each month.

RUSSELLVILLE GRANGE, NO. 338—Meets in the schoolhouse the third Saturday of each month.

EVENING STAR GRANGE—Meets in their hall at South Mount Tabor on the first Saturday of each month at 10 a. m. All visitors are welcome.

GRESHAM GRANGE—Meets second Saturday in each month at 10:30 a. m.

DAMASCUS GRANGE, NO. 260—Meets first Saturday each month.

LENTS GRANGE—Meets second Saturday of each month at 10:30 a. m.

CLACKAMAS GRANGE, NO. 298—Meets the first Saturday in the month at 10:30 a. m. and the third Saturday at 7:30 p. m.

SANDY GRANGE, No. 292—Meets second Saturday of each month at 10 o'clock a. m.

COLUMBIA GRANGE, NO. 307—Meets in all day session first Saturday in each month in Grange hall near Corbett at 10 a. m.

RAILROAD TIME CARD

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Phone A 6541, Main 6681
Leaves 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:55 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

OREGON WASHINGTON SEATTLE
Phone A 6121, Private 61
Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
Arrives 6:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m.

PENDLETON LOCAL
Leaves 7:30 a. m., arrives 5:30 a. m.

THE DALLAS LOCAL
Leaves 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:00 a. m.

OVERLAND
Leaves 10:00 a. m., 8:00 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:50 p. m.

SPOKANE
Leaves 9:00 p. m., arrives 11:45 a. m.

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Leaves 8:30 a. m., arrives 9:30 p. m.

ROSEBURG
Leaves 8:30 p. m., arrives 4:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA TRAINS
Leave at 1:30 a. m., 5:50 p. m., 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 2:30 p. m.

WEST SIDE
Corvallis, leave 7:20 a. m., arrive 6:20 p. m.
Hillsboro, leave 7:30 a. m., arrive 5:45 a. m., 6:20 p. m., 8:40 p. m.
Arrive 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:10 p. m.

JEFFERSON STREET
Dallas, leaves 7:40 a. m., arrives 5:45 p. m.

UNION DEPOT
Dallas, leaves 4:10 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.

SHERIDEN—UNION DEPOT
Leaves at 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.

TILLAMOOK
Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, leave Tillamook 4:25; leaves Tillamook 7:30 a. m., Hillsboro 11:40 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m.

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ASTORIA AND SEASIDE
Leaves 8:00 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 2:00 p. m. Sat., 6:30 p. m., arrives 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m. Mon., 5:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

RANIER LOCAL
Leaves 1:00 p. m., 5:45 p. m., arrives 9:45 a. m., 5:15 p. m.

LYLE-GOLDENDALE
Leaves 9:35 a. m., arrives 5:30 p. m.

SPOKANE EXPRESS
Leaves 9:55 a. m., 7:00 p. m., arrives 8:10 a. m., 7:45 p. m.

COLUMBIA LOCAL
Leaves 5:30 p. m., arrives 9:55 a. m.

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