

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram
Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.
Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

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At the beginning of great automobile races the mechanism 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.

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 replied, 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 mechanism'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 harshly. "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 daredeviltry. 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 closer!"

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 nothing.

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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, plumed on around the curve into the mist, apparently un hurt.

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 head with impatient annoyance, the mechanic 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 un hurt.

There was an instant of silence. The avoided disaster was no excuse for the mechanic'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 mechanic 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)

Humor of Artemus Ward.

Some years ago the real scream in cachinnation was Artemus Ward. Our fathers were wont to read the witticisms of this great humorist and laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks. As an example of how funny Artemus could be when he tried, take this extract from his letter on Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, alleged to have been written in Richmond:

"Jeff. Davis is not popular here. She is regarded as a southern sympathizer, & yet I'm told he was kind to his parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduct has been. Her captor in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of his as her and as frequent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so himself."

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Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:30.
German School Saturday at 1:30.

CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor
Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:30.
German School, Saturday.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—WOODMERE
—Services and sermons at 4 p. m., every Sunday.
Sunday School at 11:30 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 10:30 a. m. and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Fifth avenues. Rev. B. S. Nyström, pastor.
SWEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, 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. Carl H. Bi. pastor.

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

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

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

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor. Residence 6921-3 Lenoxy St. Service Sunday 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship 11 a. m.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH—Saturday Sabbath School 10 A M. Saturday Preaching 11 A M. Sunday Preaching 8:00 P M. All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence 98 East 4th St. Phone Tabor 3621.

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. 248 Meets second Saturday of each month, and fourth Saturday at 10:30 a. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE—Meets 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. 888—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. 287—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 6511, Mail 9681

Leaves 7:15 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 2:20 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:00 a. m., 3:20 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

OREGON-WASHINGTON-SEATTLE

Phone A 6121, Private ex. 1

Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
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PENDELTON LOCAL

Leaves 7:50 a. m., arrives 5:30 a. m.

THE DALLES LOCAL

Leaves 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:00 a. m.

OVERLAND

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

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Leaves 2:50 p. m., arrives 4:00 p. m.

CALIFORNIA TRAINS

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

WEST SIDE

Corvallis, leave 7:30 a. m., arrive 6:30 p. m.
Hillsboro, leaves 7:30 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m.
Arrive 8:00 a. m., 10:20 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.

SHERIDAN-UNION DEPOT

Leaves at 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.

TILLAMOOK

Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, 10:00 Tillamook 4:45; leaves Tillamook 7:50 a. m., Hillsboro 1:40 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m.

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Leaves 8:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 2:00 p. m. Sat. 6:30 p. m., arrives 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m. Mon., 9:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

KANIER LOCAL

Leaves 1:00 p. m., 5:45 p. m., arrives 9:45 a. m., 6:15 p. m.

LYLE-GOLDENDALE

Leaves 9:25 a. m., arrives 5:30 p. m.

SPOKANE EXPRESS

Leaves 9:55 a. m., 7:30 p. m., arrives 8:10 a. m., 7:40 p. m.

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