

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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

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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. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Neither are you," he countered. "Nor it wouldn't be of any importance if we were, but we are not. I'm not asking you why you are working with your hands instead of your head, and I suppose you are not asking me. Who cares?"

"No one," dryly agreed Stanton. "But I can tell you that I am doing this to make money, and make it quick, and I would much prefer breaking my neck to living in the ruck of poverty. They are calling our train; you had better come."

"I'm supposed to keep in touch with Mr. Green," Floyd observed, gathering up his magazine with cheerful nonchalance. "He is worrying about me most of the time, for fear I'll lose my nerve and desert."

Which was not precisely what was worrying the assistant manager of the Mercury company, and perhaps Stanton of the rough temper knew it.

"I fancy your nerve will hold out, if your patience does," was his reply. "Patience is supposed to be a woman's art," doubted Floyd. "But I'll try to acquire it."

Stanton laughed briefly.

"I wouldn't give much for your chance of success, in that case. If I ever find a woman who will ride with me as you do, I will—marry her."

"Oh, no, you will not," contradicted the other, searching his pockets for a missing glove. "You will marry a Fluffy Ruffie who will faint if you exceed the eight-mile-an-hour speed limit. And then you will quit racing and be spoiled for the Mercury Company, and all its rival manufacturers will chant for joy: 'A young man married is a young man married.'"

It was so long since any one had cared to talk nonsense to Stanton, not to mention airily teasing him, that he caught his breath in sheer astonishment. And then a tingling, human warmth and sense of comradeship succeeded. It was as if he had been living in a lonely, silent room, when unexpectedly some one opened the door and entered.

"I'm too busy," he retorted only, but his tone conveyed no rebuke.

They walked on down the room and out into the train shed. They were almost at the train itself, when Floyd stopped.

"Some one is calling you," he signaled.

Stanton turned, and found a panting, black-gowned young woman behind him.

"My mistress bade me ask you to wait, sir," she apologized.

"Your mistress?"

She stepped aside, and he saw a tall, fair-haired girl, gowned with finished richness in a motor costume of pale-tan silk, who advanced with leisurely grace toward them.

"Miss Carlisle, sir," supplemented the maid.

"There is no need for you to go," Stanton checked, as Floyd moved to continue on his way. "Stay here."

He was obeyed without comment. The maid respectfully withdrew a few paces, when her mistress came up.

"What a place to meet a man of gasolene!" greeted Valerie Carlisle, in her low, assured tones. "Or are you also in distress, Mr. Stanton, and forced to prosaic train travel?"

Her manner was that of one meeting an ordinary acquaintance, she held out her hand, in its miniature tan gauntlet, with perfect ease. No one could have guessed how unconventional and slight had been their introduction.

"I am going to Massachusetts," Stanton answered as composure.

"To Massachusetts? But so are we! At least, we had everything arranged to motor out to our country place, until twenty minutes ago our chauffeur was taken violently ill. Now I suppose we must go by train—she broke the sentence, her large brown eyes sweeping Floyd with a deliberate question and scrutiny.

"Miss Carlisle, Mr. Floyd, whom you saw beside for many hours at the Beach motordrome," Stanton made the presentation.

Her face cleared swiftly, he could have said it was relief which shot across her expression.

"Your mechanic? Is it possible? You also are going to Lowell, Mr. Floyd?"

"Yes, since my next work is there," Floyd replied, unsmiling and laconic.

It was evident he and Miss Carlisle disliked each other at sight. She turned from him indifferently. "Mr. Stanton, I am going to make you a selfish invitation. Our place is about seventy-five miles from New York; will you not try our new motor car and give me the honor of being driven there by you? You could go on to Lowell with us to-morrow morning, or, if you insisted, finish the journey by train after dinner."

Amazed, Stanton looked at her. Once again he mentally asked himself what she could want of him.

"Thank you; I have arranged to take this train," he declined.

"Decidedly?"

"Decidedly, Miss Carlisle."

She bent her head, patting her small tan shoe on the platform. She was even more handsome than his night glimpse of her had shown, with an ivory-tinted, cultivated beauty whose one defect was coldness.

"Of course, I can not urge you," she slowly rejoined. "But stroll back to the depot with me, pray; I had something to say."

"My train," he began.

"Is my train also, since you will not take me in the motor-car. We have time enough; I inquired of the conductor, a moment ago."

Floyd bowed and stepped aboard the train, leaving the two to walk back together, followed by the maid.

"I wanted to ask you of the race," Miss Carlisle said, when they were quite at the end of the long platform. The speech remained unfinished. There was a shouted order, the cough of the locomotive mingled with the ring and jangle of tightening couplings, and the Lowell express pulled out of the shed. Stanton wheeled with an ejaculation, but halted without attempting useless pursuit.

"How very unfortunate!" murmured Miss Carlisle, putting aside her tan silk veils. "How very stupid of the conductor!"

Stanton turned from the departing train to the tranquilly regretful girl, his straight dark brows knitting. For the instant he could have been certain that she had done this intentionally and by a pre-arranged plan. But at once reason reclaimed him; he recalled her breeding, her father's high position and wealth, her composed worldliness, and ridiculed himself.

"Since I have made you miss your train, and missed my own, I can only repeat my former suggestion," she added, as he did not speak. "Why should you not come with my father and me in our car? It is only a three or four hour trip, and you will be so much nearer Lowell, at least. I am

"It is a good car," he agreed conservatively; privately he considered it both too high and too heavy for racing work.

"Only that? You say only that? But wait, you have not driven it. When papa comes we can start."

Mr. Carlisle was coming; a spare, nervous gentleman who wore glasses set on a Roman nose, from which they slipped monotonously. He and Stanton had once met at the Mercury office, where one was arranging for a tire contract, and the other was signing an agreement to drive for the season. They recognized each other now, while Miss Carlisle concisely outlined the situation.

"A most astonishing affair," commented her father. "Very kind of you, Mr. Stanton, indeed. These railroad men are careless. Valerie—"

Miss Carlisle declined the invitation to enter the tonneau.

"I shall ride beside Mr. Stanton," she announced. "I wish to see expert driving at close range, for once."

"Ah?" queried Stanton; suddenly the conviction that she had done this purposely flared up anew, and with it his anger. She would have a racing driver for her chauffeur? Very well. He swung into the seat.

Until they were out of the city, he drove with a wise obedience to traffic regulations. But when the country line was reached, Stanton stopped the car, donned a small pair of goggles from his overcoat pocket, and passed his hat back to Mr. Carlisle's care.

"I am sorry I had no time to get into motor clothes," he observed, a little too pleasantly. "Still we will manage."

They made the next ten miles in ten minutes, having a fair road. Then rough hills and villages somewhat lowered their pace. It was a dizzying rush through a gale of wind, a birdlike cleaving of the summer air, accompanied by the weird howl of the electric horn upon which Stanton kept a finger much of the time, a vision of scattering wagons.

There was a curious circumstance. Valerie Carlisle literally covered in her seat, pale, shivering, usually with her eyes shut. Yet she, the imperious demagogue of her own way, uttered no remonstrance, although faintly crying out once or twice when they slid by some obvious danger of cliff or road. Stanton saw, from the corner of his eye, and speculated as he drove.

"Do you think this is safe?" Mr. Carlisle found an opportunity to urge.

"I think so, if nothing breaks," Stanton called back, twisting the car around a load of hay.



He Drove With a Wise Obedience to Traffic Regulations.

sorry our chauffeur is ill, so I am forced to ask you to drive. Of course, if you fear tiring yourself for a race day after tomorrow—"

Stanton started to speak, then abruptly shrugged his shoulders. After all, why not?

"Thank you," he returned. "I scarcely think a seventy-five mile run will incapacitate me."

"You will come?" Her amber eyes gleamed vividly. "You are too good. Let us find my father and the car. It is at least a car worthy of you—a better than the Mercury, I confess to thinking."

"A foreign machine?"

"No, an Atlanta Six. Martha, find papa in the station and ask him to come out to the car."

They emerged by a side exit into the noisy, dirty, sunny New York street.

"Is it not well designed, well swung?" she challenged. "It is fast on the race track—you know that. Is it not handsome?"

She spoke eagerly, with more animation than he had yet seen in her. Stanton ran a careless glance over the big, tan-colored automobile standing by the curb.

They reached their destination in two hours and ten minutes. When they entered the village limits and the speed fell to fifteen miles an hour, Mr. Carlisle slowly revived, and regained his breath and his glasses. His daughter released her grasp of the seat, raised a shaking hand to touch veils and bonnet, then passed a handkerchief across her dry lips and looked up at the man beside her.

"How do you like the car?" she asked.

Stanton surveyed her, almost surprised into compunction.

"It hasn't the Mercury's pull, to be perfectly frank," he answered. "It is a trifle heavy and less lively. But it is a fine machine, and of course you do not want to race with it."

"Of course I do not want to race with it," she slowly assented, and averted her face from him, watching the streets.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Host, pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:00. German School Saturday at 1:30.

CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Host, pastor Sunday School at 10:00. Service at 11:00. German School, Saturday 1:30.

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 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Fifth avenue. Rev. B. S. Nystrom, pastor.

SWEDISH BETHANIAN CHAPEL, ANABEL—Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m. Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 4 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 at 8 p. m. Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, 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 service 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Myra E. Smith, pastor.

LENTS M. E. CHURCH—Corner of 4th Ave. and Gordon St. Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Epworth League 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening of each week. All most cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—42nd Ave. 69th 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 6921-2 Lovejoy St. Services: Sunday School 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, Oregon.

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

RUSSELLVILLE GRANGE, No. 353—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.

CLACKAMAN 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. 367—Meets in all day session first Saturday in each month in grange hall near Corbett at 10 a. m.

RAILROAD TIME CARD

UNION DEPOT, NORTHERN PACIFIC
Phone A 6541, Main 6681

Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:00 a. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:50 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

OREGON-WASHINGTON-SEATTLE
Phone A 4121, Private ex. 1

Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 3:50 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 7:50 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., 8:00 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:30 p. m.

SPOKANE
Leaves 9:03 p. m., arrives 11:45 a. m.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC
WILLAMETTE LIMITED
Leaves 5:15 p. m., arrives 11:15 a. m.

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

ROSEBURG
Leaves 3:50 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 7:20 a. m., arrive 6:20 p. m.
Hillsboro, leaves 7:20 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 6:20 p. m., 5:40 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.

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

TILLAMOOK
Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, 10:00 Tillamook 4:35; leaves Tillamook 7:30 a. m., Hillsboro 1:40 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m.

NORTH BANK
Phone A 6551, Marshall 920

ANTORIA AND SEASIDE
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.

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

LYLE-GOLDENDALE
Leaves 9:55 a. m., arrives 5:30 p. m.

SPOKANE EXPRESS
Leaves 9:55 a. m., 7:30 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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Leaving at 6:15 7:35, 8:40, 10:49; 1:50, 3:40, 6:15, 9:15

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Leaves 6:40, 8:10, 10:30, 1:00, 4:50, 5:40, 8:15, 11:15
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Gresham, Troutdale, leaves at 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45 p. m.

Vancouver, station Washington and Second
6:15, 6:50, 7:25, 8:00, 8:35, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:50 a. m., 12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:10, 3:50, 4:30, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30, 7:05, 7:40, 8:15, 8:50, 9:25, 10:00, 11:45.