

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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

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At the beginning of the great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, 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 the race, Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and Stanton 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 track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin 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.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).
"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaped forward.
The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a quarter of a mile ahead, and leaped.
Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in front, carefully avoiding view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized officer struggling with his rearing horse, as they thundered past, and he entertained no doubt of the number in their rear.

"She steers a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine and two carriages. "But we can fix that at the track. What?"
"Two motor-cycle policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, dejectedly by silent mirth. "Had enough?"
"I haven't seen them yet. I can't let out the machine here, of course, but—"
"Foodle."

"But it seems all right."
Around a curve ahead darted a blue-uniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly halted motor-cycles in pursuit.
"You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury sidd to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his goggles.
Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged eight and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent.
"Will you follow to the police station, or will we have to take you?" came the crisp question. "We've got your number."
"I'll follow wherever you like," engaged Stanton. "Lead the way."
They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity.
"Name and age?"
"Ralph Stanton, twenty-six."
"Occupation?"
"Automobile driver."
"Name of car?"
"Mercury."
"Owner?"
"The Mercury Company."
The shabby young man interrupted proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking on.

"That's Stanton? Stanton? And you—who are you?"
"Jes Floyd, his mechanic," was the wondering response.
Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd was drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned back to answer the remainder of the examination. When the ceremony was ended, he signaled to his mechanic.

"Come, I've got to go before the magistrate and give bail," he summoned impatiently.
Floyd came across to him, shining-eyed and eager.
"Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants you to tell him about your doing this. He needs a fresh story to make good with his paper—can't we give it to him?"
Stanton surveyed his companion, eyebrows lifted.
"Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come."
"But he needs it; it would help him," Floyd urged. "He, he's thin and frayed out—Stanton, he looks hungry."
"Do you want to help him?" the driver queried, astonished. "Do you care about a man you do not know and never see again?"
"Don't you?" asked Floyd simply.

"I'm not from Paradise," cry answered Stanton. "Tell him anything you like, but be quick."
He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare and gaunt, and pathetically young. Stanton had a rebuked consciousness of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his success.
"You are an educating companion," he observed, as they went out with an officer.
"Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled.
But Stanton would elucidate no further.

The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, produced a surety company's bond, and in fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.
"We will reach the office on time," commented the lawbreaker.
"You do it like a veteran," Floyd mused with mock suspicion.
At the office they left the car, but not each other. There was growing upon Stanton more and more the desire for Jesse Floyd's companionship, a final rebellion of nature against his lonely existence.
"Do you have to stay here?" he demanded, upon concluding arrangements at the office.
"No," Floyd replied.
"Come to dinner with me, then."
The mechanic shook his bronzed head in laughing refusal.

"There has been enough of that, Mr. Stanton; you come to dinner with me."
"At your home?" escaped Stanton involuntarily. He had a sudden vision of Jes and Jessica together, a premonition of mental bewilderment before the spectacle of their incredible likeness.
"I would like that, but you know we live up town, and I have got to be back here in an hour. Mr. Green wants me."
"Oh, anywhere you say. See here, why can't you wait and come on the train with me to Indianapolis? We might make the trip less monotonous for each other."

Taken by surprise, Floyd hesitated. "I—you are good to think of it—but Mr. Green would never consent. He has arranged for me to go on tonight."
"Why shouldn't he consent? You would be there in plenty of time."
Floyd turned his mischievous gray eyes to the other man's, guarding silence. But Stanton halted in the middle of the sidewalk, his face locking in his steel-hard anger and determination.
"I know what you mean, Floyd. And, speak openly, do you believe that you would be unable to stand forty-eight hours of me without leaving the company?"
"No."
"No?"
"No. I am very certain that I could stand much more of you than I am ever likely to get, Ralph Stanton. We are blocking traffic here, aren't we?"
For one passing moment he had looked Jessica herself; Stanton saw again the girl's sorrowful face as she bent over the embroidery, and heard her answer "often" to his question of her loneliness. They were not altogether sufficient for each other, then, these twins? They might possibly ad-

sharply. "What do you mean? fier arm?"
The shattering of glass and the consequent flood brought their water on a run, but Floyd did not even glance down at the wreck, his eyes upon Stanton; who returned the gaze in utter amazement.
"What do I mean? I say that your sister's bracelet slipped off and scratched her arm, the night we went to the play, and I asked you if she were well. What is the matter with you?"
Floyd pushed back his chair to permit the waiter's ministrations, his lashes falling.
"You gave me a turn," he exclaimed, with hurried lightness. "I wondered if Jessica had hurt herself and not told me. We've only got each other, and we are twins—I suppose we are silly about each other, in fact I remember, now, that she did have a scratch on her arm; I blamed it on the kitten."
He was still pale, and paid the check without looking at his companion.
"Your nerves are out," Stanton frankly commented, contemplating him with curiosity. "One would think it was you who were just over the arrest. You'll have to get in form before we strike a race-track."
"Don't you worry," besought Floyd, his gaiety and color rushing back together. "I'll take some smelling-salts with me in case I feel faint when you commence to speed up."
Outside the two paused, Floyd looking at his watch.
"I've got to go over to the office," he said. "Shall I see you again before we leave?"
"When is that?"
"Nine o'clock from the Grand Central. We always start a few days ahead of you, of course."
"Better shake hands, then," advised Stanton.
They did so, and separated.
At five minutes past nine, that evening, the Chicago special pulled out of New York. Ten minutes later a hand was laid on Floyd's shoulder, as he sat gazing out the window at the flying darkness and brightness that was the outskirts of the city.
"Do you want to talk, or shall I go back to my own section in the next car?" Stanton inquired.
His mechanic turned swiftly, in-troductively.

"Stanton? Really?"
"Since you had to start tonight, I saw no reason why I should not do likewise. I hate train travel; we'll get it over. You haven't answered my question yet."
"I didn't know that I had to," smiled Floyd.
And indeed there had been no possible mistaking of the welcome and pleasure in his cry, or in his truthful face. Stanton took the seat opposite and pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, passing it across.
"I suppose you have seen that," he inferred.
"Race gossip?" questioned the other, taking the paper.
"Court news," was the correction.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

London Plays a New Game.
There is a new game which sports men are playing. To travel by train the greatest distance in twenty-four hours—on paper. For it is played with a Bradshaw. The astonishing idea of

study Bradshaw for pleasure recalls Lord Chatham's hobby. Lord Chatham boasted that he had read Bailey's dictionary through twice. And there was another genius who found consolation in queer literary fields. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn had no need of the new novel. He read Euclid. "Even now," he said, "I often read some pages of it for pleasure." There is no accounting for literary tastes, as the man said who read Bradshaw and Bailey and Euclid!—London Chronicle

His Sacrifices.
"I suppose, like all government officials," said the man who sneers, "you are making personal sacrifices in order to serve your country."
"Yes," replied the village postmaster; "it's pretty hard to have to keep reading addresses when I'd rather be looking at the pictures on the post-cards."

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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. V. P. U. meets at 7:30. 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 Firland avenue. Rev. B. S. Nyström, pastor.
SWEDISH BETHANIAN 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.
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TREMONT UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—2nd Ave. 6th St. S. E. Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting and Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Lynn, pastor.
MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor. Residence 692 1/2 Lovjoy St. Services: Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Morning worship 11 a. m.
SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH—Saturday Sabbath School 10 A. M. Saturday—Preaching 11 A. M. Sunday—Preaching 9:30 P. M. All welcome to those meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence on 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. 818—Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10:30 a. m., every month.
HOCKWOOD 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. 333—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. 280—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. 267—Meets in all day sessions in their meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence on East 4th St.; Phone Tabor 3621.

RAILROAD TIME CARD
UNION DEPOT, NORTHERN PACIFIC
Phone A 651, Main 691
Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:20 p. m., 10:00 p. m.
OREGON-WASHINGTON SEATTLE
Phone A 611, Private ex. 1
Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
Arrives 6:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m.
PENDELTON LOCAL
Leaves 7:50 a. m., arrives 5:30 a. m.
THE DALLES LOCAL
Leaves 4:30 p. m., arrives 3:00 p. m.
OVERLAND
Leaves 10:30 a. m., 5:50 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:00 p. m.
SPOKANE
Leaves 9:30 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 4:50 p. m.
CALIFORNIA TRAINS
Leaves at 1:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at 7:30 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 2:45 p. m.
WEST SIDE
Corvallis, leaves 7:20 a. m., arrive 5:20 p. m.
Hillsboro, leaves 7:20 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 6:20 p. m., 5:40 p. m.
Arrive 8:50 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:10 p. m.
JEFFERSON STREET
Dallas, leaves 7:45 a. m., arrives 6:45 p. m.
UNION DEPOT
Dallas, leaves 4:30 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
SHERIDEN-UNION DEPOT
Leaves at 4:30 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
TILLAMOOK
Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, 10:00 Tillamook 4:35; leaves Tillamook 7:30 a. m., Hillsboro 1:45 p. m., arrives in Portland at 4:45 p. m.
NORTH BANK
Phone A 651, Marshall 920
ASTORIA AND SEASIDE
Leaves 6:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sat., 6:30 p. m., arrives 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m., Mon., 9:10 p. m., Wed., 9:10 p. m.
HANIER LOCAL
Leaves 1:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m., arrives 9:45 a. m., 5:15 p. m.
LYLE-GOLDENDALE
Leaves 9:15 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 3:55 a. m.
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Arrives 8:45, 11:15; 1:15, 4:15, 6:25, 6:15, 9:20, 11:15
Hillsboro and Forest Grove
Leaves 6:45, 9:15, 10:20, 1:30, 4:30, 5:40, 8:15, 11:15
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The Mercury Uttered a Vibrant Roar and Leaped.

mit a third? Stanton caught his breath; a slow strong pulse of vague excitement began to beat in him, and thereafter was never stilled until a day when all his world crumbled into blank stillness.
They went on to the quiet French restaurant that Floyd had chosen; so recovering tone on the way that they contrived to disagree over the merits of rival speedometers and argued energetically all through the dinner. They spent a long time over the simple meal, enjoying themselves completely. But at last they sank into a thoughtful silence, which Stanton was the first to break.
"I saw that Miss Floyd's arm was hurt, the other evening. I hope it is better."
Floyd raised his head, starting so violently as to overturn the goblet of water beside him.
"What do you mean?" he exclaimed

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