

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, 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. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores.

CHAPTER III.

The Finish, and After.

Morning arched its golden hours across the still speeding cars, and melted slowly into noon. The weary drivers had settled to steady endurance gaits, saving their energy and their machines for the more spectacular work of afternoon and evening. At nine o'clock that night the race would end.

The Mercury car had registered ninety miles more than the Duplex, both of them being many tens of miles in advance of the other competitors. At six in the morning Stanton had gone in for a brief rest. At eight he was back, and kept the wheel until one in the afternoon. Victory was in his hands if nothing happened to his car; an hour and a half lost in repairs would transfer all his advantage to the Duplex. He was jealously afraid to intrust his machine to his assistant driver, and consequently merciful to his mechanic and himself. But Floyd made no complaint.

At half-past one, all the cars were sent to their camps while an hour was spent in having the track hurriedly mended by gangs of workmen. The road-bed in places was furrowed like a plowed field by the flying wheels. Meanwhile the afternoon crowds flowed in, filling the stands to suffocation, massing on the promenade, banking in a solid row of private automobiles behind the screen.

When at half-past two the racers were recalled to start anew, Stanton sharply scrutinized his mechanic before leaving the camp.

"I'm going to keep this car until the end of the race," he announced, not unkindly. "If you don't think you can stand seven hours of it, say so; and I'll have them find some one to relieve you. They can rush Rupert here from up the Hudson by four or five o'clock. If you get in for it, you'll finish, if I have to tie you in your seat. I'm driving to win."

The scarlet resentment flushed through Floyd's grime-streaked pallor. "You won't have to tie me," he promised, white teeth catching his lip. "I'll not flinch. Go on."

Stanton actually laughed, bending to his levers.

"I didn't mean to tie you to keep you from running away, but to keep you from fainting and falling out," he explained. "But—"

The car bounded forward. The track had been filled in with wet mud from the infield—on the first circuit the heavy Lozelle car skidded and went through the fence at the north turn. After that, nothing could have induced Stanton to allow his machine in other hands.

Hour after hour passed. The noisy music of the band crashed out monotonously; the crowd swayed, murmuring, applauding, exclaiming, argu- eyed and kaleidoscopic in color and motion.

At sunset, when the Mercury made a trip into camp for supplies, neither of its men left their seats. The beaming Mr. Green came to shower congratulations upon Stanton, and with him the head of the Mercury Company, himself a former driver whose quiet appreciation had an expert's value. Stanton was leaning across the wheel, chatting with them, when his employer broke the thread of speech.

"What is the matter with your mechanic, Stanton?" he queried.

Stanton turned, suddenly conscious of a light weight against his shoulder. With his movement, Floyd also started erect, their glances crossing.

"Nothing," the driver briefly answered to the other's question. "Tired, perhaps; he has been working. As you were saying—"

But the glimpsed picture stayed with Stanton; the fatigued young face against his arm, the drowsy, heavy-lidded eyes flashing keenly awake, the involuntary expression of angry shame at the moment's weakness. And he would sooner have tied Floyd in his seat, after that, than have added the fine insult of offering to relieve him.

"Ready," some one called; the workmen scattered in every direction, and the Mercury was off once more.

"Car comin'," warned the mechanic, as they shot from the paddock entrance on to the track. "Duplex ahead."

Floyd was himself again, watchfully businesslike, nonchalantly fearless,

Color and glow faded from the sky; once more the search-lights flared out around the track and transformed it to a silver ribbon, running between walls of ebony darkness except where the lamp-gemmed stands arose. Already newspapers were being cried announcing Stanton's coming victory.

Driving evenly, steadily, refusing all challenges to speed duels and attempting none of his deadly tactics of the night before, Stanton piloted his car to the inevitable result. At nine o'clock the flag dropped, and amid a hubbub of enthusiasm the Mercury crossed the line, winner.

Later, when the triumphant tumult in the Mercury camp had somewhat subsided, Stanton walked over to where Floyd was leaning against a column of unused tires.

"You've had twenty-four hours of me," he said abruptly. "How did it strike you?"

Floyd raised his candid gray eyes to the other's face, and in spite of exhaustion smiled with a glinting frankness and humor.

"If you want me to tell you—" he began.

"I have asked you."

"It struck me rather hard. But—I'd like you to like me as well as I do you."

"I need a mechanic to race with me for the rest of the season," Stanton gave brief information. "Do you want the position?"

Floyd straightened; even in the uncertain light the color could be seen to rise over his face.

"You'd take me; you?"

"Yes."

"You know—oh, I can tune up a motor, I understand my work, but for road racing—you know I can't crank your car or change a tire without help."

Stanton smiled grimly.

"I guess I am big enough to crank my own car," he quoted at him. "You have your nerve, I can't have a whining quitter to drive with me. I make you the offer; take or leave it. But remember, I am likely to break your neck."

"I'll chance that," answered Floyd, drawing a quick breath, and held out his slender hand. "I'll come."

The pact was made. In after time, Stanton came to wonder at its bald simplicity.

The assistant manager overtook Floyd, a little later, when that young mechanic, at least superficially cleaner and wrapped in a long dust coat, was leaving the training camp.

"See here, Floyd; you are going to race with Stanton right along, he says."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Green agitated his foreboding head.

"You won't get along with him," he

of small conventionalities, and arrogantly took such diversion as the moment offered. And should he play the game to which she invited him, or decline it? Was it worth while? He was weary to exhaustion, but still he remained gazing at the box of laurel. "You can't stand Stanton," Mr. Green was warning Floyd, by way of farewell.

And the mechanic was laughing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Road to Massachusetts.

Stanton and Floyd did not meet again for a fortnight. Their ways of life did not run parallel except when a race was due or taking place. The Mercury car had gone back to the factory for a thorough overhauling, after the twenty-four-hour grind, and it would have as soon occurred to Stanton to seek out his machine as his mechanic. Some drivers grow sentimentally attached to their cars, watching them fondly and jealously; he did not, consistently and temperately practical in outlook on the minor facts of life.

It was in the railroad depot, the morning he started for Massachusetts, that Stanton saw his mechanic for the first time since the Beach victory. Floyd was seated on one of the waiting-room benches, reading a magazine; in his gray suit and long overcoat, his head with its clustering bronze curls bent over his book, he looked like a particularly delicate and pretty boy of eighteen, perhaps even a trifle effeminate. Remembering that cry from the midst of the perilous struggle with the Duplex: "Cut him closer; he's weakening! Cut him closer!" Stanton's lip curved in amused appreciation as he crossed to the absorbed reader.

"Good morning," he remarked.

Floyd glanced up, then rose with an exclamation and held out his hand, his ready color rising like a girl's under his fine, clear skin.

"Good morning; I didn't see you coming," he responded.

"No, you were reading. You are going—"

"To Lowell. The car is aboard, you know."

"I did not know," corrected Stanton with indifference. He was studying the other curiously, striving to analyze his singular attractiveness and to find the reason why he, Stanton, should feel pleasure at the prospect of having this companion at his side; he, who had never formed friendships as most men did.

Floyd laughed, his gray eyes mischievous.

"Well, I know. We've been working all the week at the machine, and we've got her ticking like a watch. You don't bother about that—I suppose you



Stanton Was Leaning Across the Wheel Chatting With Them.

asserted darkly. "No one does. He, he is—you'll see. But you won't leave us on the edge of a race, will you? We are entered at Massachusetts, for week after next; you'll turn up on time, no matter what he does in between?"

"Surely, sir. I would not leave any one without notice, of course."

"Plenty of notice, Floyd. For you can't stand Stanton."

Stanton at that moment was in his tent, contemplating with cynical speculation a florist's box of fragrant green leaves lying on a chair. There was no card with these, but they were sprays of laurel. In fancy he saw the message that had accompanied the orchids, the delicately engraved letters: Valerie Atherton Carlisle. Did she take him for a matinee idol, he scoffed; or, what did she want? Something, she wanted something of him. What? Only amusement, probably. He had not grown to manhood in New York city without learning that men and women in a certain set alleged their extreme wealth as a license, which freed them from the restraint

don't have to, it's up to us. But if you will take her out on the track tomorrow, I'll tune her up to the last notch."

Suddenly Stanton put his finger on the thing he sought, one thing that made this mechanic different; and voiced his thought before considering wisdom.

"You're a different class, Floyd," he stated abruptly. "You're no workman, nor descendant of workmen."

Floyd stared, started at the brusque irrelevance, then melted into a straight, direct smile as he met the keen gaze.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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.

REBELS KILL SIXTY

Wreck Train With Dynamite and Then Attack Escort.

Many Passengers Also Slain—Wounded Are Murdered—Dead Are Burned in Wreckage.

Mexico City—More than 60 persons were killed and many were wounded in an attack by Zapatistas on a passenger train between this city and Cuernavaca, Morelos, Sunday.

The Zapatistas, said to have numbered 500, placed a mine under the railroad track, which exploded as the locomotive passed over it. The overturned engine hardly had settled when the Zapatistas sprang up from all sides and poured a murderous fire into the train.

The first object of their attack was a second-class coach in which were riding a federal military escort, with a captain and two lieutenants. The

CLOUDBURST HITS GRAIN BELT

Walla Walla Region Suffers Damaging Rain Storm

Walla Walla, Wash.—From out of the Blue mountains a storm traveling approximately 55 miles per hour broke over Walla Walla valley Saturday night about 6:45 and paralyzed all traffic in the city, uprooted trees, damaged wheat and fruit crops and blew over buildings, among others three warehouses.

The storm was the most severe known here in recent years, and though no one will hazard a guess as to the amount of damage done, it will amount up into the four figures, it is feared. Reports from the storm-swept zone are very meager as yet, telephone lines being down in a great many instances.

The only hopeful news was that the vast wheat region known as the Eureka Flat escaped, no rain falling there at all.

Harvest here is in full swing and a great deal of the wheat is threshed and stacked in the field. All wheat wet will not pass a No. 1 inspection. The Puget Sound warehouse at Sully and one at Thiel, on the North Pacific, were blown down and grain fields are washed out near Thiel. The storm almost assumed the proportions of a cloudburst.

JAPANESE RULER WHO LIES GRAVELY ILL, AND MEMBERS OF ROYAL FAMILY.



ABOVE, EMPEROR MUTSU — BELOW, EMPRESS HIROKO — LEFT, PRINCESS SADE—RIGHT, CROWN PRINCE YOSHIHITO.

federals got out of the car as quickly as possible to answer the fire of the assailants, but their efforts were futile. The command, with the exception of five wounded and two who escaped, were killed.

Thirty passengers in the second-class coaches were killed and many were wounded. In the first-class coach no one was killed, but one was dangerously wounded and may die. The conductor, an American named Aller, is not expected to live. After the train had been swept by fire, the Zapatistas rushed on their stricken victims and began killing the wounded. A priest, unhurt, pleaded with DeLoa, the rebel leader, to stop the slaughter and it ceased.

After sacking the express and baggage cars the rebels poured oil on the cars and, putting the bodies of the dead into them, set fire to the train. When the relief train arrived there was nothing but debris and a few persons, most of whom were hurt, to tell the tale.

The train between Matamoros and Pudia, in the state of Puebla, was fired upon and windows in the car were shattered, but so far as known no one was hurt.

Duluth Votes for Dances.

Duluth, Minn.—The proposition to make the public school buildings in Duluth social centers and to allow dancing in them was carried at a hotly contested school election. The women's clubs of the city were arrayed in favor of the proposition against the combined efforts of the clergymen, the women winning by a large majority. The campaign waged by the women was so vigorous that the leaders were warned on the day before election that they were violating the provisions of the corrupt practices law.

Smugglers Are Thwarted.

El Paso, Tex.—Victor Ochoa, original Mexican revolutionist against President Diaz 20 years ago, was arrested here by the American federal authorities and charged with a violation of the neutrality laws. Ochoa is alleged to have been implicated in the arrival here several days ago of a consignment of 140,000 rounds of ammunition and several cases of rifles, presumably intended for the Mexican rebels. He failed to furnish bond.

Escaped Convict Caught.

San Francisco—Charles Shrode, convict No. 6395 in the Colorado state prison, who eluded his guards, stole a horse and made good his escape five years ago, was identified here by the Bertillon system and confessed his identity.

GIGANTIC OIL WAR LOOMS.

Rothschild Millions to Fight Rockefeller—Spokane is Center.

Spokane—A big fight looms between rival oil companies in Spokane and the Inland Empire.

The Indian Oil company, a Rothschild corporation, is making arrangements to enter the local field in competition with the Standard Oil company, the True's Oil company and the Pure Oil company. The True's Oil company is a local concern which has built up a large trade in the city and adjoining country, notwithstanding competition afforded by the Standard Oil company.

With the coming of the Pure Oil company, of Minneapolis, prices are being gradually dropped with a view of making it difficult to sell oil at a profit. The Indian Oil company has already started what promises to become a large distributing plant in the east end of Spokane. The operations are being directed from San Francisco, it is understood, and an apparently unlimited sum of Holland capital is available.

Woman Wants Home Life.

Passadena, Cal.—Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, wife of former superintendent of schools and prominent in woman's organizations, refused the invitation to become a candidate for the legislature on the Prohibition ticket. "My first duty is to my home," said Mrs. Hamilton. "I would rather wash dishes, darn stockings, cook, sweep and do family washing, or any other work that falls to a mother's lot, than deprive my children of associations and influences of a mother by being elected to the state legislature."

General Ivonet Killed.

Havana—General Pedro Ivonet, the last of the leaders of the recent Cuban uprising to remain under arms, was surrounded and killed by government troops at the Nombre de Dios plantation, near Santiago. General Ivonet with General Evaristo Estenoz, took the field in Oriente province with about 1500 men last May as a protest against the Morro law, which provides that there shall be no recognition of political parties on radical lines.

Place With Taft Declined.

Washington, D. C.—Granville W. Mooney, ex-speaker of the Ohio assembly, has declined the post of assistant secretary to President Taft, to succeed Sherman P. Allen, of Vermont, who was nominated for assistant secretary of the treasury.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

Current Events of Interest Gathered From the World at Large.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

General Pedro Ivonet, the last of the Cuban insurgent leaders, has been killed.

Oregon Agriculture college at Corvallis has issued a bulletin on "camp cookery."

Henry Poebler, who established one of the first trading posts in Minnesota, is dead.

Woodrow Wilson has named a committee of 14 members who will have charge of his campaign.

Railroad engineers who operate the Mallet type of compound locomotives on Eastern railroads, demand \$7 per day.

Six women, one of them the wife of a prominent physician, were arrested in a raid on an Oakland, Cal., poolroom.

American athletes returning from Stockholm stopped off at Copenhagen, Denmark, and won most of the events in a local tournament.

A genuine oil war is on in Spokane between Rothschild and Rockefeller interests, and it is believed it will spread over the entire country.

Premier Asquith was greeted on his arrival in Ireland by a hatchet thrown at him by a suffragette, and an attempt was made to burn the theater where he is to speak.

The cruiser Marblehead cut short her visit to the Seattle Potlatch, and is believed to have taken offense at doubt expressed by a Seattle newspaper as to her target scores.

A New York stenographer at the meeting of the National Commercial Teachers' federation in Spokane, broke the world's record by writing an average of 115 words a minute for one hour.

A cloudburst struck the town of Mazama, Nevada, overturning the principal hotel and destroying every building in the place. Fifteen bodies have been recovered and it is certain at least five more are in the wreckage.

Prospects of a huge wheat crop are sending the prices down in the Chicago markets.

One aviator was killed at Paris and one at Sebastopol Tuesday.

Lorimer has decided to go back to Chicago and go to work. He may seek re-election.

President Taft sent a message of congratulation to the American athletes at Stockholm.

England's protest against the proposed Panama bill finds considerable support in the senate.

Two Klamath fishermen claim a trout weighing 11 pounds jumped into their boat on Lake Ewauna.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Fresh Fruits—Cherries, 2@10c per pound; apples, old, \$1.50@3 per box; new, \$1.50@1.75; peaches, 55@75c; currants, \$1.50@1.75; plums, 90c@1.25; pears, \$1.75@2; apricots, \$1.25; grapes, \$2.50 per crate.

Berries—Raspberries, \$1.50 per crate; loganberries, \$1.25@1.50; black caps, \$1.50.

Melons—Cantaloupes, \$2.75 crate; watermelons, 1@12c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 65@75c per dozen; beans, 8@9c; per pound; cabbage, 1@1c; cauliflower, \$1.25 per dozen; celery, \$5@6 per crate; corn, 30c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1 per box; eggplant, 25c per pound; head lettuce, 12c dozen; peas, 8@9c pound; peppers, 12@15c; radishes, 15@20c dozen; spinach, 4@5c pound; garlic, 8@10c; carrots, \$1.75 sack; turnips, \$1.25.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, old, \$1@1.25 per hundred; new, per pound, 1@1c.

Onions—California red, \$1.25 sack; yellow, \$1.50.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 88@89c; club, 84@85c; red Russian, 84@85c; valley, 84@85c; 40-fold, 84@85c.

Hay—Timothy, \$14@16.50; alfalfa, \$1.25; clover, \$10; oats and vetch, \$12; grain hay, \$9.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$25.50 ton; shorts, \$28; middlings, \$32.

Corn—Whole, \$39; cracked, \$40 ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$34@35 ton.

Eggs—Case count, 24c; candled, 25c; extras, 27c.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, or solid pack, 28c pound; prints, 29c.

Pork—Fancy, 10@10c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 13@13c pound.

Poultry—Hens, 12c pound; broilers, 17@17c; ducks, young, 10@11c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, live, 18c; dressed, 24@25c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.75@7; good, \$6@6.50; medium, \$5.75@6; choice cows, \$5.75@6.25; good, \$5.50@5.75; medium, \$5@5.50; choice calves, \$7@8.25; good heavy calves, \$6@6.50; bulls, \$3.50@5.10; stags, \$4.75@6.

Hogs—Light, \$8@8.35; heavy, \$6.25@7.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$3@4.25; wethers, \$3.90@4.50; ewes, \$3@3.75; lambs, \$4.50@5.60.