

# SERIAL STORY

## STANTON WINS

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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 Ruffles 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 signified.

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 composedly.

"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 see, 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 me 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 vells. "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 demander 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.)

**If You Desire Success.**

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

**CITY WILL FIGHT I. W. W.**

Los Angeles Prepares for Threatened Invasion of Harbor.

Los Angeles—An important conference was held in the mayor's office regarding the threatened trouble with the Industrial Workers of the World at the harbor.

The San Pedro people wanted the council to pass an ordinance forthwith against street oratory. Sergeant Smith said that if enough policemen were given him he would cope with the situation, despite the rumor that a shipload of "workers" was to land at the harbor. The conference decided not to change the laws, saying that they were adequate, but that they felt that drastic action must be taken at once. The police department announced its willingness to send any number of men to San Pedro if they were needed.

After a three-days' attempt on the part of the Industrial Workers of the World to foment disaffection among the longshoremen of the harbor district by ordering a general strike, a summing up of the strike situation brings out these facts:

The Los Angeles I. W. W. have sent out a call for reinforcements to such I. W. W. centers as San Diego and Bakersfield.

To keep interest alive, principally among those who have walked out, leading members of the I. W. W. sent out a circular calling a mass meeting. "Stick, brothers, and we will win the strike," was the ending of the summons.

About 30 men returned to work under the old schedule of wages, and employers think that the other 150 strikers will soon repudiate the I. W. W. and return to work.

**AMENDS HOMESTEAD LAW.**

Entrymen Must Specify If Old Law Is Preferred.

Washington, D. C.—The senate has adopted an amendment to the sundry civil bill, proposed by Senator Burah, providing that homesteaders who made filings prior to June 6 last may perfect title under the three-year or five-year homestead law, as they prefer, even though they fall prior to October 4 to elect under which they will proceed.

The Interior department construes the three-year law to require that all old entries be perfected under the three-year law unless entrymen elect otherwise before October 4.

Washington, D. C.—Every homestead entryman who made his initial filing prior to June 6, 1912, and who had not submitted final proof prior to that date, will be expected to complete his proof under the three-year homestead law unless, by October 4, next, he files with the local land office a statement to the effect that he wished to complete proof under the old law under which his filing was made. This, in brief, is the interpretation which Secretary Fisher places upon the new law, and he holds that under the language of the act, such interpretation is mandatory, and no discretion is given him.

**DEMOCRATS DISAGREE.**

Caucus Declares Against Additions to Battleship Fleet.

Washington, D. C.—A serious split in the Democratic organization of the house of representatives is threatened as a result of the action of the party caucus in declaring against additions to the battleship fleet. The prediction is made that before many days have passed Speaker Clark and Leader Underwood will be fighting one another out in the open.

Speaker Clark voted against the battleship programme. Leader Underwood voted in favor of battleships.

The charge is made by the Democrats that Mr. Clark, angered by the failure of Mr. Underwood to support Mr. Clark in the Baltimore convention, has decided to join issues with the majority leader.

The Democrats who favor navy additions, charge that the speaker some weeks ago, promised to give his support to an amendment to the naval bill authorizing one battleship.

**Artists for Fair Named.**

San Francisco—Five important appointments for departmental work on the Panama-Pacific exposition were made by President Moore, of the exposition company. The following are the men and positions: Jules Guerin, director of color; A. S. Calder, chief of sculpture; Carl Bitter, adviser in sculpture; E. E. Carpenter, civil engineer; A. H. Markwart, chief of construction. Guerin is widely-known mural decorator. He designed the mural decorations in the new Pennsylvania depot in New York.

**Re-trial Held of No Benefit.**

Washington, D. C.—War department officials hold that the four West Point cadets who were court-martialed and expelled from the military academy on September 5, 1911, for drinking intoxicating liquors will not be benefited by the senate's joint resolution directing President Taft to convene the court and try them again. Army officers maintain they may re-enter the military academy only through appointment.

**Australia Opposes Canal Rebates.**

Melbourne—The senate of the Commonwealth of Australia passed the resolution adopted by the house of representatives on July 18, in reference to the Panama canal. Its terms are: "In the opinion of the house, any system providing for a bonus or a rebate of canal dues to American shipping in the Panama canal would be detrimental to the interests of Australia."

**INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE**

**TRADE BALANCE TURNS.**

Medford Becomes Extensive Seller of Food Products.

Medford—Medford will mark the year of 1912 as the first year that it has started a balance of trade in farm products in its favor. The first car of potatoes ever shipped out of the valley was sent this week, and because of the heavy hay and grain crop many flour and feed mills which have been closed the past few weeks will open as soon as the threshing season begins.

A year ago 163 cars of hay were imported and eggs were shipped in regularly. For several weeks now eggs have been sent out and none received. Hundreds of tons of alfalfa and grain hay will be sold to outside buyers.

The public market recently established is proving a great success. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds, chickens, eggs and other produce are being purchased by local consumers considerably below the market price.

The fruit crop will be large and of the highest quality. Three cars of pears have been sold for future delivery through the Northwestern Fruit Exchange of Portland, averaging \$2 a box f. o. b. Medford. The picking season for Bartlett's will open August 5 to 10, and local ranchers are already scouring the country for help.

Although moisture has delayed the honey production somewhat the tonnage will be a record breaker. William Muller, the honey king, reports that shipments will begin next week, and between 30 and 40 tons will be shipped.

The increase in local production is attributed largely to the increased use of water, the ranchers having found that irrigation is one of the best investments that can be made, both as an insurance against crop failure and a guarantee of greater production per acre.

**POTATO CROP IS LARGE.**

Hood River Will Produce Between 25,000 to 30,000 Sacks.

Hood River—The potato crop in the Hood River valley is estimated this year at between 25,000 and 30,000 sacks, the largest ever raised here. A number of the tuber growers here reaped a rich harvest last year, shipping a number of carloads to Texas and receiving excellent returns.

While most of the acreage is composed of land just cleared or that with potatoes planted between young trees, a few have planted on a commercial basis. The orchardists who plant between their trees expect their crops to furnish them their own supply and enough over to have a wagon load or two to haul to market.

Albert Crocker, John Koberg and F. H. Button are the heaviest growers of potatoes. Mr. Crocker has a large tract on the Paradise farm.

It is probable that the Hood River Applegrowers' union will handle potatoes this season. Wilmer Sieg, the manager, who has gone to Eastern cities, will attempt to establish relations with firms in order to dispose of the local tuber crop to advantage.

**COVE'S SHOW ATTRACTS.**

All Union County Drawn to Magnificent Cherry Exhibit.

La Grande—Luscious cherries—cherries the like of which captured the golden medals at the last three or four world's fairs—were inspected and admired by loving throngs from nooks and corners of Union county at Cove.

A sprinkling of rain immediately after the luncheon hour failed to dampen the ardor of the volumes of praise spread by the visitors at the annual cherry fair. The day went along with threatening weather until the afternoon, when light showers made the afternoon's schedule problematical, but the cherries were there in big red letters.

Fortunately, the cherry crop was most prolific this year, and a proper amount of warm weather colored the fruit to the exact hue that shows them at their best.

Coming early, the crowds soon filled the little hamlet to overflowing, and by noon walking room was a scarcity. Union, La Grande, Elgin, in fact, every town and city in the valley sent a splendid representation, and, rain notwithstanding, the fair was a tremendous success.

Conservative estimates place the attendance at 3000.

**Shaniko Ships Sheep.**

Shaniko—Two hundred and ten carloads of sheep were shipped from this point over the O. W. R. & N. last month. Railroad officials say this establishes a record for initial shipments from any point in the Pacific Northwest. Seventy carloads were shipped in one day. The number of sheep handled was 52,000. It is estimated there are 80,000 more to be shipped from this territory before the end of this season. On account of the open winter, sheep are in splendid condition.

**Natron Rails Are Being Laid.**

Eugene—Word comes from Oakridge that the Utah Construction company has laid 800 feet of rails beyond that place on the present contract for the Natron extension. This brings the rails to Salmon Creek, and makes possible the site direct.

**LIBRARY FUND SHORT.**

Bids Will Be Opened August 5 for Construction.

Salem—With the announcement that bids will be opened for the new Supreme court and State Library building on the state grounds August 5, it has also been determined that it will be possible on the present appropriation to construct only the brickwork, exterior and flooring, and that the interior and finishing will have to depend on a further appropriation at the next session of the legislative assembly.

Members of the State board, after making a purchase of the entire block east of the capitol at a cost of \$50,000, reached the conclusion that the remaining \$100,000 would be insufficient for the construction of such a building as is needed.

State Treasurer Kay held several conferences with members of the Supreme court and members of that body stated they would back up the State board and give their moral support in securing an additional appropriation for the construction of the building. The deficit will be about \$70,000, about \$50,000 of this being for the building and the remainder for completion and furnishings. The foundation has been constructed.

The second floor will be entirely devoted to the state library. This will include floor space of 96 by 126 feet. The third floor will have offices for the Supreme court. The attorney general and assistants will have three rooms on this floor.

**MEDFORD FARM IS BOUGHT.**

Illinois Woman Pays \$200,000 for 1500 Acres Fruit Land.

Medford—Miss Kate F. O'Connor, a prominent suffragette of Rockford, Ill., active in the Federation of Women's Clubs and well known throughout the Middle West, has purchased the old McMahon ranch of 1500 acres, lying seven miles southeast of Medford.

Edward Butterfield, who owns and operates a string of retail stores in Northern Illinois, is associated with Miss O'Connor and will be the Medford manager.

Miss O'Connor, who is an extensive real estate operator in Illinois, will have the property cut up into five and ten-acre tracts planted with pears, and will establish her main sales office in Rockford, Ill. Although no money consideration was named, it is believed to be in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

Special inducements will be made to young women to settle on the property, and it is rumored that those believing in "Votes for Women" will be particularly encouraged.

**COOS BAY CANNERIES OPEN.**

Salmon Industry Outlook Good When Run Is Started.

Marshfield—The salmon canning season on Coos Bay has started, but as yet there is not much of a run of salmon. The fishermen, however, expect that there will be a good run. This year there will be more markets for fish than before.

The plant at Empire will be operated by the Southern Oregon company. The Tallant company, which last year was interested with the Southern Oregon company, will operate separately this year, having purchased the Reynolds salmon cannery in Marshfield and will operate it this year. The cold storage plant in Marshfield will also be opened this year, so there will be three plants on Coos Bay buying fish. The cannery at Gardiner on the Umpqua river will also operate to handle the salmon caught in that waterway.

**Fruit Packers to Vie.**

Two medals will be awarded by the Northwestern Fruit Exchange at the Northwest Land Products show, to be held in Portland in November, for the two best 25-box exhibits. The first prize will be a gold medal and the second a silver medal. It is expected that there will be between 75 and 100 entries. The medals will be awarded to packers, and not exhibitors.

Manager Bond said that much interest is already being taken in the forthcoming show by fruitgrowers and farmers throughout the Northwest. Every producing district in Oregon will have extensive displays at the show, he said.

**Grade May Be Changed.**

Marshfield—It is generally understood here that the Southern Pacific will change the grade of the Eugene-Coos Bay line at points between North Bend and Gardiner. In consequence of these changes it is announced that no further work will be done in the way of clearing the right of way until the changes have been made and definitely decided upon. It is thought, however, that the delay in starting the work will not be a long one. Shipments of machinery are expected soon.

**Oregon Arouses Interest.**

Salem—"Everybody was asking about Oregon," said Superintendent Aderman, who has just returned from Chicago, where he attended the National Educational association. "Great interest was expressed in the rural high schools in Oregon, and special interest was shown in the development of rural schools in general."