

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.

Seven murderers were electrocuted in Sing Sing prison within an hour's time.

China is preparing to establish a fleet of commercial ships for foreign trade.

Two trunks containing \$22,000 worth of opium were seized by officers at Los Angeles.

Girl plunges 800 feet off Mount Rainier to death, breaking every bone in her body.

China has offered the post of adviser to the government to William Rockhill, an American.

Three hundred ironworkers in San Francisco, went on strike, demanding \$1 per day increase in wages.

Two chained convicts leaped from a Northern Pacific train at Whitehall, Mont., and made good their escape.

Thirty-six soldiers and 20 passengers were slaughtered by Zapatistas when a train was attacked from ambush.

President Taft will likely appoint Colonel William V. Judson, a United States army engineer, as governor of Panama.

The youngest mother recorded in medical history is an 11-year-old girl near Davenport, Iowa, who gave birth to an 84 pound child.

A mother bear stole into the Taft children's camp at Yellowstone Park at night and took her cub that had been captured by the party.

The Equitable Life Insurance company of New York will build a 36-story home on the site of the building, which was destroyed by fire last winter.

An explosion of black damp and coal dust in a mine at Gerth, Germany, caused the death of 103 miners and 27 escaped with injuries.

Mrs. May Arkwright Hutton, a prominent suffragist of Washington, will be a candidate for state representative on the Democratic ticket.

Spokane has let contracts for the erection of a new \$300,000 city hall, and Eastern bond buyers have refused to purchase the bonds issued to pay for the work.

The Continental Building & Loan association of San Francisco, has been closed up by the state commissioner, who declares the institution insolvent.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway company has given a mortgage on its property for \$200,000,000, running 40 years and bearing 6 per cent interest.

The national palace of Hayti at San Domingo, was blown up and set on fire by a terrific explosion, killing the president of the republic and many attendants and employees of the capital.

Haytian rebels are reported to have captured the city of Hayabon, after a 14 hour fight.

A heavy bolt of lightning struck a steel tower of the Hawthorne Avenue bridge, burning out electric power wires and shocking two bridge tenders. Another bolt killed a cow at Fall View, near Oregon City.

San Francisco reports that not enough sailing ships can be had to accommodate the commerce offered, one ship recently being chartered to load barley at 18 shillings per ton, the highest price paid in 18 years.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: New: Club, 76 @ 77c; bluestem, 18 @ 80c; fortyfold, 75c; Valley, 78 @ 79c; old wheat, nominal.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$25 per ton; shorts, \$28; middlings, \$32; rolled barley, \$29.
Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15; Valley timothy, \$12 @ 13; alfalfa, \$11 @ 12; clover, \$10; oats and vetch, \$10 @ 11; grain hay, \$10 @ 11.
Oats—New, \$25 per ton.
Fresh Fruits—Apples, new, 90 @ 2.25 per box; peaches, 35 @ 85c per box; plums, 75 @ 81.10 per box; pears, \$1.20 @ 1.50 per box; apricots, \$1.25 per box; grapes, \$1 @ 2 per crate; blackberries, 75 @ 1.25 per crate.
Melons—Cantaloupes, 75 @ 1.50 per crate; watermelons, \$1 @ 1.15 per hundred.
Potatoes—Jobbing prices, Burbanks, new, 60 @ 90c per hundred.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 65 @ 75c per dozen; beans, 2c; cabbage, 10 @ 11c per dozen; cauliflower, \$1 @ 1.25 per dozen; celery, 75 @ 85c per dozen; corn, 15 @ 25c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; eggplant, 7 @ 10c per pound; head lettuce, 20 @ 25c per dozen; peas, 8 @ 9c per pound; peppers, 8 @ 10c per pound; radishes, 15 @ 20c per dozen.
Sack Vegetables—Carrots, \$1.50 per sack; turnips, \$1.25 per sack; beets, \$1.50 per sack.
Eggs—Case count, 25c; candied, 25c; extras, 27c per dozen.
Butter—Oregon creamery butter, cubes, 31c per pound; prints, 32 1/2c per pound.
Pork—Fancy, 10 1/2 @ 11c per pound.
Veal—Fancy, 11 1/2 @ 12c per pound.
Poultry—Hens, 13 @ 13 1/2c; broilers, 15 @ 15 1/2c; ducks, young, 12c; geese, 10 @ 11c; turkeys, live, 18 @ 20c; dressed, 24 @ 25c.
Hogs—1912 contracts, 18 @ 20c; 1911 crop, nominal.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14 @ 18c per pound according to shrinkage; Valley, 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2c per pound.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.75 @ 7.00; good, \$6 @ 6.50; medium, \$5.75 @ 6; choice cows, \$5.75 @ 6; good, \$5.50 @ 5.75; medium, \$5 @ 5.50; choice calves, \$7 @ 8.50; good heavy calves, \$6 @ 6.50; bulls, \$2.50 @ 5; steers, \$4.75 @ 5.
Hogs—Light, \$8 @ 9; heavy, \$6.25 @ 7.50.
Sheep—Yearlings, \$3 @ 4.50; wethers, \$2 @ 4.50; ewes, \$2 @ 3.75; lambs, \$1 @ 2.25.

PEACE IN MEXICO DOUBTFUL.

Believed General Orozco Will Resist Overtures.

Mexico City.—Official Mexico appears to regard with much pessimism the outlook for peace. Attempts probably will be made to reopen negotiations with General Orozco, but it is generally believed the rebel leader in the North will resist overtures by the government. He was reported in a special telegram to El Diario as having refused to meet General Huerta at a point south of Juarez and there surrendering, adding that he would lead his forces into the capital itself within a month.

An echo to the charge by the Mexican government that Senator Fall was responsible for the failure of Minister Hernandez to bring about an agreement between the government and Orozco was contained in a special dispatch from El Paso. In that it was charged that an American in El Paso had negotiated with the rebels, not for the purpose of preventing Orozco from entering the United States territory, but to keep the war going. It was charged that he represented a group of American bankers whose interests, it was alleged, would be favored by the continuance of hostilities. In this paper it was asserted that the American Government had served notice on Mexico that peace must be restored at an early date. No confirmation of this assertion could be secured.

FRUIT BILL IS PASSED.

Provision Aims to Protect Growers From Importation of Pests.

Washington, D. C.—The Simmons fruit quarantine bill, of great value to every fruitgrower and horticulturist on the Pacific Coast, has passed the House. The bill has been demanded by Coast fruitgrowers for a long time. It provides a rigid Federal quarantine in the United States against fruit, seeds, bulbs and nursery stock from other countries which may be infected with insect pests of any kind.

The bill primarily was drawn to protect fruitgrowers against the Mediterranean fly and the Malolus orange worm, the latter coming across the Mexican border and having created havoc in Southern California. Heretofore the California state horticulturists had to fight these pests unassisted.

The bill appropriates \$25,000 for the first year, and becomes effective October 1. After the first year the agricultural appropriation bill will carry an annual appropriation to enforce the quarantine. Representatives from the Coast have urged this bill before the agricultural committee several times, and it is due to their efforts that the measure was favorably reported and has passed the House. This bill will soon pass the Senate, where it is unopposed.

MACVEAGH ORDERS PROBE

Largely Increased Customs Revenues Expected as Result

Washington, D. C.—Plans for a sweeping investigation of the methods of appraising importations into the United States are expected to increase the revenues of the government by millions of dollars annually, have been completed by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, and a committee has been appointed to make the inquiry.

Revelations of the sugar and other frauds convinced Secretary MacVeagh there was something radically wrong with the appraising system. He believes an incalculable sum is being lost every year by careless and antiquated methods. The committee is charged to recommend revisions and improvements to stop all loopholes.

LINERS IN COLLISION.

Frankfort and Barmen Returning to Port With 1200 Immigrants.

Amsterdam, Netherlands.—The North German Lloyd steamship Frankfort, bound for Canada from Bremen with 1200 emigrants on board, collided with the German steamer Barmen, from Rotterdam for Bremen, while off the Hook of Holland lightship, and is now proceeding to the hook under tow.

Bulgarians Urge War

Sofia, Bulgaria.—The excitement of the Bulgarian people over the massacre of Bulgarians by Mussulmans at Kotschena, 50 miles southwest of Izkup, on August 2, continues without abatement. The Bulgarian press is clamoring for war against Turkey. The inhabitants of Southern Bulgaria are extremely hellacious. They are holding meetings of protest against the massacre when 110 Bulgarians were killed, and demonstrations against Turkey are being organized in all parts of the country.

Legends of Gold Lures

New York.—The legend of \$30,000, 600 gold hidden on Cocos island in the Pacific Ocean is the lure which brought Frederick Smooden from Calgary, Canada, to this city, whence he has sailed for Central America. Smooden said his knowledge of the treasure's whereabouts was handed down by Captain Trevan, a sea dog of many generations back, whose plan to search for the gold was frustrated by a fatal illness.

Yiddish Paper to Start

San Francisco.—A newspaper printed in the Yiddish language and devoted entirely to the interests of the Jewish race, is to be established here under the editorial guidance of Dr. Charles Wortsman, a widely known Jewish scholar.

PROGRESSIVES NOMINATE ROOSEVELT AND JOHNSON

New Precedent Established by Notifying Both Candidates Immediately.

No Sign of Discord Mars Proceedings of First National Convention of "Progressive" Party—Colonel Superintends Construction of Platform.

Nominees of Progressive Party at Chicago Convention.

For President—Theodore Roosevelt, of New York.
For Vice President—Hiram W. Johnson, of California.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—Singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the delegates to the first national convention of the new Progressive party tonight proclaimed Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, as their candidate for president, and Hiram W. Johnson, governor of California, as their choice for vice president.

Marking a departure in the proceedings of national conventions, the two candidates were then notified of their nominations, and in the midst of deafening cheers they appeared before the delegates to voice their acceptance and to pledge their best efforts to the coming campaign.

For several hours during the afternoon and evening the Coliseum had listened to a flow of oratory in nominating and seconding speeches in which the dominant note expressed was the belief that victory would come to the new party in November. Raymond Robbins, of Illinois, pledged a 100,000 majority for the national ticket in Illinois, and Gifford Pinchot predicted a 300,000 majority for Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Johnson in his home state of Pennsylvania. These statements were cheered to the echo.

The party formally christens itself the "Progressive party," leaving off the prefix "national," by which it has heretofore been known, but provision was made for the recognition of "real" progressives in any of the states by whatever name they should be locally designated because of state laws.

The convention adjourned at 7:24 p. m., with the delegates singing the "Doxology" in lusty voices. During the three days it was in session there was not a roll call or a ballot. The delegates asked no such formalities, either in placing their candidates in nomination or in voting for them. There was not a voice of opposition either to Colonel Roosevelt or Governor Johnson. The delay in nominating them was due to the large number of seconding speeches allowed.

As has always been the case in national political conventions, the bulk of the work of the progressive gathering was carried on in the committee. The only semblance of a conflict of opinion on the floor was a brief debate today as to whether an hour's recess should be taken. The point was not material, but as one delegate expressed it, "we just had to fight about something to make it a regular convention."

There was a sharp discussion, however, in several committee hearings and no little difficulty in agreeing upon the platform as finally adopted. Colonel Roosevelt worked with the sub-committee in charge of the platform until late in the afternoon, going over their work of the two previous days and nights and vigorously helping to mould the draft which at last proved acceptable to him. The platform did not take up the Negro question.

In this connection one of the interesting seconding speeches of the day was that of F. R. Glead, of New York, a Negro. Glead said the Negroes had faith in the new party; faith that it would do all in its power to right the wrongs of the race.

"We stand by the platform," he said; "we stand by Colonel Roosevelt's letter; we stand by his speech. And as we stood by him at San Juan"

Orozco's Men Victorious.

Tucson, Ariz.—Orozco's rebel forces, according to advices received here, defeated the government soldiers under Generals Sanjines and Velasco at Sobueria and continued their advance as far as Ladura, Sonora. There they opened fire on the town, which was defended by 25 or 30 federalists. The railroad agent, hiding himself under the station, sent out the report of the attack, adding that he intended to stay where he could be comfortable. The rebels cut the telegraph wire between Ladura and Mina, Sonora.

"Spitball" Has New Fear.

Philadelphia—Manager Dooin, of the Philadelphia baseball team, declares the "spitball" is responsible for the attack of diphtheria from which Pitcher Ad Brennan is suffering. Therefore he means to make application to President Lynch, of the National league, for permission for his pitchers to use a disinfectant on the ball when they are opposing a "spitball" artist. According to Dooin, every man who played with Brennan in the game against St. Louis ran the risk of being infected with diphtheria.

Ballplayers Seek Union.

New York.—David Fultz, a lawyer, who was formerly outfielder with the New York Americans, and the Philadelphia Athletics, admitted that activities toward forming a union of big league baseball players were in progress. He said members of the National league clubs met in his office last Sunday and that American league players met secretly in New York two weeks earlier. The sixteen clubs of the major leagues were represented.

Montenegrins Fight Turks.

Cettinje, Montenegro.—Fighting on the frontier between small guerilla bands and the Turkish troops has been going on continuously for two days. The cordon of troops on the Montenegrin frontier was ordered to retire and adopt a defensive policy. The Turks crossed the frontier, but retreated again when the Montenegrins opened fire with their artillery. Great excitement prevails here and dangerous complications are feared.

Hill, so we will stand by you in November and fight for victory."

Miss Jane Adams, of Hull House, Chicago, was among those who seconded Colonel Roosevelt. She was greeted enthusiastically. The new party formally placed itself on record as favoring equal suffrage, and further recognized the suffrage movement by providing for four women members-at-large on the national committee.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—[Songs] and party yells whiled away the time at the National Progressive convention today after the delegates had assembled and while they were waiting to be called to order. Occasionally there came the long low "moor" of the bull moose. The women delegates in various state organizations stood up on chairs with the men and joined in the cheers and songs that kept things in an uproar until the gavel fell. Suddenly the Colorado folk sprang a big sign and carried it about the hall. It read:

"No more Guggenheim; no more Devine; no more 'Angel Archie,' for us. Down with the bosses."
The Coloradoans explained that "Angel Archie" was meant A. M. Stevenson of that state sometimes known as "Big Steve."

Michigan delegates started a new song, which soon was caught up by the other delegations until practically the entire floor was singing. This is the way it went:

"Follow, follow,
We will follow Roosevelt,
Anywhere, everywhere,
We will follow on."

At 12:35 Senator Dixon interrupted the singing by rapping for order. Members-at-large were called to read a telegram from Colonel William R. Nelson, of the Kansas City Star. It was dated Magnolia, Miss., and was as follows:

"Lord, how I wish I were with you. What a great day—the launching of a party of imagination, hope and progress. We can afford to be proud of the other fellows their memories and appointments. The past has no interest for us. The future is our fruit. Give Colonel Roosevelt my love. I have never missed a chance to place a bet on him, and have never lost when there was a square deal. The Lord is surely with us. He has given us the man, and as the opportunity. I cannot help but feel what a narrow escape we had in the June convention. Roosevelt might have been nominated there. My congratulations to everybody and regret that I cannot be with you."

Wild applause followed the reading. It was 12:47 when Chairman Beveridge announced the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt at the Coliseum. Delegates and the galleries jumped to their feet and cheered. A minute later the Colonel appeared on the stage, almost as if by magic. In the midst of the deafening din, the Colonel stepped onto the insulated speaking platform under the big sounding board. He bowed to right and left with a broad grin and waved greetings to friends on the stage and floor.

Mrs. Roosevelt, clad in black, appeared in a box to the left of the platform. She carried a red bandana handkerchief and waved it enthusiastically. Mrs. Roosevelt was accompanied by George Roosevelt, a nephew of the Colonel.

The demonstration had been in progress for 45 minutes before the delegates recognized Mrs. Roosevelt in the box. They turned to her with a cheer and she rose and bowed to acknowledge the cheers. Order was finally restored, the demonstration having lasted 45 minutes.

Will Troll for Salmon.

Astoria, Or.—As a result of the success attained by the men who have been trolling for salmon outside the mouth of the river during the present season, quite an industry in that line is promised for this fall. Several boats are now being rigged for that particular class of fishing. The boats will fish well off shore, in the vicinity of the lightship, and it is asserted they will not be subject to the state laws governing the fisheries. They can thus operate during the closed season on the river.

Drops Box of Dynamite.

Portland.—In an explosion which shook the Grange Hall at Lents, broke windows in farm houses for half a mile around and threw several people from their beds, Perry Warren, aged 50 years, a real estate dealer of Lents, was instantly killed at 10:16 Tuesday night, when he dropped on the floor of his three-room cabin a 50-pound box of dynamite. The house was blown over a space of an acre, and no two pieces of lumber were left together. Warren's body was badly mangled. The explosion was heard eight miles.



Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

STANTON WINS

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. She says she is a mechanic, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They might as well walk, and train leaves Stanton and Miss Carlisle follows in silent amazement. Stanton is hurt in mysterious way. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Stanton gasped. Where had his memory been, not to recall the name of Floyd? A multitude of confused recollections rushed across his mind. Of that famous manufacturer and racer for sheer love of the sport, of the superb cars he had built, and of his death in a railroad wreck, the previous year.

"He tied me in his car," continued Floyd with a shadowy smile, "when I was too young to be trusted to hold on. If you are going to take my mechanician's seat, Jess," he said to me, "you have got to do my mechanician's work." And by the time I was fifteen, I could. We used to race with the chief car tester, for combination training, on a mile practice track around the factory. I held the wheel myself at seventy-five miles an hour, before I was seventeen. And he took me with him, as a spectator, to every big race here and some abroad. Of course he was training me to take charge of the manufacturing business with him, not for racing myself. But, somehow affairs went wrong. When he died, eighteen months ago, everything collapsed and I found nothing left. The factory itself is tied up in a lawsuit; I may get that out of the ruin; build a car full of silent machinery. I have no capital to use, and no heart to sell."

There was a pause.
"I wonder," Stanton mused slowly, "why you volunteered to act as my mechanician that night?"
Floyd's gray eyes flashed to meet his, all his color and animation rushing back.

"Because I love the racing, I love it," he answered, impulsively frank. "I've got my father's blood in my veins and the frail physique of a useless girl—can't you see how they fight? The very smell of exhaust gas makes my heart jump and pulses tingle. Besides, I had watched you often, I couldn't see you put out of the running. Then I was tired of—" he checked himself sharply. "Ought we not to go back on the course?"

Stanton rose, signaling the waiter.
"You saw me through that difficulty," he acknowledged. "But, you said this morning that you had a sister; I wonder you stayed with me for the season."
"My sister understands," Floyd explained; he had risen and stood for a moment beside his chair, his unseeing gaze bent on the ground. "She knows that I was not brought up to live woman-fashion. I wish, if ever you hear anything of me that you do not like, that makes you feel differently toward me, to let me know. You would remember that I was reared by a man to live among men and missed all that women teach."

Stanton regarded him in an astonishment at once indulgent and ironic.
"I'm not likely to hear anything of you that will shock me very badly," he dryly returned. "Do you think I am a gentle girl, myself, Floyd?"
"No," Stanton said, "I sprang the prompt opinion; the candid gray eyes laughed out of their short eclipse."
"They went back to the course together."
The next two hours were spent in repeatedly circling the ten mile course in ten minutes; a reasonable practice race, from Stanton's point of view. On the last lap he and Floyd disagreed over a question of mixture, and came over to the repair pits quarreling vigorously, exciting the interest of all beholders.

"If I don't know when a motor needs more gas, I'll go take a correspondence course," was Floyd's last retort, as he slipped out of his seat.
"It's raining like it never did before, and you'll let it alone," Stanton sent the definite order after him.
The witnesses grinned at one another.

"Say, Floyd, that's a fine big brute of a machine you've got there," complimented the broadly amused George, as the young mechanician went by him.
"It sure is," came the cheerful agreement of a driver who'd not been there.
"Let my driver alone," he advised. "Stanton and I understand each other all right."

"Then you had better quit racing before you're demoralized," jeered the other, and turned to find Stanton had come up behind him.
There was nothing said, Stanton went on as if he had not heard. But he carried with him the discovery that it is the perfection of comradeship to be able to quarrel without bitterness. There was a tan-colored automobile drawn up opposite the exit, when he emerged.

"Mr. Stanton," summoned a low-toned, smooth voice, from the car; Valerie Carlisle leaned out, extending a small hand.
"She was the consummation of cool daintiness and repose. It was impossible to meet her beautiful, concerned eyes without yielding admiration, at least."
"I have been waiting here for an hour," she informed him. "I am so distressed that my car should have hurt you, I shall reproach myself so much if anything happens to you tomorrow because of your strained arm, that I wanted to ask you about it myself. A weakness there might kill you, might it not?"

"It might, if it existed," he confirmed. "But the strain does not trouble me. I deserved to pay more severely for such stupid carelessness."
She did not avoid his keen gaze at all, yet somehow failed to impress her sincerity.
"It was an accident," she deprecated. "I suppose you just forgot. Frankly, though, I wish you were to drive a Duplex or an Atalanta, tomorrow. I do not like the Mercury, it is so often in wrecks."
"It is faster than either of the others," Stanton defended, yet moved in spite of himself by her anxiety for his safety. "I am also obliged to admit that it is not responsible for any of our mishaps, so far, at least; I lead it into trouble, myself, sometimes."
Her long, fair lashes fell; she tapped her fingers nervously upon the door panel.

"If you could not race, who would be likely to win, Mr. Stanton?"
"You are taking it for granted that I will succeed—easily may not. But without the Mercury, probably the Duplex or the Atalanta on this long road race. On a track, I would choose the Italian car."
She listened attentively, then smiled.
"I am such an amateur; I do not hold understand. I have come with an invitation from papa. He wishes to consult you about auto tires, those for your next race, and he hopes you will dine with us, this evening."
Thoroughly surprised, he promptly declined.
"Excuse me to Mr. Carlisle; I must get ready for tomorrow. Moreover, it is for the Mercury company to discuss tires, not for me."
Her small mouth set, she drew aside her shimmering skirts.
"We will decide that on the way—I will put you down at your hotel, at least."

"Miss Carlisle, I am just from the course; I am not presentable."
"That is for me to say," she reminded. "Pray do not refuse all my requests."
Almost under compulsion, Stanton entered the car.
He could have fancied her breathing was quicker; she gazed at him with so singular and disproportionate a triumph as almost to startle him. Without waiting the chauffeur's movement, she herself slammed the door of the car and snapped the handle, keeping her eyes upon Stanton.

"I thought you would come," she murmured, half under her breath, "and you will dine with us."
CHAPTER VI.
Missed.
The most agitated man in Lowell, on the race morning, was the assistant manager of the Mercury company. And there was a maddening irony in his situation. At a quarter after ten, fifteen minutes before the first car was to start, the Mercury stood ready, with, in his place, the trim, khaki-clad mechanician, concerning whose possible desertion Mr. Green had spent much worry. But the driver, Stanton, the unfalling, was missing. In the midst of the gay hubbub of the scene, the Mercury camp was on the verge of frenzy.

"You've telephoned to his hotel?" inquired Floyd, no less troubled because quiet, as Mr. Green came up wiping his brow.
"Telephoned! I've telephoned to every hotel in the town, to the police, to—to every one. He went to his hotel and dressed for the evening, after he left here yesterday, and went off in an Atalanta automobile with some confounded woman; that's all I can learn. He telephoned back to the hotel, at all."
Floyd's slender brown hand shut hard on the edge of the seat, his lip curled slightly.
"A woman?" he repeated, his merciless young voice stinging.
"They say so—and I'd as soon have thought of Ralph Stanton getting drunk."
"You'd better phone to the insane asylum," advised the mechanician, and turned his back to the whole affair, watching the brilliant spectacle before him with scornful gray eyes.

Five minutes passed, ten. The first car was called to its station. The Mercury had drawn fifth in the lottery for place. Just four minutes before the starting hour, a taxicab bowed furiously across the crowds, came to a jerky stop at the edge of the course, and opened to emit its passenger.
"Stanton!" hailed his manager, choking with exasperation and relief. "Stanton, for Heaven's sake—where—what—"
"Sick," the driver flung at him, springing across to his car, from which Floyd slid out to give him entrance. "Mask, gloves, you others."
"Sick?" echoed the unbelieving Mr. Green, amid the flurry of preparation. "You, you sick?"
Stanton, in his seat, turned a colorless face toward him before clasping on the mask.
"Sick," he reiterated explicitly. "Are you ready, Floyd?"
The Mercury drew up to her line on exact time. And in the moments while the cars in front were being sent away, Floyd found an opportunity to put a question.
"You have been ill?" he coldly asked.
"Acute indigestion; I've been in a doctor's office since nine o'clock last night," snapped Stanton. "Did you think I was lying to you?"
"No. Are you fit to drive?"
"If you're afraid I'm not, get out and leave me."
The signal was given. When the Mercury flashed across the line, Floyd was almost as pale from anger as Stanton from recent illness.
The race was for three hundred miles, thirty times over the ten mile course with its sharp elbows and steep hills, and was expected to take some six hours of continuous driving. The strain was not light for the pilot at all.
For the first hour there was no incident out of the usual. Floyd attended strictly to his work and Stanton drove rather more sanely than usual. But at the beginning of the second hour, the rear of the Atalanta car came in view through the fog of dust ahead; the Atalanta, which had started four minutes in advance of them, Stanton sighted with grim satisfaction, and speeded in pursuit.
"Turn ahead," warned Floyd, at his ear.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT DRAWN FROM FLOWERS

Perfumes Today Are Extracted From Almost Everything but Seemingly Natural Source.

There are few perfumes today that cannot be made from chemicals, synthetically, as the chemists call it. Formerly all perfumes were extracted from flowers, fruits, spices, woods or other vegetable and animal substances. The first perfume to be imitated was vanilla, in 1875. Heliotropin followed, but obtained by oxidation of a by-product of camphor.

Terpinol is one of the most freely used constituents of perfumes. This is a near relation of turpentine. With this a little oil and aquaforis a chemist can produce a perfume that can scarcely be distinguished from those exhaled by the lily of the valley, lilac and Cape Jasmine, varying according to the proportions in which the chemicals are blended.

Artificial violet is a combination of citral (an essence extracted from lemon), Indian yervaine, or lemon verbena, with common acetone, a substance very like pyroxylic acid.

No chemist has been able to counterfeit musk, but a synthetic perfume called musk is made from toluene, a by-product of benzene and coal tar. This is changed to a complex carburet, treated with azotic and sulphuric acids, is diluted and sold as musk.

Most of the cheap perfumes are imitations and they are almost always inferior to the flower extracts. So it might properly be said that it is a wise flower that knows its own perfume.



Valerie Carlisle Leaned Out Extending a Small Hand.

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