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.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen denies the rumor of discord in the new government of China.

Government reports say crops all over the world are greatly above the average.

Taft urged before the national hygiene congress the establishment of a National Health bureau.

The Greek minister in London denies any knowledge of a Greek-Bulgarian-Servian alliance against Turkey.

Miss Elsie Crose, daughter of the American governor of Samoa, was proclaimed a "princess" by the natives.

A party of Frenchmen visiting Berlin say they are astonished at the evidence of high living and luxury to be seen everywhere.

A girl's dream revealed fatal errors in the indictments against an Illinois school superintendent for embezzlement, forgery, etc.

Pascual Orozco, Sr., was marched through the streets of El Paso from the station to the jail, and was hooted and jeered by Mexicans.

Upon the peremptory demand of the American ambassador, an American confined in a Mexican jail was released and placed in the hospital.

The battleship Wyoming is completed and turned over to the government. She will participate in the naval review in New York harbor next month.

A witness in the Standard Oil investigation says the corporation has assigned fixed sales territory to each of its former subsidiaries, making the monopoly as complete and perfect as ever.

Jacob Foy Guthrie, the college graduate on trial in Chicago for robbing the homes of wealthy people of over $2500 worth of silks, jewelry and bric-a-brac, went raving crazy in court.

A strike of 150 shingle weavers has closed nine shingle mills on Puget Sound.

Railroads are breaking all records in furnishing cars to handle the Northwest grain crop.

A man at Kamloops, B. C., who had been deaf and dumb for 14 years, suddenly recovered both voice and hearing when he saw another man crushed and mangled beneath the wheels of a moving freight train.

Two were killed and several seriously injured when a passenger train struck a streetcar on a grade crossing near Denver.

Officials at Washington think the Mexican revolution is weakening, on account of the many apparently aimless moves being made by the insurgents.

Roosevelt says he is willing his election shall be subject to the recall.

Striking Utah coal miners have stolen large quantities of dynamite and serious trouble is feared.

Canadian Pacific telegraph operators have accepted compromise terms by the company and the impending strike has been declared off.

Communication has again been established with Cananea, Mexico. Food has been sent in and a trainload of copper bullion shipped from the mines.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat — Track prices: Club, 78@79c; bluestem, 82@83c; forty-fold, 79@80c; red Russian, 77@78c; valley, 79@80c.

Barley—Feed, $25 per ton; brewing, $27@29.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $17 per ton; oat and vetch, $11; alfalfa, $12.50@13.

Oats—Spot, $27 per ton; futures, $25@26.

Fresh fruits — Apples, 50c@$1.50 per box; peaches, 40@60c per box; pears, 50c@$1.50; grapes, 90c@$1.10.

Onions—Walla Walla, 75c per sack; Oregon, $1.25 per sack.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50@60c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 2¼@2½c pound.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 65@75c per dozen; beans, 2c pound; cabbage, 1@1½c; cauliflower, $1@1.25 dozen; celery, 50@75c dozen; corn, 75c@$1 sack; cucumbers, 50c box; eggplant, 5@6c pound; head lettuce, 20@25c dozen; peppers, 5@6c per pound; tomatoes, 35@40c per box; garlic, 8@10c per pound; carrots, $1.25 per sack; turnips, $1; beets, $1.10; parsnips, $1.25.

Eggs—Case count, 27½@28c dozen; candled, 28½@29c; extras, 32@34c.

Butter — Oregon creamery, cubes, 33c per pound; prints, 34@34½c.

Pork—Fancy, 11½@12c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14½@15c pound.

Poultry — Hens, 14½@15c pound; broilers, 14½@15c; ducks, young, 12c; geese, 8@12c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, 25c.

Hops—1912 crop, 15@18c.

Wool — Eastern Oregon, 14@18c pound; valley, 21½@22½c; mohair, choice, 32c pound.

Cattle—Choice steers, $6.85@7.25; good, $6.25@6.65; medium, $6@6.25; choice cows, $6@6.50; good, $5.50@5.75; medium, $5@5.25; choice calves, $7@8.50; good heavy calves, $6.25@7; bulls, $3@4.50; stags, $5@5.75.

Hogs—Light, $8.50@8.65; heavy, $7.50@8.

Sheep — Yearlings, $3.50@4.65; wethers, $4@4.65; ewes, $3@3.85; lambs, $5@6.

AVIATOR'S PRANKS UPSET BOAT

Excited Crowd Rushes to One Side; Launch Turns Over.

Chicago—The tipping over and rescue of eight spectators in a launch, the disabling of two hydro-aeroplanes far out in the lake and the "pranks" of an aviator dressed as a woman brought Chicago's aviation meet to a close.

Great crowds near Grant Park, on the lakefront, were startled to observe what appeared to be a woman diving in a biplane almost straight down from an altitude of 3000 feet, and then with her arms off the levers and her skirts fluttering about her face, flying as low as 10 feet over the heads of the spectators. To make the scene more startling, the "woman" flew out of the course and skimmed up and down Michigan avenue, sending automobiles in all directions to seek safety.

The "woman" was Lincoln Beachy, who disguised himself as "Mlle. Clarise Lavateur," for the purpose of creating a new aerial sensation for Chicago. So excited were eight spectators in a launch in the harbor that they all gathered at one side of the craft and it tipped over. They were rescued by a tug.

Bechwith Havens, while driving a hydro-aeroplane with a passenger, punctured his pontoon. Both men were picked up as they were sinking.

Anthony Jennus, in a hydro-aeroplane, had a similar accident. His machine had to be towed in.

Armed with a stout club, Weldon B. Cooke, an aviator of Oakland, Cal., defended his wrecked aeroplane for several hours against a crowd of several hundred souvenir hunters. When flying on the South Side he fell, wrecking his biplane. He was stunned by the fall, and when he regained consciousness he found a large crowd around his machine breaking pieces from it to carry away as souvenirs. Seizing a club, he held the crowd back until the police arrived.

KAISER RIDES ON WHISKEY.

Tires on Emperor's Automobile Made From Alcoholic Beverage.

Chicago—Emperor William of Germany rides in an automobile, the tires of which are made from whiskey, according to Dr. H. A. Bernson, head of the chemistry department of Heidelberg university, who with 300 other scientists, is in Chicago to attend the eighth annual international congress of applied chemistry.

He says that rubber has been made from whiskey for several years at several experimental laboratories in Germany, and recently a set of automobile tires made from the alcoholic beverage were presented to Emperor William and that he is now using them on one of his private automobiles.

According to Dr. Bernson the process of manufacturing is quite intricate. By special processes of fermentation the scientists increase the amount of fusel oil in whiskey, then extract the oil and use it in place of the raw gum that is tapped from rubber trees.

CURB ON FLYERS SOUGHT.

Aviators' League Proposed to Stop Reckless Aerial Flights.

London—The death of H. J. D. Astley by the fall of his aeroplane at Belfast has given impetus to the movement to found a National Aviators' league.

Astley was the twentieth British airman to lose his life. A similar movement has begun in the United States to forbid unnecessary flying involving dangerous risks. The movement has the support of the leading aviation authorities.

Astley, who met death while executing too sharp a turn, wore no safety helmet. He received thereby injuries to his head. He was the heir of a millionaire and a descendant of Cromwell.

Many of the spectators of the accident are of the opinion that Astley sacrificed his life in a brave attempt to avoid colliding with the crowd.

Auto Burglars Get Gems.

New York — Automobile burglars, accompanied by a woman, who remained outside in a machine, the engine of which the chauffeur kept racing in readiness for flight, at the point of a revolver bound and gagged George Richman, a jeweler, in his store at 111 Second avenue, and obtained $5000 worth of loot. They stole $820 in cash, two trays of diamond rings and pendants, and other trinkets that had been left to be repaired. Richman was bound hand and foot and a towel tied around his mouth.

Federal Force Is Routed

Monterey, Mexico—A body of federals numbering about 100, sent to drive the rebels from Labadia ranch, barely escaped annihilation by a rebel force Monday, but were completely routed, although it is said only ten were killed. The news of the defeat was brought here by one of the fleeing soldiers. The whereabouts of Major Vallareal, who commanded the federals, is unknown. General Blanquet, who has been stationed at Pedricina, is said to be on the way to Musquiz, at the head of a strong force.

Women May Storm Jail

Dublin — Phoenix Park was the scene of a disorderly suffragist meeting Sunday. A letter was read from Mrs. Mary Leigh, who recently was released from Mount Joy prison on account of ill health, declaring that unless Gladys Evans, now serving a sentence of five years for an atempt to burn a theater, was liberated within a few days, she would lead a march on the prison to effect her release, and would succeed or die in the attempt.

Chinese Rob and Murder.

St. Petersburg—Atrocities committed by Chinese expeditionary troops in Mongolia are reported in Harbin dispatches. After plundering and burning several monasteries, the troops massacred 1000 Mongolians and mutilated the bodies of women and children. Prince and Princess Un Ai escaped, but all other members of their family were murdered.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

PRUNE TREE STOCK SHORT.

Nurseries Unable to Supply Demands of Prospective Planters.

Aurora—Charles J. Roth, the Canby nurseryman, was in Aurora this week on business, and says there is a remarkable shortage in the supply of prune trees in the Pacific Coast nurseries this fall. Practically every nursery in Oregon has exhausted its supply already, for the fall planting, which means that there will be no more trees on the market for a year. This indicates a remarkably heavy planting and a great revival of interest in the prune industry. Mr. Roth has just received an order for 5000 trees, but could supply only 500. The larger part of the orders seem to come from California, where the planting is the heaviest and the interest greatest.

In this particular section, the greatest activity in horticulture is in loganberries, there being hundreds of acres planted between here and Salem. Many apples, pears and peaches will also be put out this fall in the Fargo neighborhood.

INDIANS TO THRESH GRAIN.

Third Sawmill Will Be Built on Klamath Reservation.

Klamath Falls—Edson Watson, Indian agent, has purchased a steam threshing outfit for the Klamath reservation. There are several antiquated threshing outfits on the reservation now, but the progress of the Indians in agriculture calls for more modern methods and Mr. Watson is helping them in that direction. He hopes to have the outfit here in time to do much of this season's work.

A third sawmill will soon be in operation on the reservation, as the two now in use are proving insufficient to meet the demand. The new mill will be located on Sprague river between Yainax and the agency, and will be manned by Indians.

An advertisement for the sale of 1,500,000 feet, board measure, standing timber, on the reservation, announces that bids will be opened October 15. The minimum figure for pine and sugar pine, which constitute three-fourths of the timber to be sold, is $3.25 a thousand feet. On the remainder of the timber the minimum is $1.50 a thousand. The agent has a number of offers for timber, one of which is for 400,000,000 feet.

APPLE YIELD REDUCED.

Early Estimates at Hood River Cut Fifty Per Cent.

Hood River — Representatives of four of the apple selling agencies of Hood River valley, the Applegrowers' union, Davidson Fruit company, National Apple company and Hood River Apple & Storage company, met here to go over the returns from orchardists as to the crop prospects, and have given out the following figures:

Reports from 228 orchards representing over 60 per cent of the bearing acreage, give a careful and accurate estimate of the Spitzenberg crop at 125,000 boxes, or a little more than one-fourth of the total crop. Of this quantity, 75,000 will be of the extra fancy grade four tier size. The balance of 50,000 including the four and one-half tier size will be packed as fancy and choice grades.

The recent additions to the storage capacity here giving a total capacity of 600,000 boxes, will accommodate within a few thousand boxes of every apple raised in the valley this year, and the selling agencies have agreed among themselves not to sell any of the Spitzenberg crop until the market is good.

Early estimates placed the Spitzenberg crop at 250,000 boxes, but droppings have reduced these figures, much to the disappointment of the orchardists.

Clover Growers Profit.

McMinnville—Clover growers in this section of the valley have received from one firm in McMinnville $27,000 in one week for part of this season's clover seed. The same firm shipped five cars of clover seed, of which four were of the Alsike variety.

It is estimated that 50 carloads of clover seed will be the output of the country stretching from Forest Grove to Independence.

A record yield of Alsike clover seed is that of Charles Mitchell, near Perrydale, who harvested 11 bushels of fine quality clover seed to the acre.

Sheepmen Buy Bucks.

Independence—Smythe Brothers, of Pendleton, were in Independence, McCoy and Corvallis for a few days buying up all the registered bucks they could get. They succeeded in gathering up nearly 700 head. Hawley & Son gathered 200 head in the McCoy section. All these bucks are spring stock, having come in April, and all but 20 head are registered. They sold for about $20 per head. These bucks are to be distributed among the big sheepraisers at Arlington, Heppner and Pendleton.

Grading Is Nearly Done.

Eugene—Grading for the Eugene-Monroe section of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern's Eugene-Portland line probably will be finished within two weeks. Out of the 24 miles of roadway, eight have been completely graded and with the placing of concrete culverts and a few small bridges, will be ready for the steel. With grading camps covering the remaining work completely there promises to be no difficulty in finishing up the work as required. There was but a short stretch that required blasting.

New Market Found for Rye.

Aurora—A new industry that is likely to bring a large income to Macksburg farmers is the growing of rye, both for the grain and straw. Through the efforts of Franz Kraxberger, offers have been received from the Portland manufacturers of horse collars for large quantities of rye straw, the prepared straw being used for the filling of the collars. Practically all the horse collars now in use are made in this manner.

POTATOES INJURED.

Tualatin Valley Crop Reported Short Fully One-Half.

Hillsboro—That the potato crop in this vicinity will be short fully 50 per cent as a result of early blight, is the prediction made by Howard Evarts Weed, an authority on plant diseases. "For several days past I have examined the potato fields in this vicinity, and find very few places but that show great damage to the growing crop. The recent windy weather made the conditions much worse than would otherwise have been the case, as the wind caused a wide distribution of the spores of the fungus causing the disease. The excessive rains during August made weakened, tender vines full of moisture, while the atmospheric conditions were such as cause all fungus diseases to develop most rapidly.

"For a month past there have been small brown spots upon the leaves, showing the presence of the disease known to science as macrosporium solani, or the early blight, but it has only been during the past week that the disease has developed rapidly and the infection become widespread.

"The vines now have yellow leaves at the bottom of the plant, while the top leaves have their edges turned black. Growth of tubers has practically stopped. Some fields are worse than others, hillside fields being the worst affected.

"Potato blight is now practically worldwide in its distribution. First described in 1882, it now occurs throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, Asia and Australia. Its control by means of the Bordeaux mixture is easy, thanks to the experiments made in 1899 by Professor L. R. Jones of the Vermont experiment station.

"These experiments were very thorough, and the results so conclusive that spraying with Bordeaux mixture is now conducted as a part of farm practice by the best growers of the Central states. In the experiments at the Vermont station the sprayed potatoes gave a yield of 291 bushels per acre against 99½ bushels per acre for the unsprayed potatoes, showing a difference of 191½ bushels an acre in favor of spraying."

NEW FISH CAR IN USE.

20,000 Trout Being Distributed East of The Dalles.

The first "fish car" that has ever been used in Oregon left Portland Monday night for the Bonneville Central Fish Hatchery to stock up with a large shipment of trout fry that is to be distributed at various Oregon points to encourage the propagation of the trout species in the Oregon streams.

This car is equipped with various mechanical devices necessary to the care of fish and with living quarters for the caretakers. It has accommodations for 20,000 fish.

On the present trip the car will drop 100 cans, each containing 10 gallons of trout fry, at The Dalles, Dufur and other points farther East, and will loop back through The Dalles to pick up the empty cans. Later it is intended to distribute fish at favorable points along all of the railroad lines in Oregon.

The car used in this work was donated to Warden Finley by the O.-W. R. & N., and equipped at the expense of the railroad. The car and accompanying employes are given free transportation on all of the official trips. This donation serves as a great accommodation.

Heretofore shipments have been by the usual baggage car route, which necessitated many delays in transfer. It is probable that the "fish car" will be placed on display in Portland soon.

Branch Line Completed.

Klamath Falls—The ballasting crew on the line north from Klamath Falls has finished its work as far as Rocky Ford, the crossing of Williamson river. The section completed will now be turned over to the operating department. At Chiloquin, the present terminus of the work, there is a rumor that the Big Basin Lumber company is preparing to erect a large sawmill. If true it will add considerably to the importance of that town as a shipping point, and also be a great benefit to the surrounding country.

Grain Harvest Continued.

Echo—Weather conditions here are favorable for the harvesting of the grain. Some anxiety was felt ten days ago on account of the unexpected rain, but the warm, clear days that have followed have dispelled all fears and the harvesting has gone on rapidly. Wheat is being hauled to the local warehouses, averaging 1600 sacks a day. There is such an immense quantity of wheat in this locality that it will take two more months of hauling before this season's crop is cared for.

Apple Disease Prevalent.

Corvallis—Professor H. S. Jackson, department of plant pathology, O. A. C., has just returned from an extended trip of inspection through Eastern and Southern Oregon. Professor Jackson reports that the abundant rains of this season have brought about conditions especially favorable to the spread of the apple tree anthracnose in the orchards of the Southern and Western parts of the state.

State To Exchange Land.

Salem—Governor West, State Forester Elliott and Assistant District Forester Andrews as a representative of District Forester Cecil, left this week for the Cascade mountains near Detroit to make a selection of 50,000 acres of government forest reserve land to exchange for scattered school sections in this state. The state forest reserve of 50,000 acres will be thus centralized.

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician 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. They alight to take walk, and train 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. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

"Jessica has the right to a chance," he agreed. "I'm not goin' to meddle with things beyond my understandin'. An' I'd rather have her your wife than have anything else in the world. Only—you've seen her just once—you can't tell if you want her, yet."

Stanton shot him one straight, expressive glance.

"She is like you," slipped from him involuntarily; then, furious at his betrayal of sentiment, he dropped the other's hand. "We had better go, or we'll miss the train," he bruskly reminded.

"Oh, she is like me," confirmed Floyd; he turned to look again at the factory. "We are pretty close chums. Yes, you an' I had better be gettin' to the train."

They walked back to the nearest trolley line, both silent.

The subject was not touched again, until the following morning, when they left the train in New York.

"When shall I see you?" Stanton questioned, as they exchanged farewells in the noisy depot. "To-morrow?"

"I'm going to be out of town for the next two weeks, Mr. Green tells me," Floyd replied. "They want me at the Mercury factory, and there are some other trips, too, I believe. Jessica is going to be rather deserted; if you happen to look her up, no doubt she would be glad to speak to some one besides her nurse."

"Thank you," accepted Stanton, as carelessly. "Take care of yourself."

He had not reached the exit when Floyd overtook him.

"Here are the entries for the Cup race," he panted, thrusting a folded newspaper into Stanton's hand. "There are two Atalanta cars to run against us. It's you who need to take care of yourself, until afterward."

"Floyd, wait! What do you mean? Do you really think—"

But his mechanician evaded the question.

"Some people are hoodoos," he laughed. "Keep away from them, please. Good-by."

He had not spoken Valerie Carlisle's name, yet Stanton knew against whom he warned. And the melodramatic absurdity of the idea did not prevent an odd thrill of discomfort and insecurity, from which he took his usual refuge in roughness.

"I'm not in the habit of hiding from people, hoodoos or not. Good-by."

"Oh, very well," acquiesced Floyd oddly. "But if you won't take care of yourself, Stanton—"

"Well, what?"

"Never mind."

CHAPTER X.

An Interval.

It was on the second day after his arrival in New York that Stanton called upon Jessica Floyd. This time he went more confidently up the stairs of the quiet apartment house, sure of his right.

As before, the little old Irishwoman clad in black silk was waiting to admit him; as before, he could have cried out in the wonder of seeing this girl who turned Floyd's candid face to him and smiled with Floyd's gray eyes. Only, this afternoon Jessicia did not rise from the piano seat to greet him, but from a chair near a window.

"Jes is away again," she regretted, giving him her hand.

"I came to see you, by his permission," Stanton returned.

The rich color flushed under her marvelous skin, that was like no other woman's he had ever seen. Floyd differed there, man from girl, his complexion being much darker and less translucent.

"It is too early to give you tea and cake," she told him, with a playfulness partly shy. "But if you will talk to me for half an hour, it will be after four o'clock and I can offer you hospitality.

"What shall I talk to you about?" he doubted. "I am better at listening, I think."

"Oh, anything, everything. Suppose I were Jes; I like what he likes, racing, factories, motor-cars."

Although the season was early, a fire burned in the tiny hearth, on either side of which they were seated, facing each other. In the ruddy light Stanton contemplated the smiling girl, in her pale-blue gown with its lace ruffles foaming around her full young throat and falling low across her hands.

"Your brother has told you of the business partnership that we plan for this winter, Miss Floyd?"

She nodded her bronze-crowned head.

"Yes; I am very glad."

"Did he," a sudden fancy prompted the question, "did he tell you that I was coming here to see you, if I might?"

"Did he know of it?" she asked in counter-question.

Floyd had kept the confidence given him, then, although no formal restraint had been made. The expression that crossed Stanton's dark face was warm and very gentle.

"He knew, yes. I wish I could have met your brother years ago; I might have been less hard a man, more fit to know him, and you, now."

"You hard!"

"Has he not taught you that I am so?"

In her earnestness she leaned forward, her eyes fearlessly on his.

"Never. Do not imagine he thinks you that, do not so wrong his memory of your kindness. A rough word—what is it? The first gentleness cancels it; what is a friend worth who does not understand?"

Stanton bent his head, looking at the fire.

"I have not had much gentleness shown me," he said. "My mother died when I was born; when I was thirteen my father married again. My stepmother was a good woman, whom I loved as well as my father did. But within the second year after the marriage, the horses they were driving ran away, dragging the carriage over an embankment, and my parents died within a few moments of each other while being taken to the hospital. Have I said that my father was wealthy? He was so. He had made his will, a year before, leaving everything to his wife; well knowing that she in her turn would pass all on to me. She was much younger than he, almost certain to outlive him, and entirely to be trusted. But she had never made a will, delayed by chance or forgetfulness, I suppose. When he died five minutes before her, all his fortune passed to his wife; then, upon her death without a will, again legally passed on to her relatives. I was left with no share or claim."

"But it was yours by every right! Surely, surely, your step-mother's relatives did not take it?"

"They took every penny and every inch, Miss Floyd. And I, at fifteen, was sent out into the world, a beggared orphan. They had no interest in me, and I was old enough to support myself. One of them offered to get me a position as office boy."

"Oh! You—"

"I—lived," he grimly answered. "I asked them for nothing. What personal trinkets belonged to me, I sold, for the first needs; then I set to work. My father had wished me to be a mechanical engineer, and I meant to fulfil his plan. Perfect health I did have—for six years I regularly worked twenty hours out of each twenty-four, until I was graduated from college. For six years I was always tired, occasionally hungry, and took just one recreation: every night I walked through the avenue where my former home stood, and looked at it. I saw the people who had robbed me go handsomely clad and sleek, I saw their carriages and servants pass and repass. I watched, and I concluded that there was just one thing in life worth while."

The girl shivered slightly, her gaze on his firm profile with its lines of relentless strength.

"You meant to punish them," she faltered.

"Revenge? No; it was not worth taking. I will not deny I thought of that as a boy; as a man I was too practical to waste my time. What I decided to have was money. I found in my aptitude for this automobile racing my best and quickest way to secure a starting capital. If I killed myself in doing it, very good; that was better than poverty. I was poor for six years; poor for a lifetime I will not be."

"No, you will not be," she agreed, her voice quite low and agitated. "You were born to bend circumstance, for good or ill."

"Circumstance bent me, when it set your brother in my path," he corrected. "I never before had a friend, or cared—" He shook his head impatiently, turning fully to her. "Bah, what dead history am I boring you with! Forgive me; I only meant to say there might be some small excuse for my savagery. It is after four o'clock, I was promised tea."

Jessica rose to cross to the little tea-table, but lingered for an instant.

"Jes once told me that he had been guilty of the impertinence of saying his driver had the best disposition and the worst temper he had ever seen. I think that if he were here, he would apologize for the last part."

"Perhaps he may yet retract the first," he warned lightly, yet touched.

When she summoned him to take his cup, Stanton looked at the brown beverage, then in quizzical surprise at his hostess.

"Yes," she laughed, coloring. "With three lumps of sugar in it. Jes told me that whenever he was out with you, you drank chocolate syrup and sweet. I thought it was only girls who liked sweet, syrupy things."

"And do you always give people what they like?" he asked, amused and oddly pleased.

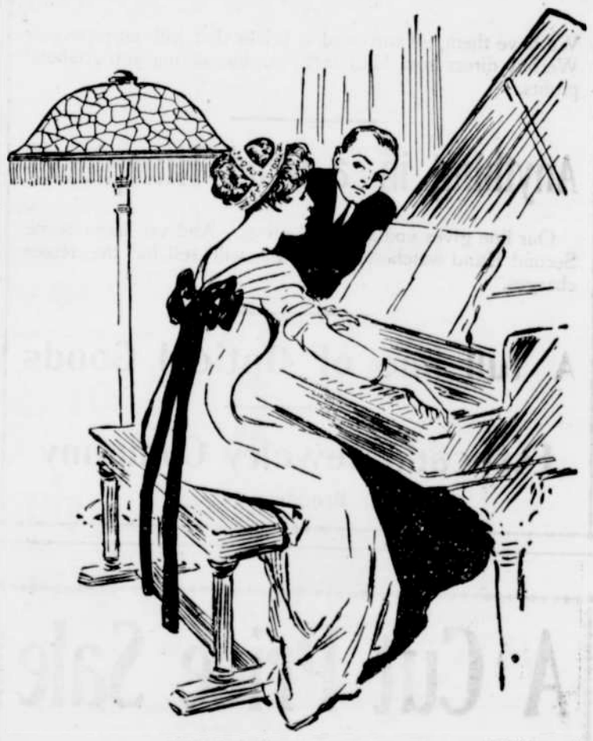
"I would like to," she retorted.

"Then I would like very much to have you go to the theater with me, to-night."

"As you like," she conceded, her heavy lashes sweeping her cheeks.

The first step was made. For the next two weeks they saw each other frequently. Twice Stanton brought one of the Mercury cars and took Jessica for sedate afternoon drives. Several rainy days she gave him sweet chocolate and sat opposite him before the bright little hearth, listening or talking with the equable sunniness so like Floyd's. Indeed, Stanton soon came to feel with her the sense of companionship and certainty of being understood that he felt with her brother. But he never was rough to Jessica.

During that interval he did not meet Floyd. Jes was busy thirty miles up the Hudson valley, at the Mercury factory, Jessica said, and as Stanton of course knew from his mechanician's own statement. Only it impressed him as rather strange that Floyd could not get away even once or twice to see his sister.



"Will You Sing It to Me Now?"

Meanwhile the Cup race was approaching. On the last evening before Stanton went out to the Long Island course, he called on Jessica.

"It is possible to come into New York, of course," he said to her. "But I shall stay out there until after the race. After that, after Floyd and I come back, shall I see as much of you? Or won't you want me around when you have him?"

Startled, she met his eyes, then turned away hurriedly to the piano.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why the Planets Collide

Gravity and Other Agencies Are at Work in Bringing Stars Together.

There is good reason to believe that the bodies in space—both luminous and dead—occasionally fall together, and his conception of such an event was given by Prof. A. W. Bickerton in a late Royal Institution lecture. The collisions do not come at random. Gravity and other agencies are at work, and before two suns collide they come into each other's influence for hundreds of years, being drawn towards each other with constantly increasing speed. As the velocity would be proportionate to size, the collision would take place in the same time—about three-fourths of an hour—for all bodies. With the collision the two stars become a new one, the tremendous speed is suddenly converted into heat, and the explosive force expands the new star at the rate of millions of miles an hour. This, Professor Bickerton believes, explains the origin of Nova Persei, which suddenly flashed out in 1901 with 10,000 times the brilliancy of our sun. This star became the brightest in the heavens except Sirius, and was the most brilliant new star that has appeared in 300 years.

In a Different Sense.

"I understand Puffersbulk was a remarkably small baby."

"He must weigh over two hundred pounds now."

"No doubt he does, but a great many people say he is a remarkably small man."