

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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Illustrations by Frederic Thorsdorph

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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.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"Goin' to throw away the race an' wreck your machine, for foolishness?" he inquired. "That's just like you, Ralph Stanton. You'll risk a blow-out an' a smash to save five minutes in a twenty-four hour race. You can drive, but you won't use common sense."

Something snapped under Stanton's mask. Raging with silent fury, he slowed down his car and swung into the paddock gate as they came opposite it, thundering through to his own camp.

"Fix that tire," he commanded, as the swarm of mechanics surrounded them, and descended from his seat to confront the assistant manager. "Have you got me another mechanic, yet? This one won't do."

"Why, no," Mr. Green deprecated. "The driver who alternates with you wants to keep his mechanic; besides, the man isn't exactly ready to go with you, and he couldn't do both shifts, anyhow. I've telephoned to the company to find a man and rush him here. What," he looked toward the group around the car, where Floyd's bronze head shone in the electric light as he directed proceedings, "what's the matter with this one? Scared?"

"No," conceded Stanton, grudgingly just. "Insolent and interfering."

"Well, if that is all—"

Stanton turned his back upon the speaker, recklessly and blindly angry, past all reasoning.

When the brief operation completed, Floyd sprang up beside his driver for the start, Stanton surveyed him through his goggles.

"If you are nervous about my driving and my sense, you had better get off now," was the grim warning. "For I drive as I see fit, and I'm going to make up these laps."

"Why are you wasting time here, then?" countered the mechanic, practically.

The Mercury hurtled viciously down the line of training camps and burst out on the track like a blazing meteor. Stanton shifted into high gear on the curve, and began to drive—as he saw fit.

The close-packed witnesses stood during most of the next hour, alternately applauding and shouting dismay, climbing on seats and benches to see. The other racers gave the Mercury room on the turns, after the Alan car tried to steal an inside sweep, and skidding, missed destruction through and with Stanton by the narrow margin of a foot.

There was neither opportunity nor wish for speech between the two who rode the verge of death on the Mercury. Floyd attended steadily to his duties; pumping oil, brushing the yellow trackdust from the pilot's goggles to clear his vision for each turn, watching the tires and the other machines. But he made no protest at the deadly methods of his companion.

Near the end of the second hour, the scream of the klaxon sounded its significant warning of trouble.

"It's us—lamps out," called the mechanic, after a comprehensive review of their machine.

Stanton shook his head impatiently, and kept on; deliberately passing the paddock gate instead of turning in. As they shot by the grand-stand for the second time, the klaxon sounded again, long and imperiously.

"Goin' to fight the 'judges'?" hissed Floyd, with careful politeness.

The driver did not speak or glance from the funnel-effect of light and dark into which they were being, but the catch of his breath was not gentle. However, he swung into the paddock, on the next circuit, and halted a brief instant to have the lamp re-lighted. Familiar with his usual wants, a man ran bringing a pitcher of water to Stanton; who swallowed a little, then pushed the vessel so roughly toward his mechanic that some of the liquid splashed over the recipient and trickled down upon them both.

"Here," he offered curtly.

"Thanks," Floyd accepted, and drank as they bounded forward, tossing the tin pitcher back over his shoulder, where a reporter gathered it up and sat upon a keg of oil to write a pretty account of the volunteer mechanic who had made the Mercury's entry possible and of the consequent regard of Stanton for him.

The next hour passed a trifle more quietly. Perhaps even Stanton was sufficiently tired by the strain to drive with some conservatism; perhaps he acknowledged mentally that no car built would stand such viciously gru-

elling work for twenty-four consecutive hours. But he kept the lead gained, for all that, and a pace like the long swoop of a swallow.

"Car coming out of the paddock. Hundred and eightieth lap. Car stopped around the bend," Floyd reported, at intervals. Otherwise there was mute attention to business on the part of both men.

"Signal," Stanton abruptly ordered, at last, as they rushed across the stretch of track between the grand-stand and the training-camps.

Floyd obediently rose in his place, raising his arms above his head in the accepted signal to their men to stand ready for the car's entrance. On the next circuit Stanton turned into the paddock and came to a stop before the Mercury's tent.

"Get out," he directed, and himself left his seat.

The two men who alternated were waiting to relieve the two who descended from the machine. The workmen swarmed around to fill tanks and give swift inspection, and the fretting car sped back to the track.

Left opposite each other in the flickering glare of the swinging electric lamps, driver and mechanic stood for a moment, weary, car-stiff, and still tense. Stanton unclasped his mask with a jerk, took a step toward the tent, then turned toward his assistant.

"The three hours are up," he observed roughly. "I suppose you leave me."

"Why do you suppose that? Are you through with me?" Floyd asked, with studied quietness.

"I made the offer to any man who would go for the first three hours. The time is up; you're free to get your money from Mr. Green, and leave."

Floyd took off his own mask and bared his white, steadfast face and tired eyes to the other's gaze.

"I entered for the race, or for as much of it as you want me," he corrected. "Until you quit, or find a substitute you like better, I'm with you."

They looked at each other.

"Go rest, then. There is coffee inside," bade Stanton, and swung on his heel.

At the entrance to his tent he was met by the exultant assistant manager.

"I've got you a mechanic, Stanton!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "I telephoned our fix to headquarters, and Jack Rupert is coming down—the chief tester at the factory, you know, who used to race with the chief himself. He phoned that he wouldn't see the Mercury thrown out but to tell you he was going to cancel his life insurance policy first so he would not be accused of suicide for the benefit

through the fence; a heap of disordered metal which men were striving frantically to restore to activity, while in the illuminated hospital tent its driver and mechanism were undergoing a kindred process of rehabilitation. Other cars went in and out from their camps, for oil, for gasoline, for tires and minor repairs—for all the countless wants of a racing machine. Stanton looked for the Mercury, then, satisfied, crossed the track and entered the space before the grand-stand.

Along the edge of the cement promenade were parked a row of automobiles whose owners preferred to witness the race from their own cars rather than from the tiers of seats behind. Past them Stanton turned, avoiding the fire of attention and curiosity he would draw by crossing the lighted space where recognition must follow. He was going to the restaurant in the interior of the stand.

But as he passed a big white touring car at the end of the row, a woman leaned from the shadow of the top. "I beg your pardon," she summoned, her tone composed and rather imperious.

The apology veiled a command. Stanton halted.

"Madam?" he responded, astonished and scarcely pleased.

She deliberately stepped down beside him, accompanied by the crisp sound of shaken silk and a drift of faint, rich fragrance. She wore a dark motor-veil, and in the mingling of dense shadows and glaring lights it was not possible to distinguish more than her general effect of youth and well-poised grace.

"I fancied by your costume that you were one of the racers," she explained. "And as I only arrived an hour ago I wished to beg some information."

"I am one of the men driving," he corroborated.

She turned to glance at the cars rushing by, struggling for the lead.

"Thank you. Can you tell me whether Ralph Stanton is now driving the Mercury?"

"No," he answered, interested for the first time. "But he will take the wheel again in half an hour."

"Ah? I have heard so much of his spectacular feats, I," she gave a careless, rippling laugh. "I confess I should like to see some of them."

"Yes? Well, half the people here come to see whether some of the men won't take a chance once too often. They say there is a pleasant thrill in watching some one else get killed."

"Hardly that," she demurred. "Still, if one comes to an automobile race one wants to see something more exciting than a drive in the park; something more exciting than—that." She waved a fragile hand toward the

KEEP MILK UTENSILS CLEAN

One of Important Things to Remember is to Keep Vessels Absolutely Free From All Dirt.

Every man, woman and child in the United States uses milk or milk products in some form. Are you doing your part to keep your milk clean and fresh? One of the worst sources of trouble is lack of cleanliness in the care of milk utensils.

One of the chief things to remember is that milk utensils should never be rinsed in hot water without being first rinsed in cold water. If hot water is used, milk that may remain in vessel is very likely to be so hardened that it can with difficulty be washed off.

Rinse first in cold water, wash in hot water, using a washing powder if desired, then rinse in boiling water. In the summer, set utensils in sunlight to dry. The final rinsing in hot water not only kills germs but so heats the pails that they will dry off quickly, thus lessening the chance of rusting. It is economy to buy only the best grade of pails, cans and strainers. A rusty pail should never be used or one in which the seams become slightly opened.

A milk house aids very much in the proper care of milk and milk utensils. The size of the house, says the Farm and Home, should be proportioned to the number of cows milked. Some will find that a house as small as 8 to 10 feet will be sufficiently large. Such a house should have a concrete floor, cement plaster walls, or at least walls that can be readily washed, a concrete, steel, or wooden tank in which milk cans can be set to cool, some provision for heating water, a sink where milk utensils can be washed, and enough windows to admit plenty of light. In summer, door and windows should be screened.

WAY OF FATTENING POULTRY

Chickens Must Be Fed Lightly at First and Gradually Brought Along to Full Ration.

A quick eye for the well being of fattening fowls is just as important as with other stock, indeed, more so, as with large numbers it takes a man who can rapidly, yet accurately, detect when birds are getting off feed or ailing. It is a lack of this faculty that causes many to fall with sheep and smaller animals.

Crate feeding is carried on with only six or eight birds in a crate, so that each unit can be quickly looked over. Milk feeding occupies but fourteen days and ordinarily under seventeen. Indeed, there is, as a rule, no endeavor to make old hens prime, merely to flesh them a bit and often eight to nine days accomplishes this. Milk besides its feed value helps the digestive process. Chickens must be fed lightly at first and gradually brought to a full ration. It costs about nine cents a pound for the flesh put on, of which 7.10 cents was for cost of feed. Growing chickens make more economical gains than hens.

How Much Water?

It is a safe rule to provide five pounds of water for every pound of milk that the cow gives. This will mean that at least 12 gallons a day should be supplied. Cases have been known where a cow would drink 25 or 30 gallons per day in the warmest weather. Such a cow, however, will produce 10,000 or 12,000 pounds of milk a year. The supply should be as liberal accordingly in the winter as in the summer. Always the water should be pure and in the winter it should be warmed to at least 60 degrees. It is cheaper to warm the water with a tank heater than to make the cow do the work with alfalfa and high price concentrates.

Laying Drains.

In laying tile drains, Prof. E. O. Fippin of the New York State Agricultural college, says the main drains should be large enough to provide for future expansion. For the lateral drains never use anything less than three or three and one-half inches in diameter. In clay soils he recommends laterals not over 50 feet apart and at a depth of two and one-half to three feet. The denser the soil the more shallow the drains must be laid. In laying drains in clay it should be done in summer, when the land is dry, and be sure the clay is dried out before it is thrown back in the ditch.

Harrowing Planted Corn.

Harrowing corn after it is planted is looked upon by the Wisconsin experiment station as somewhat hazardous, because the harrow is sure to injure some of the hills. After the farmer has planted his corn he cannot afford to lose any portion of his field through unwise cultivation.

Planting corn more thickly will not compensate for the loss as the harrow does not strike all hills alike, and is too liable to leave too many stalks in one hill and too few in another. Harrowing before planting is the better practice. Cultivate afterward.

Plant Lice.

If plant lice appear on the peas, sprinkle the foliage with tobacco dust. This will not kill the lice, but it will repel many of them and greatly reduce the injury.

Gain in Lambs.

Lambs gain in weight during their first month largely in proportion to milk received. For this reason attention should be paid to the milking quality of ewes.



"I Am One of the Men Driving," He Corroborated.

of his heirs. Funny chap! He'll be here before you go on the track again."

"What for?" demanded Stanton. "If I kill my mechanic, I kill my car and myself—I don't need two men, and I've got one."

"But I thought you said—" began the amazed Mr. Green.

"I was wrong. Phone Rupert that I'll keep Floyd. Now, I'd like to get some rest."

The assistant manager stepped aside from the entrance, confounded.

CHAPTER II.

The Risk and the Lady.

Two hours later, Stanton emerged from his camp and strolled toward the paddock exit. It was after two o'clock in the morning; the dark arch of star-set sky overhead, the black emptiness of the central field except for the line of tents, contrasted oddly with the glistening white track where the meteor-bright cars circled tirelessly to the accompanying monotone of many voices, varied by the occasional wall of the official klaxon. One machine was out of the race, after going

track, shrugging her shoulders with an airy amusement and scorn.

Stanton surveyed the scene, the darkness hiding his expression.

"The Mercury is marking time with a substitute driver, the Duplex is off with a choked feed-pipe, and the Stern went through the fence," he summed up. "The others are driving to win by endurance, playing for accidents to the faster cars. It is a dull period, just now. Yet every car there is going fast enough to face destruction if anything goes wrong."

She turned to him again, and he knew her gaze swept him interrogatively, searchingly. But his close-fitting linen costume offered no means of identification, since he purposely kept from the light the silver letters running across his jersey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Danger.

"I can't understand why you wish to go to the legislature. Don't you think your business will suffer if you are elected?"

"Oh, no. You see, I manufacture things which are needed in furnishing public offices."

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