SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

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.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Stanton, unruffled as in the New York depot, except for his wind-tossed hair, whose blackness was flecked with yellow road dust, leaned back to reclaim his hat and inquire their destination. When he returned to the usual method of driving with both hands and facing forward, Miss Carlisle had altogether recovered her poise.

"Speaking of racing, I have never thanked you for the other night," she observed, her low tones inaudible to those behind them. "I never experienced anything like watching you on the track—you carried me away beyond conventionality, I am afraid. And to feel that I had a share in your bewildering feats—"

The ugly mood rose again in Stanton.

"You need not have felt that responsibility," he declared. "My feats, as you are pleased to call them, are shared by no one. I drive for purposes of my own."

She understood at once.

"You mean that you did not race with the Duplex because I wanted to see your famous driving?"

He checked the machine to permit the passage of a trolley-car.

"I had my mechanician beside me and there were two men in the Duplex," was his oblique reply. "I do not amuse by brush- near assassination."

The retort was thoroughly Stantonesque. Miss Carlisle bent forward to catch the slipping dust-robe, before answering him, but gave an exclamation as the motor abruptly fell silent.

"Oh, I am so sorry! The robe caught in the switch and moved it."

"It is nothing," he assured, stooping to remedy the tangle, and sprang out to crank the engine.

He had done this very act for Floyd, two weeks before; only then the stoppage had been intentional. Stanton was thinking of that incident, while he bent to seize the crank, and not of what he was doing. But he saw Valerie Carlisle lean toward the steering-wheel, her red lips apart and her eyes glistening, just as he pulled up the handle.

"Wait!" the girl cried, a second too late.

There was a sharp explosion of the motor, the crank tore itself violently out of his hand. Only Stanton's trained swiftness and instant recoil saved him from a broken wrist. As it was, his arm fell momentarily numbed at his side.

"You left the spark up," Miss Carlisle cried again, pale and shaken. "I tried to fix it, but you had cranked. Have you injured your arm?"

Mr. Carlisle had risen, several people paused on the sidewalk, but Stanton stood looking at the girl who leaned across the folded wind-shield. He, automobile expert, racing driver, had advanced his spark and gone out to crank his motor? His reason rebelled. Yet, what other explanation?

"You have injured your arm? Why was I so stupid as to catch the robe and stop the engine!"

He recovered himself promptly.

"No, no, it is nothing, Miss Carlisle. I am not hurt," he disclaimed.

But nevertheless he started the engine with his left hand, her narrowed amber eyes following him.

It was not far to the Carlisle place. There Stanton declined every invitation to remain, or even to enter, firmly resolved to go on to Lowell by the next train.

"We will be there tomorrow, also," Miss Carlisle informed him, in taking leave. "I am so grieved that you cannot use your arm."

"You see I have used it to steer and shift gears," he reminded.

"Yes, but you will not try to race so hurt?"

That was what troubled her? The fear that he would not drive and she would miss the excitement of seeing him on the thin verge of death? Her beauty went out to his eyes like the blown flame of a candle.

"I shall race," he declared curtly.

He had an odd fancy as he went down the village street; it occurred to him that he would like to see Floyd. He was tired, tired to nausea of the feminine as represented by Valerie Carlisle. He would have liked to hunt up his mechanician and hear him talk frank sense, man-fashion.

But of course he did nothing of the kind. When he arrived at Lowell he went to a doctor and had the strained arm cared for, instead.

CHAPTER V.

Tuning Up.

Floyd was sitting on a railing in front of the repair pits, when Stanton came out to the course next morning, engaged in chatting airily with a couple of jovial drivers from rival cars. He was laughing, and furthermore he was clad in correct racing costume, this time, instead of the impromptu blend of the former occasion.

The group, already breaking up, drew apart at Stanton's approach, nodding greeting to him. But, beyond returning the salutes, he disregarded all except Floyd, opposite whom he stopped.

"You seem to have nothing to do; is the machine ready?" he flung, with his ugliest intonation.

Floyd slipped off the railing and stood up, his expression flickering in momentary surprise.

"All ready," he answered, quietly businesslike under the undeserved rebuke.

"Get it out, then."

The other men glanced significantly at one another.

"Good luck, Floyd," wished a slim Italian driver, whose reputation equaled Stanton's own, as he turned away.

The Mercury car was out already. One of the factory men cranked it, after Stanton took his seat. Floyd was moving to take the place beside, when his eyes fell on the driver's bandaged wrist.

"What's up?" Stanton demanded, at the exclamation.

"You have hurt your arm?"

"Slightly. I cranked an Atalanta Six yesterday with my spark advanced."

The mechanician stopped with one foot on the car, looking at him.

"I set my spark forward and went around in front and cranked up and wrenched my arm," Stanton explicitly repeated.

Floyd regarded him blankly, then slowly dissolved into a smile of humorous comprehension and stepped into the car.

"I had no right to ask, of course," he agreed. "I beg your pardon. Curious people should expect to hear nonsense."

Floyd believed himself put off with an obvious tale, as one reproves a too-importunate child, so impossible he considered such carelessness. And Stanton wholly coincided with his judgment. Only, the fact remained.

The little episode had relieved the atmosphere, however, and restored naturalness of speech. They shot down the course, in the sweet country air, and the day's work had commenced. Then Stanton had his first exhibition of what Floyd called tuning up his motor.

"Got her all the way up?" shouted the mechanician, when they let out on the first straight stretch.

Stanton nodded, fully occupied; the speedometer was indicating eighty-four miles an hour.

"Stop her—she needs fixing."

It was Floyd's hour of empire. Stanton brought his car to a halt in an appropriate situation, and the mechanician sprang out to investigate the unhooded power-plant.

"Now we'll try. She is good for ninety an hour," he panted, returning.

Stanton accordingly restarted.

They spent the morning so; speeding furiously, stopping for Floyd to fuss with one thing or another, watching the speedometer. Floyd listened to the engine as to a speaking voice, translating its plaint unerringly and going to remedy the cause. As the as-

"How Did You Become an Expert Automobile Driver?"

sistant manager had said, he was a gasolene freak, a clairvoyant magician of delicate touches and manipulation.

At twelve o'clock the Mercury came to its camp and stopped.

"How is she doing?" inquired Mr. Green. "You made that last circuit a record breaker, I can tell you."

"Up to ninety-two miles an hour," Stanton reported with brevity. "It never did so well before. Get out, Floyd."

Floyd got out, flushed, tired, his heavy hair clinging in damp rings to his temples, but sunnily content. Mr. Green contemplated him anxiously; he had heard an account of Stanton's morning greeting to his mechanician, and he was not pleased at the prospect of having to find another man to fill his place.

"How," he hesitated, testing his way, "how are you—er—feeling, Floyd?"

"Hungry," answered Floyd, promptly and unexpectedly.

The boyish freshness of it brought a smile to the lips of every one within hearing. The assistant manager chuckled outright in his relief.

"There's some kind of eats in a stand over there," volunteered a grinning reporter from a Boston newspaper, "if you can bear them. Say, Floyd, do you know, I guess if you had a sister she'd be a right pretty girl."

"I have got one," was the serene return.

"You have? Can I ask what she looks like?"

"Just like me; we're twins," he replied absently, his eyes dwelling on the Mercury.

The description accorded so oddly with his appearance, as he stood in his rumpled attire, his serious face stained and darkened with dust, that there was a universal roar of laughter.

"For shame, to slander a lady!" jeered one.

"Doesn't she ever wash her face, Floyd?" called another.

"Can't you support her without making her heave coal for a living?" gibed a third.

Floyd laughed with the rest, glancing down at himself.

"You never saw me dressed for the opera," he tossed back, as he went in search of water.

Stanton descended from his car, flung his mask and gauntlets on the seat, and followed his mechanician. He found him, presently, emerging damp and refreshed from ablutions performed in a bucket with the aid of some cotton-waste.

"Will you come to lunch with me?" Stanton asked abruptly.

Floyd paused, regarding him in grave surprise and hesitation.

"Thank you," he began.

Stanton made an impatient gesture, his eyes glinting steel-blue behind their black lashes.

"Do you want me to apologize for bullying you this morning?" he demanded.

Over the other's face swept its characteristic sudden warning of expression.

"No; I wanted to be sure that you want me. Thanks, I'll come with pleasure."

He slipped into a long motor coat, and accompanied Stanton with a ready cordiality that took no account of past events. No reproach could have moved the offender so much, no injured dignity could have so forced a curb upon his tongue for the future.

It was not to one of the temporary eating-places erected in anticipation of the race carnival that Stanton took his guest, but to a quiet, cool hotel within reach. There, the order given, he looked across the width of white linen at his companion with an odd sense of triumph and satisfaction; he felt for this boy-man something akin to the elation with which a youth takes the admired girl out to dinner for the first time.

"I missed the train, yesterday," he remarked. "I suppose you had no trouble getting the car here?"

"None at all," Floyd confirmed. "I fancied you accepted Miss Carlisle's invitation to drive."

"I did, afterward. It was her car I cranked with the spark forward."

Floyd glanced up, a ripple of incredulous amusement crossing his gray eyes, but he said nothing.

"At least, I set the spark as I believed right," Stanton amplified, watching the effect, "and when I cranked, the motor fired over. The person who sat next to me said I left the spark wrong."

The incredulity died out of Floyd's gaze, but the wonder increased.

"More likely it was changed after you left it, perhaps by mistake," he suggested.

In a flash of recollection Stanton saw Valerie Carlisle's little gloved hand dart toward the steering wheel, just before he pulled up the crank. Could she have moved the sector, and have corrected her mistake an instant too late? He remained silent, nor did Floyd pursue the question.

When the first course of the luncheon was placed before them, Stanton aroused himself. Quite indifferent to the waiter's pained disapproval, he took the carafe of ice-water and himself filled two glasses.

"Is this your substitute for cocktails?" he queried, and pushed one of the goblets over to Floyd.

Startled, Floyd yet understood, smiling as he looked across.

"Yes," he assented, and drank the innocent pledge. Motorists both, there was no question of a stronger beverage.

Stanton turned to the waiter.

"You can go; I'll ring when we want you. Did you ever drive an Atalanta Six-sixty, Floyd?"

"No, but I've handled their fours. I like a six cylinder machine, myself; it has so fine a torque—"

The conversation plunged into professional technicalities; the sentimental episode was pushed aside.

People going in and out of the restaurant stared interestedly at the two exchanging comments and questions. Stanton's dark face was well-known, and a face not easily forgotten, while his companion's dress sufficiently identified him as one of the racers who held the city's attention during the motor carnival.

When the dessert was before them, Stanton suddenly returned to the personal note.

"How did you become a finished automobile expert by the age of twenty-one?" he questioned bluntly.

"Well, I believe you are only five or six years older," Floyd countered, with a touch of whimsical sadness, "But—I grew up in an automobile factory. I had no mother, no kinswomen at all, and my father made me his constant companion. He taught me everything he knew, and he—well, he was Edgar T. Floyd, who owned the Comet automobile plant, and who designed and built and raced his own cars."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Its Kind.

"Is the new carriage a shay?"

"Yes, sir! It's more—it's a shay doover."

THE CHILDREN

TRACE ORIGIN OF ALPHABET

According to Prof. Flinders Petrie It Existed 7,000 Years B. C.—Attacks an Old Theory.

In a lecture at the Royal Institut Prof. Flinders Petrie has attacked the long accepted theory that the origin of the alphabet is to be found in Phoenicia, whence it came from Egyptian hieroglyphics, says a New York Sun London dispatch.

According to Prof. Petrie, the researches of the last twenty years have shown that signs were earlier than pictures and that it was the sign that survived to become the alpha and beta of one civilization and the A B C of another.

Just as the philologist had discovered one entire system of languages, so the alphabetarian has discovered in the diversity of alphabets an original prototype of all. In Prof. Petrie's words, "The Phoenicians are people of yesterday compared with those who wrote the signs that are the origin of all alphabets."

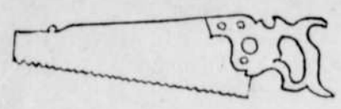
It was to pottery, said the professor, that Egyptologists and others were indebted for these signs, and their development was worked out on these lines. Flatnose made a pot and put a mark on it to show that it was his. In time, because it was his mark, the sign stood for Flatnose himself, and then the sign became attached to a sound irrespective of the thing itself. Gradually the wearing down went on until the sign stood, not for a sound, but a syllable, and then for a letter.

The signs, of course, were not alphabet; that did not arrive perhaps 1000 B. C., whereas signs were found in early prehistoric Egypt, probably 7000 B. C. Proofs of this common origin were plentiful, for the signs spread by trade far north and south and appeared similarly in Runic, Iberian and Karian, and yet were unknown in Phoenician.

GOOD POINTS ABOUT TOOLS

Many Little Things That Boys Do Not Always Understand—Use for Notch on a Saw.

Boys that use tools do not always know what all the smaller parts of the tools are for. For instance, on the back edge of every good saw there



Carpenter's Saw.

s a little notch and then a dip in the blade.

It often happens when sawing a piece of board that the saw cut will get choked. When it does the carpenter just takes the saw out, turns it over and uses this little notch as a sort of thin hook, which will pass freely through the saw cut, and yanks the obstruction out.

On the better class of wooden planes, near the front of the top, there is placed a small button of hard wood or leather. This is for the carpenter to tap on with his hammer when he is adjusting the blade. On the modern planes that adjust the blade with a screw at the back this tapping is not necessary.

TOYS TEACH BOYS AND GIRLS

Methods of Modern Life Are Employed in Making Electrical Playthings for Children.

Some of the electrical toys now on the market are actual wonders—working models in reality of the big electrical equipments seen all about us.

For instance, there is a little steamship complete in all its outward details, which is driven by a battery and motor concealed in its hull. It may be started, stopped or reversed from a small switchboard through a waterproof connecting cable.

Then there is a small electric fan which is not a mere toy, but which will give a good stiff breeze. It is run by a substantial motor suitable for other purposes.

Street lamps with real lights operate from a battery.

Complete electrically operated street cars with electric headlight and any amount of track may be protected by electric block signals.

The girls also have been remembered, and some of the things which interests them most is a complete electric range with cooking utensils, which operates from the lighting circuit and which is capable of doing real cooking.

How January Gets Name.

January derives its name from the Roman god Janus, who was represented with two faces; one was the face of an old man, typifying the past year; the other that of a youth, in reference to the new year.

How Hens Eat.

Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens, the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired shyly: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"