



STANTON WINS

ELEANOR M. INGRAM Author of 'The Game and the Candle' 'The Flying Mercury' etc.

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury...

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) Stanton, unflinched as in the New York port...

He checked the machine to permit the passage of a trolley-car. "I had my mechanic beside me and there were two men in the Duplex..."

"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?"

"No, no, it is nothing, Miss Carlisle. I am not hurt," he disclaimed. But nevertheless he started the engine with his left hand...

CHAPTER V. Tuning Up. Floyd was sitting on a railing in front of the repair pits...

stood up, his expression flickering in momentary surprise. "All ready," he answered, quietly businesslike under the undeserved rebuke.

"What's up?" Stanton demanded, at the exclamation. "You have hurt your arm?" "Slightly. I cranked an Atlanta Six yesterday with my spark advanced."

The mechanic 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.

"Got her all the way up?" shouted the mechanic, when they let out on the first straight stretch. Stanton nodded, fully occupied; the speedometer was indicating eighty-four miles an hour.

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

"How Did You Become an Expert Automobile Driver?" and he was not pleased at the prospect of having to find another man to fill his place.

"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 mechanic. 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 his 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.

"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, twirling the effect, "and when I cranked the motor fired over. The person who sat next to me said I left the spark wrong."

BIRTH OF PARTY LIKE LOVE FEAST

Progressive Convention Begins Work in Perfect Harmony.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—The first session of the national convention of the new Progressive party, of which Theodore Roosevelt is sponsor, was held today in the Coliseum, and while the setting was attended by all the usual ceremonial paraphernalia of a National political assemblage, the actual proceedings were suggestive of a love feast.

Not a dissenting voice was raised during the session. The question of Negro representation from the South had caused friction earlier in the day in the national committee, but on the floor of the convention there was no echo of the fight.

The delegates were at times explosive in their enthusiasm. Many state delegates came into the hall singing and shouting in their delight at the birth of the new party and three hours later left the building in the same happy frame of mind.

Although green hands were supposed to be at the helm the machinery of the convention worked smoothly and efficiently. There was no roll call of delegates, but the delegate section of the floor, accommodating nearly 1100 persons, was entirely filled. The alternate section also had its full quota.

When the proceedings began the galleries had few empty seats. The convention leaders were enthusiastic tonight over the showing in the Coliseum and asserted that no better-looking, more substantial set of delegates ever was seen on the floor of a national convention.

Work of the national committee on contested delegate cases caused a delay of nearly three-quarters of an hour in the assembling of the convention. During the wait the delegates amused themselves with songs and yells composed for the occasion, while a band near the flag-draped steel rafters and a Grand Army fire and drum corps on the stage vied with each other in playing patriotic airs.

There was a great cheer as Senator Dixon, national chairman of the party rapped for order. This was repeated later, when the call for the convention was read and there was even greater enthusiasm when ex-Senator Beveridge of Indiana, was presented as the choice of the national committee for temporary chairman.

after the delegates had assembled and while they were waiting to be called to order. Occasionally there came the long low "moo" 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 Colorado delegation, headed by "Angel Archie" was met by M. Stenenson 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. Chairman Beveridge caused to be 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 prospects. We can afford to give the other fellows their memories and disappointments. 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 he was a square deal. The Lord is surely with us. He has given us the men, as well as the opportunity. I cannot help but feel that 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.

In the midst of the uproar an Oklahoma delegate tore the state's standard from its place and started up the center aisle. In a minute the aisles were filled with a confused, hysterical crowd. Minnesota swung in behind Oklahoma and as the crowd dashed through the aisles Washington, Massachusetts, Ohio, Virginia, Kansas, Virginia and a dozen other states poured into the throng.

A banner bearing the catch note from the speech of Senator Beveridge yesterday, "Pass Prosperity Around," was rousedly cheered. Someone threw the Colonel a red bandana handkerchief, and, standing on the platform, he led the mob in a series of cheers, waving the handkerchief.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

WHEAT SURPLUS IS 4,000,000 SOME BURNING PERMITTED.

Condou — Harvest is on in Gilliam county in earnest and every farmer is busy. The crop is unusually large and is being cut as quickly as possible. Combined harvesters are much in evidence, while many farmers are heading and stacking or threshing direct from the header to the stationary separator.

The yield is enormous, some fields going to 45 or 50 bushels to the acre, and men who last fall were in straightened circumstances will pay every debt and have a comfortable bank account. Hail did considerable damage in the southern part of the county, something that has never happened before, but when this loss is estimated it will cut a very small figure in the total yield.

Hay will be abundant with plenty of fruit and potatoes. In the Shuttler, Blalock and Clem districts wheat will average between 20 and 30 bushels, while the crop in Terry Canyon, Mayville, Condou and Gooseberry will be about the same. It is a safe estimate 1,500,000 bushels will be shipped from Condou alone, while the whole county will export about 4,000,000 bushels of grain.

The price at present is not satisfactory and farmers will not sell until better prices can be obtained. The barley crop is also excellent this year. GOOD PRUNE PRICES ASSURED Extent of Marion County Crop Not Yet Certain.

Salem—Bumper crops, in most respects, are looked for in Marion county this year. The hay crop is large and the price so far is low. Hay will run about \$7 a ton baled, while it can be purchased as cheap as \$4 in the field. The potato crop gives big promise. There are more potatoes planted this year than last by far, and the crop will be excellent as well. Potatoes promise to be cheap as a consequence.

It is predicted that the apple crop will be enormous. Prunes have suffered somewhat and there are varying predictions as to this crop. Some say that there will be a third of a crop, while others say that they will run as high as two-thirds of a crop. From what can be generally ascertained, however, the figure placing the crop at one-half seems to be a conservative estimate, and practically correct. Prices promise to range well for prunes.

There is comparatively little grain in Marion county, but what grain there is here is excellent. On the whole the outlook to the farmers seems to be satisfactory. Some hay has been in, but otherwise the weather conditions have been good, barring some small late rains which threatened to do some harm, but conditions are now much improved.

Farmers Clearing Land Should Read Fire Laws, Says Warden.

Portland — Roy Woods, supervising state fire warden for Multnomah county, states that farmers and others engaged in clearing land frequently cause state officials and themselves unnecessary trouble through failure to acquaint themselves with the fire laws. "I am frequently called upon to go to a remote part of the county to inspect a slashing the owner wishes to burn," said Mr. Woods, "when there is no occasion whatever for the trip."

Section seven of the state fire law provides: "That during the period between June 1 and October 1 it shall be unlawful for any person to burn slashings, brush or timber land without a written permit from a warden." This section, however, further states: "This restriction shall not apply to the burning of log piles, stumps or brush heaps in small quantities, under adequate precautions and personal control, and in accordance with any regulations which may be adopted by the state board of forestry."

It can readily be seen that in a large number of cases no permit is required to burn. The state board has ruled that when burning is done it must be continuously watched, and the law provides that if fires escape, the one doing the burning is held strictly accountable for all damage. If there is doubt in any person's mind as to the safety of burning even log heaps or brush, properly piled and safeguarded, Mr. Woods advises having a fire warden's assistance. But if this is not the case, burning may be done as indicated without violating the law.

TALLEST POLE GOES SOUTH. Astoria's Gift to 1915 Fair Being Towed in Log Raft. Astoria — Safely stowed in a big Hammond cigar-shaped raft that is being towed south by the steamer George W. Fenwick, is the world's largest flagpole. The stick measures 225 feet and is the gift of Astoria to the Pacific Exposition commission at San Francisco. The pole was felled by a crew of the Whitney Lumber company, which presented it to Astoria to be erected on the site of the Centennial exposition there, but owing to its great height it was not placed.

Phil Metcham, Portland, has followed that a flag 50x100 feet will follow the pole to the Golen Gate and during the event prospective for 1915 it is hoped that the banner will wave and the size and height of flag and pole attract attention to the Oregon country, where it is possible to produce such sticks.

The Hammond Lumber company has provided transportation for the pole, and with the gear available at San Francisco it is not doubted that it will be raised without difficulty. Lane County Asks \$80,000. Eugene — Lane county has filed a complaint in the Circuit court, the purpose of which is to compel the Southern Pacific to make good a substitute roadway built to replace one taken by reason of the Natron extension, or pay to the county damages for the loss of the original road.

The county asks for \$80,000, alleging that 16 miles of road, valued at \$5000 a mile, is rendered useless by the numerous sections taken in the building of the railroad. To guard against a similar trouble in the Western part of the county, where the Southern Pacific line to the coast will cut into county roads in the Siuslaw valley, Commissioner Price has gone over the survey and the court will insist that suitable wagon roads be constructed and accepted before the old roads are torn out by the railroad graders.

Orozco's Men Victorious. Tucson, Ariz.—Orozco's rebel forces, according to advices received here, defeated the government soldiers under General Sanjines and Velasco at Sahuaripa and continued their advance as far as Ladara, 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 Ladara and Mina, Sonora.

"Spitball" Has New Fear. Philadelphia—Manager Doin, 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 Doin, 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.

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

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 lighthouse, 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.

Health. Health is a state of physical, mental and moral equilibrium, a normal functioning of body, mind and soul. It is the state when work is a pleasure, when the world looks good and beautiful and the battle of life seems worth while. Health is the antithesis of disease, degeneracy and crime. The laws of health are as inexorable as the law of gravitation, as exacting as eternal justice, as relentless as fate, and their violation is the beginning and cause of all disease, suffering and sin. Health is the most desired of earthly blessings. When finally lost it cannot be purchased by uncounted millions, restored by the alchemist or returned by the nutcracker. Health is that state of happiness, faith and love whose prototype was the first man—Adam; whose ideal is the Christ—S. J. Crumline. M. D., Topeka, Kan.

To Minimize Accidents. An interesting method of educating the public in the prevention of street accidents, which possesses possibilities in other directions, employed by the Boston Elevated Railway company, is commented on in a recent number of the Journal of the American Medical Association. The railway company offered a large number of prizes to high school pupils for the best specimens of verses containing instruction and caution in the way of prevention of traffic accidents on the streets which would appeal particularly to children. The plan created great interest among the school children, and a large number of answers were received. The company awarded about 200 prizes, the largest being for \$50.



"How Did You Become an Expert Automobile Driver?"

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—or—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."

"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.

"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 tin verge of death? Her beauty went out of his eyes like the blown flame of a candle.