

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Shipments of gold from Europe to America have begun again, the first in two years.

American troops have taken prisoners six of Orozco's principal advisers and military aides.

Paris newspapers declare the terms of peace between Italy and Turkey are practically settled.

Taking of testimony began in the government's suit for the dissolution of the Harvester trust.

Shipments of benzene are arriving in Seattle from Asia, to compete with Standard Oil products.

American marines patrolling the streets of Bluefields, Nicaragua, were fired upon by rioting citizens.

Mexican federals retook the town of El Tigre, the rebels fleeing with \$20,000 worth of gold and silver bullion.

China has failed to negotiate her \$50,000,000 loan in Europe, owing to the opposition of the United States and England.

Owing to a light crop and large demand, the price of lemons has reached 40c per dozen in California, and is expected to go still higher.

Chairman Lovett, of the board of directors of the Harriman lines, says crop conditions and business outlook in the West were never better.

William Rankin, once law partner of President Taft's father, and now the oldest living graduate of Yale, celebrated his 103rd birthday at Bay Head, N. J., Monday.

The Spokane chamber of commerce says the "rural uplift" movement is being overdone, and recommends the consolidation of some of the many societies and congresses.

Several Mexican railway employees have refused to take out trains for fear of attacks by the rebels.

Bands of well-armed Texas cowboys are crossing the border into Mexico, but it is not known who is backing them.

The city of Ocean Park, Cal., is to have a municipal cold storage plant, where any over-supply of perishable produce may be kept until the market demands it.

The imminent British statesman Joseph Chamberlain is seriously ill and there is little hope for his recovery.

Insurgent General Rojas defies Americans at Douglas, Ariz., declaring the rebels are not going to look where they shoot when they attack Agua Prieta.

Miss Christobel Pankhurst, wanted in London for complicity in the window-smashing crusade, is staying at a quaint, old-time hotel in Paris and still doing everything she can for the suffrage movement.

Mexican rebels under Zapata are robbing trains and carrying off women passengers to their retreats in the mountains.

Funeral services of the dead emperor Mutsuhito, of Japan, have commenced. The ceremonies will occupy several days.

It has been found that the Spanish wife of General Sikes, from whom he had been separated for 23 years, pawned her jewels to raise money to satisfy a note against her husband and save for him his many war relics and keepsakes.

STATESMEN FIGHT POLICE.

Hungarian Parliament is Scene of Unprecedented Uproar.

Budapest—The Hungarian parliament, which began its opening session Wednesday, was the scene of a free fight between the police and the deputies. The violence was unprecedented and the din of trumpets, motor horns and cowbells continued all day long.

Count Stephen Tisza, president of the lower house, was jeered from the moment he entered the chamber, surrendered the chair at 3 o'clock to Vice President Boethy, but the uproar did not abate. At 4 o'clock a strong force of police entered the building. Count Tisza, who was in the lobby, said he would summon them into the chamber itself if necessary. This eventually was done.

The commandant of police called upon individual opposition deputies to leave the house. About 100 gathered in the center of the chamber, while their leaders, Count Apponyi and Count Zichy, stood in the gangways and were joined there by Count Andrássy and Count Semsey, who are not affiliated with any particular party. All attempts to induce them to leave peaceably failed. When the police advanced to expel them a fierce struggle ensued.

In some cases it required six policemen to remove one legislator. One of the arms of a deputy was nearly pulled from its socket. Count Karolyi, who has had several experiences of the kind, struck out like a madman and succeeded in freeing himself from the police at the door. He rushed back and fell fainting on a bench. After a prolonged struggle only Count Apponyi and 14 deputies were left. The count told the commandant that they would leave voluntarily if the police went first. This was done.

TRUST MADE LITTLE PROFIT.

International Harvester Company Never Paid Dividends.

Chicago—Although it sold \$100,000,000 worth of farm implements, the International Harvester company of America last year made only \$150,000 in profits, or fifteen hundredths of 1 per cent, said I. C. Haskins, the president, who testified before a special examiner in the government's suit to dissolve the corporation.

Questions were asked by the government attorney to show that the International Harvester company of America was merely the selling agent of the International Harvester company of New Jersey, and that the latter company was to make all the money.

"Is it not your object to buy from the New Jersey corporation at such a price as will enable you to sell to that you will have neither loss nor profit?" asked Edwin P. Grosvenor, special assistant attorney general.

"Our object is to buy as cheaply as we can and to make as much as possible. We try to buy from the New Jersey company at prices we would get from any other company," replied Haskins.

"But you never have paid a dividend?"

"No, we never have."

AIR SCOUTS EFFECTIVE.

Aviators Prove Value in Great Military Maneuvers in France.

Paris—The French army maneuvers, which began on September 11 in Touraine and Poitou, and in which 120,000 soldiers participated, were concluded with a grand battle in which the entire front of the defending army, headed by General Marion, successfully held the superior forces of the enemy in check until the arrival of reinforcements.

President Fallieres witnessed the battle traveling from point to point in an automobile.

The great feature of the mimic war was the flying scouts, who in a few hours were able to accomplish what the cavalry would take days in doing. The military aviators were able to unmask every position and to keep the respective commanders fully informed regarding the movements of the opposing forces. Bicycle scouts also proved useful.

Bluefields Keeps Order.

Bluefields, Nicaragua—Order has been restored in Bluefields, following Sunday night's threatened clash between American marines and Nicaraguans. An official investigation by the American authorities here served to clear up in a manner "eminently satisfactory" to them the attack upon sailors from the Tacoma, reported to have been the work of Nicaraguans of anti-American feelings. There remains, however, an under-current of antipathy toward Americans. The marines are still at Camp Durell.

Boston "L" Indicted.

Boston—As a result of the recent streetcar strike in this city an indictment charging coercion was returned Wednesday by the Suffolk county grand jury against the Boston Elevated Railway company. The indictment charged that certain employees were forced into an agreement to become members of an organization of "loyal" employees, as a condition to their continuing in the employ of the corporation, and that others had to agree not to join a labor union, as a condition of getting employment.

Crop Reports Assailed.

Cleveland, O.—Charges that the reports of the department of agriculture on the season's crop were fictitious and misleading were made by Dr. C. Pring, of Manitowoc, Wis., in addressing the national convention of master brewers. "The barley crop is poor and will not exceed 100,000,000 bushels," he said. "Yet the government report says it will exceed 160,000,000 bushels. There never was and probably never will be so large a yield."

\$100,000 Left for Lutheran Home.

Philadelphia—One hundred thousand dollars for a home for poor Lutherans of all ages and both sexes is the principal bequest in the will of the late E. R. Artman, of this city. The will disposed of an estate valued at \$1,000,000.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

PRUNE TREE STOCK SHORT. 7865 AUTOS IN OREGON.

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 managed 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 Spitzberg 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 Spitzberg crop until the market is good.

Early estimates placed the Spitzberg 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 reports from the McMinnville market 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 Mackburg 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.

Average One for Every 86 Persons—Number Increasing.

Salem—In Oregon, population (1910 census) 672,765, on August 1, there were 9689 registered motor vehicles, of which 7865 were automobiles, 183 delivery wagons, 69 electric vehicles, 6 hearses, 1127 motorcycles, 56 taxicabs, and 385 trucks. There were 1585 licensed chauffeurs. Automobile license fees to the amount of \$40,408.50 had been collected by the secretary of state.

The total number of automobiles is divided as follows among the various counties: Baker, 111; Benton, 102; Clackamas, 172; Clatsop, 92; Columbia, 15; Coos, 135; Crook, 135; Curry, 2; Douglas, 166; Gilliam, 8; Grant, 19; Harney, 28; Hood River, 132; Jackson, 479; Josephine, 120; Klamath, 116; Lake, 73; Lane, 352; Lincoln, 1; Linn, 270; Malheur, 59; Marion, 559; Morrow, 12; Multnomah, 3389; Polk, 147; Sherman, 59; Tillamook, 57; Umatilla, 238; Union, 214; Wallowa, 44; Wasco, 130; Washington, 173; Wheeler, 7; Yamhill, 239.

These figures are according to a report compiled by Secretary of State Ben Olcott for the use of the next legislature. They include the registration of machines from the first of January to the first of August.

It is known, according to automobile statistics, that the first six months of this year witnessed a phenomenal increase of automobiles in the United States, which registered during that time nearly a million machines. The number of registrations for the first six months of this year was 859,858 machines, of which 135,355 were new registrations over last year. Registration fees in this country for this period amounted to the comfortable fortune of \$4,769,873.29. Of this great number of motor cars in use in this country, only 31,547 are registered for commercial use.

As one would suppose, New York stands at the head of the list with 9,427 cars, which is an increase of 8,438 since January 1. California offers a surprise by showing the next largest number, due to a tremendous increase in registration since the first of the year. Its registration on July 1 stood at 79,603 cars, an increase this year of 19,401. Ohio is third with 56,000 cars, Pennsylvania fourth with 52,257 cars, and Illinois fifth with 47,104 cars.

In the United States the average population to each motor car is 110 persons. During the year ending July 1, 1912, the car output in this country was 252,569.

HOP HARVEST WELL ALONG.

Half of Crop Saved About McMinnville, Despite Rains.

McMinnville—Hop picking in this section of the county is progressing rapidly. A number of the smaller yards are through picking. W. J. O'Dell has picked all of the E. Talbot yard but has two other yards, and will not be through with them within a week.

N. J. Peterson has completed the gathering of his hops, having fully a third more than last year. Other yards will gain in proportion.

On account of the continued rains, some mold has been reported, but nothing of a damaging nature.

About a third of the grain in this county has not been threshed, and all wheat not threshed is sprouting, and will be spoiled as to its marketable quality. T. T. Kirkwood, of Hopewell, states that he is feeding his wheat in bundles to his stock, having given up all hope of getting it threshed. Spring oats in some localities may be saved, and can be used for feeding purposes. This year's weather conditions is the most damaging ever witnessed here, and is much more noticeable on account of the splendid yield and promising condition of the grain crop.

HOG INDUSTRY GROWING.

Oregon Rapidly Decreasing Imports of Nebraska Swine.

Portland—As evidence that the hog industry is growing in Oregon, an exportation of live hogs was made recently from the Brownlaid farm, near Aurora, Ore., to be used in Honolulu for breeding purposes. Another shipment will be made from the same ranch in November.

The state of Oregon has long been known as a large importer of hogs, but the last monthly report of the Portland Union Stock company shows that the ratio of importation is falling off.

In August, 1911, 4468 hogs were imported from the hog state, Nebraska, while during August, 1912, only 2332 were shipped in. Officials say that just as many hogs are used, but that gradually more and more of the supply is coming from within the state and from other Northwest points.

Columbia County Crops Hurt.

Scappoose—The steady downpour of rain has caused heavy losses to the farmers in hay, grain and fruits. A number of dairymen who own low land have not been able to cut any of their hay this year, as the high water kept the hay back until late and it was just ready to cut when the rain began.

Straw have been hurt as to quality, for much has taken to rot in some fields. Prunes are reported in bad shape, having split from the excessive rain, and a large per cent of those that fell during the rain have rotted.

Weather Aids Hop-pickers.

Independence—The fine weather is being taken advantage of by the hop-pickers. Besides the large number who are encamped in the yards, wagon and auto-truck loads may be seen in the early morning hours leaving the city for the yards. A large per cent of the pickers are women and children, and many of them are earning large wages. In most cases the hops will be successfully harvested, though some yards have been abandoned on account of mold. The grain that stood out in the shock is damaged.



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. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins the race, and Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They slight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle meet in a hotel. Stanton becomes very ill and is hurt mysteriously. Floyd at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track together again. 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 home, Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

The silence was long. After reading, Floyd turned his face to the window, and so remained. But at last he looked back to Stanton and nodded.

"Yes, it means that I get back my father's factory," he continued quietly. "I am very glad, although it doesn't do me much actual good. I have no capital to run an automobile plant, and I will not sell unless I am forced to it."

"You would like to operate it?"

"The blood ran up under Floyd's fine skin, he met Stanton's eyes with a glance of fire-ardent passion and desire.

"I'd give all the rest of my life to operate that factory for one year, as my father planned for me—I'd give it for six months to justify his faith and training. You do not know, you can not know!"

"Can I not?" Stanton retorted.

"Floyd, what do you think I am racing for, if I can not understand risking something for an object. I told you once that I would not live poor—I was not born to that. If I win another prize or two this season, I will have enough capital to match somewhat with your factory. We both understand the motor business pretty well; do you want, in case all goes right, to join with me and revive the famous Comet motor-cars? Don't answer now, think it the thing over."

"Stanton!"

"Wait; there is time enough. We may easily lose everything we put into the venture, factory and all; or we may not."

"I'd chance my part."

"Why, so would I," agreed Stanton.

"Meanwhile, you had better try me as a traveling companion before you take me as a partner. Remember we would be team-mates for a long race."

"I'm not likely to forget," Floyd made slow answer. "Remember that for yourself, of me, Stanton."

CHAPTER IX.

The Chance for Jessica.

Incidentally, both men displayed a thorough training in mechanical design and construction, Stanton's far the more finished and scientific.

"I did not know," Floyd marveled, at last.

Stanton forestalled the question by indifferently explaining.

"I am a mechanical engineer; I graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

he did not laugh, he flashed back, spark to powder, so that they quarrel on an average four times a day.

And they spent every available moment together, until their friendship became patient even to the skeptical Mr. Green.

"We can plan out some of our factory affairs on the way home, on the train," Stanton arranged, at the close of the last day, when taking temporary leave of his mechanic at the Mercury camp.

"I'm planning a fender for each side of the Comet racing car, so that when you feel like knocking in a few lengths of the infield fence, as you did this afternoon, we'll be ready for it," mocked Floyd, his effervescent youth heady as champagne.

"Fence or no fence, we won," Stanton retorted indulgently.

"Of course! You kept right on driving the front of your car, so the rear just naturally had to climb back on the road and follow. I expected that; you were too busy to stop for a little thing like side-wiping a fence."

"You seemed to expect it," the other corroborated. He looked with interested curiosity at his nonchalant assistant. "If I am too busy to worry at such times, Floyd; you are not. Don't you ever think of what is likely to happen when we are on the verge of a smash?"

Floyd paused, turning his large clear eyes on the questioner.

"There's just one thing I'm asking," he gravely returned. "That is, that when it comes, it will be a good smash. No one minds just dying—we're sure to do it some day, anyhow—but to be mused up and patched together again, not now." His irrepressible smile glanced out again. "That's why I feel so safe with you; there is a deadly finality about your driving methods."

"That is about enough," Stanton signified. "I'll see you on the train, then."

They did meet on the train, and passed long hours of travel in work and discussion. The other passengers came to take a decided interest in the two who sat opposite each other in absorbed conversation or argument, making drawings on envelopes and time-tables to illustrate their points and even leaving rows of figures upon the menu cards in the dining-car.

Incidentally, both men displayed a thorough training in mechanical design and construction, Stanton's far the more finished and scientific.

"I did not know," Floyd marveled, at last.

Stanton forestalled the question by indifferently explaining.

"I am a mechanical engineer; I graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as Green."

"Too bad. Still I have to be at the Mercury plant when you don't. Half a day ought to be enough."

Stanton surveyed him, irritated, yet without tangible cause for irritation. There were times when he could have imagined that Floyd evaded too close companionship with him, subtly held him at arm's length.

They stayed the half day at Buffalo, and went out to the huge, silent group of buildings that had been the Comet factory.

It gave Stanton a strange sensation to watch Floyd's assured familiarity with this place and atmosphere; to see him so naturally drop from his pocket the bunch of keys to admit them and unhesitatingly fit each to its corresponding door or gate. Yet, this was where he belonged—only there should have been busy life instead of this dead emptiness. Their voices echoed loud through the desolation, where

graduated from college at twenty-one; that was five years ago. You have dropped your pencil. What do you say to staying over half a day at Buffalo and visiting your factory?"

"Fine," approved Floyd, a trifle slowly. "A half day, not more. We have got to make ready for that Cup race."

"Three weeks off. You're getting as old-womanish as