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.

China has borrowed $50,000,00 from a Belgian syndicate for railroad work.

The German government strongly opposes a Chinese loan of $20,000,000 by Hamburg banks.

A stingless bee has been produced by an apiarist of England, and they are said to be fine workers.

Out of 104 veniremen, only two were accepted in the Lawrence, Mass., murder trials against strikers.

A great gathering of 100,000 persons took place in Sheil Park, Liverpool, to protest against home rule for Ireland.

It is announced that not a single ship flying the American flag cleared from an Australian port during the year 1911.

The D. Ghirardelli Chocolate company was proved not guilty of violation of the pure food law in misbranding its goods.

Ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, declares he is still loyal to his country and that the flag of imperialism still waves in his hands.

A prominent business man of Birmingham, England, declares that war to the finish between Germany and England is inevitable

Inhabitants of Valparaiso, Chile, camp in parks for fear of earthquakes which have been predicted and of which several shocks have already occurred.

The late Henry F. Dimock, a wealthy steamship owner, left $1,867,229 as a gift to Yale college.

Sixty children from a New York foundling asylum are on their way to Nebraska, where they have been adopted by farmers.

A Seattle man sent a small black bear as a present to his uncle in the East, who promptly returned the animal without thanks.

The estate of the late John Arbuckle, the "coffee king," appraised at $30,357,790.66, will be divided between his two sisters.

President Taft and Woodrow Wilson stopped at the same hotel in Boston on their campaigning trip, and had a friendly visit together.

An Indian 80 years old rode 50 miles on horseback to pay a $5 debt he had owed for seven years to an Ellensburg, Wash., man, and had been unable to pay sooner.

Baroness de la Roche, a noted aviatrice, was dangerously injured in an automobile collision near Belleville-Sur-Saote. Charles Voisin, an aviator, was killed at the same time.

Students are required to sign a pledge that they are not members of any student society and will not become such, before they are enrolled in the Vancouver, Wash., high school.

President Eliot, of Harvard university, says late marriages are a great mistake, and advises men to marry as soon as they start out in life.

Dr. V. H. Hallman, of Hot Springs, Ark., declares persons sleeping near quantities of dynamite or other high explosives often get splitting headaches therefrom.

Prof. J. S. Rickard, weather observer at Santa Clara University, Cal., predicts warm waves for the Pacific Coast Oct. 7 to 12 and 24 to 29, followed by hard frosts.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 77@78c; bluestem, 81@82c; forty-fold, 78c; red Russian, 76c; valley, 79c.

Millstuffs — Bran, $21 per ton; shorts, $23; middlings, $29; rolled barley, $27.50@28.50.

Barley—Feed, $24.50 ton; brewing, $28@30.

Corn—Whole, $38; cracked, $39 ton.

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

Oats—Spot, $25.50 ton; futures, $24.50@25.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, 60c@$1.50 per box; peaches, 60@80c; pears, 75c@$1.50; grapes, $1@1.10; cranberries, $9 per barrel.

Melons — Cantaloupes, $1.50@1.75 per crate; watermelons, $1 per hundred; casabas, $1.25@1.50 dozen.

Onions—Oregon, $1.10 per sack.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 60@75c per hundred; sweets, 2¼c pound.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 65@75c per doz.; beans, 2c pound; cabbage, 1@1¼c; cauliflower, $1@1.25 dozen; celery, 50@75c; corn, 75c@$1 sack; cucumbers, 50c box; eggplant, 5@6c pound; head lettuce, 20@25c dozen; peppers, 5@6c pound; tomatoes, 40@60c box.

Eggs—Oregon extras, 35c dozen.

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

Pork—Fancy, 11@11½c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14½@15c pound.

Poultry—Hens, 14c; broilers, 14c; ducks, young, 12c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, live, 20@22½c; dressed, 25c.

Hops—1912 crop, 14@18c.

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

Cattle — Choice steers, $6.75@7; good, $6.25@6.65; medium, $6@6.25; choice cows, $6@6.25; good, $5.50@5.75; medium, $5@5.25; choice calves, $7@8.50; good heavy calves, $6.25@7; bulls, $3@5; stags, $4.75@5.25.

Hogs—Light, $8.25@8.60; heavy, $7@7.75.

Sheep — Yearlings, $4.25@4.75; wethers, $3.60@4.30; ewes, $2.75@4; lambs, 3.85@6.

ARMY OFFICERS ARRESTED.

Raid on Hotel to Capture Mexican Rebel Brings Clash

Douglas, Ariz.—In a clash of civil and military authorities Manuel Cuesta, Mexican consul at Douglas; Powell Roberts, chief of the Mexican government secret service, and four officers of the United States army were arrested by the county sheriff and charged with unlawfully entering the Hotel Mexico and assaulting the proprietor, D. J. Genardini, or aiding therein, in a search without a warrant for a rebel leader, whom they designed to take into custody. Consul Cuesta and Powell Roberts were released shortly after their arrest on bonds.

The Mexican consul, the chief of the Mexican secret service and First Lieutenants Holderness and Howard, of the Ninth cavalry, will be arraigned on justice of the peace warrants. Holderness is acting adjutant of the regiment. He and his fellow officers are said to have acted under instructions from Colonel Guilfoyle.

The arrests are the result of the attempts of the Mexican authorities to utilize he United States army officials after the county and state authorities had refused to act.

A few days ago the county authorities were asked to arrest Joaquin Esquera, a supposed rebel leader. The county authorities refused to issue a warrant or make the arrest. Meanwhile, it is alleged, Colonel Guilfoil, commanding the Ninth cavalry, had received orders to arrest any rebel leader found on American soil.

STEAM TURBINE EXPLODES; THREE DEAD, 6 WOUNDED

Newport, R. I.—The explosion of the forward end of the port turbine, together with the steam chest, on the torpedo boat destroyer Walke, off Brenton's reef lightship, killed Lieutenant Donald P. Morrison, the chief engineer, and wounded eight others, two of whom, J. W. Rumpf and H. L. Wilder, both machinists mates of the first class, died on the hospital ship Solace.

E. B. Crawford, gunner's mate, of the destroyer Patterson, one of the umpires named to watch the speed tests of the Walke, and John Delaney, a first class fireman, of the Walke, were said to be in a critical condition Others injured are:

Lieutenant Robert L. Montgomery, of the destroyer Fanning, and umpire of the speed tests.

D. S. Kelley, chief machinists' mate.

W. E. Kraus and F. B. Conway, oilers.

The explosion came just as the Walke started on a full-speed test, in company with other destroyers.

The discipline of the crew is said to have been perfect, and their conduct in leaping down into the steam-filled engine-room to carry out their wounded comrades brought the highest praise from their superiors. Lieutenant Charles R. Train, the commanding officers on the bridge at the time, handled the situation in a way to gain personal commendation from Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, commander of the Atlantic fleet.

BREAD AND BUTTER EXTRA.

New York Hotelmen Also Stop Splitting Single Portions.

New York—With butter selling at 41 cents a pound and flour at $6 a barrel, the hotel men of New York have decided that their patrons will have to pay for their bread and butter now by portion, just as if it were an entree.

So if you want bread and butter with your meals now it will cost you ten cents extra, that being the price agreed upon by the members of the Hotel Men's association. Moreover, no more single portions of anything are to be served to two persons. From now on only one plate and one set of knives and forks go with a single order.

By these little economies hotel men figure they can save a large sum annually. The hotels that have actually put the "ten-cent bread and butter" plan into effect include the Plaza, Imperial, Park Avenue, Waldorf, Breslin, Astor, Manhattan, Prince George, St. Regis, Victoria, Martinique and Louis Martin's.

Coal Miners on Strike.

Great Falls, Mont.—Pending action on the proposed new wage scale prepared at a conference of mine owners and representatives of the United Mineworkers of America last week, every coal miner in Montana walked out Wednesday. The former wage agreement expired Wednesday morning. The various locals will vote on the new agreement Friday and it is expected it will be adopted. The new scale, which, if indorsed, will be effective for two years, provides for an increase over the old scale.

Woman Take to Cigars.

London—Smoking is becoming far more common among women in society. The habit is indulged in more openly than it was, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman motorist who is making calls puffing away at a cigarette between visits or a woman golfer doing the same thing. At many of the West End restaurants women no longer take the trouble to conceal their liking for the cigarette. Many women, however, have gone beyond the cigarette stage and smoke cigars—mild Havanas.

Auto Makers Help Roads.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Announcement was made at the closing session of the American Road congress by H. E. Batcheler, chairman of the executive committee of the American Automobile association, that automobile manufacturers of the United States had agreed to contribute one-third of one per cent of their gross returns during the year 1913 for the good roads cause. This will create a fund of $15,000,000, he said.

Congressman Is Killed.

Fostoria, O.—Representative Carl O. Anderson, of Fostoria, O., was killed here when an automobile in which he was riding overturned near this city.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

SHOWS STATE'S INDUSTRIES.

Maps In Forthcoming Book of Great Statistical Value.

A valuable statistical description of the state of Oregon, its resources and its industries, will be provided in a booklet now being prepared under the direction of the Oregon State Immigration commission and its chief officer, C. C. Chapman, state immigration agent. The first edition will be out about November 1 and will be 500,000 copies.

This book will be the first reliable record or condensed statistical compendium of the resources and industries of the state that has ever been prepared. Every figure and statement will be based upon data which has been obtained from every available source of national, state and local records, and will have been rechecked several times and revised to present date, so far as possible.

The only illustrations will be 13 maps showing complete statistical directions upon the following public themes: Educational institutions of the state, creameries, cheese factories and condenseries, precipitation map, map showing the distribution of population by counties, map showing rural population distribution, a compendium of the forest reserves in Oregon and separate maps locating the distribution of swine, horses, dairy cattle, beef cattle, minerals, railroads and fruits. Each of these maps will cover half a page in a 92-page book with pages sized 5½ by 8½ inches.

There will also be brief descriptive articles upon the soil, climatic and geographical qualities of Oregon, written by eminent authorities upon those special lines. The book has been arranged by Lester Davis, of Salem, who has served as active editor. Many of the maps and figures were prepared by the department of animal husbandry at the Oregon Agricultural collgee.

The pamphlet was designed primarily to benefit and inform the prospective Oregon immigrant, but will be for free distribution within the state, and will serve as a valuable reference book for everyone. It will be bound in paper and be fit for use as a text book in the public schools. Many applications have been received already by the commission from persons who knew that the book was in the process of production. Their names will be placed upon the waiting list preparatory to the first distribution.

Issuance of the book and an appropriation of $25,000 to cover the cost of publication was authorized by an act of the 1911 legislature. However, there was no provision in the bill making anyone responsible for the disbursement of funds, so Governor West refused, temporarily, to release the funds, although he approved the passage. It was not until last April that he designated C. C. Chapman, state immigrantion agent, to superintend the publication. Since that time the book has been in the process of preparation. The state will pay the cost of distributing 200,000 copies. The Southern Pacific railroad has ordered a purchase of 100,000 for its own distribution and the Hill officials are contemplating a similar order.

Potato Harvest Begins.

La Grande—To accommodate the immense potato crop of the Elgin country, H. H. Weatherspoon is building a frost-proof addition to his warehouse in Elgin. The addition is 240x40 feet and will house 410,000 sacks of potatoes. The potato digging will begin at once, and a hundred or more men will be needed to care for the crop. The excellent prices obtained for potatoes last year and the publicity gained by that neighborhood by its shipment of a full trainload of potatoes to Kansas City has given impetus to the industry, which has caused the planting of several hundred acres.

Waldport After Creamery.

Waldport—Waldport is elated over the prospect of a fruit cannery here next year. Parties have been looking for a site. The coast counties are especially adapted to the raising of small fruits and vegetables, but owing to the cost and risk of transportation the farmers at present produce only enough for home consumption and local trade. Wild berries such as blackberries, blue, black and red huckleberries and blueberries grow in great abundance and their product harvested would amount to hundreds of thousands of gallons.

To Have Wireless Station.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—A wireless station is to be established at the Gamma Upsilon fraternity's new home on Eighth and Harrison streets in Corvallis, and two of the O. A. C. students who live there are to operate it. They were employed as Marconi operators during the summer, and now wish to give the service of a sending and receiving station to the eighteen other young men of the fraternity who will move into the new club house about October 10th.

Large Sheep Shipment Made.

La Grande—The largest shipment of sheep which has left Union county this year passed through here Wednesday night enroute from the range near Enterprise to Wapato, from whence they will be shipped to Seattle. The shipment comprised 8000 head and were driven from the Enterprise range to the Hindmand ranch, near Elgin, where they were loaded for shipment, thirty double deck cars being used. The sheep were bought from Jay Dobbin, of Enterprise. The price paid being in excess of $25,000.

One Potato Produces 68 Pounds.

Dallas—Thirteen proved a lucky number when Miss Ruth Miller cut up one Koplinner potato a few months ago and planted the "eyes" in 13 individual hills. The result was 68 pounds of potatoes, large, clean-skinned white potatoes, which have been exhibited in the Polk county school children's exhibit at the State fair. But for the fact that a gopher cleaned out one hill a larger yield would have been returned.

DEEPER RIVER IS TOPIC.

Albany Calls Conference of Valley Cities on Subject.

Albany—A conference of representatives of the cities of the Upper Willamette valley will be held in this city to consider proposed plans for the improvement of the Willamette river, whether to concentrate all efforts toward the proposed system of locks which will insure a six-foot channel in the river, or to work for the present for the improvements recommended by the United States engineer corps, which will give a 3.5-foot channel.

The commercial clubs of Albany and Corvallis have decided heretofore in favor of devoting present efforts to the lesser project, and, with it completed and all-year traffic as far as Corvallis assured, then working for the six-foot channel plan. Commercial bodies of other cities are discussing the question, and this conference has been called to outline a plan of action on which all of the cities of the valley can unite.

The Albany Commercial club, in its meeting, decided to call this conference, and an invitation will be sent out to the commercial bodies of all the cities of the Upper valley.

The club will also invite Representative Hawley and Major McIndoe, of the United States Engineer corps, to attend the conference and outline plans for river improvement. Both have signified a willingness to come.

FAIR DRAWS CROWD.

Best Products of Old Yamhill County Are on Display.

McMinnville — The first day of the Yamhill County School Fair and Stock Show opened here with the largest attendance for the opening day ever had and the exhibits on display at the pavilion exceed all others heretofore. Garden products, stock, colts, horses of every description, cattle and everything that farmers produce came pouring in until late, and many are still to come. Some farmers utilized their automobiles to bring in poultry, large baskets of plants, fruits and every variety of the vegetable kind. And every road leading into McMinnville was crowded with wagons loaded to capacity with the farmer's "best." If anyone doubts the statement that Yamhill county is a garden spot he should enter the pavilion for a quarter of a day while everything is to the front.

SALMON CANNING ON.

Coos Bay Season Promising With Two Plants in Operation.

Marshfield — The salmon canning season on Coos Bay has started and the run promises to be a big one. Two canneries will be operated on the bay. One is at Empire and is owned by the Southern Oregon company, and the other is in Marshfield and was this year purchased by W. E. Tallant, of Astoria. The salmon this year are especially large and fine. About four tons a day are now being brought to this city, but soon it is expected that the catch will be much larger. Many fishermen are engaged in the work. The Tallant cannery is trying a new experiment, employing young women instead of Chinamen to do the work. The young women employed were brought here from Eureka.

On the Coquille river the run is larger this year than ever before and two canneries there are kept busy. The fishermen will make big money this season.

Old Willamette Growing.

Willamette University, Salem—At the close of the first day's registration a heavy increase in students over the corresponding time of a year ago is recorded. Three more days remain for registration and the attendance is certain to be far in excess of anything old Willamette has ever experienced. The boys' and girls' dormitories are already filled, every room being taken. Lausanne hall, the young women's dormitory, as the result of refinishing another floor, is now accommodating a third more girls than last year.

Eugene Schools Grow to 1908.

Eugene — The second week of the city schools found a total registration of 1908, an increase of 186 over the corresponding date of last year. Practically all of this increase is in the grades, where the first and fifth grades especially are crowded. In all the city schools but one half-day sessions only are held in the first grades, the teachers handling two separate classes. Additional room is to be secured for the overflow from the fifth grades in the western portion of the city.

Express Company Follows Law.

Salem—The Northern Express company has reported to the State Railroad commission that it has never sent liquor shipments c. o. d., either interstate or intrastate, that it has waybilled such shipments accurately as to classification and that there has been no false billing of such shipments, nor have such shipments been sent to fictitious consignees.

White Lilacs in Bloom.

Albany—A white lilac tree full of blossoms is the September novelty in the yard of Mrs. Margaret Keifer in this city. On the first day of August Mrs. Keifer picked off all the dried-up spring blossoms and all of the leaves from the tree, and soon afterwards it began to bud out anew. Now the tree is literally full of beautiful blossoms and is attracting considerable attention here.

Klamath Falls Gets Roundhouse.

Klamath Falls—The Southern Pacific company has selected the site, not far from its freight depot here, for a five-stall roundhouse. It will be built in such a manner that it can be added to as the road progresses from this point. This indicates the intention of the company to make this a division terminus and means an increasing payroll for company employes at this point from year to year.

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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. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

"Jes and I do not tire of our friends," she rebuked. "But beyond that, how can any one tell what will happen? We can just live our best every day and wait to see further. Sometimes things get twisted wrong."

"What is the matter? What is twisted wrong, Miss Floyd?"

She shook her head, smiling across her shoulders at him.

"Nothing—nothing but me. Only I feel disgustingly gloomy to-night; as if Jes and I were very far apart. Never mind, I wish you all good luck and victory for the race."

"What was that song you were singing on the first day I came here?" he asked irrelevantly.

She hesitated, then struck a few chords upon the piano. "That?"

"Yes. Will you sing it to me, now?"

With her charming trick of prompt obedience, she at once seated herself at the instrument.

It was no ornate classic, no love-song, that the velvet-and-gold contralto voice braided into Stanton's memory, to be in the near future a torture more acute than physical pain and personal grief.

"Oft, in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

That was the quaint stiff melody of fifty years before, that Jessica Floyd sung to Stanton before they parted.

On reaching home, an hour later, Stanton found a letter awaiting him from the assistant manager, Green. It was dated from Long Island, and reminded him that the course would be open for the last day's practice next morning during the early hours.

"The car is at last ready, and if you see Jes Floyd, tell him that we can not get along without him any longer," ran the concluding sentence.

Stanton put down the letter, frowning at it in irritated astonishment. Had not Floyd gone to prepare for the race, with Green and by his direct order? How then could he, Stanton, know anything about his mechanician and why did not Green know everything? Possibly Floyd had been kept at the Mercury factory; but in that case Green would surely have sent there for him, instead of trusting to the faint chance of Stanton's encountering him. Of course Floyd must be ready to go out for the delayed practice work next morning—Stanton rose impatiently; of course he would be ready.

A thought like a needleprick halted him when half-way across the room, a wild fancy. Could it be conceived credible that Valerie Carlisle did wish to prevent the Mercury car from racing, and, failing to reach the driver, might attempt to keep away the mechanician she knew to be so valuable? He recalled his own strange illness on the eve of the Massachusetts race. On an impulse beyond restrain, he turned to his telephone; there would be some one to tell him of Floyd at the factory, for it was working night and day to fill its orders.

"Yes, 337 Frenchwood," the thin voice finally came along the wire. "Yes, Mercury. Mr. Stanton? Wait."

The instrument roared vilely; he knew it was the din of the huge engines he heard across thirty miles of distance.

"Hello," another voice took up, through the drone. "Stanton? This is Mr. Bailey. What? Oh, why Floyd's gone on—" there was a blank clicking "—to Long Island tonight," was faintly resumed. "He'll be on his job when you need him. Stanton; go a bit easy on the poor kid. He isn't a machine."

Stanton exclaimed something ugly and hung up the receiver with a snap. Bailey was a fool, he mentally sneered, and Green was another, and he himself the third. As for Miss Carlisle, he had not seen or heard of her since the trip to Indiana. No more orchids and laurel. He smiled in sardonic relief and went to open a window to the pungent October air. To-morrow he would see Floyd at the course and begin the work which intoxicated him as it does all those who once acquire the fearless mastery of a car at high speeds and taste the strong excitement of the racing game. He drew a breath of anticipated exhilaration; this was the ground where he and Floyd stood closest in understanding and where Jessica could never come.

But he wished that she had not looked so strangely grave and wistful, that evening. It troubled him.

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Race.

"Say, Floyd, got a spare fire extinguisher in your camp?"

"I guess so," called a gay rippling voice across the gray dawn mist.

"Just throw it into the next pit, then; Jack's whistling again."

A tousled head appeared from the third in the row of repair pits.

"Let Floyd alone, he'd rather hear me whistle than you talk," jeered the offender. "Besides, he's working. Is it true, Floyd, that you can make a worn-out taxicab motor run like a new foreign engine? Some one told me so."

"Why, yes, Jack; but I haven't any time to fix your car now," came the sweet reply. "Come crank the Mercury for me, one of you, I want to hear her run."

One of the laughing mechanics ran forward, but paused as a tall figure advanced from the shadow of the stand

Floyd straightened up from bending over the unhooded motor, shining-eyed and vividly aglow in the raw, salt air that swept across the bare Long Island meadows.

"Stanton!" he gladly welcomed, and stripped off a rubber glove to give greeting; Floyd was girlishly careful of his hands and always protected them during work when possible.

"I just arrived here, by train," the other explained. "Do you want to take the car out?"

"When you're ready."

"I am ready now. Get some warm things on, it is going to be chilly until the sun is out."

It was not an emotional meeting, but both men were content. Stanton had felt the thrill of relief and pleasure upon seeing his mechanician which surprised him into recognition of how much uneasiness the incident of the night before had caused him.

"You will have to be kind to the tires," Floyd warned, as he complied with the directions. "We have only got one extra set here. The shipment for the race hasn't arrived yet."

"Why not?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Green has telegraphed to the tire company. I suppose they will be along to-day, or to-morrow at the worst."

"I should hope so. Ready?"

The morning's work had begun.

It was always a course race, the Cup event, and in many places the way lay over hastily prepared country roads. Here and there men were still at work, banking turns or smoothing the ground. On the second time around, the Mercury struck an edged stone and lost a tire with a sharp report. Stanton drew up by the roadside, and Floyd ran back to pitch the mischief-making rock into the fields.

"George and Palmer are out," he observed, returning. "They might come to grief on it, too. Besides, we ourselves might hit it again. I like a track race."

"So do I. How many tires left?"

"Three."

They worked rapidly, both for practice and from force of habit. The Duplex roared past at a leisurely gait, while they were busy, its driver waving a hand in sympathetic greeting. Floyd paused to wave a response, and presently the Mercury sped after its rival.

Before ten o'clock they had lost another tire.

"Those tires in yet?" demanded Stanton, when he again drew up before the repair pit.

The harassed assistant manager shook his head, exhibiting a sheaf of yellow telegrams.

"Not yet. The Ruby Company telegraphs that they shipped the order last week by express; the express company telegraphs that they sent the carload on from Chicago two days ago and it must be here."

"The freight car must have been left in the New York yards, instead of being sent out here," deduced Stanton exasperatedly.

"New York says it isn't there."

"Perhaps they shipped the order to the Mercury factory by mistake," Floyd suggested.

Mr. Green looked at him in scorn.

"Of course I 'phoned there first of all. The chief says they are not there, either, and to telegraph all along the line until we trace the car."

"Have you done it?" Stanton inquired.

"I'm doing it now. I've got as far west as Utica and each freight yard denies having them."

"We'll go to lunch, Floyd. The answers will come in meanwhile."

There was a hotel near-by, which Mr. Green made his headquarters, and where Stanton and Floyd chose to stay. A good many of the other drivers and officials also remained for that night.

"I'd run into little old New York," the drivtr of the Atalanta car explained to Stanton, "only I'm afraid it ain't healthy to go through Brooklyn so often."

To the hotel the answers continued

Floyd Paused to Wave a Response.

"Just about. Oh, they all say that your trial for speeding in Pelham Parkway took place day before yesterday."

"It did."

Floyd stopped in the act of ascending to his seat.

"You didn't tell Jessica," he reproached.

"How do you know?" queried Stanton, astonished.

"I saw her late last night, on my way here. What did they do to you?"

"Fined me all the law allowed—which the Mercury Company paid—and suggested the wisdom of not doing it again. I didn't suppose Miss Floyd would be interested in police court details. Get in."

to come all that afternoon, until Mr. Green and the office were snowed over by strips of yellow paper. The larger the city and the more crowded its freight yard, the longer the time required to make the search for the missing car and report the result to Long Island.

After four o'clock, the roads were again open for practice until sunset. The Mercury went out for a couple of circuits, and lost another tire by skidding on a turn. After that the car stood before its camp.—"Afraid of wearing out her last pair of shoes," Floyd informed solicitous questioners.

"Can't you buy them somewhere else?" chafed the irritated Stanton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dress and Its Psychology

We Are Prone to Judge by Externals, Declares Harrison Fisher, the Famous Artist.

We are all of us prone to judge by externals, our early training in copy-book maxims notwithstanding, says Harrison Fisher in Dress.

Emeline may have a lovely disposition, but that cannot hide the fact that there are knots in her shoe-strings, and though Beatrice sings like an angel, her gown fastens most untidily. Emeline's friends might be almost as sweet tempered as she is if her boots were not enough to make them cross. No less would the songs of Beatrice stir more hearts without the distractions of gaping hooks and missing buttons. Externals do count, however broad we may think our views to be.

It is a common observation that a man gets an impression of a thing as a whole. If he notices any detail, it is apt to be a sign that something is wrong. Carelessness, however, in the dress of either men or women, is usually betrayed by details.

Suppose that we ourselves have so far developed our minds and sensibilities that we form our opinions by what is, and not by what seems, are we not in constant embarrassment explaining our careless friends to others who are less condoning? It is a very human failing to wish our friends to appear well, a kind of vanity, if you like, in proving the excellence of our own taste. There is no law requiring us to placard our qualities to open view. How can our fellow mortals get any idea of us at the start of acquaintance except by the eye?

She Leads.

"How do they get along together as man and wife?"

"Oh, tandem."