

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.

Chicago dancing masters have decided to abolish all rag-time dances.

Mexican rebels held up a railway train and kidnaped a rich El Paso stock broker.

An ensign stepped overboard from a launch during the New York naval review and was drowned.

Nearly 500 strikebreakers have been imported to work the Bingham, Utah, coal and copper mines.

A woman and three children were burned to death by the explosion of a can of gasoline at Oxnard, Cal.

Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the U. S. army, says three great army posts will be maintained on the coast.

The Balkan states, in their demands upon Turkey, allege that in the past all promises of reform have been a dead letter.

It is reported that 1442 were killed or wounded in the battle of Tushi between Turks and Montenegrins, and 3600 Turks captured.

At the imminent risk of their lives, six sailors rescued from drowning a party of 11 of their comrades at the New York naval review.

A Cuban bank messenger has been arrested, charged with the theft of a \$20,000 package of currency sent by his bank to one in New York.

During the naval parade in New York harbor, one of the warships missed by only a few feet a collision with the mine-planting ship San Francisco, loaded with 90,000 tons of high explosives.

Claiming he was impelled by a dream, John Schrenk, of New York City, shot and wounded Colonel Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee, Wis. The Colonel was not seriously injured, and made a short speech before retiring to his car.

Turkey delays peace negotiations with Italy by hesitation, and war may continue.

Witnesses testified that George W. Perkins conceived the idea of the Harvester trust.

The first anniversary of the Chinese revolution is celebrated in all large cities of China.

All records for heavy westward travel are being broken on the transcontinental roads.

Utah copper mines have resumed work under strong guards.

A Japanese steamship company gives each passenger on its ships a ticket entitling him to a seat in a certain lifeboat.

Captain David E. Hanks, a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln and one of the oldest pilots on the Mississippi river, is dead.

Thirty-nine women applied for positions as matron of the city jail in Portland as soon as it became known that two places were vacant.

More than 300 young women, boys and men were forced to jump from second story windows when fire broke out in a mattress factory in Chicago.

Wireless operators in the Telegraph Hill station at Astoria listened to messages sent from Japan to Japanese vessels at sea, the sending station being approximately 4300 miles distant.

George W. Beatty dropped 1500 feet in a disabled aeroplane at New York City, receiving no serious injury, and was on his feet calmly surveying the wrecked machine when spectators reached him.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80c; bluestem, 83c; forty-four, 80c; red Russian, 78c; valley, 81c.

Barley—Feed, \$24@24.50 ton; brewing, \$26.50@27.50; rolled, \$26@27.50.

Corn—Whole, \$38; cracked, \$39 ton; Hay—Timothy, choice, \$17@18; No. 1, \$16; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$12; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.

Oats—White, \$24.50@25 ton; gray, feed, \$24; gray milling, \$25.50.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, ordinary, 50c @ \$1.50 box; peaches, 25@65c box; pears, \$1.25@1.50 box; grapes, 60c @ \$1 per box.

Onions—Oregon, \$1 per sack.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 75c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 1 1/2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75@85c per dozen; beans, 5c pound; cabbage, 1@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 25@75c dozen; celery, 25@75c; corn, 60@81 sack; cucumbers, 50c box; head lettuce, 20 @25c dozen; peppers, 6@8c pound.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 40c dozen; case count, 35@36c.

Butter—Oregon, creamery, butter, choice, 35c pound; prints, 34@37c.

Pork—Fancy, 11c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 13@13 1/2c pound.

Poultry—Hens, 12c; broilers, 12 1/2c; ducks, young, 12 1/2@13c; geese, 11c; turkeys, live, 18@22c; dressed, 25c.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 18@20c pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14@15c pound; valley, 21@22c; mohair, choice, 82c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.75@7; good, \$5.25@6.65; medium, \$4.6@6.25; choice cows, \$6@6.50; good, \$5.50@5.75; medium, \$5@5.25; choice calves, \$7@8.75; good heavy calves, \$6.25@7; bulls, \$2@5; stags, \$4.75 @5.25.

Hogs—Light, \$8.25@8.75; heavy, \$7@7.50.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$4.25@4.85; wethers, \$3.60@4.50; ewes, \$2.75@4; lambs, \$3.85@6.75.

ROOSEVELT RESTS EASY; CONDITION SATISFACTORY

Chicago, Oct. 16.—Colonel Roosevelt awoke soon after 2 o'clock this morning and his clinical record was taken. His pulse had fallen to 80 and was not far above normal. His temperature remained stationary at 98.8 and his respiration was 18. He felt wakeful and switched on his night light and began to read.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Colonel Roosevelt, shot last night by a crank in Milwaukee, was resting easy tonight and his physicians said, after a day of nervous strain, that they were pleased by his condition.

The clinical record showed, however, that his condition was hardly as favorable as when he entered the hospital early in the morning. His pulse at 10 o'clock was 86, or 14 counts above normal, and two counts above the record two hours after he was shot.

His temperature was 99.2, or three-fifths of a degree above normal. It was believed the night would indicate whether the wound would heal normally.

Tetanus anti-toxin was injected into the Colonel's abdomen a short time before he went to sleep. A rise in temperature followed, together with slight local irritation. Otherwise the patient exhibited no symptoms from the anti-toxin, although the surgeons were prepared for the slight nausea and dizziness that sometimes follow the treatment. The six-tenths of a degree of temperature, it is said, were not caused by the condition of the wound, as up to the time of the injection the patient's temperature virtually was normal. The increase in the rate of his pulse is not accounted for.

TAFT REVIEWS BIG FLEET.

123 War Vessels Pass Majestically Before President.

New York—The Atlantic fleet steamed out to sea Tuesday afternoon. From the super-dreadnaughts Arkansas and Wyoming, to the tiniest submarine, the 12 war vessels passed in review before President Taft. The column was 15 miles long and was nearly two hours in passing.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer stood with the president on the bridge of the president's yacht, Mayflower, while the long line moved past.

Flying the flag of Rear Admiral Osterhaus, the fleet commander, the Connecticut led the way, with the Arkansas following. When abreast the Mayflower the Connecticut fired a six-pounder. It was the first gun of the long presidential salute.

Tens of thousands of persons blackened the shore line of the Hudson as the fleet steamed out. Another army viewed the pageant from downtown skyscrapers. Other thousands were aboard a fleet of excursion steamers.

One accident marked the review, when torpedo boat Craven bumped against a lighter. Examination proved that she had been damaged only slightly.

ROBBERS 'SHOOT UP' CAR.

Attempted Hold Up in Busy Part of City Fails.

Portland—Two men were shot, two slightly injured in a scuffle and one woman was badly bruised and shocked Tuesday night when two masked men held up a South Portland street car going south at Third and Hall streets.

Both robbers escaped from the car and were chased into the hills in the vicinity, but one was later caught downtown and confessed to a part of the crime. A second is also held as an accomplice.

The holdup occurred within two blocks of the brilliantly lighted South Portland Ghetto and part of the affair was enacted on the South Portland bridge, under the glare of high-power advertising and street lights.

Men Are Driven Away.

Ely, N. M.—Two hundred men coming to work at Steptoe smelter at McGill were met by 50 Greek and Austrian strikers, and with revolvers and clubs were driven away. The outside of the enclosure was picketed by the strikers, who stopped all comers. Three hundred and fifty men within the stockade are keeping the furnaces going. Sheriff Crane with deputies is seeking to restore order. Practically all of the American smeltersmen, including the machinists and carpenters, have joined the strike.

Great Victory Announced.

Heidelberg, Germany—A great Montenegrin victory over the Turkish troops was announced by Prince Peter, of Montenegro, in a telegram to his former tutor here. The dispatch was worded: "Glorious victory. Ten thousand Turks, with artillery, captured." Several guns were found in the defense works, all badly damaged by the Montenegrin fire. The spoils included eight machine guns and 7000 Mauer rifles. The captured garrison numbered 3000 regulars.

T. R.'s Guide Found Dead.

Cebolla, Colo.—The body of Howard Carpenter, Colonel Roosevelt's guide to the Gunnison country a few years ago, was reported found at the headwaters of Elk creek, 70 miles west of Gunnison, after a search for him of two weeks. The flesh virtually was stripped from the bones. It is believed he had been attacked by a wounded bear and dragged into the thicket in which his body was found.

Strikebreakers Travel Under Guard.

Denver—Guards prevented a party of Western Federation of Miners members from entering a car on which strikebreakers from the East were brought through Denver headed for Bingham, Utah. Union Pacific train No. 103 was delayed 20 minutes because of the incident.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

WEST WOULD CUT COST.

Change to Be Urged in Transportation of Convicts.

Salem—The system of transportation of convicts from the place of conviction to the state penitentiary will be materially changed at what promises to be a great saving, according to plans which Governor West is making for a recommendation, to be incorporated in his message to the next legislature, and founded on the results which have been secured in the change made in transportation of patients to the state insane asylum.

Under the old law patients were transported to the asylum under the care of a sheriff or his deputy. Now an attendant is sent from the asylum to bring in the patient.

Under the old law covering transportation for asylum patients to that institution, from the place of conviction, the records show that for the 22 months between January, 1903, and October, 1904, the average cost for transportation of the insane under the old law was \$64.51 per patient.

Under the new law the average cost is shown to be \$36.17, or almost half the cost that was charged under the old law. With the transportation of several hundred patients annually it amounts into a handsome saving.

During 1911 it cost the state a total of \$10,344 to transport patients from the place of conviction to the prison. Of this amount \$672 was for expenses incidental to transportation of patients and officers. The per diem of sheriffs and guards amounted to approximately \$2200. On the ratio of the saving on transportation of insane, a saving of practically 50 per cent, or about \$5000 annually, would be made in transporting prisoners.

STRAWBERRY CROP GOOD.

Tollman Farmer Produces Second Growth of Fine Fruit.

Albany—A unique plan to produce two crops of strawberries on his vines each year has been developed by M. P. Briggs, a farmer residing near Tallman. Mr. Briggs has a quarter of an acre in strawberries, and picked an unusually large crop last June. He then mowed down the vines, covered the patch with straw and set it on fire. The vines were burned off so that the field was entirely bare.

New vines came up soon and rapidly blossomed out, and Mr. Briggs is now picking his second crop, which is two-thirds as large as his big crop in June.

In many strawberry gardens near this city and in some of the big market gardens along the Santiam river at Lebanon second crops of strawberries were picked this year. This condition was largely due to the unusual rains in August and September, and many growers are planning to make arrangements to irrigate their gardens for a second crop next summer.

POTATOES ARE FOOT LONG.

Record Spuds for Size and Number Found at Hood River.

Hood River—The record for potato production in Hood River valley is just reported by J. R. Steele.

Last May he planted an acre that had been in alfalfa for ten years to Early Rose and Garfield varieties. They were irrigated twice. Last week he started to dig them and found that the hills had run together so that each row was one continuous line of solid spuds.

Many of the plants had enough on them to fill a five-gallon oil can. Most of the spuds are a foot long and some weigh four pounds each. The acre yielded 700 sacks, or 1400 bushels. Mr. Steele also raised a cabbage this summer weighing 28 pounds.

Hood River Gets Fish.

Hood River—A great deal of activity in stocking the streams of Hood River valley with game fish has been noted this summer, and further work is to be done. So far about 250,000 trout have been planted in the various streams, and another carload was distributed last week. Everybody helps in the work. Ranchers have left their work to haul cans of fish ten miles back to the headwaters, and two wagons made the trip to Lost Lake. The state game and fish commission has appropriated \$500 to place a fish ladder at the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the work will be done this fall.

Cools Seeks Good Roads.

Marshfield—At a meeting of representatives of all commercial bodies of the county it was decided that if laws passed at the next election would permit Cools county would bond herself for \$2,000,000 for the purpose of making good roads and building a permanent highway with concrete foundation from the ocean to the Douglas county line. In such event Douglas county would be expected to do the same, so there would be a hard-surface road from Cools Bay to Roseburg.

Gresham Potato Yield Good.

Gresham—Eastern Multnomah county's potato crop is being harvested and the indications are good for a big yield, though not above the average of several former years. An extra acre was planted and favorable conditions during the early summer pre-vented the biggest crop ever grown here, but the potato blight which fell upon the vines has had the effect of reducing the yield to about its normal size. It is estimated that about one-third of the crop this year will be a total loss.

Mt. Angel Gets Crusher.

Mount Angel—At a cost of almost \$2000 the Marion county court has installed a new rock-crushing plant at Mount Angel. This plant, which is operated by a dynamo, the power being secured from Silverton, takes the place of the steam crusher. At the nominal expense of about \$1.50 daily its crushing capacity is about 150 yards a day, almost double the amount turned out by the steam plant.

HOOD RIVER HAS REPUTATION

Apples Bring Together People From Many Lands.

Hood River—Seven men sat in the reading room of the Commercial club the other evening. One laid down his paper, then another, until the seven were engaged in conversation. Naturally the talk turned to apples, and then to orchards. Four of the men were unacquainted with any of the others. Names followed, then addresses. The four men were strangers and hailed from Groton, Mass.; St. Catherine, Ontario; Mexico City, and Minneapolis, Minn. This caused comment that in a little town in Oregon all these men should meet with one common reason—Hood River apples and how they do it.

The succeeding conversation brought up the question: "From how many different localities will the visitors of a month come?" Reference was had to the visitors' register, and the result showed visitors registered at the club from 46 different towns in 17 states, and two from outside the country during the month of August. September showed 57 towns in 19 states and four foreign countries. These are only those that registered at the club.

FINE CORN GROWN HERE.

Columbia Slough Farmer Has Giant Stalk on Exhibit.

Portland—John Zoller, retired, who owns a farm on the Columbia Slough road a few miles east of this city, brought into town a stalk of corn 14 feet long, which he declared was grown by John Aebly, tenant on Mr. Zoller's ranch. Planting took place July 15, after the harvesting of a fodder crop of wheat and vetch from the same land. Mr. Zoller also had a ripe ear of corn as refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that corn will not ripen in this section of Oregon because of damp weather.

"This stalk is picked out of a field of more than 10 acres," said Mr. Zoller. "The height throughout is from 11 to 14 feet. Last week I saw an item in The Oregonian about corn 10 or 11 feet high in some portion of Western Washington, and I wanted to show that it is possible to beat that in Multnomah county. I shall take this stalk to the Chamber of Commerce secretary and give it to him to place on an exhibit for the benefit of strangers."

BUYS DAIRY FARM.

Rich Tillamook County Land Brings Fancy Price.

Tillamook—The Elmore dairy ranch of 193 acres, considered one of the finest in Tillamook county, has been purchased from J. H. Hathaway by B. N. Sproat, of Washington county, the consideration being \$50,000. The purchase also includes 60 head of high grade Holstein and Jersey cows. Mr. Hathaway took in exchange the 33-acre Eldorado apple orchard of Mr. Sproat at Aloha, Washington county, valued at \$20,000 paying the difference of \$30,000 cash for the Tillamook county farm. The sale was negotiated by Paul A. McPherson, of Portland. Mr. McPherson also sold the Glenn Johnson place of 160 acres, located near Hebo, in Tillamook county. The farm was bought by Mrs. Marshall for \$9500. About 50 acres are in cultivation, the remainder being pasture land.

Apple-Growing Put On Film.

Hood River—Secretary Scott, of the Commercial club, has just finished a three days' trip through the valley with a moving picture outfit. All the different stages of the apple industry have been photographed, as well as considerable scenery. Several thousand feet of film have been exposed. The work is not finished, however, as there are several stages of the industry that were not in operation at this time of the year. The work was started last spring during blossom week.

Shippers Rally to Friendly Line.

The Dalles—Since the recent threat of the Open River Transportation company to discontinue its line of steamers on the Columbia and Snake rivers, shippers on the upper rivers have apparently wakened to their interest and are giving the boat line liberal patronage. Superintendent Ulen of the state portage says his road is better now handling freight consigned to up-river merchants than ever before. He is now running trains on the portage day and night, it being necessary to employ two crews.

Rate Order Not Effective.

Salem—A temporary restraining order enjoining the State Railroad commission from enforcing orders in regard to rates and shipments on the Sumpter Valley railroad was granted by Judge Galloway in Circuit court here. The commission demurred to the application for an injunction on the ground that the order was already effective.

China Pheasants Released.

Pendleton—Six dozen pairs of China pheasants, six pairs of silver and six pairs of golden pheasants have been released in a reservation game country above the shade. O. C. Fickel, civil and sanitary engineer in the Panama Canal zone, has written the Albany commercial club for information regarding this section of the state.

Panama Resident Makes Inquiry.

Albany—Declaring he wants "to get back to God's country where the thermometer is not always 90 or above in the shade," O. C. Fickel, civil and sanitary engineer in the Panama Canal zone, has written the Albany commercial club for information regarding this section of the state.

112-Pound Squash on Display.

Albany—A squash weighing 112 pounds is on display in the office of the Linn & Benton Real Estate company in this city. It was raised by Fred Arnold, a farmer, residing southwest of this city.



STANTON WINS

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM
Author of "The Game and the Candle" and "The Flying Mercury" etc.
Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH
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At the beginning of great automobile races the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, 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. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They agree 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 race and makes bet. 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. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle, and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Just before important race tires needed for the Mercury are delayed. Floyd traces the tires and brings them to camp.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

The precaution was justified. On the most dreaded angle of the course came the well-known explosion, immediately followed by a second from the opposite wheel, the Mercury toppled perilously.

Floyd was leaning over the back, unstrapping the extra tires, before Stanton had brought the car to a standstill. The two men were out on the ground together, dragging forth tools. Ringed about by pushing, exclaiming spectators, they worked with quick precision, wasting no time in speech. Dust-rained, two big cars sped by them, the red one hanging doggedly at the flank of the white.

"George thinks he's winning," hissed Floyd mockingly. "But he isn't got to; we are."

Stanton was on his feet again. "In with the tools," he directed, with brevity.

But the blue-black eyes and gray exchanged one smiling glance before the Mercury sprang forward.

The race began its third hour, as Stanton started out to regain his lead. It was soon, dazzling, breathless noon of azure and gold. Down past the grandstand with its heaving expanse of color and movement they swept again, the joyous applause coming to them across the roar of their own motor, and on between the walls of people into the quieter back stretch in pursuit of their rivals.

There was a bridge, back there, across a shallow running brook shut in by a strip of autumn-tinted woodland. "Car ahead!" Floyd cried suddenly, as they rushed around a curve and bore down on the crossing. "Look out—Stanton!"

In the center of the bridge was a reeling, staggering car, coming to a halt and striving to maintain its equilibrium meanwhile. The chain had broken loose, its driver afterward explained, and was lashing the under-mechanism to scrap metal. Seeing too late to stop his own machine, Stanton took the only chance of saving any of the four lives and tried to twist past the other car on the narrow bridge. Only a master-driver would have attempted the feat; Stanton carried it to the verge of success. They were along side, passing, when the edge of the wooden bridge gave way under the double strain. There was the rip of splintering planks, as the Mercury's outside wheels crushed through the flooring, a shuddering lurch.

"Jump!" Stanton shouted his vain command to Floyd, as they went down. The cool water lapped around his fingers, trickling revilingly across his intolerably painful arm, gurgling like a joyous voice and hurt unbearable. Slowly, with infinite effort, Stanton dragged himself up upon the other arm, the uninjured right. He must see; that was the imperious cry of brain and heart, to see. It seemed to him years ago that the Mercury had gone off the bridge, yet he knew the time could be but moments, since the ambulance had not come and he was still here.

His vision was clearing. Yes; there, half in the dainty brook, half on the green bank, lay the heap of bent and broken metal that had been the Mercury racing car. And beside it—

When he drove back the faintness that blackened the bright noon, Stanton began to drag his pain-racked body toward what lay beside the Mercury. Movement hurt, hurt unbearably, yet was a less anguish than thought. For he knew, knew the mechanic seldom escapes.

Floyd lay near the machine, unmarred to outward view except for a cut over his temple and a stain of blood on his lips. His mask and cap were gone, one hand was flung out, palm up, and the torn sleeve left bare the slim arm crossed by the zigzag scar gained at Lowell. He looked very young and strangely grave, as the sunlight and tree-shadows flickered back and forth across his colorless face and shining bronze waves of hair.

"Floyd," Stanton articulated hoarsely. "Floyd!"

The brook gurgled cheerfully, a belated oriole flashed past a streak of flame. Stanton's head sank back down against the mechanic's inert hand, and the world fell out of knowledge.

CHAPTER XII.

Jess.

It was two weeks later when Ralph Stanton first reopened his eyes, this time upon the immaculate dreariness of a hospital room. A linen-clad nurse stood beside him, and at the foot of the bed was a gentleman unmistakably medical.

"Better, Mr. Stanton?" queried the

through with his hollow blue-black eyes, and asked nothing.

It was two months before he could leave the hospital. Winter had shut in, raw and bleak. The day fixed for his departure, the doctor lingered in bidding him good-by.

"I have not wanted you to be worried, Mr. Stanton," he said brusquely. "Not on any account. But from the fact that your first question was 'Jesse Floyd?' I imagine you feel some responsibility in that matter. May I ask where you are going?"

Before the spoken name Stanton winced, but steadily met the other's inquisitive eyes.

"To Miss Floyd," he responded. "The doctor held out a hearty hand. 'Good. I was sure of it! A patient shows a lot of his character to his physician. Good luck to you—all kinds.'"

How did he know of unprotected Jessica Floyd? Stanton wearily pondered the question as he descended to the carriage. Or rather, how did he know of Stanton's feeling of responsibility toward her? The mechanic was supposed to take his chance with the driver. Perhaps delirium had revealed the close bond of friendship between Floyd and himself.

At the railroad station, a tall young man approached him, as the train whistled in the distance. "My name is Richards," he announced diffidently. "You're hardly on your feet yet, Mr. Stanton; if there is anything I can do for you on the trip into the city, I'd be glad."

Stanton surveyed him with blank non-recognition.

"You don't remember me?" the young man tried again. "Have you forgotten the cub reporter who followed you on the afternoon you were arrested for speeding your machine in Pelham Parkway? You let your companion give me the story."

Stanton put out his hand, the poignant memory unendurable.

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"It gave me my start, it meant a big life for me, and I didn't forget it. I made the accounts of the accident at the Cup race as easy for Miss Floyd as I could, when they came out. There was bound to be some sensationalism."

"Thank you," Stanton made brief acknowledgment. "There is nothing that you can do for me."

The train was hissing at the platform, but the reporter pursued him a step farther.

"You, you'll look after Miss Floyd, Mr. Stanton? That's square?"

The driver turned an amazed resentful glance upon his questioner, his hand on the rail. But hardly aware why, he answered, however glacially.

"Yes, sir."

"The reporter beamed at him, radiant.

"I knew it," he called, above the roar and clang of the starting train. "I knew it was all right."

A dull gray sky arched above a



Stanton Surveyed Him With Blank Non-Recognition.

ond time. Nor did any one mention it to him. The head of the Mercury Company came out from New York to see him and express cordial sympathy. George, who had driven the Duplex to victory after the Mercury's wreck, came to visit him more than once, a blonde, cheery presence; as did the driver of the machine on the bridge who owned his own life to Stanton's cool fearlessness and skill. Mr. Green brought his fussy condolence. But none of them alluded to Jesse Floyd. There was a curious constraint that marked them all, an air of watchful keeping silent upon some subject constantly present in their minds. Stanton looked them through and

First of Animal Hospitals

More Than 2,000 Years Ago One Was Established in India, Says an Authority.

The New York women