

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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

Illustration by Frederic Thorburgh

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CHAPTER I.

The Man Who Dared.

The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness. "What?" he shouted, above the pulsating roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grand-stand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

"The mechanic of the Mercury is off his car!"

"Fainted—"

"Fell—"

"The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick."

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon.

"Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanic just dropped off his seat, dead."

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement.

"My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wine of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skilful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch.

Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green meadow.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "3, Mercury."

"Durand's down and out—give me another man," called Stanton, halting his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?"

For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who gets a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice, that," eagerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile we'll send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line. "Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—"

two hundred dollars for a man to ride the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton. "The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatient spectators. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illumination around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, warning, summoning.

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton—"

Some one was running toward them, some one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go."

"Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up. "Why, it's a boy!"

"Floyd," Mr. Green hailed hysterically. "You'll go?"

"I'll go," assuaged Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stanton.

"You? You couldn't crank a taxicab," flung the racer, brutal with disappointment and wrath. "You'd go? A boy?"

"I'm as old as the driver of the Singer car, and scant five years younger than you—I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort. "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?"

Met on his own tone, Stanton gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your clothes?" he demanded savagely. "Are you going to race like that? Jump, you useless cowards there—can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some one."

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell jingled madly. "Jes Floyd is one of our new factory

dancing behind the goggles, the red young mouth smiling below the mask, the shining young curls which the cup failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went forward.

"The talking done while I'm up, is done by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Remember."

"Don't you ever need a rest?" queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed them again without speaking. His trained glance went to sweep his opponents, gaging their relative positions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. The successive flashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was suffocating with the exhaust gasoline and acetylene fumes. It was as familiar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitant of the coast; the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to acknowledge him.

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grand-stand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve." There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the hearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.



Stanton Stood, Watch in Hand, His Face a Set Study in Scorn.

men," hurried Mr. Green, in breathless explanation, as Stanton took his seat. "He's a gas-engine wonder—he knows them like a clock—he tuned up this car you've got, this morning—"

The klaxon brayed again. A trim apparition in racing costume darted from the tent to swing into the narrow seat beside the driver, and Stanton's car leaped for the paddock exit with a roar answered by the deafening roar of welcome from the spectators.

"Seven minutes," snapped the starter, as the Mercury wheeled in line.

Stanton shrugged his shoulders with supreme indifference, perfectly aware of his security, since the start had not been made. But his mechanician leaned forward with a little gurgle of irrepressible, sunshot laughter.

"Don't worry," he besought. "Really, we'll get in seven minutes ahead."

His mocking young voice carried above the terrific din of the eleven huge machines, and Stanton turned upon him, amazed and irritated at the audacity. The starter also stared, just as a flashlight shined up and showed fully the young gray eyes

"You're tryin' to tires," he imparted his accents close to the driver's ear. "That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd lisped and blurred his final 'g' in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effeminate, if the voice had not been with out a tremor. As it was—"

At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last."

Stanton's mouth shut in a hard line.

"I will not," he stated. "Get back in your place. You can't tell."

"I can."

Stanton declined no reply, sliding past one of the slower cars on the back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNDAY SCHOOLS ELECT OFFICERS

J. A. BROWN OF CHADBOURN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF STATE ASSOCIATION.

NEXT IN WINSTON-SALEM

After Choosing the Place of Meeting the Thirtieth Annual Convention Adjourned at Greensboro.—Much Good Work Done During Session.

Greensboro. — Pledging himself to carry with him to Winston-Salem next year 4,000 delegates to be entertained at the thirty-first annual convention of the North Carolina Sunday School Association, the newly-elected president, Mr. J. A. Brown of Chadbourne, declared that the intervening year shall be one of greater organization and greater usefulness among the Sunday schools of North Carolina. Mr. Brown declared that the Sunday schools are just finding their strength in the state, and that they have just fought one of their hardest battles and won, this being in the cause of prohibition. The convention adjourned following his brief talk.

At the closing session of the greatest convention the Sunday schools have ever held in this state two speeches were delivered, officers were elected, resolutions adopted and committee reports heard. The following officers were presented by the nominating committee and unanimously elected:

J. A. Brown, president, Chadbourne; Rev. J. K. Pfahl, vice president, Winston-Salem; E. H. Kochtitzky, vice president, Mount Airy; G. C. Briggs, vice president; Rev. J. W. Long, general secretary, Greensboro; Miss Martha Dozier, office secretary, Greensboro; Mr. W. M. Coombs, treasurer, Greensboro.

Executive committee: W. A. Harper, chairman; N. B. Broughton, vice chairman.

Term expiring 1914—Rev. Shuford Peeler, Greensboro; Dr. J. L. Nicholl, L. W. Clarke, Spray; J. W. Goodman, Kinston; W. A. Harper, Elon College; W. R. Odell, Concord; Hugh Parks, Jr., Franklinville; A. L. Smoot, Salisbury; G. F. Stradley, Asheville; A. E. Tate, High Point.

Term expiring 1915—N. B. Broughton, Raleigh; W. B. Cooper, Wilmington; J. Y. Joyner, Raleigh; G. H. Miles, Greensboro; Dr. C. W. Byrd, Greensboro; R. G. Vaughn, Greensboro; W. D. Turner, Statesville; Leonard Vyne, North Wilkesboro; Geo. W. Watts, Durham; F. M. Weaver, Asheville.

Term expiring 1916—Thad Jones, Keansville; W. T. Crawford, Waynesville; D. H. Dixon, Goldsboro; Dr. L. L. Hobbs, Guilford College; Rev. R. M. Andrews, Greensboro; C. M. Poole, Salisbury; C. S. Starbuck, Winston-Salem; G. T. Stevenson, Winston-Salem; Hon. Jeter C. Pritchard, Asheville.

The central committee—W. A. Harper, Elon College; N. R. Broughton, Raleigh; R. C. Hood, Greensboro; G. H. Miles, Greensboro; R. G. Vaughn, Greensboro; G. T. Stevenson, Winston-Salem; A. E. Tate, High Point; George W. Watts, Durham.

Last Link of Road Authorized.

The last remaining link of road needed to place Kings Mountain on the national highway was authorized by the voters of Grover precinct of No. 4 township, Cleveland county, when they voted 70 to 19 for a \$10,000 issue of bonds to complete the road from here to the South Carolina line. J. O. Ellis, M. A. Palmer and A. H. Rollins were selected as a highway commission to put through the bonds and to build the road. No. 7 township recently voted bonds, and with the exception of the five miles from Grover to the state limits this town is connected with the outside world through the medium of well-laid sand clay roads.

Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

The one hundred and tenth annual convention of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod and Ministerium of North Carolina will be held in St. John's Lutheran church, near Mt. Pleasant Cabarrus county. This congregation was organized in 1747. Two other congregations of synod are the same age, viz; St. John's, Salisbury, and Organ church, Rowan county. These three united in the effort to bring from Germany the first Lutheran minister that ever preached in North Carolina, the Rev. Adolph Nussman.

J. Leon Goddard Freed.

J. Leon Goddard of Ocala, Fla., who has been held by the sheriff at Fayetteville, his former home, on requisition from Florida to answer to a charge of grand larceny, was released by Sheriff McGeachy on order of Governor Craig, as the result of a telegram from Ocala stating that the proceedings against Goddard had been dismissed. Telegrams which caused his dismissal came separately from the prisoner's brother and the sheriff who caused his arrest. His release was arranged by telephone.

TAR HEEL CINCINNATI MEET

State Branch Oldest Hereditary Order of America.—Reelects Officers.—Pres. Wilson Honorary Member.

Greensboro.—Prominent North Carolinians and natives of the state who are in distant states, were here for the annual meeting of the North Carolina Society of Cincinnati. Following the business session the visitors were carried to the Guilford Battle Ground and then they gathered at the annual society dinner. The Society of the Cincinnati is the oldest hereditary order in America having been founded by Washington and his officers at the close of the Revolution. The North Carolina branch was organized at Hillsboro in the fall of 1783 with many of the most distinguished veterans of the Continental line as its charter members. Succession in the order is governed by the laws of primogeniture, or descent in the eldest male line of a Continental officer, and each original officer has only one representative at a time.

The officers of the state society, all of whom were here are: Wilson Gray Lamb, Williamston, president; John Collins Daves, Baltimore, vice president; Marshall DeLancey Haywood, Raleigh, secretary; John Bradley Lord, Brooklyn, assistant treasurer; Walter De Lyle Carstaphen, Plymouth, treasurer; Benahan Cameron, Stagville, assistant treasurer; Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, chaplain.

The society re-elected the above staff of officers and also elected President Wilson to an honorary membership. The president had previously signified his willingness to such a course. New members elected to membership were D. C. Waddell, Jr., of Asheville; Dr. A. A. Cotton, Trenton, N. J.; W. H. Callender, Franklin, Tenn.; Dr. R. L. Williams, Norfolk, Va.

Division Plan New in State.

The members of the Robert E. Lee chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy were hostesses to the fifth district convention of the U. D. C. at Lexington. The convention was held in the handsome rooms of the Elks Club and was presided over by Mrs. W. H. Mendinall, president of the local chapter. The division plan is new in this state, and there was some apprehension as to whether such a movement could be launched. Heretofore, every local chapter has worked independently of all other chapters in the same sections, holding allegiance only to the state and national association. Under the leadership of Mrs. Mendinall the chapters of this part of the Piedmont section have formed a district association to be known as the fifth district, composed of the chapters at Lexington, Thomasville, Salisbury, Concord and Statesville.

"Piedmont Exposition" for Charlotte.

A resolution was passed by the Greater Charlotte Club to begin work at once upon a great "Piedmont Exposition" for Charlotte upon the 20th of May, 1914, and one that would be the greatest held in the South for years. President C. C. Hook announced that he would name a committee in a few days who will begin work on this big campaign.

North Carolina New Enterprises.

A charter is issued for the Kenly Insurance & Realty Co., Kenly, capital \$50,000 authorized, and \$5,000 subscribed by H. F. Edgerton, J. H. Kirby and others for real estate and insurance business. The Automatic Counting Machine Company, Asheville, files an amendment to its charter increasing the capital from \$10,000 to \$50,000.

Votes Bond Issue For Roads.

Rutherford county joined the other progressive counties of the state by voting a \$250,000 bond issue for good roads. Out of a total vote of 4,400 registered voters 2,650 votes were cast, giving a majority of 132 for the bonds.

Investigate Death of Gaston Miner.

Commissioner W. L. Shipman of the state department of labor and printing has gone to Gastonia to make a personal investigation for the department into the killing of a miner in the mines of the Southern Sulphur Company.

Large Amount of Tobacco Sold.

Secretary Minor of the Oxford Tobacco Board of Trade has completed his report of the tobacco sales on the Oxford market for the year. The number of pounds, 6,741,112, sold for \$1,213,574, an average of 18 cents per pound. This is the largest amount by over \$200,000 ever paid. The 1910 crop amounted to 6,528,798 pounds and sold for \$818,753, averaging 12.52 cents; the 1911 crop of 7,685,894 pounds brought \$1,019,935. The total crop of the county brought over \$1,500,000.

Escape Death by Jumping.

The members of the crew of the third section of Southern freight train No. 17 had a narrow escape when the engineer lost control of his engine and the train was thrown on the safety track No. 1, Saluda Mountain. The momentum of the train was so great that the engine went over the end of the safety track and was overturned. Seeing that the overturning of the engine was inevitable, the members of the crew jumped for their lives and escaped with only a very few slight bruises.

WAR TALK HEARD IN CONGRESS HALLS

MISSION MAKES IMPASSIONED SPEECH IN DEFENDING CALIFORNIA.

FOR THE STATES' RIGHTS

Must Preserve to the American Farmer the Right to Own Soil of Our Country Without Any Competition From Aliens.

Washington.—A "war" speech in support of the proposed California alien land law, was delivered in the House by Representative Sisson of Mississippi.

"If we must have war or submit to this indignity, I am for war," cried Mr. Sisson. "I am with the people of California in the efforts to prevent these aliens from acquiring land."

"I believe," said Mr. Sisson, "that no non-resident aliens should be allowed to hold a single foot of land in the territory of the United States. What would Washington say in answer to the question, war or submission? What would Jackson say? What would McKinley say?"

"I resent the efforts of Japan to force us to submit to her demands." Mr. Sisson took the position that the Japanese Government in protesting against alien land legislation, was endeavoring to exempt its citizens from the operation of the laws of states.

"The President and Secretary of State," said Mr. Sisson, "should only assure an alien Government that the people of that alien Nation would be dealt with fairly in accordance with the laws of the states. Any other position would lead to the Federal Government taking out from under the laws of the states the citizens of another Nation. But all citizens or aliens resident in a state must be held subject to its laws, and to exempt the alien would give him privileges over and above those accorded to American citizens."

Representative Mann, the Republican leader, suggested the United States had the constitutional right to treat with foreign Governments to secure for American citizens property rights abroad, and that Mr. Sisson was contending that the foreign Governments did not have a similar right.

Awaits Outcome of Bryan's Visit.

Washington.—It was stated at the Japanese embassy that there had been no change in the status regarding the California alien land bill since Secretary Bryan's departure for Sacramento. The Japanese government is awaiting the outcome of the secretary's mission. Meanwhile it is felt that anything in the nature of interference through the presentation of diplomatic protests or any attempt to inject itself into the conference about to begin in California between Secretary Bryan and the state legislature would only tend to embarrass the situation.

May Not Recognize New Republic.

Washington.—Political developments in China have made it impossible that the United States will immediately recognize the new republic as originally was intended and officials here believe there is therefore no danger of further complicating the delicate situation at Peking as the result of the conclusion of the five-power loan and the friction between Yuan Shi Kai and his cabinet on the one side and the powerful radical party on the other.

French Aviator Ends Long Flight.

Kollum, Holland.—A continuous flight of over one thousand miles by aeroplane was completed here by the French aviator, Ernest Francois Guillaux. He made only two stops during his flight from Biarritz, in the extreme southwest of France, descending to replenish his fuel at Bordeaux and Villacomlay.

Friction Between Factions.

Washington.—A rapidly growing situation in Mexico City, fraught with friction between the Huerta and the Diaz factions of the provisional government is reported in confidential advices and these reports are augmented by agents of the Carranza constitutionalists arriving here. Robert Piquem, a member of the Mexican house of deputies, arrived here to succeed Gonzales Gante as confidential agent of the Carranza forces. Gante has been assigned to a mission, the nature of which is not disclosed.

Bomb Exploded With Fatal Result.

Hanoi, French Indo China.—Fragments of a bomb hurled by a native adherent of the pretender to the Annamite throne burst among a large group of French officers, government officials and foreign residents seated on a cafe terrace, killing Captain Marie Jean Leon Moirand of the Ninth Colonial Infantry and Captain Frederic Chapuis of the Annamite Rifles. The police discovered a number of bombs with which it was believed the followers of Kwong-To intended to carry out a plot.