

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

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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 rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlsie, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlsie, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlsie on a train. They attempt to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlsie follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlsie and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

There was a bad turn. His eyes on the machine in front, Stanton rounded the banked curve at a pace which sent the shrieking crowd of spectators recoiling from the danger-line and sprayed yellow soil high into the air. As the Mercury lurched into the straight stretch beyond, as Floyd was in the act of turning to examine the rear tires, there came a sharp explosion and a reeling stagger of the car as a rear casing blew out, wrenched itself bodily from the wheel and rolled like a hoop into a field a hundred yards away.

The machine tottered to the edge of the road, stopping under the powerful brakes. Floyd sprang out, dragging loose one of the extra tires carried, while Stanton reached for the tool-box. They had no need or time for conversation, as they worked, people from all directions flocking around in a pushing, eager circle to watch the proceedings.

The two worked well together, Floyd's deft swiftness balanced by Stanton's strength. When the task was finished, the driver first regained his place.

"Get in," he ordered, crisply. "Are you going to take all day, or am I going to catch that Atlanta?"

Floyd obeyed first and retorted second; an invaluable habit.

"If you're goin' to catch anything but a smash, I'd suggest a slow-down for that turn," he countered, in the blurred accent so softly deceptive. "No tire built is goin' to stick on a wheel under such roughin'."

Stanton shot a glance askant out of the corner of a stormy blue-black eye. He was irritated by the lost time, he felt more ill than he could have been brought to admit, and interference pricked him like a spur.

"I'll give you a lesson in driving," he cast across his shoulder, and bent over the wheel.

It was Stanton at his worst and best who made the next two circuits of the long course. Other racers, warned by their mechanics of the thunderbolt bearing down upon them, drew prudently to one side, preferring the chance of later regaining the advantage. From every angle and curve the people fed, at sight of the gray car followed by its whirlwind of dust and carrying the huge "E" on its hood.

Twice the Mercury rushed past the grand-stand, to a tumult of cheers drowned by the car's own roar. The second time, the two men glimpsed an official rising, megaphone in hand, and rightly guessed that they had made the fastest circuit of the day.

And Floyd had received the promised lesson, for Stanton had safely negotiated the turn that before cost them a tire, at a pace equally fast.

Safely, once; but, not content, he came around the second time driving as furiously, with unslackened speed. Down upon the turn they swept again, Stanton unerringly repeating his exquisite feat of skill and twisting the Mercury around on the two inside wheels; then the predicted happened. The crack of an exploding tire came while they were on the bend, instantly echoed by the bestrafing of its mate from the opposite wheel; the car tore itself from control under the double shock and shot off the course into the field beyond, plowing deep furrows in the soft earth until it overturned with a final crash.

Partly held by his steering-wheel, Stanton was flung out on the meadow grass as the car upset, its speed then so much checked that he escaped scarcely bruised. Floyd, unprotected, had been hurled from his seat by the first shock and lay half-stunned near the edge of the course.

From far and near came the people's cries of horror and shouts for aid. But before the first man reached them, Stanton was up and at the side of his mechanic.

"Floyd!" he panted. "Floyd!" Floyd was already rising to one knee; gasping for breath, soiled with dust and grass-stains, and with the blood welling from a jagged rent in his left arm, but with his attention only fixed on Stanton.

"You're—all right?" he articulated. "I?—A fool always is. You—"

But he could see for himself that the mechanic was not seriously injured, without Floyd's reassuring nod. "Call me what you like," Stanton permitted, between clenched teeth, as he dragged out his handkerchief to bandage the slender arm.

The appalled crowd was upon them. With a sputtering roar the Duplex machine rounded the turn and sped down the straight stretch, its mechanic staring back over his shoulder at the wreck. But Floyd brushed the girlish curls off his forehead and staggered erect, helpless laughter shaking him.

"Call you? I think you've got the best disposition an' the worst temper I ever saw! Tie this up an' we'll right the car. We've got to be movin' on."

There were plenty of sympathetic helpers. Incredible to the witnesses, but as Floyd had foreseen, the Mercury had not materially suffered. The big car was righted by fifty hands; Stanton and Floyd—unaided, according to racing rules—put on the new tires, and took their seats amid hearty admiration and good wishes.

Twenty minutes after she left the course, the Mercury shot down it once more. By the time the grand-stand was fully aware that "Stanton had got his again," and the ambulance had been hurried clanging to the scene of the possible tragedy, the Mercury whirled past the judges, running more comet-like than ever.

But Stanton took the turns conservatively; for him.

The race was lost. Even Stanton could not regain the half-hour lead given his competitors. Late in the fourth hour he signaled Floyd to lean closer, and when he was obeyed: "Where's the Duplex?" he questioned eagerly.

"At its repair pit for the last hour," Floyd made hopeful answer. "An' there's only the Atlanta ahead of us."

Stanton shook his head, but let out his car a little faster.

The Mercury came across the line, at the finish, just five minutes behind the Atlanta; to receive fully as great an ovation as the winning car. The spectacular driving, the record of the fastest lap and highest speed ever made on that course, the second place won in spite of the accident, almost eclipsed the Atlanta's victory.

In the midst of the joyous tumult, Floyd descended, stiff and weary enough after the continuous run of five hours and fifty-eight minutes. But Stanton did not follow; leaning upon his steering-wheel, the focus of snapping cameras, curious crowds, and blended congratulations and sympathy. Only when one of the judges came over to shake hands, was the explanation made evident.

"If I am to get out, someone one will have to help me," announced Stanton impassively, and unclasped his mask, baring a face gray with exhaustion under its coating of caked dust.

And, in fact, it was necessary to aid the cramped, over-taxed driver to dismount from his car; to the wonder of



People From All Directions Flocking Around.

all those familiar with his usual superb endurance.

A little later Floyd, some of the grime removed, somewhat rested, and issuing from the ambulance surgeon's care with his arm bandaged in civilized fashion, felt a touch on his shoulder.

"I'm going to get out of this uproar," Stanton briefly imparted. "Come with me; send for your things and stay at my hotel tonight."

Floyd drew back, hesitating oddly. "I'm sorry," he began.

Stanton's straight dark brows contracted.

"You mean that you don't want anything personal to do with your brute of a driver? Oh, say so."

"No, no! Only—I—"

The steel-keen eyes sent one direct glance into the troubled gray ones.

"Good-by," pronounced Stanton definitely, and turned on his heel.

"Stanton!" cried Floyd, in distress. The other kept on, unheeding.

"Stanton!" Floyd appealed, overtaking him. "Please—I give you my word I never meant that. I've got to be back at my own hotel, tonight, that was all. I'll do anything you say."

Stanton slowly halted.

"Will you come with me now, to dinner? Suit yourself."

"I'd like to," was the humble surrender. Like a woman, Floyd yielded to a superior will; like a man, there were no small reservations in his yielding.

There was a taxicab waiting; to it Stanton led the way.

The destination was one of the large hotels of the city, and neither of the companions were dressed for the public dining-room. In the guest-crowded lobby Stanton paused to order dinner sent to his own apart-

ment, perfectly indifferent to the sensation caused by their entrance.

"You are unwell, sir?" the clerk ventured, regarding him wide-eyed.

"No," he denied laconically. But he looked far more fatigued than his comparatively frail mechanic, nevertheless. Fatigued, and ill.

"You didn't hurt yourself in our upset, I hope," Floyd said with anxiety, when they were alone in the stiff, impersonal hotel room.

"No. I had a bad night of it," Stanton explained. He sat down in an arm-chair, resting his head against the cushioned back. "Make yourself comfortable as you can, Floyd. There is nothing the matter with me—there can't be, I never was sick a day since I can remember. Probably I need feeding; I've eaten nothing since that confounded dinner last evening, and it is nearly six o'clock now."

But, after all, when the food was brought, Stanton could eat none of it; although maintaining a pretense of doing so, which forbade his companion to comment upon the fact.

"Were you feeling ill yesterday?" Floyd inquired, when the last course was removed and they were left to themselves. His own bearing was less assured than usual, his gait subdued to quietness almost savoring of timidity.

"Not until evening, after dinner." The mechanic looked at him, started to speak, checked himself, and at last impulsively put the indiscreet question:

"Do you mind telling me where you dined?"

"Of course not," Stanton returned, without a trace of hesitation. "With Mr. Carlsie of the tire company, and his daughter. They are here for the races. He wanted to talk tires to me. Heaven knows why. We didn't get very far; after Miss Carlsie left us I began to feel so sick that I excused myself and got away to the nearest doctor."

Floyd turned his head, and caught his breath in a brief, quick sigh. When he looked back at his host, his candid eyes were clearer and more gentle than they had been since the assistant manager had given the account of Stanton's amazing disappearance.

"Acute indigestion, your doctor called your attack?"

"Something like it."

"Miss Carlsie doesn't seem to be a lucky companion," Floyd observed dryly. "She made you miss your train here, you came near breaking your wrist with her car, and her dinner seems to have poisoned you. What did she give you, lobster and ice-cream?"

"No—I hardly know. I never care what I eat." He passed his hand impatiently across his forehead, suddenly giddy.

Floyd leaned nearer.

"Stanton, how did you feel? What? Tell me; I'm not just curious."

"Nausea, violent successive attacks of seasickness that left me too weak to stand. I've got the headache yet."

His voice died out; he had a vague impression of Floyd starting up and coming toward him.

"I had to make the doctor steady me with some drug so I could race," he resumed abruptly. "I'm brute enough without that in me, Floyd."

"Hush, try to rest," urged his mechanic's earnest young voice across the mist.

"I'm tired," he conceded.

It seemed to him a long time afterward that a sensation of exquisite coolness extinguished the flame-like pain binding his temples, although the rich sunset glow was still in the room when he opened his eyes. Floyd was bending over him, bathing his forehead with light, firm touches. Stanton's savage irritability of a strong man.

"What a position for you and me! What will you do for me—the engine is shaking loose from the chassis, by the feeling? Get your tools."

"Don't try to talk. I have sent for a doctor," soothed Floyd. "You are all right. Here," a hand was slipped behind his head, a glass of water held to his lips. "Drink this."

"You might have been a nurse," Stanton wandered dreamily. "Your sister couldn't do better. And you're so nonsensically good-looking! Floyd," the feverishly brilliant eyes flashed wide. "What is your sister's name?"

"Jessie."

"Jesse—Jessica?"

"We are twins; I told you that they named us so purposely."

The heavy white bandage encircling his mechanic's left arm caught the patient's falling attention.

"You've had a bad day; go home and rest," gasped Stanton the brute, before things slipped from his ken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Escaped, but Without Booty.

A wealthy Swiss merchant at Lausanne has just outwitted thieves who sent him a letter demanding that a large sum of money should be brought to a certain place, and threatening to murder him if he refused to send it. He informed the police, and a trap was set. A servant, carrying a packet of worthless paper, went to the appointed place—a railway station where an express train stops for a short while. When the train, arrived a woman dashed out of a first-class compartment, snatched the packet from the servant's hands, and re-entered the train. The train, which usually starts from the station within a few minutes of the arrival, was delayed by arrangement, and the detective entered. They found the compartment empty, with the door on the side furthest from the platform wide open. They saw the woman enter a motor-car containing three men, which raced away.

How to Be Prominent.

"Why aren't you a sufragee?"

"I think I can get more publicity by opposing the movement," replied the prominent lady courteously.

THE \$40,000 CAN NOT BE DIVIDED

THE MONEY MUST BE SPENT ON ONE ROAD OR CONTINUOUS SECTION.

SO SAYS P. O. DEPARTMENT

The Ruling Comes From Washington as to How the Federal Appropriation For the "Sample" Road Must be Used in This State.

Raleigh.—Points of the compass, sectional pride, or even the voice of the governor will not be determining factors for cause of distribution of the Federal appropriation of \$40,000 for road building in North Carolina, to be equally distributed on three distinct pieces of highways in the east, west and central sections as was once planned. A communication from the postoffice department at Washington to the executive department here thwarts all plans so deemed, and makes this provision for the appropriation of the fund for road building, that "one road or a continuous section of fifty miles in length on which one or more rural delivery routes are in operation."

"For," continues the letter to the governor authorizing that the funds are to be centered on one piece of highway, "to divide the Federal allotment, and the state's contribution into several portions for the improvement of a number of disconnected roads would not produce the results desired."

This information, issued direct from the postoffice department in Washington, which together with the agricultural department, has in charge the expenditure of this money, will have a tendency to throw a damper on more than one section of North Carolina that had already pictured an improved highway running by its very door. Likewise will the news cut short the flood of petitions from almost every community of the state to the governor requesting prayerfully that he remember their section when the fund was distributed. Already in fact ever since the news was flashed from the national capitol that North Carolina was to receive federal aid in road building, towns in the east, west and throughout Piedmont Carolina have been active in bringing all pressure possible to bear on Gov. Craig to kindly remember them when the distribution of the \$40,000 was made.

Tree Infection in Guilford.

A tree infection, known as the chestnut tree bark disease, or blight, which attacks and destroys chestnut trees and which spreads with marvelous rapidity over large territories, has been discovered in Guilford county and an agent of the United States department of agriculture, working in association with the officers of the North Carolina agricultural experiment station, has been in the country for the past two weeks investigating the infection and fighting it.

Culture of Corn in State.

The management of the Charlotte Fair Association is determined to do all in its power to promote the culture of corn not only in Mecklenburg county but in the state of North Carolina, as well. To this end, a number of prizes in the form of cups, cash donations and certificates will be issued, not only at the approaching fair but also each succeeding fair doubtless during the period of existence of the association.

To Emerge From Pauper Class.

Green county, according to a report from Snow Hill, bids fair shortly to emerge from the pauper county class. As a result of the careful administration of affairs by its model board of commissioners, Greene has a balance of nearly twelve thousand dollars in the county treasury from a total tax income of \$20,231, for the fiscal year just ended.

Cotton Crop Short in Greene.

According to a report from a reliable source fully 25 per cent of the cotton crop in Greene county has been lost because of the present severe climatic conditions. The staple had a poor "stand" before the heavy rains came on, and now it is rotting in the ground in low spots from too much moisture and lack of sunshine. The planters in some localities are plowing up their cotton to replant in corn and other crops, and on one farm, 12 acres was treated in that manner.

True Bill Against Sanders.

The grand jury in the federal court returned a true bill against Editor W. O. Sanders of The Down Home, Elizabeth City, charging him with a violation of the postal laws in mailing a recent edition of his publication contained an article headed "Bleese ought to be Shot," and specifying in the article that it was Governor Bleese of South Carolina. Following the return of the true bill the case is ordered transferred from this court to the term of court at Elizabeth City, in October.

POSITIONS FOR TAR HEELS

Those Having Technical Knowledge of Railroad Work May Take Civil Service Examination.

Raleigh.—A special from Washington states that North Carolinians, those having a technical knowledge of railroad work being preferred, who wish to aid in making a physical valuation of the railroads of the country are invited to take the civil service examination and qualify themselves. Examinations will be held at the following places between July 21 and July 23: Charlotte, Asheville, Durham, Goldsboro, Greensboro, Raleigh and Wilmington.

It is estimated by the interstate commerce commission which is directed to make the investigation, that the work will require three years. After that a part of the force will be retained to keep the material up to date.

The interstate commerce commission, in connection with the physical valuation of railroads will have to make quite a large number of appointments with in the near future. All of these positions are under the civil service and will almost exclusively be filled by persons who have had actual experience and technical knowledge in connection with railroad work.

The civil service commission has announced examinations on July 21 for the following positions in connection with this service: senior civil engineer, senior structural engineer, senior inspector of car equipment, senior electrical engineer, senior inspector of motive power, senior railway signal engineer, senior mechanical engineer, senior architect. The examinations are only open to males. Any one desiring to take either of these examinations should write to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, for Form 2039.

NO BAD FAITH BY RAILROADS

Presidents of North Carolina Lines Present Their Side of Road Controversy.

Asserting that in their negotiations with the legislative commission in regard to freight rates in North Carolina points they have acted in the best of faith, the presidents of the railroads operating in North Carolina have addressed a letter to W. C. Dowd, editor of the Charlotte News, giving a full history of the negotiations. The railroad presidents quote the full text of the agreement made with the legislative commission on February 26th and state that under it they made a proposition embracing substantial rate reductions but which was not satisfactory to the commission. The commission then made a proposition which the railroads after careful study concluded they could not possibly accept and they gave their reasons in full to the commission in writing. As the commission was not willing to accept what the railroads offered and the railroads felt that they could not accept the proposition of the commission, both sides believing their position correct, there was then an issue as to what was just. As the interstate commerce commission is the only tribunal with authority to decide such questions ought not this issue, the railroad presidents ask, be submitted to it. In their letter to Mr. Dowd, the railroad presidents promise if this question is submitted to the interstate commerce commission to co-operate in every possible manner to expedite its hearing and to accept the commission's decision, whatever it may be, with out appeal.

Summer School Has Big Opening.

Three hundred and fifty teacher-students, coming from every section of North Carolina, gathered in Gerard Hall recently to be present at the formal opening of the 1913 session of the Summer School of the University of North Carolina. Following the announcements by Director N. W. Walker, the summer school faculty outlined briefly the work to be done in the various courses, and the machinery of the school was set running. Director Walker, in a brief address, emphasized the opportunities presented by the school to the teachers for the solution of many of the problems incident to educational work.

Christian Endeavor Union.

With Greensboro for the convention city in 1914, and Rev. Dr. A. D. McClure, eminent Presbyterian minister, president, the fifteenth annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Union of North Carolina, adjourned. The convention fell upon the fiercest weather of all that the union has experienced in its many years of work. Rain in great abundance, attended by a chill that belongs to Christmas, kept the town people frightened away, while the visitors were considerably fewer.

Interest in Tomato Canning.

Interest in tomato canning has been stimulated by the offer of prize aggregating \$100 to be given by the Southern Hardware Company to clubs of Mecklenburg county. Quality quantity, variety, profit and write-up will be considered. The first prize will be \$15, the second a canning outfit, the third a set of gardening tools and the fourth a family scale. Prizes will be offered for the best essays on the subject, "How I grew My Tomatoes." There will be three distinct prizes.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

WILL HOLD ANNUAL MEETING IN ASHEVILLE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

ARRANGE THE PROGRAMME

A Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association Was Held in Asheville Several Days Ago.—Tentative Program Given.

Concord.—The annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association will be held in Asheville on Wednesday and Thursday, July 23 and 24, 1913. A meeting of the executive committee of the association was held in Asheville to arrange for the program of the meeting. The following is a tentative program: Wednesday Morning, July 23, 9 o'clock Address of welcome by mayor of Asheville.

Response by Mr. James H. Cowan, of the Wilmington Dispatch. President's address.

Address by Mr. A. E. Gonzales, of the Columbia State. Paper by members of the association and discussion thereon.

Wednesday Afternoon. Trolley ride after which a ball game will be witnessed.

Wednesday Evening. Dutch luncheon and concert on Langreen roof garden, which is on "the fifth floor of a six story building."

Thursday morning. Meeting of association, with address by Gov. Craig, to be followed by addresses, discussions, etc.

Thursday Afternoon and Night. Theater party at the Majestic to be followed by a dinner at the Grove Park Hotel, and a reception at the Battery Park.

On Friday the editorial party will be taken to Waynesville to spend the day. The railroads of the state will make the usual exchange of transportation for advertising. Write to the following for transportation for yourself and one dependent member of your family to use in attending this meeting: Southern Railway—H. F. Cary, G. P. A., Washington, D. C. Seaboard Air Line—H. S. Leard, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C. Atlantic Coast Line—T. J. White, G. P. A., Wilmington, N. C. Norfolk Southern—W. W. Croxton, G. P. A., Norfolk, Va.

Agents Visit Iredell Test Farm.

Statesville.—A party of eight county farm demonstration agents operating in Western North Carolina under the direction of District Agent F. S. Millaps, of Statesville, visited the Iredell test farm of the state department of agriculture, near Statesville, in company with Mr. Millaps. The agents, who work under the auspices of the national department of agriculture, put in their time at the state farm familiarizing themselves with the experiments being made there.

Many Postoffices Being Robbed.

Winton.—The Winton postoffice was broken into and robbed by parties unknown. They secured and carried away everything in sight, including money, stamps and quite a number of notes and mortgages and other securities, the private papers of the postoffice. The loot was complete and successful evasion of detection was made. No suspicion rests anywhere except the robbery of postoffices in this section for the past month has become a sort of epidemic. Quite a large number of offices have recently been broken into and robbed.

North Carolina Losing Interest.

Washington, D. C.—North Carolina is losing interest in converting deposits in government banks into postal savings banks, if the figures announced by the postoffice department are significant. Four men and three women in the state have applied for bonds to the amount of \$1,480, while last January 10 people applied for \$2,080 worth, a decrease of 28.8 per cent.

Caldwell County Falls in Line.

Lenoir.—Caldwell county and Lenoir have now fallen in line with all other progressive counties and towns of the state and organized a Just Freight Rate Association to work in co-operation with the state association. Caldwell county is pre-eminent in manufacturing county, and perhaps no shippers in any county in the state have felt the burden of unjust discrimination any more than these manufacturers. At a mass meeting the organization was perfected and officers elected.

Map of North Carolina.

Raleigh.—A comparatively revised railroad map of North Carolina has just been received for distribution by the North Carolina corporation commission, the first since 1907. There are a number of new and very valuable features. It shows with clear demarcation all the steam and electric railway lines that have been built or extended since the former map was issued, and shows the inland waterway from Norfolk to Beaufort and thence southward. The map shows 280 miles of new railway lines.