

# SERIAL STORY

## STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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Illustration by Frederic Thornburgh

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### SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, 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 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 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.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### The Girl Like Floyd.

Stanton awoke slowly, with a consciousness of physical well-being and singular restfulness. The shades of his room were lowered, but the dazzling sunshine streamed in around edges and through cracks, glittering over a near-by table covered with yellow telegrams, cards, newspapers, hotel memoranda of telephone calls received—all the familiar evidences of the morning after a race. And in the midst of the litter stood an ice-water pitcher containing a mass of pale-yellow roses. Stanton frowned and looked about him for a bell.

Some one rose from a corner and approached the bed. "Better, sir?" queried a businesslike voice; a distinctly medical young man in glasses gazed down at him.

The full situation came clearly to Stanton. "All right," he gave brief assurance. "What time is it?"

The young man consulted a watch. "Thirty-eight minutes past twelve. You have slept about eighteen hours, as I figure it. I told Mr. Floyd that was all you needed; you were knocked out by that attack of illness, followed by a day's work that was enough to exhaust a horse. I saw you race, yesterday."

"Where is Floyd?" "He stayed here until midnight, until you had been sleeping like a baby for five hours. He was nearly all in, himself, but he wouldn't leave until he was sure you were all right. One of the nicest fellows I ever met. He made me promise to stay with you. I," with an expansive smile, "I have got more time than patients, as yet. Here, all this junk came for you, on the table. I have answered seventeen telephone calls and sent off twelve posies in the water-jug. All right?"

"All right, and much obliged," Stanton affirmed, beguiled into smiling, while he glanced casually at the table. "There isn't any one I am in a hurry to see or hear from. I think I will get up; it's breakfast time."

"I think so. Considering it is your first meal for thirty-six hours, I'll order for you. Although I fancy you could digest a rubber tire; you look fit. Oh, Mr. Floyd left a note."

Stanton rose to his elbow. "Where is it?" demanded the man who cared to hear from no one. It was a short note on the hotel stationery, written in a wide-open, legible hand that somehow recalled Floyd's direct gray eyes.

"Dear Stanton: The doctor says you are only tired; and I have got to be in New York by morning. I would not leave you if I could do as I wanted. I hope you will believe that. Cordially, "JESSE FLOYD."

The letter might have been written by a girl, for its reticence and lack of the personal element, but Stanton was well content. It rang right. He felt vigorously alive and amazingly hungry.

While he was breakfasting, or lunching, and reading the heap of correspondence—which commenced with a congratulatory telegram from the Mercury Company and concluded with a request for his photograph to be used as a speedometer advertisement—Stanton decided upon his course. He would obtain Floyd's address from Mr. Green, and pay a visit of acknowledgment to his impromptu nurse, upon reaching New York. That much was required by ordinary courtesy, at least.

"Got any enemies?" inquired the doctor when taking leave. "Are you asking for a list of my acquaintances?" Stanton ironically responded.

"Well, I don't want to play detective, but that was a funny kind of indignation you had, according to Mr. Floyd's account. Some of the other racers might have wanted to keep you out of the way."

"No! Do you think you are talking of horse-traders? Once for all, there is nothing like that done." "Which was very true. But after the

subdued medical man had departed, the jug of yellow roses caught Stanton's eye. A card was dangling from the stems, a card, blank this time, except for a penciled legend:

"So glad you were able to race, but so sorry you lost to the Atlanta." "There was no need of signature. Stanton very carefully tore the card into illegible fragments, dragged out the flowers to fling them into the arid fireplace, and rang the bell.

"Bring fresh ice-water," he bade the bell-boy who appeared. "And a time-table for New York." However, he did not leave Lowell that day, detained by Mr. Green with a score of appointments and arrangements. Nor was it until two days later that he found himself free to seek the address in upper New York which he had wrested from the reluctant assistant manager.

"Floyd asked me not to give it to people," Mr. Green had protested. "Did he ask you not to give it to me?" "No, but—" "Very good; I am not people."

"Don't you see him enough at race times, Stanton? I'm sure he is the best man we have had," fretted his manager.

Stanton was recalling that interview as he went up the stairs of the quiet apartment house indicated. After all, it was true that Floyd might have volunteered his address, himself, if he had wished it known. Perhaps he did not want to see his driver unofficially. A sense of unwelcomeness oppressed Stanton, but he kept on his way. He had never swerved from a course because of the opinions of others; he did not think of turning back now.

Some one was singing, as he reached the fourth floor; singing in a smooth, honey-rich, honey-golden contralto. Warned of his approach by the bell pushed below, the door of the apartment was opened, so that the melody came flooding his hearing with its haunting familiarity. A little old Irishwoman in black silk was peering up at the tall visitor on the threshold.

"Mr. Floyd?" he inquired. "My name is Stanton."

The old servant drew back, smiling invitation, and pushed aside a curtain. And Stanton saw Jessica Floyd rise from her seat at the piano, taking a step to meet him.

She was so like Floyd that he could have cried out in wonder, yet was most purely and softly feminine. She seemed taller, in her clinging pale-blue gown, and even more slender, but Floyd's silver-gray eyes looked out from her long lashes, Floyd's bronze curls clustered around her wide brows, under the braids wound about her head, and her smile was a more

rigid reflection of the incarnate sunshine of his.

"I am sorry Jess is not at home," she said, holding out her hand with a natural grace of hospitality that rose above her nervous shyness. "I am Jessica Floyd, Mr. Stanton, his sister."

She was afraid of him. The too obvious fact struck deep into Stanton, as he felt her fingers flutter in his clasp. So this was the reputation he had earned for himself?

"Perhaps I should not have come," he apologized quite humbly. "I—Floyd gave me no warrant for it. But he was very good to me, when I was sick in Lowell, and I wanted to thank him."

She looked at him fully, then, and again he could have cried out at the wonder of so meeting Floyd's straight candor of regard.

"Why should you not come? Jess has not so many friends that they are not welcome in his home. Only, if he had known of your coming, he would have been here."

She moved to a chair, inviting him by a gesture to do likewise, and took up a half-embroidered silk scarf.

"He was called out of town," she added, after waiting for her silent guest to speak. "He will be sorry to have missed you. From Mr. Green he learned that you had quite recovered, after he left you."

"And he? I hurt his arm." She glanced up astonished. "You hurt his arm?" "I was driving the car," Stanton assumed grim responsibility.

This time she laughed, two adorable dimples starting into view in her cheeks of glowing rose-and-amber velvet; not the complexion of a blonde beauty, nor of a brunette, but some happy intermediate tint that presupposed flawless health and much sunlight. Stanton had never observed any dimples about his mechanician.

"I am certain Jess never thought of that standpoint. He said a turn and a tire were to blame. But his arm is almost well."

She spoke so lightly, with so much of Floyd's own nonchalant acceptance of incidental mishaps, that Stanton was surprised into indiscretion. "You do not worry about him?" he questioned. "You are not nervous about his racing, and racing with me?" Her lashes fell, her face grew serious.

"If anything happens to Jess, I will die too," she slowly answered. "We are—twins. No, I do not worry. Besides, I grew up used to seeing Jess in danger; he told you of his life with father?"

"Yes." "Well, he never had time to be afraid, or I to be afraid for him. You can not be afraid of things you have been doing or seeing done ever since you could understand at all. As ordinary babies are taken out in carriages, Jess was taken out in fast motor-cars. My father could not bear him out of his sight; when Jess was in kilts, he was taken to the factory each day to amuse himself among the workmen and machines."

Profoundly interested, he studied her. "And you, Miss Floyd? What did you do?"

"I," she turned aside her head, her full, firm young mouth slightly compressed. "When I was fourteen, I said to my father, one morning, 'Daddy, what is to become of Jessica? Jess is learning all he needs to be a man; how is Jess's sister to learn to be a woman?' And he answered me frankly, 'Jessica, I do not know. You have no kinswomen, and I could not endure a stranger in your mother's house. You will have to let Jess be wise for both, except for your nurse's woman-teaching.' So I—Ald. Jess is Jess and Jessica for both. You are the first visitor who ever followed



She Was so Like Floyd He Could Have Cried Out in His Wonder.

him here, and the first I ever received in New York. We are like no one else in the world, I believe."

"You are never lonely?" he wondered. "Her answer he never quite forgot; long afterward its quiet pathos would come back to him."

"Often," she said, and picked up the embroidery. Stanton was not always gentle, but he had tact enough when he chose to exert it. With a natural change of tone he moved away from personalities, speaking of the race and the race pictures in the pile of newspapers near her. And she responded with charming readiness and understanding.

"Will your brother be home to night?" Stanton inquired, when he rose to go, at the end of a half hour. "No," she regretted, a trifle hurriedly. He hesitated, in the grasp of an impulse strange to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Never build a spite fence. It doesn't deaden the sound of your neighbor's piano in the slightest degree.

## NEWS OF NORTH CAROLINA

Short Paragraphs of State News That Has Been Condensed, For Busy People of State.

Kinston.—A three-year-old son of Mr. H. C. Ipeock, a farmer who lives near Cover City, was attacked by an infuriated hog when he stumbled and fell into her litter of pigs and was frightfully injured.

Washington.—Stanley Moore, a resident of Chocowinity, was attacked by a Jersey bull and badly injured. Mr. Moore is 65 years of age. The animal rushed upon the aged farmer, threw him down and gored him badly.

Belhaven.—There was a meeting at the city hall to consider the selection of a postmaster for Belhaven, N. C., by primary election and to point out defects in the election which was held for this purpose, May 8.

Morganton.—The six-year-old daughter of Robert Lefvre was shot and killed by Carl Williams, a nine-year-old boy at Drexel, five miles from here recently. No motive is assigned for the deed.

Raleigh.—United States Marshall Claudius Dockery went to New Bern recently for the purpose of taking charge of forty-three barrels of whisky stored in the federal building of the city.

Asheville.—Governor Locke Craig, who has been an Asheville visitor for the past several days, announced that he had appointed Walter D. Siler, of Siler City, solicitor for the district recently created by the legislature comprising the counties of Harnett, Johnston, Wayne, Chatham and Lee.

High Point.—The agitation for just freight rates continues to hold a considerable interest in High Point, and the sentiment of the thinking men is that there can be but little results from the continued conferences and efforts at adjustments, and that the real remedy must be in some drastic action.

Concord.—Because the re-election of Mr. J. L. Miller as chief of the fire department by the board of aldermen was unconstitutional, the members of the fire department have elected a chief and other officers. The city charter says that the fire chief shall be elected by the members of the department.

Washington.—Messrs. Davis & Davis, Washington patent attorneys, report the grant to citizens of North Carolina of the following patents: Alonzo C. Campbell, Asheville, coal washer and ore concentrator; W. H. Childrey, Ha wRiver, web take-up device for knitting machines; W. F. Clayton, Arden, bottle-stopper remover.

Statesville.—All save one of the townships affected by the Statesville Air Line Railroad were represented at the annual meeting of the stock holders of the railroad company held in the Statesville Commercial Club rooms and all those present were much gratified with the progress of the road as told in the reports of the officers.

Monroe.—At a meeting of the board of aldermen the private sewer system heretofore owned by Mr. J. T. Shute was purchased for the sum of \$3,400. The city is now nearing the completion of the \$35,000 system authorized a year ago, and the two taken together will thoroughly cover the city and places Monroe in line with progressive cities.

Elizabeth City.—By the re-election of Superintendent Sheep the new city school board has settled a question which has claimed the interest of the entire community for many weeks. The last municipal campaign was conducted along the lines of school reform and opposition to the old superintendent made an attempt to oust him.

Maxton.—George McNair, the young negro who was struck on the head with a water pipe by John Monroe died as the result of his wounds. The fight occurred about ten miles in the country and particulars are wanting. From what the officers can gather, it was a woman's starting, the trouble growing out of the jealousy of the man.

Raleigh.—City Attorney John Hinsdale is to proceed immediately against the notorious hog pen. Their name is myriad. The city is full of them. They have a right to exist in segregated quarters if they are far enough from the premises of other people to make life reasonably safe.

Elizabeth City.—It has been announced here that there will not be any July term of Superior court for Pasquotown county held this year. It is reported from Raleigh that the attorney general rules that there is no law which authorizes the term of court.

Washington.—The booklets, telling of the advantages of Washington and Beaufort county, which were printed by the chamber of commerce, are being prepared for distribution. There are a number of illustrations and views of Washington and the county.

Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City.—It was a great disappointment to the North Carolina Medical Society that Governor Craig could not be present to fill his place on the program. After electing Dr. J. M. Parrott, of Kinston, president and choosing other officers the work of the convention was finished.

# PRESIDENT WILSON SENDS MESSAGE TO CONGRESS ON CURRENCY REFORM

PRESIDENT URGES IMMEDIATE ACTION BY CONGRESS ON CURRENCY REFORM—THE MESSAGE ONE OF THE SHORTEST IN HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY.

## NEEDS OF COUNTRY'S BUSINESS ARE POINTED OUT

Pertinent Reasons Why Measures Advocated by President Wilson Are Explained in the Message—An Able Document Which is of Great Interest to the Country.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Congress:

It is under the compulsion of what seems to me a clear and imperative duty that I have a second time this session sought the privilege of addressing you in person. I know, of course, that the heated season of the year is upon us that work in these chambers and in the committee rooms is likely to become a burden as the season lengthens, and that every consideration of personal convenience and personal comfort, perhaps, in the cases of some of us, considerations of personal health even, dictate an early conclusion of the deliberations of the session; but there are occasions of public duty when these things which touch us privately seem very small; when the work to be done is so pressing and so fraught with big consequence that we know that we are not at liberty to weigh against it any point of personal sacrifice. We are now in the presence of such an occasion. It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative which we are about to bestow upon them.

We are about to set them free; we must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff. Ever since the Civil war they have waited for this emancipation and for the free opportunities it will bring with it. It has been reserved for us to give it to them. Some fell in love, indeed, with the slothful security of their dependence upon the government; some took advantage of the shelter of the nursery to set up a mimic mastery of their own within its walls. Now both the tonic and the discipline of liberty and maturity are to ensue. There will be some readjustments of purpose and point of view. There will follow a period of expansion and new enterprise, freshly conceived. It is for us to determine now whether it shall be rapid and facile and of easy accomplishment. This it cannot be unless the resourceful business men who are to deal with the new circumstances are to have at hand and ready for use the instrumentalities and conveniences of free enterprise which independent men need when acting on their own initiative.

It is not enough to strike the shackles from business. The duty of statesmanship is not negative merely. It is constructive also. We must show that we understand what business needs now, and will need increasingly as it gains in scope and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to vitalize its credit, corporate and individual, and its origination brains. What will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instrumentalities of commerce and enterprise? What will it profit us to be quit of one kind of monopoly if we are to remain in the grip of another and more effective kind? How are we to gain and keep the confidence of the business community unless we show that we know how both to aid and to protect it? What shall we say if we make fresh enterprise necessary and also make it very difficult by leaving all else except the tariff just as we found it? The tyrannies of business, big and little, lie within the field of credit. We know that. Shall we not act upon the knowledge? Do we not know how to act upon it? If a man cannot make his assets available at pleasure, his assets of capacity and character and resource, what satisfaction is it to him to see opportunity beckoning to him on every hand, when others have the keys of credit in their pockets and treat them as all but their own private possession? It is perfectly clear that it is our duty to supply the new banking and currency system of the country, and that it will immediately need more than ever.

The only question is, When shall we supply it—now, or later, after the demands shall have become reproaches that we were so dull and so slow? Shall we hasten to change the tariff laws and then be laggards about making it possible and easy for the coun-

try to take advantage of the change? There can be only one answer to that question. We must act now, at whatever sacrifice to ourselves. It is a duty which the circumstances forbid us to postpone. I should be recreant to my deepest convictions of public obligation did I not press it upon you with solemn and urgent insistence.

The principles upon which we should act are also clear. The country has sought and seen its path in this matter within the last few years—see it more clearly now than it ever saw it before—much more clearly than when the last legislative proposals on the subject were made. We must have a currency, not rigid as now, but readily, elastically responsive to sound credit, the expanding and contracting credits of every-day transactions, the normal ebb and flow of personal and corporate dealings. Our banking laws must mobilize reserves; must not permit the concentration anywhere in a few hands of the monetary resources of the country or their use for speculative purposes in such volume as to hinder or impede or stand in the way of other more legitimate, more fruitful uses. And the control of the system of banking, not private, must be vested in the government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative.

The committees of the congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you, as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel. I appeal to you with a deep conviction of duty. I believe that you share this conviction. I therefore appeal to you with confidence. I am at your service without reserve to play my part in any way you may call upon me to play it in this great enterprise of exigent reform which it will dignify and distinguish us to perform and discredit us to neglect.

Griffin.—Through the continued efforts of A. W. McKeand, secretary of the southern commercial secretaries' association, there has been perfected in Griffin a board of trade, which begins its career with a membership of one hundred and twenty-five, and with funds in hand amounting to over \$4,000.

Savannah.—In an effort to escape a detective, Morris Kramer, a young Austrian, was nearly suffocated in a closet in a West Broad street store. Kramer is wanted in New York for the abandonment of his wife and several children. He has been in Savannah several weeks as a clerk in a clothing store, and, according to the police, was planning to marry a Savannah woman.

Savannah.—At a police court hearing Frank Rivers, the negro chauffeur who ran over and killed Miss Mary Moore on Thursday, was held blameless by Recorder Schwartz. The occupants of the car, Miss Ruth Ely and her visiting guest, Miss Catherine Crampton of Mobile; Miss Virginia Wright of Wilmington, N. C., and Miss Perkins of Savannah, appeared in court to testify for the negro, who was driving them.

Athens.—Commissioner-elect Jim Price of the agricultural department of the state, stated in reference to the generally circulated report that he might appoint Dan G. Hughes, son of Congressman Dudley Hughes, as assistant commissioner, that he had not made an appointment nor promised an appointment to anybody or for anybody.

Jerry.—A deed was filed in the clerk's office superior court, and recorded, in which the consideration set out in the deed was one pair of Berkshire pigs, and the property conveyed being one acre of land near Wellston, Ga., in which is a small dwelling house. The deed was executed by C. H. Hardison to Thomas W. Murray of Wellston, a breeder of registered Berkshire hogs.

Milledgeville.—The farming force of the state sanitarium is now engaged in threshing the large crop of grain produced at the institution this season under the direction of G. W. Hollinshead, farm steward. The acreage planted was a large one, and the yield generous. Altogether the authorities expect to thresh out several thousand bushels. The force is now engaged in plowing in peas on the land upon which the oat crop was grown, and the thorough, systematic manner in which this is being done guarantees a splendid crop of peas as well.

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