

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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Illustrated by Frederick Thornburgh

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange events follow. Stanton, who is accepted in the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins the race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They slight to take walks, and she 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 side, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurries but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at the hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Just before important race tires needed for Stanton's car are delayed. Floyd causes 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 topped 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, wanting no time in speech. Dust-wrapped, two big cars sped by them, the red one hanging doggedly at the flank of the white.

"George thinks he's winnin'," lisped Floyd mockingly. "But he isn't goin' 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 lost lead. It was noon, a dazzling, breathless noon of sun and gold. Down past the grand-stand 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-tinged 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 veiling, 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, trickled revivingly across his miserably painful arm, gurgling like a joyous voice as it passed by him. 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.

stun 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.

CHAPTER XII.

It was two weeks later when Ralph Stanton first reopened conscious 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 latter, breezily professional.

"Floyd?" Stanton whispered, with difficulty. "Where is Jess Floyd?" The doctor surveyed him oddly, hesitating. But the nurse stooped over him, her expression altering to impulsive compassion.

"Well, very well," she assured hastily. "Jess Floyd has gone home. Try to rest; try not to think of things." He had known the truth before he asked the question. Stanton quietly turned his face to the wall and faintly, being very weak.

In his next conscious interval, he put another demand. "Miss Floyd? She is alive?" "Yes, oh yes," the nurse heartily affirmed. "Yes, indeed."

Once more Stanton turned to the wall. Jessica had not died when Jess did, then, according to her prediction; the tie of kinship had not held so far. She was in the little apartment, alone. Later in the night his steady, silent gaze drew the attendant to his side.

"What is it? You are suffering more?" "Ask her to stop singing," he begged. "It wasn't my fault. Ask her to stop."

The nurse took a glass from the table. "There is no one singing, Mr. Stanton, no one at all. Drink this."

"No one? Not out there in the dark?" "No."

He averted his gaze, and remained mute, unprotesting. After that he never lost memory again; not even in sleep, for he dreamed. Day and night, hour after hour, Jessica's monotonous song beat through his sick brain.

"Oft, in the stillly night—"

His nights were not still, always when he closed his eyes he heard some one sobbing, Jessica Floyd weeping for her brother.

But gradually the last traces of delirium faded out. Slowly his superb health reasserted its dominion and brought Stanton back to normal life. The fractured bones knit, the other injuries healed.

He never spoke Floyd's name a second time. Nor did any 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 Jess Floyd. There was a curious constraint that marked them all, an air of watchfully keeping silent upon some subject constantly present in their minds. Stanton looked them through and 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 'Jess Floyd?' I imagine you feel some re-

sponsibility in that matter. May I ask where you are going?" Before the spoken name Stanton winced, but steadily met the other's inquiring 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 snow-patched landscape, furies of snow were in the harsh air. Stanton sat with unseeing eyes directed out the window, chin in hand, much as he had found Floyd sitting in the west-bound train the night they started for Indianapolis. September sunlight, October crimson and gold, all gone.

A delicate fragrance drifted around him, there was the frou-frou of soft garments as some one took the seat



Stanton Surveyed Him With Blank Non-Recognition.

facing him. Stanton looked up, and saw Valerie Carlisle opposite, her blond fairness framed in dark velvets and furs, her amber eyes regarding him from beneath the shadow of her wide plumed hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

U. S. Dentistry Abroad.
"An American at home, with or without toothache, is not much affected by the sign, 'Painless Dentistry,' but at sight of it in a foreign land he thrills pleasurably," a traveler said. "Its lure is not professional. Every tooth in his head may be perfectly sound, yet if stranded and homesick he welcomes that sign because all over Europe it is a sure indication that somewhere in the neighborhood lives a citizen of the United States. From the northernmost towns of Norway and Sweden to the boundaries of Sahara the words 'Painless dentistry' are likely to hit you in the eye at the most unexpected turning. Usually they are followed or preceded by 'American,' but that qualifying term is entirely unnecessary."

Increased Honors.
Farmer Judkins (with newspaper)—Wall, I swan! how that boy of St. Faxton's is gittin' along. Last year he was made a furrin' ambassador, an' now, by erickey, the paper says he's a persona non-grata.

ASSESSMENTS DO NOT ALWAYS PLEASE

THE CORPORATION COMMISSION VISITED BY SOME DISSATISFIED TAX-PAYERS.

WILL WIPE OUT MALARIA

Representatives of the United States Public Health Service Will Study Eastern Carolina Health Conditions. —Will Then See What Can Be Done.

Raleigh.—The steady work of the corporation commission assessing the taxes against corporations throughout the state, a good 60-days task, is bringing numbers of corporation officials here every day to reason with the commissioners as to what assessments shall be made against their companies, or rather to protest against assessments that the commission is making against them. Here on this sort of a mission were D. Y. Cooper, Henderson; L. B. Williamson, Burlington; H. W. Scott, Graham; N. A. Cooke and Z. V. Taylor of the Southern Power Company, Charlotte and C. P. Hardin, Graham.

Dr. H. R. Carter of the United States Public Health Service has arrived and after conferring with Dr. W. S. Rankin of the state board of health will begin at Elizabeth City his careful study of eastern Carolina conditions with a view to recommending methods of eradicating malaria and the mosquitoes. It had been intended that Dr. Rankin accompany him in his work but urgent engagements prevent him from leaving here at present and Doctor Carter will be met in Elizabeth City by Dr. John C. Rodman of Washington, N. C., who will give him every assistance until he can be joined later by Doctor Rankin.

Doctor Carter comes to eastern Carolina on this mission at the special request of Congressman John Small, who is pressing movements for improvements in sanitation and drainage in his district.

There is being added to the extensive scope of the work of the state board of health a bureau of county health that will especially co-operate with the counties that have established health departments that require the whole time of a superintendent of health. The taking of this advanced step will be pressed upon other counties by the bureau through presentation of special advantages to be attained thereby in health matters for the respective counties.

Farmers' Convention at A. & M.

Farmers' institute workers and the department of agriculture are making preparations for the North Carolina Farmers' convention at the A. & M. College, August 26, 27 and 28 and the state convention of housewives on the same dates in the Raleigh High School auditorium. Very attractive programs are being arranged for both event and a number of good prizes give promise of interesting competitions. There are to be especially practical addresses and demonstrations by experts.

Methodist Sunday School Conference

The Epworth League and Sunday School Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, South is in session at the Southern Assembly Grounds at Lake Junaluska with a representative attendance from every Southern state. The first real work began with the organization of classes and now these here are settling down to real work for the conference there are present some of the leading teachers and workers of the Southern church.

Bond Issue For Good Roads.

On October 1 the citizens of Scotch-Irish township in Rowan county will vote on a proposition to issue \$20,000 in bonds for the purpose of building good roads. A petition has already been signed by two-thirds of the qualified voters of the township and the election has been authorized by the commissioners.

Sweet Potato Growers to Meet.

There will be a meeting of the sweet potato growers of Catawba county at the new Catawba creamery building Saturday, August 16. The purpose of this meeting is to form an association to bring about better methods of growing, storing and marketing the crop. The first annual Harvest Home Day for this county will be held at the Killian school house August 26. Short talks will be made by a number of prominent farmers and others interested in the advancement of the country church, school and home.

Lee Ford Declared Sane.

After being out 14 hours the jury in the Ford case brought in a verdict in favor of the state, declaring that Lee Ford is now sane. The case has been one of the hardest fought cases in the history of the county. Ford shot and killed Policeman J. M. Garland of Lexington April 4. The killing took place on Depot street at the noon hour. Garland was on his way to work at the Slocoff Manufacturing Company, where he worked during the day, doing police duty at night.

HOUSE WIVES WILL MEET

Mrs. Julian Heath, Founder of the League Will Come to Raleigh For This Occasion.

Raleigh.—The North Carolina Housewives' convention will be held at the high school building in the city of Raleigh, August 26, 27 and 28.

This convention is for the purpose of bringing the women of the state together to discuss questions of helpfulness to each other. Mrs. Julian Heath, of New York, founder of the Housewives' League of America, will attend this convention and will speak on "The Power of the Organized Housewife" and on other subjects in which the women of the state are very much interested.

Miss Emily G. Bossong, of New York, will lecture and give demonstrations in cooking, etc. Lessons in bread-making and demonstrations in cookery and canning will be features of the convention. The women of the community and from all parts of the state are invited to hear these women discuss and tell how to lower the high cost of living.

The following premiums are offered:

For the largest number of women and girls over ten years old, living on one farm in Wake county, attending the convention, \$5.00 in gold.

For the greatest number of women and girls over ten years old, living on county, living on one farm, attending the convention, \$5.00 in gold.

For the largest number of women and girls, over ten years, from the county, coming to the convention in one conveyance, wagon or other kind—several families may be represented—\$5.00 in gold.

For the best school lunch exhibited at the convention by a woman over eighteen years old, living on a farm: One year's subscription to "American Motherhood."

For best loaf of bread baked and exhibited by girl under eighteen years of age: One year's subscription to "The Woman's Magazine."

Full particulars as to school lunches and bread will be sent on request.

H. Clay Grubb Killed by Wife.

"H. C. Grubb came to his death at the hand of his wife, Mrs. Emma Grubb, who acted in self-defense and who was justifiable in the act." This is the verdict of the coroner's jury which sat at an inquest over the body of one of the most prominent business men of this section of the state, who died from the effects of three bullet wounds. According to the evidence brought out, H. Clay Grubb came to his home at Churchland, just over the Davidson county line, and severely beat his wife, stabbing her in the back and shoulder, cutting her ear nearly off and inflicting numerous bruises on her body. Seizing a heavy Colt's revolver which lay on the table, the frightened woman fired three times.

North Carolina New Enterprises.

The following certificates of incorporation were filed at the office of secretary of state: The Selma Motor Car Company, of Selma, was chartered to conduct a business of buying, selling and repairing automobiles and other motor vehicles; authorized capital, \$25,000, with \$2,500 subscribed by W. G. Ward and N. E. Ward, of Selma; and James J. Dillard, of Spring Hope, Nash county. The North Carolina Chapter of American Institute of Architects, of Durham, is an association of architects combining their efforts in co-operation with the American Institute of Architects for the promotion of the artistic, scientific and practical efficiency of the profession.

Commercial Secretaries to Organize.

Commercial secretaries from all parts of North Carolina will meet in Asheville, August 28 and 29 for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization of the commercial secretaries of the state. A most attractive program has been arranged. Among the speakers on the program will be Leake Carraway, secretary of the Greater Charlotte Club; Bruce Kennedy, secretary of the Montgomery Business Men's club, and president of the Southern Commercial secretaries; J. Forrester, secretary of the Greensboro chamber of commerce, and others.

Stamps Found in Tobacco Barn.

Stamps amounting to \$1,263.04 stolen from the Kernersville postoffice on the night of June 7, were found just two months after the robbery, in tobacco barn located about three-quarters of a mile from Kernersville on the property of Mr. W. S. Linville. The stamps were discovered by Henry Gordan, a tenant, who was getting the barn in readiness for cutting some tobacco, in removing a large bunch of sticks from the lower tier all of the stamps showered down upon his head.

Active Work in Raiding Stills.

Increased activity was shown last month in the destruction of illicit distilleries in the internal revenue district, comprising North and South Carolina, where 79 stills were found and destroyed. This information was contained in a report to Commissioner Osborn from Special Agent R. B. Sams. At the same time 66 prosecutions for violations of the internal revenue laws were started in the district. Of these 50 were begun in North Carolina.

TO GET ITS SHARE

N. C. BANKERS LEAVE WASHINGTON ASSURED OF THE GOVERNMENT'S HELP.

IS NOT FOR CALL LOANS

Secretary McAdoo Makes It Plain to Those Present at Conference That He is Trying to Help Farmers and Not Wall Street.

Raleigh.—A special from Washington states that the group of North Carolina bankers who come here to confer with Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo in regard to the part of the \$50,000,000 which the treasury department intends to lend to the country banks to aid in the movement of their crops left for home thoroughly confident that the Old North State will be amply cared for and given sufficient funds to facilitate the handling of the bumper crops which they told Secretary McAdoo the state has produced this year.

They were unanimous in impressing on the secretary that this year's crops are probably the largest in history and will therefore require a large amount of money for their marketing.

Joseph G. Brown, speaking for the Raleigh bankers, said at least \$500,000 will be necessary for the Raleigh clearing house to care for the smaller banks.

B. C. McQueen, for the Wilmington banks, declared at least \$750,000 will be needed to handle the unprecedented crop along the coast.

The Charlotte bankers did not name any specific amount, but intimated they might ask a full \$1,000,000 when their formal request is sent in.

Final details were not gone into as to the amount each of the banks will ask for and how much they will get. The main object of the meeting was to bring about concerted action between the treasury and the larger state clearing houses.

Mr. McAdoo impressed upon those present that it was the intention of the administration to make loans to the clearing houses and have them take care of the small banks in their vicinity, and by no means let the money get into such channels that it will find its way to Wall Street.

Flagman Hurt in Wreck.

Hickory.—Local freight No. 64 on the Southern Railway was wrecked near the Ivey Mill several days ago. Flagman Fred Wilson, of Lenoir, was seriously injured and was carried to the Richard Baker hospital in this city. Conductor Ballenger who was in charge of the train, was slightly injured, but was unable to resume his run. The train had stopped beyond the Ivey Mill siding and the engine, with a part of the train had gone into the siding preparatory to taking out a car when the rear of the train broke loose and ran down an incline in the track, crashing into the front end of the train.

New Corn Club Records.

Durham.—The boy's corn club of Durham county will establish some new records according to the reports of the county farm demonstrator. He believes that the youngsters have the best looking crop that he has ever known them to have since the corn club was established. Barring accidents such as storms and bad weather from this time on the crop which is being grown by the youngsters will pan out more to the acre than it ever has in Durham county.

Carter Case is Postponed.

Asheville.—Declaring that Judge Boyd's ruling throwing out 12 counts of the bill of indictment had eliminated many of the strongest and most vital charges in the case, District Attorney Holton gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States in the case pending against John H. Carter, former president of the American National Bank of this city, who is charged with violations of section 5208-R. S. of the banking laws, commonly known as the National bank penal act.

List of Storm Sufferers Grows.

Wilson.—It might have been worse—the list of sufferers in the storm which visited sections of this county recently continue to grow. In the Evansdale section W. J. Davis sustained damages to the amount of at least \$1,000; Dr. S. H. Crocker and W. W. Graves, \$1,500 or \$2,000. Those from the Black Creek section are: John D. Mercer and J. L. Daniel, whose loss is considerable. Much damage was done in Tolsonot township—in many instances entire crops are ruined.

Hail Storm Does Damage to Crops.

Benson.—A severe hail and wind storm visited a portion of Elevation township. It seems that the worst of the storm was five or six miles northwest of Benson, where it almost destroyed all growing crops. Cotton young corn were totally destroyed. It was literally torn to pieces by the stones, some of which were as large as hen eggs. Panes of glass were broken out of the windows of most of the houses and a great deal of excitement prevailed while the storm was doing the worst.