

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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

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 race 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 alight to take a 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. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory 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 (fired needed for Stanton's care are delayed. Floyd traces the tires and brings them to camp. During race Stanton deliberately wrecks his car to save machine in track. Stanton and Floyd thrown out and lose consciousness. Two weeks later Stanton awakes, and believes Floyd dead. Miss Carlisle admits she was responsible for accident to Stanton and for his previous illness. They part. Stanton visits Jessica, and much of mystery is unraveled.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The acute question pierced deep. Out of Stanton's suffering leaped the truth in a cry of vehement passion and force.

"I do not know! Jessica, Jessica, I do not know! I want both. I love you, I want you for my wife; left with him, I would have missed you. If I cared for you because you were like him, if I see him now in you, what matter? I tell you I want you, but I shall want him all my life. I want the one who rode beside me, the one who stood with me through rough or smooth, the one who knew me and I him—I want my comrade, Jes Floyd."

The naked strength of pain, the fierce outcry of savage bereavement left the atmosphere swept to primitive clarity, free of all small things. The girl drew herself erect, even her lips colorless in her absolute pallor but her eyes meeting him on his own ground of desperate honesty, and raised her hands to her head.

Stanton saw her lace sleeves fall back, and a zigzag scar start into view on her slender left arm. Like bands of silk ribbon she unwound the heavy braids of hair and flung them aside, letting a mass of short, boyish, bronze curls tumble about her forehead.

There was no mistake possible, ever again. He did not know that she spoke, yet his cry reached the street below.

"Floyd! Floyd!"

"I am Floyd."

"You—"

"I am Jessica."

The room reeled giddily, his vision blurred. And as his composure went down in chaos, her courage rose up to aid his need.

"You're goin' to take it hard," compassion her earnest voice. "I've been doin' wrong to you, while I thought I was only hurtin' myself. I'm sorry."

The lip, the soft excitement-born accent so blent with memories of splendid peril and comrade risk, fell on ready ears.

"God!" breathed Stanton, and sank into a chair, dropping his face upon his arm as it rested on the little table.

"You've got to bear it; there's only me. But that's the only way I've deceived you, Stanton." The rustle of her dress came strangely with his name in those clear tones. "All that I told you of my life is true, except Jes. My father had to have a son, an' he made me one. At first, when I was little, it was for fun he called me Jes when I had my boy-clothes on, an' played there were two of us. But when we found that all the countryside, all the factory hands, every one except my nurse believed Jes and Jessica twins, we let it go on. It made it easier for him in trainin' me to be his partner. For he said I was 'an-fit for that. So Jes studied an' raced an' worked with him all day; in the evenin' Jessica wore frocks and frills. We lived alone in the big house; it was so easy. I used to darken my skin a bit; that was all. You're not listenin'—you want time to think it out—"

He neither moved nor contradicted. Time for readjustment he did need, for realization of this and himself. Standing, a slim, upright figure, she gave it to him, waiting while the little Swiss clock on the mantle chattered through many minutes.

"When my father died," she resumed, at last, "after I found out that I wasn't goin' to die, too, I saw Jes was able to earn his livin' while Jessica was liable to starve. I had it in my blood to love that work, I suppose;

I told you once that the very smell of exhaust gas drove me out of myself with speed-fever. Every racer knows it, you know it, that feelin'. So I got a place in the Mercury factory; an' that way I met you. I don't know how to make you understand!"

He interrupted her ruthlessly, almost roughly, as he might once have spoken to Floyd; but not looking up.

"What of all that? You are you, now. You've let me think you dead for two months—you left me in hell."

"No, no!" she denied in swift defense. "Not that. I never guessed that you could believe me dead; I thought you should know me—Jessica."

"How should I know? You never came near me. The Floyd I knew would have come. The bitterness of those desolate nights and days choked speech."

There was a pause, filled with some strange significance beyond his fathoming.

"I couldn't come," she deprecated, her low voice broken. "You're makin' this hard. When I was picked up stunned, an' taken to the hospital, after we went off the bridge, they found I wasn't Jes. They talked of me—the newspapers printed stories about Stanton's mechanic—they said, they said you knew I was a woman when we went West—"

The movement that brought Stanton to his feet was galvanic. He understood, finally, in one blinding flash of full comprehension; understood the doctor, the nurse, his fellow-drivers' embarrassed reticence, and Miss Carlisle. Understood, too, that here had been a suffering acute as his own. And in the man's hot outburst of protection Jes and Jessica were fused into one.

"They'll talk to me," he grimly assured. "I'm not shut in a hospital, now. Why didn't you send them to me? You knew I'd come to you—"

His sentence broke, as his eyes caught and held hers; Floyd's eyes, straight and true in spite of the girl's scarlet shame burning in either cheek.

"I knew, yes, you are that kind. But how could I tell you would want to come? How can I tell it now? You'd see me through safely, anyhow. I'm rememberin' that you dismissed Floyd for one falsehood, an' I've tricked you for weeks."

He drew a step nearer her; the pulse which had commenced to beat through him the day they started for Indianapolis and which had ceased two months ago, suddenly woke anew with a long steady stroke. The old rich sense of life ran warm along his veins.

"What of you?" he put the question.

"Brute enough I've been to Floyd. Perhaps he had too much of me for you to want more?"

She gasped before the challenge, then abruptly flared out, powder to spark, defiance to mastery, as so often on track or course.

"You're mockin' me, Ralph Stanton! An' I won't bear it. I've told you too often that I cared, trustin' you'd never know the rest. I ought to have kept away from you, an' I couldn't do it. I never meant you to know I was any one but Jes Floyd, I meant to be your partner an' mechanic all my life. I hated bein' a girl. But you came here

me, truly," she whispered. "We're playin' square, now."

His reply was inarticulate, the expression which leaped into his eyes was that with which he once had looked at Floyd across the cups of chocolate. Only now it came with the fierce movement that crushed her supple figure in an embrace blending every passion to be spent on man or woman.

"Jess, Jess—comrade Jess, love Jess!"

After a while, she made the last essay.

"You're sure, Ralph?"

"Hush."

"You've lost your racin' mechanician."

"I'm not going to race; we're going to Buffalo to open the Comet automobile factory."

"I've known you every minute; you didn't all know either Jes or Jessica."

For the first time since the Mercury car changed tires on the Cup race course, Stanton's blue-black eyes laughed into the gray ones.

"Perhaps not, but I know Jess Stanton. Get your hat and furs and come sign your contract; we're team-mated for the long run, my girl."

THE END.

THRIFT OF OZARK COUPLE

Took Matter of Presents Into Their Own Hands on Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Everyone who has got several gifts exactly alike will appreciate the shrewdness of this Ozark couple who, in the matter of presents, took things into their own hands.

"Speakin' of being thrifty," said Hi Buck, "reckon Cy Wason and his wife, that came here from Iowa, about take the prize."

"How's that?" asked the stranger who was waiting in front of the blacksmith shop while his horse was being shod.

"Well, you see Cy and Mirandy wanted to celebrate their silver wedding. They had never celebrated any anniversary before because, as Mirandy told my wife, the silver wedding was the first one where the presents would be worth more than the victuals."

"Even then they worried a good deal for fear everybody would bring pickle forks or butter knives. But after a while they hit on an idea that worked first rate."

"They wrote at the bottom of the invitations, asking the folks not to buy presents until they got there, for the jeweler from Buckeye Bridge would be in the yard with a full line of silverware, and no two pieces alike."

"That was clever," said the stranger. "Picked out their own presents, you might say."

"Yes," said Hi, "but that wasn't the best part of it. We learned afterward they dickered with the jeweler and got him to give them 20 per cent. on all he sold."—Youth's Companion.

An Expert Name Manufacturer.

At a dinner in New York William Ray Gardner, the advertising expert,

scored neatly off an advertising fad that has of late been rather overdone. "A young couple," he began, "had been blessed with the advent of a little son, and the wife, at dinner one evening, said:

"What shall we name our darling, Jim?"

"Jim wrinkled his brow and replied:

"Well, I submit Childs, Firstborn, Theob, Allours, Sunne, Ourown, Our-ownson—"

"But at this point his wife shut him up. He could, of course, have kept on indefinitely. You see, he was one of those advertisement writers who invent new names for breakfast foods, tinned soups and patent medicines."

Optimistic.

It is better to be picked too young than canned too late.—Judge.



"You're Going to Marry Me Today."

an' found Jessica when I wasn't expectin' you. When you asked me if you might marry my sister, there at the Comet factory, you almost killed me. For then I did want to be a girl, your girl. Yes, I'm sayin' it, an' I won't marry you, I won't. I gave Jessica a chance, an' you didn't love her, you loved Jes. I couldn't be happy any more, either way. I'm tired of wishin' the Mercury had fallen on me—you'd better go; I'm never goin' to see you again."

"You're going to see me," corrected Stanton, slowly deignin', "forever. You're going to marry me today."

She lifted her face to him as he stood over her, the girl's piteous beauty of it, the boy-comrade's direct candor, the mechanic's unassuming obedience, and he saw her trembling whose courage matched his own.

"Don't make me unless you want

me, truly," she whispered. "We're playin' square, now."

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MILLION AND HALF FOR STATE BANKS

CHARLOTTE WILL GET GOOD PORTION OF DEPOSITS FOR MOVING COTTON CROP.

SECURITY FOR THE LOANS

Amendment to Currency Bill Would Permit of Use of Agricultural Staples.—Object of Hypothecating Cotton is to Hold For Higher Prices

Raleigh.—A special from Washington states that one million five hundred dollars is to be deposited in North Carolina banks by the Treasury Department to help move the cotton crop.

Charlotte will get \$400,000 of this money; Raleigh, \$400,000; Wilmington, \$500,000, and Greensboro \$200,000, according to H. C. McQueen, president of the Merchants National Bank of Wilmington, who talked with Secretary McAdoo.

Mr. McQueen announced that the first deposit of \$300,000 in his bank would be made in a few days. He was here to arrange for the deposit of Government and local bonds required by the Treasury as security for the deposits.

Asked how the money would be circulated Mr. McQueen said: "We loan it to our correspondents in the interior, enjoining upon them the same promise we were required to give the Government, that these funds shall be used to move the crop and not for speculation or any other purposes."

"Will you charge these banks an advance in interest rates?" he was asked.

"Of course. We cannot put up the amount of our own securities that will be required and voluntarily give all the benefit to our customers."

Asked whether he approved the suggestion of permitting cotton warehouse certificates to be accepted as securities for circulating notes under the new currency bill, Mr. McQueen said he saw many difficulties in the way.

"Banks must have their securities in liquid state and such as are quickly convertible." He said the object of hypothecating cotton would be to hold it for higher prices.

Odd Fellows Elect Officers.

The grand encampment Independent Order of Odd Fellows in annual session at Shelby, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: E. B. Stradley, Asheville, grand patriot; E. W. Chadwick, Kinston, grand high priest; Z. Kendall, Shelby, grand senior warden; R. H. Ramsey, Charlotte, grand scribe; John E. Wood, Wilmington, grand treasurer; W. B. Bagwell, Durham, grand junior warden; David Gaster, Fayetteville, grand representative; S. H. Michalove, Asheville, grand marshal; H. T. Greenleaf, Elizabeth City, grand inside sentinel; R. Cox, Kinston, grand outside sentinel.

Movement for Sand Clay Road.

A movement has been started at Lexington for the building of a first-class sand-clay road from Asheboro to Salisbury, via Denton and Farmer or Bombay, Healing Springs and Southmont, with a road from Southmont to Lexington. W. C. Hammer, Arthur Ross and others of Asheboro, G. Dan Morgan, J. Frank Cameron and others of Denton, H. B. Varner of this city and many others are interested in the road and are going to put it through, if the County Commissioners of Davidson can be interested in the project.

Acquitted of Abduction Charge.

Joe Love, who was tried at Halifax on a charge of abducting a 13-year-old girl from her home in Roanoke Rapids a few weeks ago, was acquitted of the charge several days ago, after the jury had deliberated for several hours. Love was defended by A. Paul Kitchin, of Scotland Neck. The girl is a daughter of a widow lady at Roanoke Rapids and Love is a married man with six children.

North Carolina New Enterprises.

The Reynolds Brothers Lumber company with paid up capital of \$7,000 and authorized to \$50,000, was chartered. The home office will be in Franklin, North Carolina, but several of the leading stockholders live in Georgia. J. W. Reynolds, C. H. Stone and G. W. Beebe are the incorporators. The Roseman Improvement company begins work with \$1,000 of its authorized \$125,000 capital. Roseman, N. C., being the headquarters. The charterers are A. M. White, A. M. Paxton, R. M. Powell and others.

Just Freight Rate Association.

At a largely attended meeting at Troy the Montgomery County branch of the State Just Freight Rate Association was formed with J. C. Beckwith as president, M. Myrick, vice president and O. B. Deaton, secretary and treasurer. Great interest was shown in the meeting, at which State Secretary Hubert Ramsaur discussed the problems which the association hopes to solve. Many of the local merchants are protesting on account of the rates on fall merchandise shipped from Baltimore.

Wheat Crop in Chatham Good.

The wheat crop in Chatham is the best that has been in 30 years, most farmers making over 20 bushels to one sowed and in some instances 50 to one. The corn and cotton crops are said to be much better than they have been in a number of years.

Many Institutes in This State.

Twenty-seven county institutes for public school teachers have been held this season under the direction of Prof. E. E. Same, Superintendent of Teacher Training for the State Department of Education and there remain one institute to be held. It opens at Wilmington Monday, September 1. The institutes this season have been especially successful in attendance and in the amount and character of work accomplished.

"Irish Jimmy" Gets Eight Years.

William L. Dunn, alias "Irish Jimmy," was judged guilty of cracking the safe of the McAdenville Cotton Mills office some years ago and sentenced to eight years hard labor in the state pen. The prisoner's wife, who came here from New York City to be present at the trial, was in the court room. Dunn says he does not care so much on his own account, but feels the keenest sorrow for his wife. The jury was out about an hour and a half. The case has attracted much attention at Gastonia.

Mecklenburg Teachers' Institute.

The institutes for the Mecklenburg County teachers which has recently been conducted at Davidson College, came to an end when the examinations were completed. One day was taken up in making the tests for certificates of various grades and a large number of the 150 teachers in attendance took these examinations. The superintendent of education, Mr. William McCluskey, stated that the institute had been very successful indeed. The teachers expressed satisfaction with their progress.

TO IMPROVE COUNTRY LIFE

Series of Farmers' Meetings to Be Conducted By Experts of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Raleigh.—A special from Washington states that a series of farmers' meetings are to be held in Seven Haigh and Rob MobNeill. These meetings will begin August 25th. Some of the dates and places of meeting are as follows:

Swain Quarter, for Hyde county, Monday, September 1st.

Washington, for Beaufort county, Tuesday, September 2nd.

Greenville, for Pitt county, Wednesday, September 3rd.

Williamsburg, for Martin county, Thursday, September 4th.

Plymouth, for Washington county, Friday, September 5th.

Columbia, for Tyrrell county, Saturday, September 6th.

It is planned to make these meetings interesting and unique in the subjects discussed, in the speakers and in the manner of presentation.

Prof. J. M. Johnson, of the Bureau of Farm Management, United States Department of Agriculture, will discuss better farming. His lecture will present the essential features of good farming from a new viewpoint.

Dr. William Hart-Dexter, of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work, will make what has been characterized as an "uplift talk." He will talk about those things which make for the betterment of country life. He will discuss the home, the farm and the community.

Surgeon Charles W. Stiles, of the United States Public Health Service, will discuss rural sanitation and preventable diseases, and will illustrate his talk with charts and stereopticon views.

Surgeon Stiles will tell in a clear, simple manner how the home may be made sanitary, and how malaria and fever and other preventable diseases may be easily controlled.

In conclusion there will be a series of moving pictures prepared by the new Bureau of Rural Organization, of the Department of Agriculture. These pictures will portray in a graphic way some of the results of better methods in country life.

Bring in Verdict of Manslaughter.

The case of state against James Underhill and Joe Tisdale, charged with the murder of Carlisle Heath on the night of June 21, was concluded at Kinston. Three hours later a verdict of guilty of manslaughter as to Underhill and not guilty as to Tisdale was returned. The case occupied nearly three days in Superior Court. The defense built up case around statement of defendants that Underhill was shooting at negroes with whom they had had an altercation, while the state contended that Underhill mistook Heath in the darkness for Thomas Askew, with whom he had had trouble a week before.

Cotton Crop Not Encouraging.

Reports on the condition of the cotton crop in Mount Olive's territory just now is by no means encouraging. It is said that rain now would undoubtedly do much good. But it is also said that the damage done the crop by the heavy rains during June and the early part of July becomes more distinctly apparent every day, some farmers asserting that they will not harvest more than a half crop, and some not that much.

Going Some

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You Can't Afford to Miss It



Going Some

BY REX BEACH



A Romance of Strenuous Affection

WE are pleased to announce that we have arranged to print as our next serial this screaming comedy.

The story is all about a house-party on a Western ranch—they are a jolly group of young people. Trouble arises from the fact that the hero has led his friends to believe he is an athlete, when, as a matter of fact, he never did anything more athletic than lead the cheering for the others. His predicament and that of a fat man who is with him as his "trainer" form a humorous background for a dashing love romance.



You Will Enjoy It Thoroughly

DON'T MISS THE OPENING INSTALMENT



On Your Mark! Get Ready! Go!

Every last man and woman of the Flying-Heart ranch is deeply interested in the result of the coming foot-race. Before it is run there is all kinds of fun and excitement. Read about it in our new serial—

Going Some

By REX BEACH

A roaring, riotous comedy romance.