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**STANTON WINS**  
By ELEANOR M. INGRAM  
Author of 'The Game and the Candle', 'The Flying Mercury', etc.  
Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURG

**SYNOPSIS.**

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, and his crew, including young Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race Stanton, who is a stranger, meets Miss Carlie, who is the daughter of the owner of the Mercury. Stanton wins the race, but is injured. He is taken to the hospital, but is discharged. He goes to the office of the mechanic, but is not there. He goes to the office of the mechanic, but is not there. He goes to the office of the mechanic, but is not there.

**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, wrenching 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. Heed, 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 returned second; an invaluable habit.

"If you're going 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 going to stick on a wheel under such roughing."

Stanton shot a glance askant out of the corner of his blue-black eye. He was irritated by the last 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 thunder-bolt bearing down upon them, drew prudently to one side, preferring the chance of later regaining the advantage. From every angle and curve the people fled, at sight of the gray car followed by its whirlwind of dust and carrying the huge "S" 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 equal to fast.

Safely, once; but, in 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 bursting of its mate from the opposite wheel; the car tore itself from control under the double shock and shot out of the course at 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 field.

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 see a foot always in a 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 starting back over his shoulder at the wheels. But Floyd brushed the girl's curls off his forehead and staggered erect, helpless laughter shaking him.

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. Carlisle of the tire company, and his daughter. They are here for the race. He wanted to talk tires to me. Heaven knows why. We didn't get very far; after Miss Carlisle 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 mechanic had given the account of Stanton's amazing disappearance.

"Acute indigestion, your doctor called your attack?"

"Something like it."

"Miss Carlisle doesn't seem to be a luck 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—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 away; 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."

"Hash, 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 was gone.

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

"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."

"I'm going to get out of this up-ear," Stanton briefly intimated. "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 any transportation to do with your brute of a driver? Oh, say so."

## HIGH PLACE PREDICTED FOR WILLIAM AVERELL HARRIMAN

Career of Power Open to Fortunate Youth, Elder Son of the Railroad King, Who Is Being Thoroughly Trained to Step Into His Father's Shoes and Direct the Family's Immense Interests.

## IMMENSE INHERITED WEALTH IS HIS, BUT HE WILL LIVE NO IDLE LIFE

Already He Has Shown Ambition and Industry and Has Gained Notable Success at Yale. A Director of the Union Pacific and the Harriman Bank at Twenty-one, He Will Nevertheless Start In at the Bottom.

## TUTORS OF THE WIZARD'S SON WHEN HE LEAVES COLLEGE.

Ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett, head of all the Harriman lines. Julius Kruttschnitt, Vice-President of the Union Pacific, and transportation expert. Oliver Ames, Henry C. Frick, Marvin Huggitt, Otto H. Kahn, Chas. A. Peabody, Wm. Rockefeller, Frank A. Vanderbilt. (All old associates of E. H. Harriman, who will help to develop his son.)

What could YOU do if you had such successful men to guide you?

LISTENING gold does not dazzle William Averell Harriman. Fortune has looked upon him with no threatening eye. Yet here is a young man, just turned twenty-one, who seeks to write his better deeds of achievement, not in water, but on marble.

Harriman, like Vincent Astor, has great aspirations. The frivolous work of polished idleness is not for this elder son of Edward H. Harriman. He is designed to succeed his famous father as the head of the enormous railroad interests of the Harriman estate. That prospect is enough to dazzle and confound many a youth. But such joy as ambition finds animates young Harriman and he has accepted eagerly the chance to strive for a place among the princes in the empire of constructive endeavor.

What a vision to thrill even one who was born to luxury and millions! Already Harriman has put one foot on the ladder. Although still a senior at Yale, he has been appointed coach of the freshman crew.

The sharp shooed their heads and prophesied that he wouldn't last. But he won, and at the same time lost, only to turn his defeat into a telling victory.

Harriman had been just selected for the first varsity boat when he was ordered by his physician to stop rowing permanently. So what does Harriman do but make a scientific study of oarsmanship, with the result that at the end of his sophomore year an unprecedented thing occurred.

The frail youth was appointed coach of the freshman crew.

Several weeks last spring were spent by Harriman in England watching the stroke of Cambridge and Oxford. His power to easily master all his studies won him a furlough from Yale. He also studied the Cornell stroke. Returning to college in the fall he spent much time with the varsity crew.

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record made by Bob Cook in the early twenties. And Bob Cook's crew likewise after the five consecutive defeats at the hands of Harvard he would become the idol of the college and of the alumni.

As a student, Harriman has shown brilliantly, and true to his trend of

He was working as a chain bearer for a surveyor's party on the Oregon Short Line Railroad at \$65 a month when called east to the bedside of his dying father.

He has been prominent in the Yale Economic club and allied organizations.

His daily life at Yale is quite different from what will be when he bucks up against the financial world, but nevertheless it is very busy. Here is the routine of a day:

7.15 a. m.—Rises, shaves and has breakfast.

8.30 to 8.25 a. m.—Chapel.

8.30 a. m.—First recitation of the day.

12.30 p. m.—Luncheon.

1.30 to 6 p. m.—Coaching the Yale crew, rain or shine, at the harbor boat house.

6.30 p. m.—Dinner at the training table with the members of the crew.

Evenings Spent Quietly.

His evenings are spent in study and in social occupations, always attending the secret rites of Skull and Bones on Thursday and Saturday evenings. At least one other evening he spends in the First Union tomb, a less secret and presumably as enjoyable a gathering place as that of Bones. But he is not by nature in sympathy with the secrecy practiced by such societies.

Aristodemus wrote: "This money makes the man." It is an old axiom that "He that lacks money, means and content is without three good friends."

Having those words of wisdom in mind, study the plain ways of Harriman's manner of living.

That is best typified by the fact that he lives in Connecticut hall, the oldest building at Yale. It was put up in 1750. Nathan Hale and John C. Cal-

houn had rooms there. To the average student of wealth the luxury of Vanderbilt, Haughton or Fayerweather halls offers greater attractions. Connecticut hall is meant for youths of limited means. It has four stories and the top story rooms are low and have dormer windows.

Averell Harriman lives on the fourth story.

With Charles Henry Marshall and George A. Dixon of New York he occupies three rooms. These lodgings cost each of the men \$68 a year. The furnishings, as in the case of all Yale men, are provided by the lodgers themselves and are in good taste, but in no way elaborate. If a visitor were told that the place was occupied by Harriman he would be likely to think the budding young financier was doing it on a bet.—From the New York World.

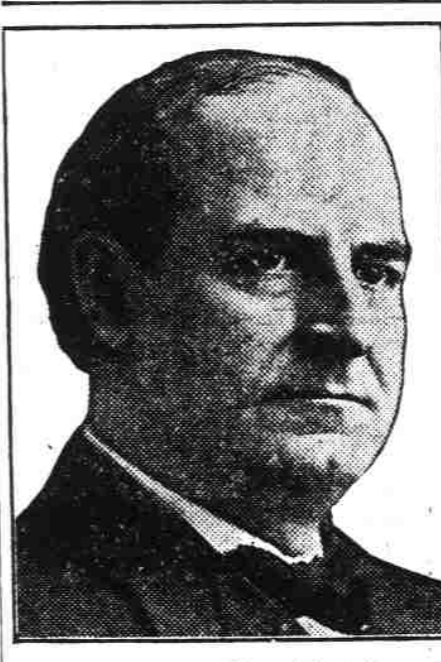
In the Title Market.

In the past 55 years nearly 450 American girls have wedded titled foreigners and it has been estimated by such affairs abroad that 160 of these girls brought to their husbands dowries aggregating \$161,000,000 in cold American cash. And in the great majority of the marriages this cash has been squandered in a most extravagant manner by the husband, who has proved himself anything but thoughtful or dutiful. This realization of their grave mistake caused the wives to become disgusted and either live apart from their husbands or immediately to start legal proceedings for divorce.

And when the order for the fifth pair comes, papa observes: "Well, if this don't beat everything! I'd like to know if I've got to get that young one a new pair of shoes every day of her life. I'm tired to death of this thing. Clara, if she wants another pair of shoes this month she can take the pennies out of her bank and buy 'em. I won't!"

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### SECRETARY BRYAN JOKES OF OFFICE



William Jennings Bryan is heartily enjoying his new position as secretary of state, according to the impressions he gave number of friends with whom he conversed the other day. Dixon Williams, president of the Southern club of Chicago, which entertained the colonel, is telling a number of anecdotes which the secretary related.

"This new position of mine has put me in a place where I can get back at my critics," said Mr. Bryan in the course of a conversation. "All I have to do is to appoint them to some diplomatic post."

"You see, there are a great variety of posts. If I want to get a man out of the country all I have to do is to send him to some remote place. The trouble is that I can send him only 12,500 miles at one time. If I send him any farther he'd be coming back."

"I'm beginning to think," he continued, his eyes twinkling, "that it would be a good thing to appoint only Republicans to offices in the diplomatic service. I might manage to get enough Republicans out of the United States to insure Democratic success at the polls four years from now."

Mr. Bryan, as is known, is never averse to telling jokes on himself. In fact, he seems to make it a point to get an audience to laugh with him over something that happened to himself.

"The reason President Wilson put me in the cabinet is because he needed a shaker of hands," confessed Mr. Bryan. "He knew I had probably shaken more hands with less effect than any other man in the country."

"This Democratic victory has rather revolutionized things in the Commoner office. I told my staff the other day that we would have to make a radical change in our editorials. As long as the paper had existed it had criticized administrations. It was now going to turn squarely around and support one."

### NEW HEAD OF NAVIGATION BUREAU



Secretary Daniels has appointed Commander Victor Blue of South Carolina to be chief of the bureau of navigation, navy department, in place of Capt. Philip Andrews, resigned.

The incumbent of that office has the rank and pay of a rear admiral. Before the navy personnel had fairly recovered from the surprise caused by the change in head of the navigation bureau, Secretary Daniels issued a fresh order that will have far-reaching consequences. That makes sea service an absolute condition for promotion. It took the form of an instruction to the naval examining board, requiring:

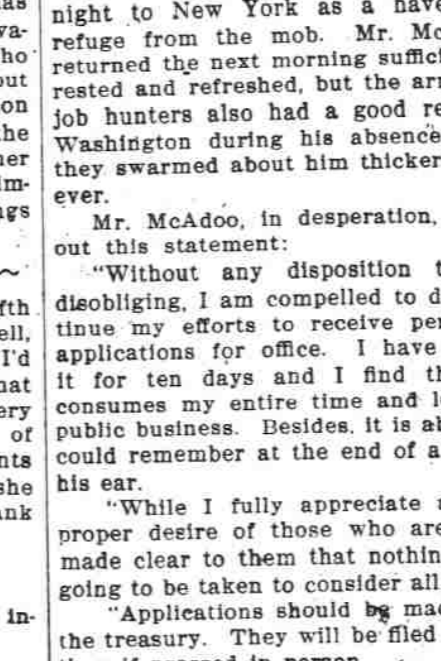
"That officers coming up for promotion shall have had sufficient sea services in the grade from which they are to be promoted, to insure beyond doubt that they are fully qualified and experienced at sea to perform the sea duties of the next higher grade."

The new chief of the bureau of navigation has had a conspicuous career in the navy.

During the Spanish war Commander Blue was promoted for heroism as a result of daring reconnoitering runs around Santiago to locate the enemy's gunboat Alvarado. During the past two years he has been on duty with the general board in this city.

Captain Andrews probably will be given command of a battleship.

### BACK TO FARM IS PLAN OF MOORE



Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, whose resignation will take effect July 31, has been accepted by the president, broke winter camp in the Powhatan hotel the other day and supposedly started on a hike to his Rockville home.

A large and profitable estate is owned by the chief of the weather bureau near Rockville. That he will devote his attentions to this and his Virginia place is generally expected.

Professor Moore is a native of Scranton, Pa., where he was born in 1856. At the age of eight years, his father having joined Grant's army, and being unable to bear the separation, young Moore joined the troops in the field, where he supplied them with newspapers. He was educated in the Binghamton public schools, and science seemed to be his strong point. However, he didn't take it up as soon as he launched into manhood, as he became one of the Binghamton papers, and came a compositor and later a reporter.

Then went to Burlington, Iowa, where he continued to do newspaper work. In 1886, at Closter, N. J., he married Miss Mary Lozier. Norwich University in 1896 gave him the degree of LL.D., and in the same year the University of St. Lawrence made him a doctor of science. Before this was done, however, he had joined the weather bureau force, and began watching the clouds and the sun and other meteorological adjuncts of the earth.

He rose in the weather bureau to be local forecast official at Chicago, 1891-94. Since 1895 he has been chief of the central bureau at Washington.

### McADOO SUGGESTS USE OF MAIL



The United States mail is suggested by William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, as the best means of applying for a job in the department of the federal government.

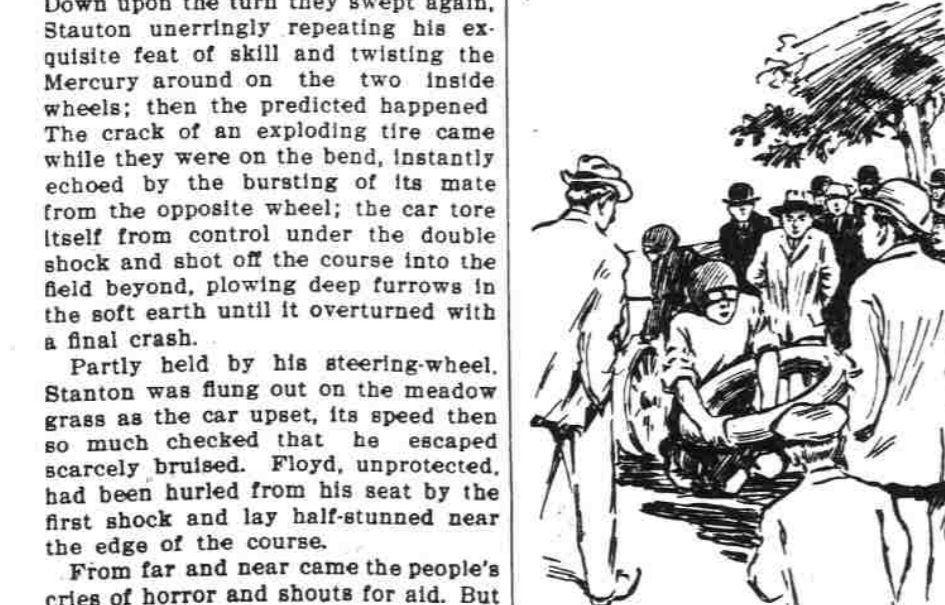
Driven almost to distraction by the rush of the hungry to his pie counter during the first days he was in office, he slipped back the other night to New York as a haven of refuge from the mob. Mr. McAdoo returned the next morning sufficiently rested and refreshed, but the army of job hunters also had a good rest in Washington during his absence, and they swarmed about him thicker than ever.

Mr. McAdoo, in desperation, gave out this statement:

"Without any disposition to be disobligeing, I am compelled to discontinue my efforts to receive personal applications for office. I have tried it for ten days and I find that it consumes my entire time and leaves me no chance to attend to important public business. Besides, it is absolutely futile, because none but a supernumerary could remember at the end of a day every one who has poured a story, in 'o his ear."

"While I fully appreciate and sympathize with the very natural and proper desire of those who are seeking places, nevertheless, it should be made clear to them that nothing is to be gained by haste. Ample time is going to be taken to consider all applications.

Applications should be made in writing and mailed to the secretary of the treasury. They will be filed and receive much more careful consideration than if pressed in person."



People From All Directions Flocking Around.

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 apartment, 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, who, exhausted, fatigued, and ill, didn't hurt yourself in our set, I hope," Floyd said with anxiety, when they were alone in the stiff, impersonal hotel room.

### PROTESTS AT FIFTH PAIR

When Young Father's Attitude at Buying Shoes for the Baby Undergoes a Change.

The first baby, when she needs her first pair of shoes, hears this from her proud and happy father: "And does it little feet—um? Well, papa shall get it all the 'little shoes—ums it wants, so shall!"

When the order for the second pair comes, papa observes: "Well, if this don't beat everything! I'd like to know if I've got to get that young one a new pair of shoes every day of her life. I'm tired to death of this thing. Clara, if she wants another pair of shoes this month she can take the pennies out of her bank and buy 'em. I won't!"

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