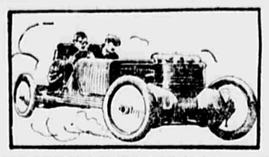
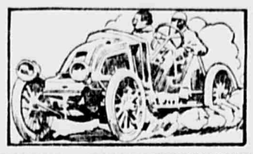
An Auto Story With Speed To It



Champion



A Heart-Climbing Love Romance

If Automobiles Could Only Speak, What Wonderful Revelations They Would Make!---Here Is One That Frankly Tells Its Own Story, and It Is Certainly Worth Listening To.

Love, Romance and Adventure Woven Around a Cup Race---A Speeding Machine That Carries High Hopes and Fluttering Hearts, With the Blind Little God in Control.

By
John Colin Dane

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CHAPTER I.
I Start in Life.

"CHAMPION thou shalt be; and Champion I name thee," solemnly pronounced the nicest voice in my world.

I had heard only one or two others; but if a motor car is going to be worth its petrol and oil, there are a great many things which it must be born knowing, or it will never know them at all. Among the things I already knew—although I wasn't exactly born yet—was, that there could be no nicer voice in any world than that of my creator and master.

"You are going to make the biggest sensation yet in the automobile world, my beauty," said the dear voice. It had talked a great deal to me and often to itself in the workshop, and so I had come to understand every word of my master's from its sound.

My master had put in the last crank axle, and now he gave a quick, abrupt turn. What rapture! Instinctively I knew what was required of me, though I made no conscious effort. I was I. My carburetor drew in a breath of that intoxicating liquor which is for a motor the elixir of life, sprayed it into a fine powder and mixed it with exactly the proper proportion of air. My twelve valves, working with no less certainty and precision than the heavy valves themselves, sucked the ecstatic draft into the cylinders. At this—marvel of marvels—a spark of electricity glowed into a little flash that leaped across from one point to another in a flame. The flame united, in a spasm of joy, with the vapor in my first cylinder. Then, in a burst of rapture, they expanded, exploded!

A Boast.

I laughed in my wild happiness, and had not my silence prevented I should have shouted aloud.

"We'll show the world—you and I together, my Champion," said the dear voice, and my heart rejoiced at the words.

He wore workmen's overalls, and his sleeves were rolled up over arms where the muscles rippled under the smooth skin, like steel under satin, or, as I know now, like tiny waves astir beneath the still, satin surface of southern seas. He was tall, with broad shoulders and a noble throat which rose above the collar of blue cotton, brown where the sleek dark head was set upon it, white below. His face was brown, too, which suited his features, and it was a good thing that he wore no mustache or beard, for his mouth and chin, firm and kind, were worth showing.

There came a quick tapping at the closed door of the workshop.

He hesitated for a few seconds; then, going to the door, opened it half-way and looked out.

"Why, Sheila!" I heard him exclaim. "Dear little girl, how did you find me?"

"Oh, Hugh, how sweet it does seem to see you again," the newcomer was saying excitedly.

"It Isn't a Mystery!"

I had never seen a girl before; but looking at her made me hope that I might see a great many more, if they were all half as pretty as she.

"And for me to see you, Kittens," he answered her. "But you haven't explained yet the mystery of how you came to find me in this den."

"It isn't a mystery. I saw you. I've been in town for a week, staying with Edith Barr-Simons, and"——

My master flushed up, and his dark eyebrows drew together as he broke in, echoing, "Barr-Simons!"

"Of course you must hear of him often, as he's in the motor-car world. He's nobody in point of birth, and awfully nouveau riche; but it isn't like you to care for that, and yet"——

My master laughed—a nice, amused laugh, though uncomfortable, too. "Heaven forbid I should care for that. But Barr-Simons is my—well, never mind. How could you know? And it's better that you shouldn't know."

"If you mean something horrid, perhaps it is better, while I'm in his house, eating and drinking his things—such frightfully good things, too! I suppose it isn't that—that you're angry about Edith marrying him, for you wouldn't look at her in spite of papa wanting it so much. And, anyway, poor girl, she took him quite for his money."

My master laughed again. "No doubt that's in her favor. But her marriage is nothing to me. I could never stand the girl, though you liked her."

"Though, in your day, there was no Mr. Barr-Simons in the field, she may have talked to him about you and made him jealous. Otherwise he would hardly know of your existence."

"What Do You Mean?"

"Oh, wouldn't he? He would probably be glad to hear to-morrow that I'd ceased to have one."

"Hugh! What do you mean?"

"I'd rather not explain, girlie, especially while you're in in his house. Tell me things about yourself, and about dear little Mater, and—the Governor."

"They're both well. Mamma's as sweet and gentle as ever, and—and as deadly afraid of upsetting papa. And he—oh, dearest, he's just the same about you, just as hard and unforgiving. He was so proud of you, you know. It was all mixed up with his pride of family, and everything. He isn't conceited, of course, he's miles above that. But I suppose it is rather unusual for a peer to become a parson, and people have always told him how noble and wonderful he was. He did so want you to follow in his footsteps, and he hates not getting what he wants."

"So do I. No doubt I've inherited it."

"Oh, if you only could have got what you wanted! If you could have made a great, great success in your chosen work—the work you would choose in spite of everything—may be, in the end, papa would naturally have found himself forgiving you. But"——

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Of course I can."

A Secret.

"There's my secret." And he pointed to me. "Such a dead secret that you and I are standing between it and the door which has never been open so long since I hired the premises for purposes of my own. It's a secret that, I hope and believe, is going to win me fame and fortune, enough of both to reconcile the Governor to everything I've done, perhaps even to make him and all of you a little bit proud of me. It's such a big secret that I live in constant fear of having it found out and being robbed of my triumph—my triumph that I've worked so hard—you can't guess how hard—to earn."

"How you're making my heart beat!" exclaimed the girl. "Go on—tell me everything."

"There on the walls," said he, "are the plans that have kept me busy, heart and soul and mind, for the last twelve months. Here before you is the plans' completion;" and he pointed to me.

"What a queer-looking machine, dearest. Is it going to be a motor-car?"

"I should rather think it was going to be a motor-car. More than a year of my past life, all my future, and every penny I have in the world are in that piece of mechanism, bless it. Champion I've named it, for luck; and if Champion doesn't turn out a champion after all, why, I'm a ruined as well as a disappointed man."

The Brave and Beautiful American Girl, Who Saves Hero and Car From Destruction.

The Flower of Autos.

"I remember how you invented the dearest little motor-car for my doll, before motors were heard of in London," laughed Sheila.

"Well, Champion's the development of that—the fine flower of that seed. She—no, he—for Champion's nothing if he's not masculine—is something absolutely new in automobiles. He is the perfect achievement of the idea over which a dozen men have bungled; at least, I have every reason to hope and believe so, and the test will come next month, with the Vanderveorst cup race. It's a race for inventors."

"I know. I've heard Gilbert Barr-Simons talking about it. He expects to win with a car he's been having made in his motor works."

"He won't, because I'm going to win it with a car I've been making in my motor works."

"Yours? Why, have you"——

"Behold them, my child. I didn't want to sell my invention, which, unless I'm much mistaken, is the very thing Barr-Simons is trying to work out. If I did, others would reap the reward, and I should be forgotten; so, when my idea had taken clear form in my brain, I put every penny I had into the experiment determining to make a specimen car with as little help as possible, and run it in this race. If the cup had been offered to fit my plans it couldn't have suited them better, for any man who has invented a novelty is invited to compete without explaining the mechanism until the race is over—quite a new thing in the way of motor racing, and very sporting of Vanderveorst."

Barr-Simons.

"Gilbert Barr-Simons knows him," said Sheila.

"I don't, but I hope to. I'm not much in the way of knowing American or other millionaires at present; but I'm biding my time, and I don't think I shall have to wait long before Vanderveorst and all the big fellows who're mad about motoring will take as much interest in me as I do in them. I've been working here in secret, you know, Kittens, with only one man to help me. I wouldn't have had him if I could have done without any one, but there were things I couldn't manage single-handed. I took this workshop, which has been costing me a pot of money, a lot more than you'd think possible to look at it, and I and my man, Arnaud—a clever man I brought over from the Fernand-Panton works in France, where I learned more than anywhere else—have had access to the casting-shops and forges, and all that."

"Why have you been so secretive?" asked Sheila.

"Because, my child, others are on the road toward making the discoveries I've made, though no one else has yet reached the end. Barr-Simons is the nearest to it, I think, but he's come to a standstill now, for the want of one little inspiration which my guardian angel popped into my head a year ago. Motor people aren't exactly saints; and if anybody got on to my idea before I was ready to patent it"——

"But why don't you patent it?"

"Because—Barr-Simons has been very fond of the Patent Office lately."

Treachery!

"Oh, Hugh, you don't mean"——

"I'm afraid I do. He wouldn't stop at anything. On the day of the race, when it's too late for him or any one else to cheat me out of the ten thousand pounds I hope Champion's going to win, I shall patent my invention. It's a risk to delay, of course, but my own reasons for thinking it's a worse risk the other way."

"Is Gilbert Barr-Simons a man like that?—Edith's husband!"

"Gilbert Barr-Simons is a man exactly like that; and perhaps all the more because he is Edith's husband. You see, he knows that the Pater was keen on her marrying me, in the old days when she used to visit us. He'd got a silly, jealous notion, I fancy, that she liked me"——

"So she did."

"Pooh. I don't believe it. Anyhow, a schoolgirl fancy for a boy of her own age. But she is of our set, our class; and he—well, he's Barr-Simons."

"Do you think he's half Spanish? He's very dark."

"In some of his dealings as well as complexion. Poor Edith! But he's got a few millions, and I dare say he's good to her."

The Frenchman.

"Can you trust your Frenchman?"

"I believe I can. I have to. If he were a traitor—but I won't even think of it. That way madness lies. And so far as I can, I have identified his interests with mine."

Jean Arnaud was crossing the big outer room, coming back to his master and me, after finishing lunch.

Now, as Jean Arnaud came toward the half-open door, he was whistling a little French chanson, pretty enough, but meant for a woman's voice. I didn't think much about it then, for I was deadly tired of it, and it stopped suddenly just outside the door. But afterward I had good cause to be haunted by that air. It was called "La Belle 'Toinette."

CHAPTER II.
"Toinette."

ARNAUD'S coming put an end to any confidence between my master and Miss Sheila, or if there were any more they must have been exchanged when Hugh saw his sister to the outer door and bade her good-by.

Hugh went out a few evenings later, leaving me alone with Arnaud.

"Why couldn't he have chosen another night?" Jean growled to himself, as he ate something out of a red napkin which contained his dinner. "To-morrow night—any night but this one night when she had asked me to be with her? Supper with her!—and to have missed it—a chance I would give a year's pay for. Nothing would suit him but it must be to-night. Serve him right for his selfishness if the car goes wrong!"

Arnaud's Rage.

Suddenly he began to gird at me.

"You!" he exclaimed furiously. "Why should I be sacrificed for you? It is a madness that monsieur will have you watched and chaperoned as if you were a beautiful young lady every man was wanting to kidnap. All the world is not thinking of you. Nobody would break in and steal your secrets if I were to go away for an hour—the hour that he spends in comfortable sleep. Yet for you I must give up a joy greater than any I have ever known—a joy that will never come to me again, because I have appeared to slight it. An invitation from the incomparable Toinette—and I have been forced to refuse it—for you."

There came a light, but distinctly audible, tapping at the window.

(To Be Continued.)

50 Ways for Girls to Earn a Living

By RHETA CHILDE DORR.

This series gives complete information as to positions open to girls, the requirements, duties, pay, etc. Also how to get the positions.

NO. X.
Costume Design Illustration.

R. C. Dorr

THE public school courses in drawing have greatly improved within the past few years, and very admirable work, both in line and color, is now being done in the grades. Many a girl develops a fine sense of color and a feeling for design and arrangement, and those who can afford the time and money pass on to art schools.

For the girl who has done good art work in school and who cannot afford long years of training in an art school, there are avenues of employment which are both congenial and remunerative. One of the best of these is costume design illustration.

Most fashions originate in Paris. The largest department stores and the wealthiest dressmakers and milliners send agents and buyers to Europe once or twice a year to buy model gowns, hats, coats, &c., and these are copied and modified or rearranged by clever workwomen in American establishments.

Besides the model gowns and hats, thousands of sketches are sold to the American trade by the fashion kings of Europe. These sketches, called "croquis" (pronounced krokees), are copied many times in water colors by girls trained in the work, and are sold to dressmakers all over the country. The copying of "croquis" for the trade is called costume design illustration. The sketch as it comes to the importer is rough, but good in color and perfect as a pattern. The illustrator must make the dress with her pen and her colors and put it on a stylish figure, with beautifully dressed hair and an air of great elegance. This helps the dressmaker to sell the gown to her customers.

The illustrator does other work besides. She paints model gowns, hats, &c., and crinoline models of model gowns, putting them on attractive figures. Between seasons—that is, in the seasons when fashions are not being exhibited—she finds work making fashion plates for tailors' and milliners' trade journals. Sometimes these are drawn or painted in black and white, India ink or water color, but usually they are colored. Many high-class catalogues sent out by wholesale houses display handmade illustrations.

The pay is considered very good. It is all piece work and the amount earned depends on the ability and the industry of the individual. The girl who cannot draw the figures but who can color them is paid from one to four cents a plate, and she can color as many as a hundred in a day. Three dollars a day is often earned in busy seasons. The more skilful artist who can both draw and paint is able to make from $10 to $25 a week making fashion plates, and somewhat less doing catalogue and trade journal work.

The Manhattan Trade School for Girls, No. 9 East Twenty-third street; the Washington Irving High School, No. 51 East Twelfth street, and Pratt Institute, Ryerson street and De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, have special classes in this work. The last-named institution has a night class for workers.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

WHEN perfect frankness comes in at the door love flies out of the window.

Every man knows he is not the heroic, fascinating creature his sweetheart pretends to think him; but he would rather be lied to to his dying day than to be told the brutal truth.

Of course people can't carry their party manners into marriage; but if they could, marriage would be more like a party and less like a prize fight.

A man forgets all about how to make love after ten years of matrimony; but it's wonderful how quickly he can get into practice again after his wife dies.

Might as well hail a Broadway car on the wrong side of the street as to hail a man on the wrong side of his vanity.

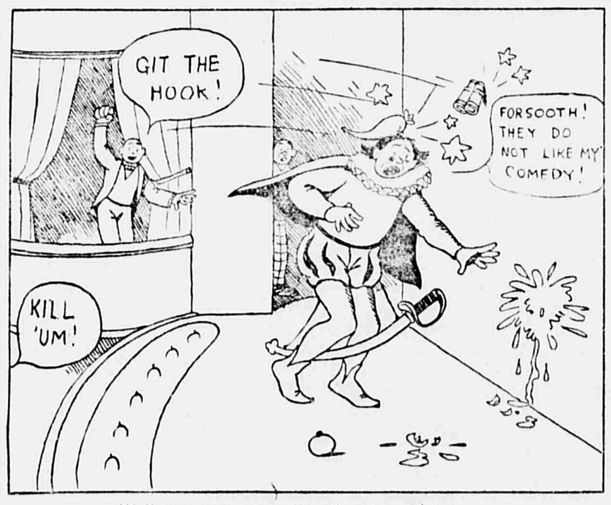
Don't flatter yourself because he calls every Sunday evening that it is a sign that he's getting serious. It may only be a sign that everything else is closed.

No doubt when a man puts his cheek against a girl's he always imagines that it feels as smooth as hers does.

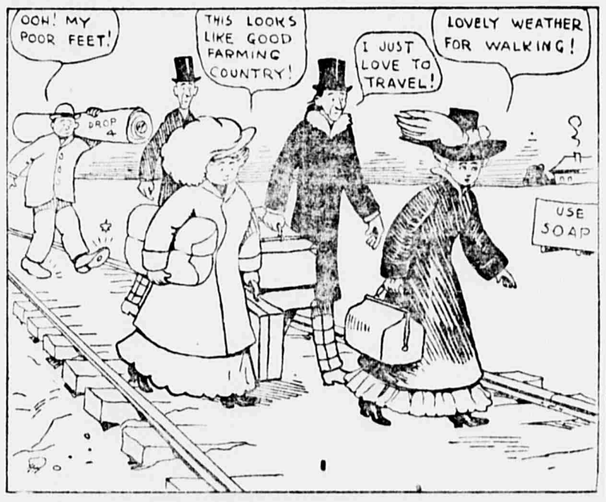
The Chilled Banana on Wheels.

BANANAS are now cooled in the cars. The air is injected into the cars and allowed to fill the interstices of the cargo until it is all thoroughly chilled. The cars are then partially closed and radiation prevented as much as possible, and under these conditions the cargo is carried on to the next distributing point, where a new supply of cold air is injected and suitable cooling produced.

Can You Beat That, Sadie? ☆ ☆ ☆ By R. W. Taylor

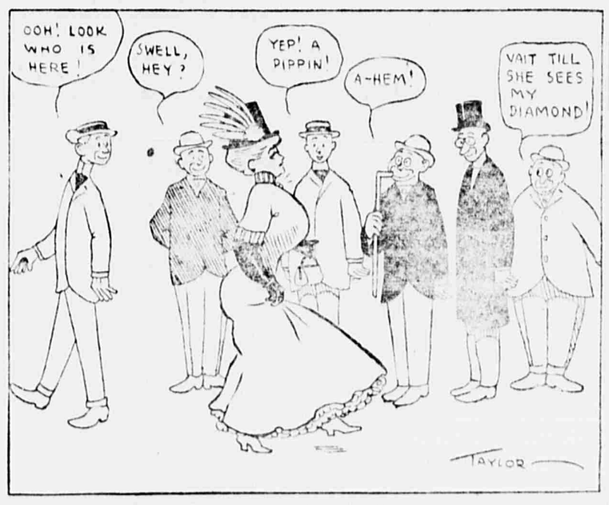


Well, our new show turned out a quince—
The audience mobbed the poor old prince!
He ducked and we ain't seen him since!
Can you beat that, Sadie?



We closed last week at Rocky Glen;
Most of us walked to Punktown, Penn.,
Where the nearest pawn shop was, and then—
I hocked my fur coat, Sadie!

We didn't bring back all the bunch;
Our leading heavy had a lunch—
And he got a job in a dairy lunch!
Can you beat that, Sadie?



But I'm glad I'm out of Rocky Glen
And back on old Broadway again—
That lane's just packed with handsome men!
Say! Can you beat that, Sadie?

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Should He Ask for Her Pin?

Dear Betty:

I HAVE a great many boy friends, but there is one whom I especially care for. I would like him to wear my society pin. Is it proper for me to ask him if he will wear it, or should I wait until he asks me for it?

PEGGY.

There is no harm in asking the boy if he would like to wear your pin, for even if he likes you he might not ask you for it, as he may think it against the rules of the society to give the pin away.

She Wants to Win Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-one, and recently met a young man who suits me in every way. He has been ill for a month at the hospital. I wrote a letter of sympathy, which his sister answered, as he was unconscious. My sister and I got on very friendly terms with her, and she sent her picture, also one of the family, so we sent ours. A week ago we received postals from him asking for our pictures, which we sent. He sent my sister a letter, but I received only a postal with initials. If he should write another letter to us would it be all right for just me to answer it, so that he will give me more thought, as I am very anxious to keep company with him when he returns?

A. B.

If your sister does not care for the young man it will be proper for you to answer the letter alone. However, if she likes him, too, I would not attempt to win his affections, as he seems to care more for her than for you.

Too Young to Elope.

Dear Betty:

I AM eighteen and desperately in love with a young man two years my senior. He has told me of his love. Both of our parents object to our marriage, saying we are too young. Would you advise us to elope?

BEWILDERED.

Don't elope with the young man. You are too young to know what true love is, and if you marry in haste you will be sure to repent. Don't seriously consider matrimony until you are twenty-four or twenty-five.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERYTHING that gives the short waist line and the consequent Empire suggestion is greatly in vogue just now, and this blouse is one of the prettiest that has yet appeared. It includes a garniture which can be made from filet or from allover lace, as in this instance, or from silk or from contrasting material embroidered or braided with aguiche, or, indeed, from almost anything that fancy may dictate. The little trimming of balls is an effective one and greatly in vogue, but that finish also is optional, and the blouse itself is adapted to all the thinner fashionable fabrics, which can be tucked and puffed so successfully.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 3-4 yards 21, 2 5-8 yards 27 or 1 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 7-8 yard bias width for the garniture, 1-2 yard of allover lace for chemisette and cuffs, 1 3-4 yards of silk for girdle and trimming.

Fancy Waist—Pattern No. 5932.

Pattern No. 5932 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 16 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.