ESSEX IN RECORD ENDURANCE TEST

Driven at Top Speed for Fifty Hours, Covers 3,037 Miles.

An Essex stock chassis under American Automobile Association observation set a new world's mark for long distance endurance on the Cincinnati Speedway, December, 12, when it covered 3037 miles in fifty hours, averaging 60.7 miles an hour.

It was the first time a car had even been driven under official observation at top speed for fifty hours.

Put on the speedway to prove its reliability in a fifty-hour test, the Essex at the end of twenty-seven hours and fifty-eight minutes and in the 1,790th mile, because of rain and sleet, was forced to stop. A second start was made three days later but snow again ended the trial. This time the run lasted sixteen hours twenty-nine minutes and covered 1,042 miles. The third run starting the following day was successful, the fifty-hour period being completed.

The Essex made a total of 5,870 miles in ninety-four hours and twenty-two minutes driving time.

Thus the proof of Essex endurance is even greater than that expressed in the fifty-hour run. The average car is driven little more than 5,000 miles in the entire season. But this stock Essex chassis went more than a mile a minute for 5,870 miles.

Almost as astounding as its endurance was its tire experience. The front wheel tires went through all three trials without change. Two rear tires were replaced because of damage done by splinters from the board surfaced track. The tires were Goodyear cords.

The car was driven by Dave Lewis and Tommy Milton, the noted racing drivers, and DeLloyd Thompson, one of the most famous "stunt" aviators in the country. The drivers worked in six-hour shifts, making two stops during this period to fill with oil and gasoline.

The American Automobile Association representatives at the trials were Fred J. Wagner, the widely known official starter of practically all American Speedway events; assisted by F. T. Edwards, technical representative of the American Automobile Association contest board; J. E. Schipper, of Detroit, assistant technical representative, and R. A. Leavell, in charge of the electrical timing apparatus.

Steel Tracks for Trucks Is Unique Innovation

Steel channel tracks which would permit an enormous increase in the weight of loads carried by motor trucks are now being manufactured for highway use by one of the large steel companies and a few sections of the track will soon be placed down on one of the Connecticut highways.

The web of the track is "knerled," which means that it is made up of a series of corrugations of only sufficient depth to insure the entire surface wearing uniformly and preventing the danger of slipping or sliding on grades. Anchors are imbedded at intervals in the concrete and these are connected by steel rods.

The cost of the two tracks per mile is $13,000.

THE ALLEY GARAGE—BY SPAYTH

A SHOCKING SUBJECT

New Cadillac Headlight Removes Night Dangers

Engineers of the Cadillac Motor Car Company claim that they have removed the greatest danger of night driving—headlight glare—by means of the Cadillac tilting reflector.

The tilting is done through a simple arrangement of rods, controlled by the driver with a lever on the steering column. A short movement of the deflector concentrates on the road, 75 feet ahead of the car, the light which is normally projected over 300 feet of road.

The deflection brings the rays of light below the level of the eye of an approaching driver. The movement is so small, and the controlling device so simple, that it requires no adjustment after leaving the factory.

Under any system of light diminution, the driver, after diminishing his lights, is forced to drive blindly for a few seconds, until his eyes have adapted themselves to the new conditions. During the moments of this optical readjustment, he is not able to judge distance or objects accurately. In an emergency, this condition is apt to be a serious menace, which is entirely removed by the Cadillac lamp.

Cold Injures Rubber.

Not many car owners know that cold has an evil influence on rubber. The effects are not so rapid as those resulting from subjecting the rubber to contact with oil, but they are real, nevertheless. The tires gradually harden, lose their resiliency and crack if they are subjected to continued low temperatures. The prudent car owner will store his spare tires during the winter in a uniform temperature of about 60 degree Fahrenheit.

Pneumatic Tire Saves Jolting of Truck's Load

"Within the next two years millions of tons of freight will be shipped on air."

This prediction, made by John M. Maguire, president of the Mid-West Rubber Association, is not a reference to airplane transportation of freight, but to the development of the air-filled or pneumatic tire to truck capacity.

"Nothing the tire industry has accomplished in recent years," said Mr. Maguire, "is more important than this development. When a truck is equipped with pneumatic tires both the truck and its load are literally transported on compressed air. And there is nothing better to haul loads on. The truck, the load and the road are saved countless jars and jolts, for air is the best of shock-absorbers. With pneumatic tires, the life of the truck is greatly prolonged, roads receive but a minimum amount of wear and loads are carried with greater safety and economy."

"The communities that must bear the cost of creating better highways," he pointed out, "are going to pay this cost much more cheerfully than in the past when they see the advantages of the pneumatic tire for trucks. It will bring quicker and better transportation for the merchants and industries and trucks will not be the road-destroying factors they have been."

The entire elimination of the solid rubber tire, of course, has not been achieved, and, in Mr. Maguire's opinion, may not be for a long time to come, if ever.

"The very heavy trucks, designed to haul building materials and other loads of great weight," he stated, "still require the solid rubber tire. Industry and commerce will continue to require such trucks and the manufacture of solid rubber tires will continue as an essential industry. But it is highly encouraging, from the viewpoint of good roads promoters, that more and more trucks are being built for which the air-filled tire is not only practicable but is specified."

VAST SUMS SAVED THROUGH TRUCKS' USE

"It is estimated that 1,200,000,000 tons of goods are hauled yearly by motor trucks at a cost of an average of 15 cents per ton," says J. F. Lynch, director of sales of the Kissel Motor Car Company. "This gives us a total of $118,000,000 for moving the above tonnage.

"In comparing these figures with that of wagons and horses, we find that the cost of maintaining and operating horse teams is 25 cents per ton mile, which, if correct, gives a saving of $216,000,000 per year in favor of the motor truck.

"While there are only 800,000 motor trucks in the United States today, it is expected there will be at least a 1,000,000 in use the first part of the year of 1920, so it is evident the transportation equipment of the country is sure to prove adequate to demand, with this help from the motor truck."

How to Clean Spark Plugs.

An excellent method of cleaning mica spark plugs, or in fact any mica object, is to wash them in a 10 per cent solution of acetic acid, which is an infallible solvent for grease and carbon deposits. The plugs should then be washed off with gasoline and finally dried by rubbing with a handful of waste or a cloth.

RAINBOW'S END

A Novel by REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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(CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.)

O'Reilly stared stupidly at the weapon; then raised his eyes. Peering down at him out of the night was another face, an impertinent, beardless, youthful face.

He uttered Jacket's name, and the boy answered with a smile. "Bring my knife with you when you come," the latter directed.

"You!" The American's voice was weak and shaky. "I thought—" He set the candle down and covered his eyes momentarily.

"That's a good knife, all right, and sharp, too. The fellow died in a hurry, eh? Who does he happen to be?"

"Don't you know? It—it's Cobo."

"Cobo! Coby, the baby killer!" Jacket breathed an oath. "Oh, that blessed knife!" The boy craned his small body forward until he was in danger of following his victim. "Now this is good luck indeed! And to think that he died just like any other man."

"Rosa! Where is she?" O'Reilly inquired in a new agony of apprehension.

"Oh, she is here," Jacket assured him, carelessly. "I think she has fainted. Caramba! Isn't that like a woman—to miss all the fun? But, compadre—that was a blow for Cuba Libre; what? People will talk about me when I'm as dead as that pig. 'Narciso Villar, the slayer of Cobo'—that's what they'll call me." Jacket giggled hysterically. "I—I thought he would jump up and run after me, so I fled, but he tried to bury himself, didn't he? His flesh was like butter, O'Reilly."

"Help me out, quick! Here, catch this rope." Johnnie managed to fling the coil within reach of his little friend and a moment later he had hoisted himself from that pit of tragedy.

XXVII

MORIN, THE FISHERMAN.

When Rosa Varona regained consciousness sufficiently to understand what had happened she proved herself a person of no little self control. She went to pieces for a moment, as was only natural, but O'Reilly soon succeeded in calming her. Nor did he have to remind her twice that this was no time for weakness or hysteria; it was she, in fact, who first voiced the fear that Cobo dead was scarcely less of a menace than Cobo alive.

"What are we going to do with him?" she inquired.

Jacket, too, appreciated the dangers of the situation. "We must get rid of him quickly," said he, "for his men are close by; he will be missed and there will be a search."

"I don't intend to make him a present of that treasure," O'Reilly said, grimly. "It is our only salvation."

"But how are we going to hide him?" Jacket inquired. "One might as well try to conceal a church; oxen couldn't hoist him out of that hole."

"Precisely! He has made our work easy for us. We can't take more than a small part of the money with us, anyhow; the rest will have to lie here until the war is over. Well! We shall leave Cobo on guard over what remains!"

Jacket was immensely pleased with this idea, once he had grasped it. "What could be better?" he cried. "The man's spirit is evil enough to frighten people away and we will drop stones upon him, so that he can learn the taste of his own medicine. It suits me exactly to think of Col. Cobo standing upon his head in a hole in the ground for the rest of eternity!"

O'Reilly was by this time suffering the full reaction from the events of the past half-hour and he was nearer exhaustion than he dreamed, but, conquering his repugnance for his unescapable task, he lowered himself once more into the well. His arms were weak, however, and his fingers numb, so he fell rather than slid the length of the rope. He managed to open the door of the treasure chamber, then entered and loaded his pockets with gold. He sent up the jewel box at the end of the rope, dragged the body of Cobo into the cave, then wedged the barricade back into place. It required the combined strength of Rosa and Jacket to help him the last few feet of his climb.

"Now fetch stones, rubbish, anything—and throw it in there," he gasped.

The boy and the girl fell to with a will, and after a time Johnnie joined them. Slowly, laboriously, the three of them carried debris from the edge of the quarry and bricks from the ruined house; they scraped up armfuls of leaves and trash—anything, in fact, which would serve to raise the bottom of the shaft and conceal the entrance to their enemy's resting-place. It was slavish work, but O'Reilly kept them at it until they were ready to drop. Daylight overtook them at their task.

They were weak, sick, deadly tired; they could barely shuffle a few yards at a time when they finally reached Asensio's hut; nevertheless there was hope in their hearts, for O'Reilly's ragged clothes sagged with the weight of gold pieces and the little metal box he carried was heavy. Nor were they greatly concerned about the safety of the treasure they had left behind, for the entrance to the cavern lay deeply buried, and Cobo, the guerrilla, stood guard over the chests of plate and casks of coin.

Evangelina, vastly bewildered at the sight of the coin which was forced into her palm, went for food and spent most of the day in cooking it. The treasure hunters alternately slept and ate. It was not until well along toward evening that Rosa and O'Reilly felt any desire to take stock of the contents of that jewel box, but finally, with heads together and with backs to the door of the bohio, they made a furtive examination. It was a task that held them spellbound, for there were loose gems of many varieties, some well, some badly cut; there were pieces of antique Spanish jewelry, valuable mainly by virtue of their antiquity, clumsy settings of silver and gold containing dead, uninteresting stones; others of the finest and most delicate workmanship. Some of the pieces were like glittering cobwebs enmeshing sparks of fire and drops of blood. They found emeralds and sapphires the value of which they did not attempt to estimate; and, besides these, a miscellaneous assortment of semi-precious stones. There was a fine collection of opals of every size and color, among which were a number of huge flat black ones, indescribably gorgeous with their ever changing peacock hues. But finest of all the lot were the pearls. Where old Don Esteban had secured these latter was a mystery, for he had not been a widely traveled man. They were splendid, unrivaled in size and luster. Some had the iridescence of soap bubbles, other ranged from pink to deepest chocolate in color. To touch them was like sacrilege.

O'Reilly realized vaguely that he held in his lap a fortune greater than his wildest dreams had ever compassed. These were the jewels of a rajah. It seemed incredible that this ragged girl beside him was a regal heiress, the possessor of a treasure such as kings might envy. After a time he realized that the mere possession of these gems constituted a new and overwhelming menace.

All that evening he and Rosa cowered in the darkness, whispering furtively, their nerves on edge, their senses strained. It seemed to them that new and unsuspected perils stalked abroad through the night.

Morning found all hands more nearly rational and feeling the first gnawings of a healthy hunger. Even Asensio confessed to a quite miraculous improvement. While Evangelina prepared breakfast the lovers agreed upon a story to explain the origin of that mysterious gold piece, and later Johnnie warned Jacket for a second time to keep his tongue between his teeth.

"We will have to be doubly careful now," he told the boy. "An unguarded word or an incautious move would be the end of us."

Jacket nodded his complete comprehension. "Sure! All Spaniards are robbers and they'd kill us for a peso. Yes, and the pacificos are no better. I tell you we need to get out of this place."

"I intend to arrange it at once, but—the sight of those jewels has frightened me. If we are searched—if we are even suspected—"

"Oh, Rosa wouldn't have any more use for her pretty trinkets. She'd be in heaven before you could scratch your nose."

O'Reilly frowned. "She isn't at all strong yet. I'm wondering if she can endure the hardships we'll encounter when, or if, we get away."

"Exactly what I was thinking. I've been considering another plan."

"Indeed?" O'Reilly scanned the face of his young friend with interest. He was beginning to have a high regard for Jacket's capabilities, and the boy's exploit of the night before certainly entitled him to be heard upon any subject.

"I told you about my friend at the market," the latter continued. "Well, he is a miserable Spaniard, but he has a son in the manigua."

"One of us?" Johnnie was surprised.

"Yes. The old fellow owns a volandra in which he brings charcoal from the eastward twice a month."

There was a moment of silence; then O'Reilly said, slowly, as if hesitating even to voice such a suggestion. "You mean—he might take us out of here—on his schooner?"

"Who knows? He's not a bad fellow and he likes me. But there would be no place for women."

"How well does he like you?"

"Oh, we are like two thieves."

After another period of thought O'Reilly said, "Take me to him, and remember I'm your brother Juan."

The Matanzas market did not present a scene of great activity when the two friends slunk into it. It was midday, and what food had earlier been offered for sale had for the most part long since disappeared. All but a few of the stalls were empty, and a number of emaciated reconcentrados were searching listlessly among them for neglected scraps, or imploring aid from such marketmen as still lingered about. Like most Spanish markets, the building was far from clean and housed odors unpleasant even to starving people. In the smelliest section, at one of the fish stalls, Jacket accosted a villainous old brigand in a rough Gallego cap, baggy blouse and trousers, and straw sandals.

"Good day, my Captain," he cried cheerily.

The Spaniard raised his head, scowled ferociously, then waved a long, thin-bladed knife in menacing fashion.

"Aha! So there you are, robber! Be off now before I slit your greedy little belly!" He spoke in an angry, husky voice. When Jacket stood his ground he reached for him with a hand upon which blood and fish scales had dried. "Didn't I promise to give you to the soldiers if you came back to bother me?"

Jacket was unabashed by this hostile reception. He grinned broadly and with an impudent eye he scanned the empty premises. "Where is my little fish" he demanded. "As I live, I believe you have sold it! God! What a miser! For the sake of another centavo you would see me starve? There's a heart for you!"

"Your little fish!" roared the brigand, slashing his blade on the filthy counter. "No shark ever stole so many fish as you. Come, I shall make an end of you, and have some peace. Starve? You? Bah! Your body is like a gourd."

"Yes, and quite as hollow. I starve because you possess a heart of stone. One little fish, no longer than your finger. Just one?"

"Not so much as a fin!" cried the man. "Can I feed all the rebels in Matanzas?"

"One little fish," Jacket wheedled, "for the sake of Miguelito, who is bravely fighting in the manigua, to the shame of his miserly old father, fattening on the groans of good patriots like me! Must I remind you again that Miguelito was my brother? That I have robbed my own belly in order to give him food?"

"Liar!"

"It is true."

"You never saw him."

"Miguel Morin? With a scar on his neck? The bravest boy in all the Orient? Ask him about Narciso Villar. Come, give me my fish! Or must I lie down and die before your very eyes to prove my hunger?"

"What a nuisance!" grumbled the marketman. He reached into a basket and flung a mackerel upon the table. "There! I saved it for you, and sent the good women of Matanzas away empty handed. But it is the very last. Annoy me again and I shall open you with my knife and put salt on you."

"Ah! You are my good captain!" Jacket cried in triumph, possessing himself of the prize. "Where would I have been but for you?" Turning to O'Reilly, who had looked on from a distance at this artificial quarrel, he said, "Capt. Morin, this is that brother Juan of whom I have told you."

Morin smiled at Johnnie and extended his dirty palm. "The little fellow can speak the truth when he wishes, it seems. I began to doubt that he had a brother. What a boy, eh?" Leaning closer, he whispered, hoarsely: "It is cheaper to give him a fish than to have him steal a whole basketful. But he is a great liar. Even yet I'm not sure that he knows my Miguelito."

"You have a son with the Insurrectos?"

"Yes." The fisherman cast a furtive glance over his shoulder. "He is a traitor of the worst sort, and I don't approve of him, but he's a brave boy and he loves fighting. Sometimes I get hungry to see him."

"Why don't you go and fight by his side?" Jacket demanded.

"God forbid!" Morin flung up his hands. "I'm a loyal subject."

"Well, we are going back to fight. We are going to escape and join Gomez once more!" Jacket made the announcement calmly.

"'S-sh! What talk!" Morin was in a nervous panic lest they be overheard. "As if anybody could escape from Matanzas! What made you come here if you are so eager to fight?"

"I'll tell you." O'Reilly assumed direction of the conversation. "There are three of us brothers, we two and Esteban, a pretty little fellow. He was captured by Cobo's men and driven in, and we came to find him."

"You came here—here to Matanzas?" Old Morin was incredulous. He muttered an oath. "That was a very nice thing to do. And did you find him?"

"Oh yes! That was easy enough, for the lad is deformed."

"Tse! Tse! What a pity!"

"But he is sick—dying—"

"Of course. They're all dying—the poor people! It is terrible."

"We—" O'Reilly faltered slightly, so much hung upon the manner in which Morin would take what he was about to say: "We want to get him out of here—we must do so, or we'll lose him."

Sensing some hidden significance, some obscure purpose behind this confession, the Spaniard looked sharply at the speaker. His leathery countenance darkened.

"Why are you telling me this?" he inquired. "What makes you think I won't betray you?"

"Something tells me you won't. You have a good heart, and you have kept Narciso from starving, for the sake of your own boy."

"Well?"

"Will you help us?"

"I? In Heaven's name, how?"

"By taking us away in your charcoal schooner."

(To Be Continued.)

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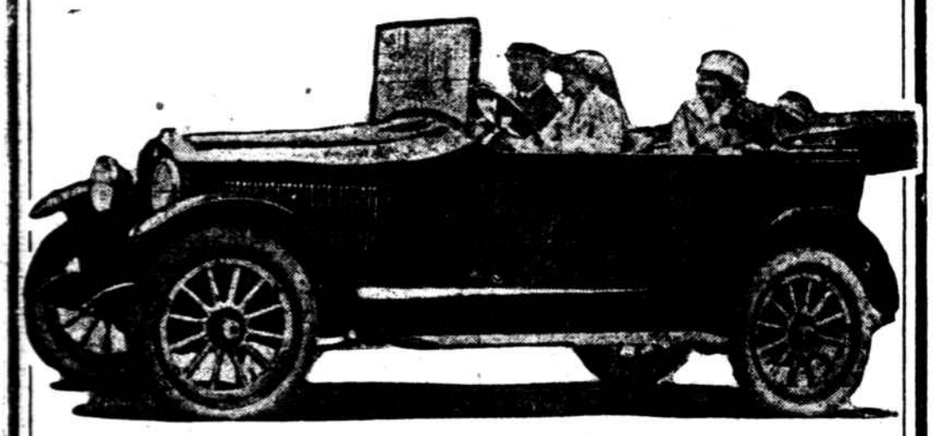

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