

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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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 rest 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.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Neither are you," he countered. "Nor it wouldn't be of any importance if we were, but we are not. I'm not asking you why you are working with your hands instead of your head, and I suppose you are not asking me. Who cares?"

"No one," dryly agreed Stanton. "But I can tell you that I am doing this to make money, and make it quick, and I would much prefer breaking my neck to living in the ruck of poverty. They are calling our train; you had better come."

"I'm supposed to keep in touch with Mr. Green," Floyd observed, gathering up his magazine with cheerful nonchalance. "He is worrying about me most of the time, for fear I'll lose my nerve and desert."

Which was not precisely what was worrying the assistant manager of the Mercury company, and perhaps Stanton of the rough temper knew it.

"I fancy your nerve will hold out, if your patience does," was his reply. "Patience is supposed to be a woman's art," doubted Floyd. "But I'll try to acquire it."

Stanton laughed briefly.

"I wouldn't give much for your chance of success, in that case. If I ever find a woman who will ride with me as you do, I will—marry her."

"Oh, no, you will not," contradicted the other, searching his pockets for a missing five. "You will marry a Fluffy Ruff, who will faint if you exceed the eight-mile-an-hour speed limit. And when you will quit racing and be spoiled for the Mercury Company, and all its rival manufacturers will chant for joy: 'A young man married is a young man married.'"

It was so long since any one had cared to talk nonsense to Stanton, not to mention airily teasing him, that he caught his breath in sheer astonishment. And then a tingling, human warmth and sense of comradeship succeeded. It was as if he had been living in a lonely, silent room, when unexpectedly some one opened the door and entered.

"I'm too busy," he retorted only, but his tone conveyed no rebuke.

They walked on down the room and out into the train shed. They were almost at the train itself, when Floyd stopped.

"Some one is calling you," he signified.

Stanton turned, and found a panting, black-gowned young woman behind him.

"My mistress bade me ask you to wait, sir," she apologized.

"Your mistress?"

She stepped aside, and he saw a tall, fair-haired girl, gowned with finished richness in a motor costume of pale-tan silk, who advanced with leisurely grace toward them.

"Miss Carlisle, sir," supplemented the maid.

"There is no need for you to go," Stanton checked, as Floyd moved to continue on his way. "Stay here."

He was obeyed without comment. The maid respectfully withdrew a few paces, when her mistress came up.

"What a place to meet a man of gasolene!" greeted Valerie Carlisle, in her low, assured tones. "Or are you also in distress, Mr. Stanton, and forced to prosaic train travel?"

Her manner was that of one meeting an ordinary acquaintance, she held out her hand, in its miniature gauntlet, with perfect ease. No one could have guessed how unconventional and slight had been their introduction.

"I am going to Massachusetts," Stanton answered as composure.

"To Massachusetts? But so are we! At least, we had everything arranged to motor out to our country place, until twenty minutes ago our chauffeur was taken violently ill. Now I suppose we must go by train—"

She broke the sentence, her large brown eyes sweeping Floyd with a deliberate question and scrutiny.

"Miss Carlisle, Mr. Floyd, whom you saw beside me for many hours at the Beach motordrome," Stanton made the presentation.

Her face cleared swiftly, he could have said it was relief which shod across her expression.

"Your mechanic? Is it possible? You also are going to Lowell, Mr. Floyd?"

"Yes, since my next work is there," Floyd replied, unsmiling and laconic.

It was evident he and Miss Carlisle disliked each other at sight.

She turned from him indifferently. "Mr. Stanton, I am going to make you a selfish invitation. Our place is about seventy-five miles from New York; will you not try our new motor car and give me the honor of being driven there by you? You could go on to Lowell with us to-morrow morning, or, if you insisted, finish the journey by train after dinner."

Amazed, Stanton looked at her. Once again he mentally asked himself what she could want of him.

"Thank you; I have arranged to take this train," he declined.

"Decidedly?"

"Decidedly, Miss Carlisle."

She bent her head, patting her small tan shoe on the platform. She was even more handsome than his night glimpse of her had shown, with an ivory-tinted, cultivated beauty whose one defect was coldness.

"Of course, I can not urge you," she slowly rejoined. "But stroll back to the depot with me, pray; I had something to say."

"My train," he began.

"Is my train also, since you will not take me in the motor-car. We have time enough; I inquired of the conductor, a moment ago."

Floyd bowed and stepped aboard the train, leaving the two to walk back together, followed by the maid.

"I wanted to ask you of the race," Miss Carlisle said, when they were quite at the end of the long platform. The speech remained unfinished.

There was a shouted order, the cough of the locomotive mingled with the ring and jangle of tightening couplings, and the Lowell express pulled out of the shed. Stanton wheeled with an ejaculation, but halted without attempting useless pursuit.

"How very unfortunate!" murmured Miss Carlisle, putting aside her tan silk veils. "How very stupid of the conductor!"

Stanton turned from the departing train to the tranquilly regretful girl, his straight dark brows knitting. For the instant he could have been certain that she had done this intentionally and by a pre-arranged plan. But at once reason reclaimed him; he recalled her breeding, her father's high position and wealth, her composed worldliness, and ridiculed himself.

"Since I have made you miss your train, and missed my own, I can only repeat my former suggestion," she added, as he did not speak. "Why should you not come with my father and me in our car? It is only a three or four hour trip, and you will be so much nearer Lowell, at least. I am

"It is a good car," he agreed conservatively; privately he considered it both too high and too heavy for racing work.

"Only that? You say only that? But wait, you have not driven it. When papa comes we can start."

Mr. Carlisle was coming; a spare, nervous gentleman who wore glasses set on a Roman nose, from which they slipped monotonously. He and Stanton had once met at the Mercury office, where one was arranging for a tire contract, and the other was signing an agreement to drive for the season. They recognized each other now, while Miss Carlisle concisely outlined the situation.

"A most astonishing affair," commented her father. "Very kind of you, Mr. Stanton, indeed. These railroad men are careless. Valerie—"

Miss Carlisle declined the invitation to enter the tonneau.

"I shall ride beside Mr. Stanton," she announced. "I wish to see expert driving at close range, for once."

"Ah?" queried Stanton; suddenly the conviction that she had done this purposely flared up anew, and with it his anger. She would have a racing driver for her chauffeur? Very well. He swung into the seat.

Until they were out of the city, he drove with a wise obedience to traffic regulations. But when the country line was reached, Stanton stopped the car, donned a small pair of goggles from his overcoat pocket, and passed his hat back to Mr. Carlisle's care.

"I am sorry I had no time to get into motor clothes," he observed, a little too pleasantly. "Still we will manage."

They made the next ten miles in ten minutes, having a fair road. Then rough hills and villages somewhat lowered their pace. It was a dizzying rush through a gale of wind, a birdlike clearing of the summer air, accompanied by the weird howl of the electric horn upon which Stanton kept a finger much of the time, a vision of scattering wagons.

There was a curious circumstance. Valerie Carlisle literally covered in her seat, pale, shivering, usually with her eyes shut. Yet she, the imperious demander of her own way, uttered no remonstrance, although faintly crying out once or twice when they slid by some obvious danger of cliff or road. Stanton saw, from the corner of his eye, and speculated as he drove.

"Do you think this is safe?" Mr. Carlisle found an opportunity to urge.

"I think so, if nothing breaks," Stanton called back, twisting the car around a load of hay.



He Drove With a Wise Obedience to Traffic Regulations.

sorry our chauffeur is ill, so I am forced to ask you to drive. Of course, if you fear tiring yourself for a race day after tomorrow—"

Stanton started to speak, then abruptly shrugged his shoulders. After all, why not?

"Thank you," he returned. "I scarcely think a seventy-five mile run will incapacitate me."

"You will come?" Her amber eyes gleamed vividly. "You are too good. Let us find my father and the car. It is at least a car worthy of you—a better than the Mercury, I confess to thinking."

"A foreign machine?"

"No, an Atlanta Six. Martha, find papa in the station and ask him to come out to the car."

They emerged by a side exit into the noisy, dirty, sunny New York street.

"Is it not well designed, well swung?" she challenged. "It is fast on the race track—you know that. Is it not handsome?"

She spoke eagerly, with more animation than he had yet seen in her. Stanton ran a careless glance over the big, tan-colored automobile standing by the curb.

They reached their destination in two hours and ten minutes. When they entered the village limits and the speed fell to fifteen miles an hour, Mr. Carlisle slowly revived, and regained his breath and his glasses. His daughter released her grasp of the seat, raised a shaking hand to touch veils and bonnet, then passed a handkerchief across her dry lips and looked up at the man beside her.

"How do you like the car?" she asked.

Stanton surveyed her, almost surprised into compunction.

"It hasn't the Mercury's pull, to be perfectly frank," he answered. "It is a trifle heavy and less lively. But it is a fine machine, and of course you do not want to race with it."

"Of course I do not want to race with it," she slowly assented, and averted her face from him, watching the streets.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If You Desire Success.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, caution your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

Little New in Style of the Coiffures of To-Day



Coiffures are still following the fashions of fifty years ago or of those even further back. They are glossy, parted, dressed close to the head and are neat looking. The ears are covered in all of them and in almost every one the hair is waved a little or curled about the face.

The part is not always at the middle, but in the majority of cases it is. A little, very short and light fringe across the middle of the forehead is becoming to some faces. There is almost no arrangement so pretty for a low forehead as the middle part and occasionally it is good on a high forehead.

The hair is arranged in coils at the back of the head above the nape of the neck. Occasionally one sees soft braids wound about the head. When there is a scant supply of hair the small chignon of puffs takes the place of coils.

Not so many bands are worn now except for the evening headdress. Strands of pearls or a narrow band of rhinestones provide the finishing touch for these demure coiffures. The styles were never more fascinating, never displayed the adorably lovely hues of beautiful heads or the luster and color of hair to better advantage.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

VARIED ORNAMENTS FOR HATS

Woman Who Seeks Something New Has But to Make the Round of the Various Shops.

It is entirely due to the hat ornament that the chapeau can be put in the class of the irresistible. So varied and clever are the little decorations that they demand a special description in this big fashion story.

One charming ring, through which loops of moire ribbon are run at the side of a straw turban, is of circles of wooden beads in the Bulgarian colors.

On a hat by Jeanne Lanvin a flat rose of two shades of yellow wool is surrounded by a disk of brown and green silk leaves, folded from picot ribbon and tinted with water-colors.

A high semi-circle of pleated velvet ribbon is made of three rows, held at the lower edge by a flat folded bow. This ornament, in turn, holds in place a cluster of soft coq feathers.

Peacock feathers form two rows around an iridescent blue and green jewel.

A fan of peacock's wings is caught down on a brim by a butterfly of silk with jewels and embroidered coin spots.

Very simple is a ring of knotted moire ribbon in two colors, orange and brown, surrounding a yellow rose made of swirled mousseline.

Scarabs in turquoise and lava are being used to form centers of feather cabochons.

The "flight" of little tailored bows is still seen up the side of high brims.

Ribbon pompons are wired and top covered stems. These are made of overlapped loops around each other.

Question marks, so prominent in coq and other feather quills, are being duplicated in stiffened grasses and ribbon-covered wires.

Picot ribbon, especially in the embroidered Bulgarian styles, will be used for tailored bands around the crowns.

Chintz and cretonne flowers are being cut out and laid in flat borders around wide brims of garden hats before the covering of yellow chiffon is applied.

The butterfly of lace, net and beaded gauze has been added to flower-trimmed hats.

STUNNING SPRING SUIT



Tailor made suit of green and gray checked wool with cutaway jacket and green taffeta cuffs and collar.

New Aprons.

There seems to be a fad for wearing aprons. Probably the days when "best" black silk aprons were a part of the wardrobes of many old ladies and muslin, swiss and lace aprons were worn by many younger women when they sat down to sew or stood up to dust will not return, but aprons are enjoying a popularity they have not had for a long time. A wonderful gown of lace and mull and marquisette thickly embroidered reflects the fad for aprons. It is made with bodice in peasant fashion and under the girdle is fastened as part of the gown a diminutive embroidered apron with two lace-edged pockets.

Smart Neck Bows.

Smart bows to wear with wash blouses are made of four short, straight, lined pieces of ribbon, so sharply pointed that when caught by the tight knot at the center, they look like the petals of a chrysanthemum. These bows are of gros-grain ribbon in black or a color. When in color they are slipped through horn rings of the same shade; one ring is placed at each end of the knot, and these rings are caught together in the middle on the under side of the ribbon knot to form a fastening clasp or buckle.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 13. JACOB AT BETHEL.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 28:10-22. GOLDEN TEXT—"I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest." Gen. 28:15.

Esau, like the foolish virgins, became wise after his opportunity had passed. Though there was a partial subsequent reformation (28:6-9) it was not real repentance. Jacob was obliged to flee from his brother's anger. In order to get him off in safety Rebekah prompted Isaac to send Jacob to her brother Laban, ostensibly to seek a wife (27:46), but in reality "for a few days," that he might escape Esau's wrath.

Couch of Stones.

I. The Refuge, vv. 10, 11. Every wrong act entails retribution. Leaving the luxurious home in Beersheba, Jacob went towards Haran, which name signifies "a parched place." Out yonder in the desert at a certain place, not any particular one, this refugee tarried during the long cold hours of the night. Gathering a few stones as a rude couch, Jacob slept. There are three things to consider about him that night: (1) He was lonely, which gave him time to meditate upon his life and his actions; (2) he was in a great fear (27:43), which of course quickened his thoughts as to the ultimate outcome of these experiences, and (3) he was certainly weary. What a picture, a weary, troubled, sinful fugitive whose experience had brought him to a time and into surroundings wherein he was compelled to think on his ways.

If only men would think and not stifle conscience more of them would throw themselves upon the mercy of a loving father.

II. The Revelation, vv. 12-15. Jacob was not in reality alone. Both God and his angels were there in that lonely desert place, Ps. 34:7-13:7. It was not an accident that caused Jacob to dream that night. Undoubtedly this dream came from God. Dreams were frequently used of God as a means of revelation, a method that is not needful now that we have the holy spirit, John 7:13. Verily all heaven was at Jacob's right hand.

There are three distinguishing features about this revelation: (1) The Ladder. This might have been suggested to Jacob by the nature of the mountainous country over which he had been or was passing. A ladder is a means whereby we attain unto the higher things; (2) The Angels. They were first ascending, then descending; suggesting, in his extremity, Jacob's ascending prayer and God's descending answer thereto. In this the hour of Jacob's deepest trial God stood at the top of the ladder ready to reveal himself and to succor; see 35:3. There is in point of fact a close and a real connection between earth and heaven, only a veil intervenes. Jesus is our means of communication between a holy God and sinful men. John 14:6, Heb. 10:19, 20; (3) God, Jehovah introduced himself in a most gracious and comforting manner. He it was (v. 13) that had protected and guided Jacob's father and grandfather.

Jacob Arose.

III. The Result, vv. 16-22. Jacob awakened and the ladder was removed, but the revelation remained. The presence, the keeping power, the guidance and the ultimately finished work in Jacob's life remained after the dream had passed. So much was he impressed with this that he exclaims: "Surely the Lord is in this place." Jacob's fear (v. 17) is the beginning of wisdom, Ps. 111:10, see also 32:28. The words "gate of heaven," v. 17, signifies the gate to a populous city; in like manner we have the promise of an encamping host ever about us, Ps. 84:7, 2; Kings 6:16, 17. Jacob went a step further, he arose, signifying action. It is not enough to have a vision. Godly fear is always accompanied by action. Taking of the thing at hand, a stone, Jacob erected a memorial, and pouring oil (consecration) upon it, he called the name of that place Bethel, the house of God. In like manner God would have us to take of the common things of our every-day life and erect a holy memorial out of them to the honor and glory of his name. 'Twas not alone the place of vision, but also of prayer, and true prayer involves work.

This lesson is a wonderful revelation of the love, grace and patience of God watching over and dealing with one of his erring children. Jacob had forfeited his home by his folly. Note his surprised expression, "Surely the Lord was in this place and I knew it not."

Another great lesson is that of the close connection of God and of heaven with men and affairs here on this earth, man's nearness to God. Divine revelation and human humbling are always closely connected. Jacob recognized the divine revelation, and believed in the promise and purpose of Jehovah, another evidence of his superiority over Esau. Jacob, it is evident, had a desire to have some part in God's plan, and though unworthy, by discipline was brought into a large place in that plan. God has a plan for every life in the consummation of his larger purposes.