A NOVEL A WEEK
—Next Week—
THE WHITE SAPPHIRE
By Lee Foster Hartman

"BLISTER JONES"

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Blister Jones is a horse trainer, particular friend of a newspaper sport writer who tells the story, using Blister's own words.

..Blister was brought up on the race track, his first appearance there being when he was too small to even cross a saddle. First he was a jockey, but the story opens with him as a successful trainer with a large stable of winners.

..Blister talks nothing but the slang of the race track, and in reality knows nothing else. He is much more apt to call a horse a "bird" or a "dog" than by its right name.

But with it all Blister is a diamond in the rough, and his big heart has won him many friends. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER II.

Salvation.

At the invitation of Blister Jones I had come from the city'a heat to witness the morning "work-outs." For two hours horse after horse had shot by.

It was fairly cool under the big tree by the track fence, and the click of Blister's stop-watch, with his varied comments on what those clicks recorded, drifted out of my consciousness.

"Here's one bred to suit you!" rasped a nasal voice, and I sat up, half awake, to observe a tall man lead a thoroughbred on to the track and "throw" a boy into the tiny saddle.

"Why?" Blister questioned.

"He's by Salvation," explained the tall man, as he started up the track, watch in hand.

Blister followed the colt with his eyes. "Ever hear of Salvation?" he finally asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"Well, I brings out Salvation as a three-year-old, 'n' what happens is quite a bunch of chatter—want to hear it?"

"You know it," I said, "dropping into Blister's vernacular.

"That's pretty good for you," he said grinning at my slang. "Well, to begin with, I'm in Loueyville. It's in the fall, 'n' my string's been shipped South, 'n' I thinks I'll knock around Kentucky fur a couple of weeks, 'n' see if I can't pick up some hosses to train.

"One mawnin' I'm in the Galt House, 'n' I see Peewee Simpson settin' in the lobby.

"We exchanges a few remarks, 'n' then Peewee tells me he's come to Loueyville to buy some yearlin's fur ole man Harris.

"'There's a dispersal sale to morrow at the Goodloe farm,' says Peewee. 'N' I hear there's some real nice stuff going under the hammer. General Goodloe died this spring. They cleaned him in a cotton deal last year 'n' now their goin' to sell the whole works—studs, brood mares, colts — everything; plows, too—you want a plow?'

"'Where's this farm at?' I says.

"'Over in Franklin County,' says Peewee. 'I'm goin' over—want to go 'long?'

"'You're on,' I says.

"We gets off the train next mawnin' at a little burg called Goodloe, 'n' there's three or four ratty-lookin' ole rigs to drive hossmen out to the sale. It's a fierce drive, 'n' I wash I hadn't come.

"But when we gets to the farm I'm glad I come. Man, that was some farm! Miles of level bluegrass pasture, with white fences cuttin' it up into squares, barns 'n' paddocks 'n' sheds, all painted white, just scattered around by the dozen. There's a track to work hosses on, too, but it's pretty much growed up with weeds. The main house is back in some big trees. It's brick 'n' has two porches, one on top of the other, all the way around it.

"The sale is just startin' when we get there. The auctioneer is in the judge's stand at the track 'n' the hosses is showed in the stretch.

"The first thing to sell is brood mares, 'n' they're as good a lot as I ever looks over. I loses Peewee in the crowd, 'n' climbs on to a shed roof to see better.

"'THERE'S A NAME,' I SAYS. 'CALL HIM SALVATION.'"

"Pretty soon here comes a real ole darkey leadin' a mare that looks to be about as old as the darky. At that she showed class. Her head's still fine, 'n' her legs ain't got so much as a pimple on 'em.

"'Number eleven in your catalogue, gentlemen!' says the auctioneer. 'Mary Goodloe—what's the use of tellin' you her breedin', you all know her! Gentlemen,' he says, 'how many of you can say you ever owned a Kentucky Derby winner? Well, here's your chance to own one! This mare won the derby in—er—'

"'Eighty-three, suh—I saw her do it,' says a man with a white mustache.

"'Eighty-three, thank you, Colonel. You have a fine memory,' says the auctioneer. 'I saw her do it, too. Now, gentlemen,' he says, 'what am I offered for this grand old mare? She's the dam of six winners—three of 'em stake hosses. Kindly start the bidding.'

"'Twenty dollahs!' says the ole darky who has hold of the mare.

"'Fifty!' says some one else.

"'Hole on dah,' sings out the ole darky. 'I'se just 'bliged to tell you folks I'se pu'chasin' dis hyar mare fo' Miss Sally Goodloe!'

"The auctioneer looks at the guy who bids fifty.

"'I withdraw that bid,' says the guy.

"'Sold to you for twenty dollars, Uncle Jake,' says the auctioneer. 'Bring on number 12!'

"'Hyah's yo' twenty dollahs,' says the ole darky, fishin' out a roll of raggedy bills and passin' 'em up to the stand.

"'Thank you, Uncle Jake. Come to the clerk for your bill of sale this evenin',' says the auctioneer.

"I watches the sale a while longer, 'n' then goes out to the colt barn 'n' begins to ramble around, lampin' things in general. I comes to a shed full of plows, 'n' I'm standin' there when a black chap comes 'round the shed 'n' sees me lookin' at the plows.

"'Fine plows, sah, an' vehy cheap,' he says.

"'Do I look like I needs a plow?' I says to him.

"'No, sah,' says the darky, lookin' me over. 'I cyant rightly say you favohs plowin', but howkum you ain' tendin' de sale?'

"'I don't see nothin' over there that suits me,' I says.

He is sore in a minute.

"'You is suttanly hard to please, white man,' he says. 'Ain' no finah colts in Kaintucky dan dem.'

"'That may be so, but how about Tennessee?' I says, just to get him goin'.

"'Tennessee! Tennessee!' he says. 'Why, we does de fahm wuck wid likelier colts dan dey sends to de races.'

"'I've seed some nifty babies down there,' I says.

"'Look-a-hyar, man!' he says, 'you want to see a colt what am a colt?'

"'Lead me to it,' I say to him, 'n' he takes me over to a long lane with paddocks down each side of it. All the paddocks is empty but two. In the first one is the ole mare, Mary Goodloe; 'n' next to her is a slashin' big chestnut colt.

"'Cast yo' eyes on dat one!' says the darky.

I just looks at that colt. I never sees one like him before nor since.

"'How 'bout him, boss?' says the darky after a while.

"'Well,' I says, 'they broke the mold when they made that one!'

"'Dar's de mold,' he says, pointin' to the ole mare in the next paddock. 'She's his mammy. Dat's Mahey Goodloe, named fo' ole Miss Goodloe what's dade. Dat mare win de derby.'

"'When does this colt sell?' I asks him.

"'He ain' fo' sale,' says the darky. 'De estate doan own him. De General done gib him to Miss Sally when de colt's bohn.'

"Where's she at now?' I says. I had to own that colt if my roll could reach him—I knowed that 'fore I'd looked at him a minute.

"'Up to de house, mos' likely,' says he. 'You'd better save yo' shoe leather, boss. She ain' gwine to sell dat colt no matter what happens.'

"I beats it up to the big house, but when I gets there I see nobody's livin' in it. So I oozes back to the barns 'n' collars the sales clerk.

"'I'm a-lookin' fur Miss Goodloe,' I tells him. 'I've been told she's at the house, but I've just been up there 'n' they ain't even furniture in it.'

"'No,' says the clerk; 'the furniture was sold to a New York collector two weeks ago. Miss Goodloe is livin' in the head trainer's house across the road yonder. She won't have that long, I don't reckon, though I did hear she's fixin' to buy it when the farm sells, with some money ole Mrs. Goodloe left her.'

"I goes over to the little house the clerk points out, 'n' knocks. A right fat black woman comes to the door.

"'What you want?' she says.

"'I want to see Miss Goodloe,' I says.

"'You cyant see her. She ain't seein' nobody,' says the woman, 'n' starts to shut the door.

"'Wait a minute, aunty,' I says, 'I got to see her—it's business, sure-enough business.'

"'Doan you aunty me!' says she. 'Now, you take yo' business with you an' ramble! Bisniss has done sole off eve'y stick an' stone we got! I doan want to hyar no mo' 'bout bisniss long as I live'—'n' bang goes the door.

"I waits a minute 'n' then knocks again—nothin' doin'. I knocks fur five minutes steady. Pretty soon here she comes, but this time she's got a big brass-handled poker with her.

"'Ef I has to clout you ovah de haid wid dis pokah you ain' gwine to transack no mo' bisniss fo' a tollable long time!' she says. She's mad all right, 'n' she hollers this at me pretty loud.

"'Fore I can say anythin' a dame steps out in the hall 'n' looks at me 'n' the woman 'n' the poker.

"'What's the matter, Liza?' she says, 'n' her voice is good to listen at. You don't care what she says, just so she keeps a-sayin' it. She's got on a white dress with black fixin's on it 'n' she just suits her dress, 'cause her hair is dark 'n' her face is white, 'n' she has great big eyes. She ain't very tall, but she makes me feel littler'n her when she looks at me. She's twenty-four or five, mebby, but I'm a bum guesser at a dame's age.

"'Dis pusson boun' he gwine to see you an' I boun' he ain,. Miss Sally,' says aunty. The little dame comes out on the porch.

"'I am Miss Goodloe,' she says to me. 'What do you wish?'

"'I want to buy a hoss from you, ma'am,' I says to her.

"'The horses are being sold across the way at that biggest barn,' she says.

"'Yes'm,' I says, 'I've just come from there. I—'

"'Have you been watching the sale?' she says, breakin' in.

"'Yes'm—some,' I says.

"'Liza, you may go to your kitchen now,' she says. 'Can you tell me if they have sold the mare, Mary Goodloe, yet?' she says to me when the woman's gone.

"'Yes'm,' she was sold,' I says.

She flinches like I'd hit her 'n' I sees her chin begin to quiver, but she bites her lip 'n' I looks off down the road to give her a chance. Pretty soon she's back fur more. I'm feelin' like a hound.

"'Do you know who bought her?' she says.

"'A old darky they call Uncle Jake buys her,' I says.

"'Uncle Jake!' she says. 'Are you sure? Was he an old man with poor eyesight?'

"'He was old all right,' I says. 'But I don't notice about his eyes. He give twenty dollars fur her.'

"'Is that all she brought?' she says.

"'Well, she brings more,' I says, 'only the ole man makes a speech 'n' tells 'em he's buying her fur you. Everybody quit biddin' then.' She stands there a minute, her eyes gettin' bigger 'n' bigger. I never see eyes so big 'n' soft 'n' dark.

"'Would you do me a favor?' she says at last.

"'Fifty of 'em,' I says. She gives me a little smile.

"'One's all that's necessary, thank you,' she says. 'Will you find Uncle Jake for me and tell him I wish to see him?'

"'You bet I will,' I says, 'n' I beats it over to the barns. . . I finds Uncle Jake, 'n' he's got weak eyes all right—he can't hardly see. He's got rheumatism, too—he's all crippled up with it. When I get back with him, Miss Goodloe's still standin' on the porch.

"'I want to find out who bought old Mary, Uncle Jake,' she says. 'Do you know?'

"'I was jus' fixin' to come over hyar an' tell you de good news, Miss Sally,' says Uncle Jake. 'When dey puts ole Mahey up fo' sale, she look pow'ful o'e an' feeble. De auctioneer jes 'seeches 'em fo' to make some sawt o' bid, but hit ain' no use. Dey doan' nobody want her. Hit look lak de auctioneer in a bad hole—he doan' know what to do zakly. Hit's gittin' mighty 'bahassin' fo' him, so I say to him: "Mr. Auctioneer, I ain' promisin' nothin', but Miss Sally Goodloe mought be willin' to keep dis hyar ole mare fo' 'membrance sake." De auctioneer am mighty tickled, an' he say, "Uncle Jake, ef Miss Sally will 'soom de 'sponsibility ob dis ole mare, hit would 'blige me greatly." Dat's howkum ole Mahey back safe in de paddock, an' dey ain' nobody gwine to take her away fum you, honey!'

"'Uncle Jake,' says Miss Goodloe, 'where is your twenty dollars you got for that tobacco you raised?'

"'Ain' I tole you 'bout dat, Miss Sally? Dat mis'able money done skip out an' leave thoo a hole in ma packet,' says Uncle Jake, 'n' pulls one of his pants pockets inside out. Sure enough there's a big hole in it.

"'Didn't I give you a safety pin to pin that money in your inside coat pocket?' says Miss Goodloe.

"'Yess'm, dat's right,' he says. 'But I'se countin' de money one day an' a span ob mules broke loose an' stahts lickety-brindle fo' de bahn, an' aimin' to ketch de mules, I pokes de money in de pocket wid de hole. I ain't neber see dat no-'coun' money sence.'

Miss Goodloe looks at him fur a minute.

"Uncle Jake....oh....Uncle Jake . . 'she says. 'These are the things I just can't stand!' Her eyes fill up, 'n' while she bites her lip again, it ain't no use. Two big tears roll down her cheeks. 'I'll see you in a moment,' she says to me, 'n' goes inside.

"'Bad times! Bad times, pow'ful bad times!' says Uncle Jake, 'n' hobbles away a-mutterin' to hisself.

"It's begun to get under my skin right. I'm feelin' queer, 'n' I gets to thinkin' I'd better beat it. 'Don't be a fool!' I says to myself. 'You ain't had nothin' to do with the cussed business 'n' you can't help it none. If you don't buy this colt somebody else will.' So I sets on the edge of the porch 'n' waits. It ain't so long till Miss Goodloe comes out again. I gets up 'n' takes off my hat.

"'What horse do you wish to buy?' she says.

"'The big chestnut colt of Mary Goodloe's,' I says. 'They tell me you own him.'

"'Oh, I can't sell him!' she buckin' toward the door. 'No one has ever ridden him but me.'

"'Is he fast?' I asks her.

"'Of course,' she says.

"'Is he mannered?' I asks.

"'Perfectly,' she says.

"'He ain't never seen a barrier, I suppose?' I says.

"'He's broken to the barrier,' she says then.

"'Who schools him?' I says. 'You tells me nobody's been on him but you—'

"'I schooled him at the barrier with the other two-year-olds,' she says.

"'Whee!' I says. 'You must be able to ride some. Are you sure you won't sell him?'

"'Positive,' she says, 'n' I see she means it.

"'What you goin' to do with him?' I says. 'Don't you know it's wicked not to give that colt a chance to show what he can do?'

"'I know it is,' she says. 'But I have no money for training expenses.'

"I studies a minute, 'n' all of a sudden it comes to me. 'You were just achin' to help this little dame a while ago,' I says to myself. 'Here's a chance . . . . be a sport!' The colt might make good, 'n' she could use a thousand or so awful easy.

"'Miss Goodloe,' I says out loud, 'I might as well tell you I'm in love with that colt.' She gives me a real sweet smile.

"'Isn't he a darling?' she says, her face lightin' up.

"'That isn't the way I'd put it,' I says, 'but I guess we mean the same. Now, I'm a race-horse trainer. You read these letters from people I'm workin' fur, 'n' then I'll tell you what I want to do.' I fishes out a bunch of letters from my pocket 'n' she sets down on the steps 'n' begins to read 'em solemn as owls.

"'Why do they call you Blister?' she asks, lookin' up from a letter.

"'That's a nickname,' I says.

"'Oh,' she says, 'n' goes on readin'. When she gets through she hands the letters to me. 'They seem to have a lot of confidence in you, Blis—Mr. Jones,' she says.

"'Stick to Blister,' I says. ' 'n' I'll always come when I'm called.'

"'Very well, Blister,' she says. 'Now, why did you wish me to read those letters?'

"'I asks you to read them letters, because I got a hunch that colt's a winner, 'n' I want to take a chance on him,' I says. ' I got a string of hosses at New Awlins—now, you let me ship that colt down there 'n' 'll get him ready. I'll charge you seventy-five a month to be paid out his winnin's. If he don't win—no charge. Is it a go?' She don't say nothin' fur quite a while. 'I sees a dozen hossmen I knows over at the sale,' I says. 'If you want recommends I can get any of 'em to come over 'n' speak to you about me.'

"'No, I feel that you are trustworthy,' she says, 'n' goes to studyin' some more. 'What I should like to know,' she says after while, 'is this: Do trainers make a practice of taking horses at the same terms you have just offered me?'

"'Sure they do,' I lies, lookin' her in the eye. 'Any trainer'll take a chance on a promisin' colt.'

She don't say nothin' fur maybe five minutes, then she gets up 'n' looks at me steady.

"'You may take him,' she says, 'n' walks into the house.

"I finds Uncle Jake 'n' eases him two bucks. He tells me there's a train at nine that evenin'. I sends him to the depot to fix it so I can take the colt to Loueyville in the express car.

"The sun's goin' down when we starts fur the depot, Uncle Jake drivin', 'n' me settin' behind, leadin' the colt.

"I sends word to Miss Goodloe we're comin', 'n' she's waitin' at the gate. The colt nickers when he sees her, 'n' she comes 'n' takes the lead strap from me. Then she holds up her finger at the colt.

"'Now, Boy-baby?' she says, 'everything depends on you—yu're all mammy has in the world . will you do your best for her sake?' The colt paws 'n' arches his neck. 'See, he says he will!' she says to me.

"'What's his name?' I asks her.

"'Oh, dear, he hasn't any!' she says. 'I've always called him Boy-baby.'

"'He can't race under that,' I says.

"'Between now and the time he starts I'll think of a name for him,' she says. 'Do you really believe he can win?'

"'They tell me his dam wins twenty thousand the first year she raced,' I says.

"'He'd be our salvation if he did that,' she says.

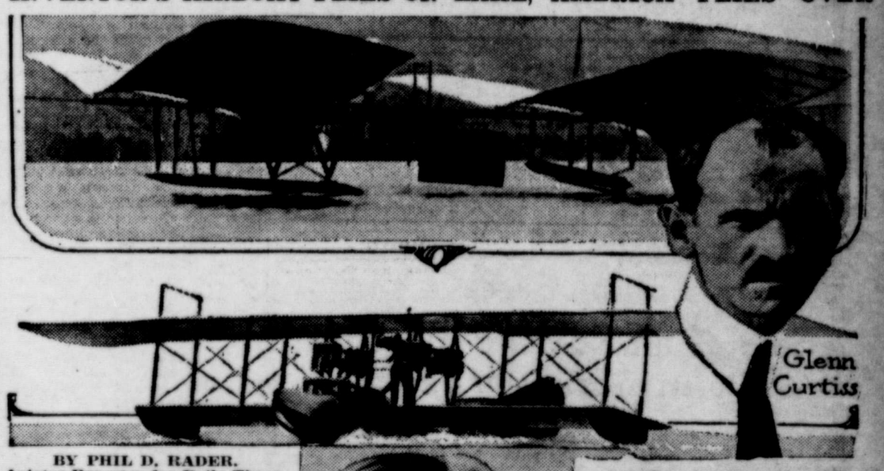
"'There's a name,' I says. 'Call his Salvation!' She says it over two or three times.

"'Very well. Boy-baby,' she says to the colt. 'I christen thee Salvation, with this lump of sugar. That's a fine name! Always bear it bravely.' Then she hands me the lead strap 'n' steps aside. 'Goodby and good luck!' she says.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

"LANGLEY'S FOLLY" IN THE RIGHT HANDS WENT UP IN THE AIR

INVENTOR'S AIRBOAT FLIES ON LAKE, AMERICA FLIES OVER



BY PHIL D. RADER.
Aviator-Reporter for Daily Times.

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., July 28.—Remember "Langley's Folly?"

And how the whole world laughed?

Today "Langley's Folly" has the laugh on all the world!

For years and years Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution labored to perfect a machine that would fly. The government supplied him with funds; but people mocked him as a visinary.

Langley actually perfected his machine. On Dec. 8, 1903, a crowd gathered on the banks of the Potomac to watch him launch it.

C. M. Manly, Langley's engineering genius, sat in the pilot's boat, situated between the tandem planes. The machine was thrown into space from the top of a houseboat by a catapult. The prow reared up in the air. The machine toppled over, backward—and flopped ignominiously into the river!

Manly was carried down, tangled in the wires. With extraordinary coolness he cut the strands with a pair of pliers—it was over a minute that he was below water—and came to the surface.

Dr. A. F. Zahm

Above the first aeroplane, the 11-year-old "Langley's Folly," which Glenn Curtiss proved would fly, years after the inventor died of a broken heart. Underneath is the trans-Atlantic hydroaeroplane—"America."

A few years later Professor Langley died, heart-broken, before the public had retracted its ridicule.

A trifle over ten years afterwards—just the the other day, in fact—I saw Glenn H. Curtiss take that "failure"—the identical Langley machine, with the identical Langley motor—out on Lake Keuka here and FLY it. He soared up from the water in beautiful flight, carrying 300 pounds MORE than the weight Professor Langley had expected his machine would take!

Manly, the original pilot of "Langley's Folly," was on hand to watch the triumph.

Altogether, it was one of the most dramatic and significant events of modern times—yet it has passed almost unnoticed!

"The Langley machine was unquestionably the FIRST aeroplane in the world with adequate stability and power to carry a man in a prolonged flight!"

The speaker is Dr. Albert F. Zahm—and all aviators reverence the name.

Dr. Zahm is governor of the Aero Club of America, highest authority on the science of aviation and aero-dynamics, and one of the two scientists who did the mathematical and laboratory work that has made the "America" the air's first equivalent of ocean liners.

Great Jewel Robbery at House Party

"THE WHITE SAPPHIRE"

By Lee Foster Hartman

NEXT NOVEL A WEEK IN THE TIMES

It's a thrilling mystery story and one of the summer's most successful books.

The scene is laid in a wealthy home and despite the loss of her jewels the pretty girl heroine has a ripping good time.

It's a Vacation Story in which the characters play tennis, canoe, motor and make love with all the humanity of real flesh and blood.

Although it is the author's first book it is more than well written. It not only holds the interest, but each of the characters assume a distinct personality and the reader feels that he is going through their experiences with them.

Don't Miss "The White Sapphire"

Starts Monday — Ends Saturday