

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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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. They talk to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At night Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

"I am alone in the crowd, too," he rejoined. "If I thought Floyd would not object, or feel that I took advantage of his absence, I should ask if you would do me so much honor as to go to the theater with me, this evening."

Her gray eyes widened, the color flushed through her transparent skin. Suddenly and vividly Stanton was reminded of Floyd's face on the first night when he invited the mechanic to race with him for the season. "You are asking me?" she doubted. "I would like to do so. But not if you think Floyd would refuse to let me, if he were here. He can't have much of an opinion of me."

"I wish I might tell you what Jessica of you," she made grave answer. "I am quite sure that he would go with you, Mr. Stanton; you are very good and I thank you from bottom of my heart."

The little old Irishwoman in black silk opened the door for him, beaming and smiling. Amazed at himself, bewildered by a sense of having seen Floyd and yet not seen him, Stanton went down into the practical city street.

He spent two hours in selecting an irreproachable play and theater; a task of some delicacy in this native town. After which, he ate a perfunctory dinner and went home to dress. Stanton, whose overbearing willfulness spared no one, whose rough tongue hurt his mechanic as often as they met, would no more have taken Floyd's sister to dine with him in a public restaurant without Floyd's permission, than he would have stolen his purse.

It was a dazzling Jessica whom he found waiting for him, at the appointed hour. Yet she was simply gowned in delicate gray, with a demure lace collar that came up to her round chin, and long lace sleeves. It was her hard, expressive face; the bronze curls massed under the wide gray hat, the splendid glow and young vitality of her, that made people look and look again. Stanton approved of her unreservedly; he had fixed masculine notions of what women should wear in public places.

On her left arm, over the transparent sleeve, she wore an antique silver bracelet fully four inches in breadth; a singular ornament, set with dull turquoise matrix. When Stanton assisted her to remove her cloak, at the theater, she suddenly winced.

"The bracelet—it caught my arm," she explained, before he could question. "It is too heavy, really, to wear."

But nevertheless, she did not take it off, and several times through the evening touched her gloved finger to the silver band as if to assure herself that it was in place. A souvenir, perhaps, Stanton idly reflected. He was too much interested in the wearer to pay heed to the bracelet. Except for the hours passed with Floyd, he had never experienced anything like this satisfying companionship.

The performance had ended, and Stanton was carefully pivoting his charge through the slow-moving mass of people, when he heard his own name exclaimed. He glanced around, and saw Valerie Carlisle coming down the stairs from the boxes, her large, amber eyes fixed upon him. Under the strong light, in her elaborate pale-green gown, her shoulders bare and showing salmon-white where her cloak had slipped back, her blonde hair circled with a wreath of green enameled and jeweled leaves, she was conspicuous enough to draw the glances of all those passing, as well as that of the man she called. Stanton bowed and would have continued on his way, but she called a second time, adding a gesture of summons.

"Mr. Stanton!"

Evidently she expected him to excuse himself momentarily from his companion, as she had moved a few steps from her father and the younger gentleman who accompanied her. But Stanton's eyes glinted cold resistance

of the attempt at command. He deliberately retained Jessica's hand upon his arm and, since he must go, led her with him.

"You called me, Miss Carlisle?" he questioned. "Miss Floyd, let me introduce Miss Carlisle."

The two women bowed without effusion, Valerie Carlisle scrutinizing Jessica with an acute attention that seized every detail of her appearance. "Miss Floyd, have we not met?" she puzzled. "Pardon, it seems so to me."

"Probably you have met my twin brother," Jessica suggested, gravely self-possessed. "He is much with Mr. Stanton."

There was a shock of antagonism in their meeting gaze, as there had been between Floyd and this girl when he had seen her in the railroad depot on the way to Lowell. Miss Carlisle turned to Stanton, enlightened.

"Oh, your mechanic; I remember."

"My friend and mechanic, yes," he amended.

"Ah? But I am detaining you—I merely wished to ask if you had quite recovered from your illness. When you left us that night, I never imagined you would try to race next morning. And you should not have done so; it resulted in an accident."

He opened his lips to deny that his illness had caused the Mercury's mishap, then paused. If he had not felt the average irritability of a strong man sick, would he have quarreled with Floyd and taken his car around the turn at such ruinous speed? He did not know.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," he answered, instead.

"Indeed, I am glad. Will you not come to see us soon—you owe us a dinner call, you know."

He did not echo her delicately expectant smile, his dark face hard.

"You must believe my appreciation of the dinner without that formality, Miss Carlisle. I start for Indiana in a few days," he regretted.

Her amber eyes also hardened, suddenly and strangely; she moved a step to retire, catching up her trailing lengths of satin and lace.

"As you will, of course. Ah; you found out what car wins when you are taken from a race, Mr. Stanton, as at Lowell. And you judged wrong—it was not the Duplex, but the Atlanta. Good night."

Stanton looked after her, amazed, then abruptly turned his eyes to the frank, steadfast face of Jessica Floyd.

"Come out in the fresh air," he requested. "That perfume she wears smothers one."

"Sandalwood," interpreted Jessica, turning; she had her brother's habit of instantly obeying a suggestion. And as they emerged: "May I say something interfering and impertinent?"

"What right have I to object to anything said to me? I show small grace to others."

"Then, pray do not go near Miss Carlisle just before a race."

He stopped short on the sidewalk.

"You know—you think—"

"I know only what Jessica knows," she declared. "But I think that Miss Carlisle is not good for your racing. Some people are naturally unlucky influences, perhaps."

Stanton shook his head, unbeguiled by the plesantry.

"I understand what Floyd believes, but it is impossible, absurd. Besides,

cried out! Stanton laughed in approving admiration, she had her brother's pluck. He hated whining people. Only he wished that her eyes were not so exactly like Floyd's; it confused him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Team-Mated.

Floyd returned Stanton's call after a fashion of his own, some days later. "There's a gentleman down-stairs to see you, sir," the bell-boy brought information to the latter, one afternoon. "He won't come up because he says he can't leave his automobile, but he'd be glad if you'd come down, sir."

Stanton looked at the card presented, and rose with alacrity.

His mechanic was in the hall, gazing across the wide windows at a low-slung, long-bonneted, dull-gray motorcar that stood by the curbstone; a car stripped as bare of every superfluous belongings as a pugilist entering the ring. At the hiss of the descending elevator he turned to meet Stanton with his smile of sun-shot cordiality.

"I was afraid to let your machine out of my sight," he exclaimed. "She is going on to Indiana, to-night, and the chief wanted you to see her first. There wasn't time to get you out to the factory, after fixing her steering business the way you wanted, so they sent her down for you to look over. The chief sent word for you to try her out anywhere you liked and he would pay the cost if you got in trouble, but to get her shipped west to-night unless she had to go back to the factory, for there were rumors of a strike among the train men and we might not be able to get her through in time for the race."

"Who drove her down here?" Stanton demanded, casting a jealous glance out the window, but accepting the facts more amiably than could have been expected.

"The chief, until he let me at the avenue corner, just now. He said—never mind."

"Oh, go ahead."

"Well, he said he had been a racing driver himself and knew how you would feel about having your car yanked thirty miles across country roads by another driver; and, er—that he guessed that he was the only man in the shops who'd care to tell you he had done it."

"I'll get some driving things," suggested Stanton, and went back to the elevator.

When he joined Floyd beside the big car, he stood for a moment bused with the clasp of his gauntlet, before attempting to start.

"Miss Floyd told you of my call, the other day?" he queried.

"Yes, of course. I was sorry to be away; I had never thought of your hunting me up."

"You did not object to my taking her out? There was no way of asking you."

This from the self-willed Stanton! Floyd's eyes glinted with an appreciation at once humorous and touched.

"Object? Why? You could take care of her," he countered.

"Fix the spark," bade Stanton, and went front to crank his motor.

"We'll not get half a block without drawing every mounted policeman for ten miles," Floyd called, above the roar of the exhausts. "We ought to have made ready by putting on a few dozen mufflers."

"What time must she be shipped?"

"We must have her at the Mercury office by six o'clock, unless you say she has to go back to the factory."

"It is after four, now. No time to try the Long Island course, and there is a motor-cycle race on the Beach track. Get into your seat; we'll take Pelham Parkway."

"Pelham Parkway? Why—"

"Have you anything better to propose?"

"It's a first offense," Floyd resigned himself. "They can't do worse than fine you."

Stanton shrugged his shoulders, and the car rolled forward.

The Mercury glided through the teeming, congested streets, and left a faultless record behind her. Not a traffic officer's slightest signal was disregarded, no speed regulations were materially fractured; Stanton drove like a law-abiding chauffeur from the suburbs, and until they were in the park.

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IMAGINATION.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardor of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments, and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of brutes.—Dugald Stewart.

ONLY PROBLEM OF HAPPINESS.

"Real happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. They think it comes from doing something on a big scale, from a big fortune, or from some great achievement, when, in fact, it is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world. Our great problem is to fill each day so full of sunshine, of plain living and high thinking, that there can be no consciousness or unhappiness in our lives."—Orison Sweet Marden.

RAISING BETTER ANIMALS.

When breeding horses the aim should be to produce the one that will bring the largest profit. If cheaper animals are desired, sell the higher-priced animal and buy the cheaper grade.

TRANSPLANTING AND THE SUN.

Do not do your transplanting during the heat of the day. It is better to delay a little and wait for a rainy or cloudy day. Unless conditions are extremely propitious, make use of the "puddling" process.

MAKING THE LAYERS IN ADVANCE.

Now is the time to think of being an egg producer next winter. Look after the hens that are going to lay hatching eggs for you this spring, get out the pullets in time and keep them growing and get them to start laying in November, when eggs are scarcest.

There is really not much of a trick in getting eggs. It is care, feed and making the hen happy, that is all. She will and must lay, if you give her the right kind of feed and look after her comfort.

TURKEY PRIME AT THREE YEARS.

The turkey is not fully matured until two years of age, and is in his prime at three years, and nearly as good at four years old. It is, therefore, a mistake to sell off all the older birds and retain the young ones for breeding purposes.

RULES FOR DIPPING SHEEP

Animals Should Be Sheared at One Time and Immediately After Treated to Sulphur Solution.

- The following ten rules should be observed in dipping sheep:
1. Select a dip containing sulphur. If a prepared dip is used which does not contain sulphur it is always safer to add about 16½ pounds of sifted flowers of sulphur to every 100 gallons of water, especially if after dipping the sheep have to be returned to the old pasture.
 2. Shear all the sheep at one time and immediately after shearing confine them to one-half the farm for two to four weeks. Many persons prefer to dip immediately after shearing.
 3. At the end of this time dip every sheep, and every goat also, if there are any on the farm.
 4. Ten days later dip the entire flock a second time.
 5. After the second dipping place the flock on a portion of the farm from which they have been excluded during the previous four or five weeks.
 6. Use the dip at a temperature of 100 to 110 degrees.
 7. Keep each sheep in the dip two minutes by the watch, do not guess at the time, and duck its head at least once.
 8. Be careful in dipping rams, as they are more liable to be overcome in the dip than the ewes.
 9. Injury, however, may result to pregnant ewes, which must on this account be carefully handled. Some farmers arrange a stage with slides to hold the pregnant ewes, which is lowered carefully into the vat and raised after the proper time.
 10. In case a patent or proprietary dip, especially an arsenical dip, is used, the directions given on the package should be carried out to the letter.

CLEANING OF MILK BOTTLES

Improved Process Described by Leading Dairy Journal of Germany—Should Be Well Alred.

The Hopfen Zeitung, the leading dairy paper of Germany, states a fact in reference to the cleaning of bottles from fatty substances, which may serve as a valuable hint in cleaning all dairy utensils. The process is as follows: Pour warm water into the bottle, fill in a little ordinary hay and rub the inside of the bottle with the hay thoroughly, using a small stick. Now rinse the bottle out with clean water, and not a trace of odor of fat will remain. Large bottles which had contained coal oil were successfully cleaned in the same way. Large milk dairies, having steam power, use a hot-water sterilizer, which cleans the bottles very quickly. The dairy utensils, after cleansing, should be set out on a table in the sun where they can be well aired. Take the lids off the cans so the air can enter.

CORN FOR HORSES.

It is not safe under any circumstances to pasture horses in stalk fields or to feed them fodder from fields in which the corn was wormy. Great care should be exercised in choosing the corn fed to horses. Often it is not thoroughly cleaned by fanning.

There are too many moldy grains which are too heavy to be separated from the sound corn in this way. The safest method is to pour the shelled corn into water and skim off and throw away all the part that rises to the surface.

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THE MARE IN FARM WORK.

It will not pay to attempt to use mares to do the farm work unless they are given the care required. A mare will do a large amount of work and raise a good colt, but she must be handled differently from the way mules are generally handled.

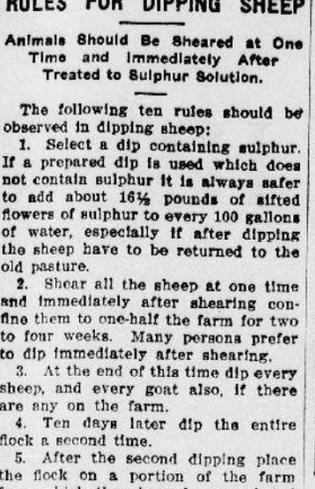
FRESH EARTH FOR HOGS.

If you are not situated so that you can let your hogs out, draw a load of earth and throw it into the pens now and then. The hogs will work it over and make a lot of comfort doing it. Makes them grow faster, too.

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FARM OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD



HOUSE ON FOUNDATION OF WASHINGTON'S HOME

CHERRIES are ripe on the farm where George Washington passed his boyhood, where he cut down the cherry tree, broke the neck of the untamed colt and threw a silver dollar across the river—so run the olden stories perpetuated by the venerable Parson Weems. This farm is on the Rappahannock river, opposite the colonial town of Fredericksburg, Va. The farm is in Stafford county, the town is in Spottsylvania. The farm is much reduced in size, but that which is still called the Washington farm contains 160 acres, surrounding the site of the old Washington dwelling house, on the foundation of which has been built the house shown in the picture. People who live roundabout will point out where the historic cherry tree stood and assure one that the present cherry trees are descended from the trees that grew there when Washington was a child. They will point out the pasture where the unruly colt was killed and the spot where young Washington hurled the coin across the river. Though these feats are apocryphal, yet each was easily possible. Many a child has hacked a cherished tree or shrub. Many a colt has been maimed or killed in breaking. A good baseball thrower could send the sphere across the Rappahannock at that point, though the river is somewhat narrower now than it was then.

FEW WITHOUT STAGE FRIGHT

Specialist in Nervous Diseases Gives Scientific Analysis of Much Dreaded Infection.

Among nervous diseases may be included stage fright. A physician, who is a specialist in the former, has just been lecturing about the latter. He describes some acute forms of what French actors call "trac," one of the worst forms of which "produce a deviation of the mouth which it is impossible to overcome."

The sufferers "talk out one side of their mouths, and all their efforts to rid themselves of this nervous affection are fruitless." Their only remedy, one imagines, is to give up acting. The lecturer quoted also gives "twitching of the eye and feverish palsy of the hands" as being among the results of stage fright.

At the dress rehearsal of a play by Sardou an actress "violently scratched the hands of the actor with whom she was playing, saying, 'How nervous I feel.'"

She must have got over her nervousness since then, for the actress was Miss. Blanche Dufresne, who for many years has acted with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Two tenors are cited who have splendid voices at rehearsals, but could not get a note out on first nights—an unfortunate predicament for singers—and had to leave the stage. Even the famous Got knew the "trac."

The lecturer remembered his having had a total lapse of memory during the whole of an act of a new play at the Theatre Francaise. But, while he could not recollect a single word of the dialogue, and took every word he spoke from the prompter, who gave him the text, he could fill in an attitude and gesture perfectly.

But the worst case on record of stage or platform fright was that of a lecturer of bygone days, or an intending lecturer, Alfred Assolant. He arrived, bowed, sat down with the manuscript of his lecture before him on the table, drank a glass of water, turned pale, blurted out: "No, thanks, I can't do it. I prefer to apologize," rose and fled.

DANIEL'S ONE COMFORT.

At a luncheon in Chicago, Charles E. Kremer, the Chicago lawyer, was suddenly called on to make a few remarks, and after stating that he had not been told he would be asked to speak, he said: "When I came here realizing that I could eat my luncheon in peace, unworried and untroubled by the thought that I must make a speech, I felt like Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel, as he looked at the hungry, ferocious lions in front of him, realizing his danger and the short time he had to live, did not lose his sense of humor, possibly realizing that the hereafter was safe, and said to himself: 'There is one good thing about this meal, and that is I'll not have to make a speech when it's over.'"

WOULD KEEP HIM BUSY.

This is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale's latest suffrage story: "A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished he said: 'Dinah, yo' talk don' affect me no mo' than a sea-bite.'"

"Well, niggah," she answered, 'Tse gawna keep yo' scratchin'!"

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

"Papa, what the quickest way to get rich?"

"I can't tell. But I know the slowest way."

"What?"

"Being honest."

"I see. Well, dad, I'll be rich pretty soon if you'll quit licking me."