

The Man Who Dered. official starter let his raised area fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness What?" he shouted, above the pulsaling roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges'

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his sent to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grand-stand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and

off his car!"

"Fainted-" "Fell-"

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon. "Heart disease," he announced right

and left. "Stanton's mechanician just dropped off his seat, dead. Bu Stanton bimself had already gette decision that marked his every

to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will

you hold the start for me?" The question was rather a de than a request. There was scarcely one smore the vast sudience who would not have felt the sparate gone from this strong black wine of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twentyfour-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skilful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew" it although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the efficial conceded, and drew out his watch. Aiready a stream of men were run

ning toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the Beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green medallion.

The row of electric-lighted tents. racing car, was in a turmoil of excite ment. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "9,

"Durand's down and out-give me another man," called Stanton, balting his noisy, fisming car. "Quick, you-" But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones.'

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succintly

Well, you then, Walters, Good beavens, man! what do you mean?" For the burly Walters backed away, Till dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?" Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton steps down from his car, snatching of his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cow-ards!" be buried at them, his blueblack eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes, a

"I'll promise twice that," engerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on

Not one of the clustered workmen

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repest that offer to the man who will go for the first three bours only, and meanwhile we'll send to New York

and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his pow-"Here, hunt the paddock, all of you-two hundred dollars for a man to ride the pext three hours with me!"

ening, Stanton," protested the frantic, Mr. Green. "Tie might trick you, hurt

His appeal went down the wind unbeeded, except for one glance from the

"He wont' trick me," said Stanton. The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uprost, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tall-lights shedding vivid illumination round the figure of 'is harfied master outvered with in-notest life and Engina Conton stood,

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton-" Some one was running toward them, ome one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go." "Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up. "Why, it's a boy!"

"Floyd," Mr. Green hailed hysterical-"You'll go?"

"I'll go," assured Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves relled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stan-

"You? You couldn't crank a taxi-cab," flung the vacer, brutal with dis-appointment and wrath. "You'd go?

"Im as old as the driver of the Singer car, and scant five years younger than you-I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort, "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?" Met on his own tone, Stanton over. gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your clothes?" he demanded savagely. can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell jingled madly. "Jes Floyd is one of our new factory

men," hurried Mr. Green, in breathless explanation, as Stanton took his seat. "He's a gas-engine wonder-he knows car you've got, this morning-" The klaxon brayed again, A trim ap-

parition in racing costume darted from the tent to swing into the narrow seat beside the driver, and Stanton's car leaped for the paddock exit with a roar answered by the deafen-ing roar of welcome from the specta-

"Seven minutes." snapped the starter, as the Mercury wheeled in line. Stanton shrugged his shoulders with



Stanton Stood, Watch in Hand, His Face a Set Study in Scorn.

supreme indifference, perfectly aware of his security, since the start had not been made. But his mechanician eaned forward with a little gurgle of irresistible, sunshot laughter. Don't worry," he besought. "Really,

we'll get in seven minutes ahead." His mocking young voice carried bove the terrific din of the eleven huge machines, and Stanton turned upon him, amazed and irritated at the audacity. The starter also stared, just as a flashlight flared up and showed fully the young gray eyes cancing behind the goggles, the red oung mouth smiling below the mask. the shining young curls which the cap failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went

one by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Don't you ever need a rest?"

queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed nts, gaging their relative posions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. successive fashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was focating with the exhaust gasolene and acetylene fumes. It was as faliar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitant of the coast; unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton for-got his mechanicism.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as "Here," he offered curtly.

usual. It was very fast, and its pilot "Thanks," Floyd accepted, and took the chances more prudent drivers drank as they bounded forward, tosstook the chances more prudent drivers drank as they bounded forward, toss-avoided. Still, the lead was less than log the tin pitcher back over his the car's own length, two of its closest shoulder, where a reporter gathered rivals hanging at its flanks, when they, it up and not upon a keg of oil to write curve." There was a swift movement curve entry possible and of the conse-beside Stanton, the pendent linen quent regard of Stanton for him. streamers floating from his cap were. The next hour passed a trifle more defity select and the dust swept from quietly. Perhaps even Stanton was passed the tumultuous grand-stand, a pretty account of the volunte Just ahead lay again the "death chanician who had made the

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his

driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side. And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the bend more slowly, Stanton shot for ward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's nands, and rushed on, leading by hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.

"You're tryin' to tires," he imparted. his accents close to the driver's ear. That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd lisped and blurred his final "g" in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effemipate, if the voice had not been without a tremor. As it was-

At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of

the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last." Stanton's mouth shut in a hard

in your place. You can't tell." "I can."

back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned left his seat.

"Goin' to throw away the race an' wreck your machine, for foolishness?" he inquired. "That's just like you, Ralph Stanton. You'll risk a blow-out give swift inspection, and the fretting "Are you going to face like that? an' a smash to save five minutes in a car sped back to the track. Jump, you useless cowards there twenty-four hour race. You can drive, but you won't use common sense."

mask. Raging with silent fury, he for a moment, weary, car-stiff, and slowed down his car and swung into still tense. Stanton unclasped his the paddock gate as they came oppo- mask with a jerk, took a step toward site it, thundering through to his own the tent, then turned toward his as-

"Fix that tire," he commanded, as the swarm of mechanics surrounded them like a clock—he tuned up this them, and descended from his sent to me." confront the assistant manager. "Have you got me another mechanician, yet? This one won't do."

"Why, no," Mr. Green deprecated. "The driver who alternates with you sides, the man isn't exactly ready to go with you, and he couldn't do both leave." shifts, anyhow. I've telephoned to the company to find a man and rush bared his white, steadfast face and him here. What," he looked toward tired eyes to the other's gaze. the group around the car, where "what's the matter with this one?

"No," conceded Stanton, grudgingly "Insolent and interfering."

"Well, if that is all-" Stanton turned his back upon the speaker, recklessly and blindly angry. past all reasoning.

When, the brief operation completed. Floyd sprang up beside his driver for the start, Stanton surveyed him through his goggles.

"If you are nervous about my driving and my sense, you had better get off now," was the grim warning. "For I drive as I see fit, and I'm going to make up these laps."

"Why are you wasting time here, then?" countered the mechanician, practically. The Mercury hurtled viciously down

the line of training camps and burst out on the track like a blazing meteor. Stanton shifted into high gear on the curve, and began to drive-as he saw

The close-packed witnesses stood during most of the next hour, alternately applauding and shouting dismay, climbing on seats and benches to The other racers gave the Mercury room on the turns, after the Alan car tried to steal an inside sweep, and skidding, missed destruction through and with Stanton by the narrow margin of a foot.

There was neither opportunity nor wish for speech between the two who rode the verge of death on the Mercury. Floyd attended steadily to his duties; pumping oil, brushing the yellow trackdust from the pilot's goggles to clear his vision for each turn, watching the tires and the other machines. But he made no protest at the deadly methods of his companion.

Near the end of the second hour, the scream of the klazon sounded its significant warning of trouble "It's us-lamps out," called the mechanician, after a comprehensive re-

view of their machine. -Stanton shook his head impatiently, and kept on; deliberately passing the paddock gate instead of turning in. As they shot by the grand-stand for the second time, the klaxon sounded

again, long and imperiously. "Goin' to fight the judges?" lisped Fleyd, with careful politene

The driver did not speak or glance the funnel-effect of light and dark into which they were boring, but the catch of his breath was not gentle. However, he swung into the paddock on the next circuit, and halted brief instant to have the lamp rewants, a man ran bringing a pitcher of water to Stanton; who swallowed a little, then pushed the vessel so roughly toward his mechanician that some of the liquid atlashed over the recipidashed over the recipi-



Halted an Instant to Have His Lamps Relighted.

with some conservatism; pernaps ne acknowledged mentally that no car built would stand such viciously grueling work for twenty-four consecutive hours. But he kept the lead gained, for all that, and a pace like the long swoop of a swallow.

"Car coming out of the paddock Hundred and eightieth lap. Car stopped around the bend," Floyd reported, at intervals. Otherwise there was mute attention to business on the part of both men.

"Signal," Stanton abruptly ordered, at last, as they rushed across the stretch of track between the grandstand and the training-camps.

Floyd obediently rose in his place, "I will not," he stated. "Get back raising his arms above his head in the accepted signal to their men to stand ready for the car's entrance. On the Stanton deigned no reply, sliding next circuit Stanton turned into the past one of the slower cars on the paddock and came to a stop before the Mercury's tent.

"Get out," he directed, and himself

The two men who alternated were waiting to relieve the two who descended from the machine. The workmen swarmed around to fill tanks and

Left opposite each other in the flickering glare of the swinging electric Something snapped under Stanton's lamps, driver and mechanician stood

"The three hours are up," he observed roughly. "I suppose you leave

"Why do you suppose that? Are you through with me?" Floyd asked, with studied quietness.

"I made the offer to any man who would go for the first three hours. wants to keep his mechanician; be- The time is up; you're free to get your money from Mr. Green, and A lother Praises the Boy Scout Floyd took off his own mask and

"I entered for the race, or for as tric light as he directed proceedings, rected. "Until you quit, or find a sub-

> They looked at each other. "Go rest, then. There is coffee inside," bade Stanton, and swung on his

At the entrance to his tent he was met by the exultant assistant mana-

"I've got you a mechanician, Stanton!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "I telephoned our fix to headquarters, and Jack Rupert is coming down-the chief tester at the factory, you know, who used to race with the chief himself. He 'phoned that he wouldn't see the Mercury thrown out but to tell you he was going to cancel his life insurance policy first so he would not be accused of suicide for the benefit of his heirs. Funny chan! He'll be here before you go on the track

"What for?" demanded Stanton. "If kill my mechanician, I kill my car and myself-I don't need two men,

and I've got one.' "But I thought you said-" began the amazed Mr. Green. "I was wrong. 'Phone Rupert that I'll keep Floyd. Now, I'd like to get

some rest." The assistant manager steppe aside from the entrance, confo

CHAPTER II.

The Risk and the Lady.

Two hours later, Stanton emerge from his camp and strolled toward the paddock exit. It was after two o'clock in the morning; the dark arch of star-set sky overhead, the black emptiness of the central field except for the line of tents, contrasted oddly with the glistening white track where the meteor-bright cars circled tirelessly to the accompanying monotone of many voices, varied by the occasional wail of the official klaxon. One machine was out of the race, after going through the fence; a heap of disordered metal which men were striving frantically to restore to activity, while in the illuminated hospital tent its driver and mechanism were undergotion. Other cars went in and out from their camps, for oil, for gasolene, for tires and minor repairs-for all the countless wants of a racing machine. Stanton looked for the Mercury, then, satisfied, crossed the track grand-stand. Along the edge of the cement prom-

enade were parked a row of automo biles whose owners preferred to witness the race from their own cars rather than from the tiers of seats be-Past them Stanton turned, avoiding the fire of attention and curi osity be would draw by crossing the lighted space where recognition must follow. He was going to the restau-rant in the interior of the stand.



# BILLS FOR PROGRAM



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Idea.

In the May Woman's Home Com-Scouts of America made a better "The of him. points of the Scout law," says the mother, in her article, are

1. A Scout is trustworthy

2. A Scout is loyal

3. A Scout is helpful

4. A Scout is friendly .. A Scout is courteous

6. A Scout is kind

7. A Scout is obedient

8. A Scout is cheerful

9. A Scout is thrifty 10. A Scout is brave

11. A Scout is clean 12. A Scout is reverent.

fter telling how her son entered he movement, she goes on to say: "I had hoped my son would be al these things, and had so admonished im. But these things are Scout laws ind you, not advice and admonition or hopes backed by maternal pleadigs and fears, but laws self imposed hen the scout takes his oath; for in taking the oath he promises to oby these laws. That settled it. If the cout movement stood for these things, and inspired and exacted

them I was with it, heart and "From the start the whole thing was a great success. The Boy, for one, benefited immensly by the association. It would take me too ong to tell you how much. I only tell you hum bly that some of the faults in him which I had worked ith him for years, such as selfish-111 SS, shiftlessness, occasional cowarde, and sometimes irreverence, began to dissappear, and without fret or riction. A good Scout had none of

Scout law: that was all. "Have you a boy of your own? ou have, I think you cannot do better than to look into the Scoutand if he is anywhere near twelve, or hirteen, or fourteen, he is pretty sure to want to join it. I beg you, too, not to put any thing in his war: and then, further, I beg of you to l'eep your hands off. Your part is to sten when he talks to you about it; vember 15. to apreve: to have a good supper aiting for him when he comes back from his scout tramps, and to continue to say your prayers at night for

Will Schuman informs us that his auto business has been very satisfactory up to the present, and while the sale of horseless carriages has been somewhat slow, owing to the dry ing car at the end of the row, a wom-somewhat slow, owing to the ury an leaned from the shadow of the top, apell causing conservativness on the "I beg your pardon," she sum-noned, her tone composed and rather repair and livery business has been repair and livery business has been very good. He is well pleased with the outlook so far. He is nicely enconsed in his, new home adjoining his garage and takes a roseate view

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