

# STANTON WINS

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"The Flying Mercury" etc.  
Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURG

### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—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.

CHAPTER II—In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The mechanic saves machine from wreck.

forth turn. After that, nothing could have induced Stanton to allow his machine in other hands.

Hour after hour passed. The noisy music of the band crashed out monotonously; the crowd swayed, murmuring, applauding, exclaiming, arguing and kaleidoscopic in color and motion.

At sunset, when the Mercury made a trip into camp for supplies, neither of its men left their seats. The beaming Mr. Green came to shower congratulations upon Stanton, and with him the head of the Mercury Company, himself a former driver whose quiet appreciation had an expert's value. Stanton was leaning across the wheel, chatting with them, when his employer broke the thread of speech.

"What is the matter with your mechanic, Stanton?" he queried. Stanton turned, suddenly conscious of a light weight against his shoulder. With his movement, Floyd also started erect, their glances crossing.

"Nothing," the driver briefly answered to the other's question. "Tired, perhaps; he has been working. As you were saying—"

But the glimpsed picture stayed with Stanton; the fatigued young face against his arm, the drowsy, heavy-lidded eyes flashing keenly awake, the involuntary expression of angry shame at the moment's weakness. And he would sooner have tied Floyd in his seat, after that, than have added the fine insult of offering to relieve him.

"Ready," some one called; the workmen scattered in every direction, and the Mercury was off once more.

"Car come!" warned the mechanic, as they sped from the paddock entrance on to the track. "Duplex ahead."

Floyd was himself again, watchfully businesslike, nonchalantly fearless.

Color and glow faded from the sky; once more the search-lights flared out around the track and transformed it to a silver ribbon, running between walls of ebony darkness except where the lamp-gemmed stands arose. Already newspapers were being cried announcing Stanton's coming victory.

Driving evenly, steadily, refusing all challenges to speed duels and attempting none of his deadly tactics of the night before, Stanton piloted his car to the inevitable result. At nine o'clock the flag dropped, and amid a hubbub of enthusiasm the Mercury crossed the line, winner.

Later, when the triumphant tumult in the Mercury camp had somewhat subsided, Stanton walked over to where Floyd was leaning against a column of unused tires.

"You've had twenty-four hours of me," he said abruptly. "How did it strike you?"

Floyd raised his candid gray eyes to the other's face, and in spite of exhaustion smiled with a glinting frankness and humor.

"If you want me to tell you—" he began.

"I have asked you."

"It struck me rather hard. But—I'd like you to like me as well as I do you."

"I need a mechanic to race with me for the rest of the season," Stanton gave brief information. "Do you want the position?"

Floyd straightened; even in the uncertain light the color could be seen to rise over his face.

"You'd take me; you?"

"Yes."

"You know—oh, I can tune up a motor, I understand my work, but for road racing—you know I can't crank your car or change a tire without help."

Stanton smiled grimly.

"I guess I am big enough to crank my own car," he quoted at him. "You

have your nerve, I can't have a whining quitter to drive with me. I make you the offer; take or leave it. But remember, I am likely to break your neck."

"I'll chance that," answered Floyd, drawing a quick breath, and held out his slender hand. "I'll come."

The pact was made. It is after time, Stanton came to wonder at its bald simplicity.

The assistant manager overtook Floyd a little later, when that young

mechanician, at least superficially cleaner and wrapped in a long dust coat, was leaving the training camp.

"See here, Floyd; you are going to race with Stanton right along, he says."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Green agitated his foreboding head.

"You won't get along with him," he asserted darkly. "No one does. He, he is—you'll see. But you won't leave us on the edge of a race, will you? We are entered at Massachusetts, for week after next; you'll turn up on time, no matter what he does in between!"

"Surely, sir. I would not leave any one without notice, of course."

"Plenty of notice, Floyd. For you can't stand Stanton."

Stanton at that moment was in his tent, contemplating with cynical speculation a florist's box of fragrant green leaves lying on a chair. There was no card with these, but they were sprays of laurel. In fancy he saw the message that had accompanied the orchids, the delicately engraved letters: Valerie Atherton Carlisle. Did she take him for a matinee idol, he scoffed; or, what did she want? Something, she wanted something of him.

What? Only amusement, probably. He had not grown to manhood in New York city without learning that men and women in a certain set alleged their extreme wealth as a license, which freed them from the restraint of small conventionalities, and arrogantly took such diversion as the moment offered. And should he play the game to which she invited him, or decline it? Was it worth while? He was weary to exhaustion, but still he remained gazing at the box of laurel.

"You can't stand Stanton," Mr. Green was warning Floyd, by way of farewell.

And the mechanic was laughing.

### CHAPTER IV.

The Road to Massachusetts. Stanton and Floyd did not meet again for a fortnight. Their ways of life did not run parallel except when a race was due or taking place. The Mercury car had gone back to the factory for a thorough overhauling, after the twenty-four-hour grind, and it would have as soon occurred to Stanton to seek out his machine as his mechanician. Some drivers grow sentimentally attached to their cars; he did not, consistently and temperamentally practical in outlook on the minor facts of life.

It was in the railroad depot, the morning he started for Massachusetts, that Stanton saw his mechanician for the first time since the Beach victory. Floyd was seated on one of the waiting-room benches, reading a magazine; in his gray suit and long overcoat, his head with its clustering bronze curls bent over his book, he looked like a particularly delicate and pretty boy of eighteen, perhaps even a trifle effeminate. Remembering that cry from the midst of the perilous struggle with the Duplex: "Cut him closer; he's weakening! Cut him closer!" Stanton's lip curved in amused appreciation as he crossed to the absorbed reader.

"Good morning," he remarked. Floyd glanced up, then rose with an exclamation and held out his hand, his ready color rising like a girl's under his fine, clear skin.

"Good morning; I didn't see you coming," he responded.

"No, you were reading. You are going—"

"To Lowell. The car is aboard, you know."

"I did not know," corrected Stanton with indifference. He was studying the other curiously, striving to analyze his singular attractiveness and to find the reason why he, Stanton, should feel pleasure at the prospect of having this companion at his side; he, who had never formed friendships as most men did.

Floyd laughed, his grey eyes mischievous.

"Well, I know. We've been working all the week at the machine, and we've got her ticking like a watch. You don't bother about that—I suppose you don't have to, it's up to us. But if you will take her out on the track tomorrow, I'll tune her up to the last notch."

Suddenly Stanton put his finger on the thing he sought, one thing that made this mechanician different, and voiced his thought before considering wisdom.

"You're a different class, Floyd," he stated abruptly. "You're no workman, nor descendant of workmen."

Floyd stared, startled at the brusque irrelevance, then melted into a straight, direct smile as he met the keen gaze.

"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," arily 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 wanted by 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 glove. "You will marry a Fluffy Ruffles who will faint if you exceed the eight-mile-an-hour speed limit. And then you will quit racing and be spoiled for the Mercury Company, and all its rival manufacturers."

TO BE CONTINUED

### Electric Lights Nearly Ready

We are in a position now to know that very possibly within the next two weeks the Electric Lighting plant will be ready and in operation all over the city. The long delayed car of wire arrived Monday evening, was unloaded Tuesday and a large force are at work stringing the wires. The engines at the power house Monday morning started the 100-hour run of charging the batteries, work is progressing rapidly down by the racecourse, getting ready for the power from there, and the company is going ahead at rapid speed along all lines to finish the work of construction. The wiring from the power house to Jenner's Park will be done by the Fourth and the Park will be lighted by electricity that night. The new postoffice building will be lighted this week Saturday night, and possibly some other buildings as well. In fact, the work is progressing so rapidly it is predicted the wiring may be finished, the connections made and the buildings already wired be ready for lighting by the Fourth.

### G. E. District Convention

The second annual convention of District No. 8, Nebraska C. E. Union was held in the Christian Church at Grand Island, June 19 and 20. Those attending from Loup City were Pearle Needham, president of the district, Rev. J. C. Tourtellot, Marcla Ver Vallón and Nancy Harrod. The attendance was not as large as it should have been, but those who were there were deeply interested in the work. Several state officers were present, giving the convention, from their store-house of experience along endeavor lines. The Rev. Tourtellot gave a splendid address, his subject being "Truth Affaire". His hearers were held in rapt attention, by the earnest and forceful manner in which he handled his subject. Attorney Bayard H. Paine gave an address on Christian Citizenship, which was a rare treat indeed. Mr. Paine is a man of striking personality and the audience gave every evidence of thoroughly enjoying his lecture. There were several numbers of special music during the convention, rendered by Grand Island talent. All in all, the convention was a success and those who did not attend were very much the losers, indeed.

### Along R. R. No. 2.

Born, Monday, June 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray McFadden, a son.

Mrs. Henry Reed and daughter left Monday for several weeks' visit in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shipley and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowe visited at the Herman Jung home Sunday.

Albert Snyder and son dug out six wolves last Friday.

The address at Wiggle Creek the Fourth will be given by Prof. J. H. Burwell. The sports of the day will be as follows: Ball game between Austin and Wiggle Creek; foot races, tilting the ring, relay horse races, high jumps and many other amusements in the afternoon. Plenty of refreshments on the grounds. Come.

Mrs. Ackerman visited at the home of Clark Alleman Sunday.

Herman Jung marketed hogs at Loup City Tuesday.

Art Gilbert painted W. O. Brown's new residence the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Daddow and daughter, Nellie, and Mrs. Jessie McFadden and daughters, left Tuesday morning overland to Polk county for a visit with their sister, Mrs. Fred Johnson.

Mrs. Ed Kilpatrick is visiting in Ohio this week.

Rev. Gollaher, from Litchfield, visited at the home of C. L. Alleman Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Alleman visited at Lew Hunker's Sunday.

The W. C. T. U. was reorganized at the Wiggle Creek church Sunday; also a branch for the young people.

Celebrate the Fourth on Wiggle Creek. There will be a parade, program, sports of all kinds, etc. Come everybody and have a good time.

Winnifred Hughes and wife visited last Sunday at Tom McFadden's.

Mrs. Ackerman, a prominent W. C. T. U. organizer, delivered an interesting address at the Wiggle Creek church last Sunday afternoon.

The Wiggle Creek aid society met with Mrs. Albert Snyder last Thursday, with 56 in attendance and all having a good time.

Mrs. Homer Hughes came home from the hospital at Grand Island last Saturday, where she had been for an operation.

The Ravenna Creamery Co. served ice cream to its patrons at the creamery last Saturday. Manager Joe Thompson, his wife and Miss Amick did the honors and was a great treat to the patrons. It was a great W. Hawk's new barn is being rushed

as fast as possible and when completed will rank with any on the route.

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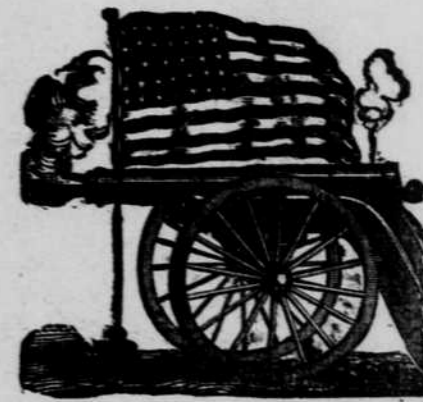


# CELEBRATE JULY 4th JENNER'S PARK

See Program This Week on Another Page

Why go away when YOU Can Have a Good Time at Home

DO NOT FORGET IT



A GOOD TIME GUARANTEED TO ALL

### Ten Years of Advancement of the Union PACIFIC RAILROAD

#### TEN YEARS AAO THIS MONTH

As Clipped from the Newspapers of that date

Announcement was made at the Union Pacific headquarters that the double tracking of the line from Omaha to Valley was to be completed in the near future

A comparison of double tracking figures between the years 1902 and 1912 shows a vast and interesting growth. Prior to 1902 the Union Pacific had a total of only 74.4 miles of double track. Today there is an unbroken stretch of double track of 364 miles from Omaha to Julesburg, Colo.; while there is a total of 694 miles of double track on the main line and branches—not including 130 mile now being laid.

While reviewing the above figures, note a few of the improvements and extensions other than double tracking that have been brought about during the last decade.

The equipment of the entire line with a system of automatic electric block safety signals affording protection to patron and employees. The ballasting of its roadbed with Sherman gravel (disintegrated granite) insuring the traveler freedom from all road dust.

The straightening of sharp curves, the elimination of steep grades, the shortening of distances by cut-offs, the tunneling of solid granite mountains, the filling in of deep valleys, the bridging of wide expanses of water and the making of various other improvements that contribute to the comfort and safety of its patrons.

## Union Pacific

Standard Road of the West

The new and direct route to Yellowstone NATIONAL PARK is the great National highway over which, for two generations the east has gone west and the west gone east

Gerret Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Omaha, Nebraska

### Greatest Celebration in Nebraska, Two big days at Grand Island, July 3-4

Nearly Everybody's going to go world's famous Aviators fly both days

**Fowler** THE BIRD MAN who made the wonderful flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific will positively fly both days. Grand Island has secured him at an enormous expense.

**Davis-the daring** will make several flights on both days. He is one of the most sensational and spectacular aviators in the world. See him.

**Professional Automobile Races** Two days of racing—for big prizes—fast racing cars—on the only two mile track in the west. Motorcycle races, Auto obstacle races, Bicycle races etc.

These events will take place on the two mile track near Grand Island, under the supervision of Tom Bradstreet. 50c admission; Grand stand 25c; Children and old soldiers free on July 3rd. 50c for each auto or team.

**Other Events** Professional baseball, Kearney vs Grand Island, State League teams both days; Mammoth display of fire works on night of July 4th Bands and lots of Music; Minor races.