

# STANTON WINS

By  
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## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, makes a drop 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.

CHAPTER III.—The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores.

CHAPTER IV.—Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They talk, walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto.

CHAPTER V.—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.

CHAPTER VI.—Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.—Floyd's recovery, at his hotel. Stanton receives a invitation and visits his sister, Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER VIII.—Stanton and Floyd meet again and agree to operate automobile factory as partners.

CHAPTER IX.—Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle, and warns Stanton.

CHAPTER X.—Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends. Stanton himself is now jealous of Miss Carlisle.

Floyd straightened up from bending over the unhooded motor, shining-eyed and vividly aglow in the raw, salt air that swept across the bare Long Island meadows.

"Stanton!" he gladly welcomed, and stripped off a rubber glove to give greeting; Floyd was girlishly careful of his hands and always protected them during work when possible.

"I just arrived here, by train," the other explained. "Do you want to take the car out?"

"When you're ready."

"I am ready now. Get some warm things on, it is going to be chilly until the sun is out."

It was not an emotional meeting, but



Floyd Paused to Wave a Response.

both men were content. Stanton had felt the thrill of relief and pleasure upon seeing his mechanic which surprised him into recognition of how much uneasiness the incident of the night before had caused him.

"You will have to be kind to the tires," Floyd warned, as he complied with the directions. "We have only got one extra set here. The shipment for the race hasn't arrived yet."

"Why not?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Green has telegraphed to the tire company. I suppose they will be along to-day, or to-morrow at the worst."

"I should hope so. Ready?"

"Just about. Oh, they all say that your trial for speeding in Pelham Parkway took place day before yesterday."

"It did."

Floyd stopped in the act of ascending to his seat.

"You didn't tell Jessica," he reproached.

"How do you know?" queried Stanton, astonished.

"I saw her late last night, on my way here. What did they do to you?"

"Fined me all the law allowed—which the Mercury Company paid—and suggested the wisdom of not doing it again. I didn't suppose Miss Floyd would be interested in police court details. Get in."

The morning's work had begun. It was always in a course race, the Cup event, and in many places the way lay over hastily prepared country roads. Here and there men were still at work, banking turns or smoothing the ground. On the second time around, the Mercury struck an edged stone and lost a tire with a sharp report. Stanton drew up by the roadside, and Floyd ran back to pitch the mischief-making rock into the fields.

"George and Palmer are out," he observed, returning. "They might come to grief on it, too. Besides, we ourselves might hit it again. I like a track race."

"So do I. How many tires left?"

"Three."

They worked rapidly, both for practice and from force of habit. The Duplex roared past at a leisurely gait, while they were busy, its driver waving a hand in sympathetic greeting. Floyd paused to wave a response, and presently the Mercury sped after its rival.

Before ten o'clock they had lost another tire.

"Those tires in yet?" demanded Stanton, when he again drew up be-

fore the repair pit.

The harassed assistant manager shook his head, exhibiting a smile of yellow telegrams.

"Not yet. The Ruby Company telegraphs that they shipped the tires last week by express; the Mercury Company telegraphs that they shipped a carload on from Chicago two days ago, and it must be here."

"The freight car must have been left in the New York yards, and being sent out here," deduced Stanton, exasperatedly.

"New York says it isn't there."

"Perhaps they shipped the order to the Mercury factory by mistake," Floyd suggested.

"Mr. Green looked at him in surprise. "Of course I phoned them first. All the chief says they are not either, and to telegraph all along the line until we trace the car."

"Have you done it?" Stanton queried.

"I'm doing it now. I've got as far west as Utica and each freight train carries them."

"We'll go to lunch, Floyd. The answers will come in meanwhile."

There was a hotel nearby, where Mr. Green made his headquarters, and where Stanton and Floyd dined and stay. A good many of the other drivers and officials also remained for the night.

"I'd run into little old New York," the driver of the Atlanta car explained to Stanton, "only I'm afraid it ain't healthy to go through Brooklyn so often."

To the hotel the answers continued to come all that afternoon, until Mr. Green and the office were snowed over by strips of yellow paper. The larger the city and the more crowded its freight yard, the longer the time required to make the search for the missing car and report the result to Long Island.

After four o'clock, the roads were again open for practice until sunset. The Mercury went out for a couple of circuits, and lost another tire by skidding on a turn. After that the car stood before its camp—"Afraid of wearing out her last pair of shoes," Floyd informed solicitous questioners.

"Can't you buy them somewhere else?" chafed the irritated Stanton.

The assistant manager stared in a reproach touched with hysteria. His collar was wilted, his eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"Buy them? Buy enough racing tires fitting the Mercury to last you for a three hundred mile road race, and get them here by to-morrow morning? What's the matter with you, Stanton?"

"Well, since there is nothing to do but eat, come to dinner, Floyd," said the other.

"It isn't dinner, it's supper," corrected his mechanic. "This is the country and you had your dinner at noon. But I'll come, anyhow."

At the table in the course of the meal, a small tea-pot was set before Stanton.

"Chocolate, sir," he was apprised.

"Why, you had none at luncheon?"

"No, sir. But the gentleman sent a boy after some and came down and saw the cook, and cook's that fond of nonsense, and she fifty-four next December—"

Stanton looked across into Floyd's mischievous gray eyes.

"I hadn't anything better to do," was the malicious explanation. "And I was afraid your nerves would go to pieces if you didn't get your usual drug and then you'd wreck us to-morrow."

"He'd coax a bird off a tree, sir," muttered the departing maid.

"Give me your cup and have some," Stanton briefly commanded.

"Going to throw it at me, like you did that jug of water on the first night we raced together?" teased his companion, obeying.

Stanton's head lifted slightly, the regard in which he enveloped Floyd was almost savage in its leap of intense and tenacious passion. Such a glance from man to woman would have been a declaration, from man to man it was not a thing to be voiced. Floyd himself faltered before it, started into pallor.

"You can throw it at me, if you like, and square up," was all Stanton said, and reached for the sugar-bowl with his customary nonchalance.

"Thanks; it's boiling. I guess I won't," Floyd acknowledged. But he did not look at the other, and his manner was troubled.

The meal was ended and the evening had commenced, when a telegram came in from New York.

"Car marked Ruby Co. consigned to Mercury Co. Coney Island, left here last night."

Mr. Green uttered a howl and felt for the telephone.

"They've shipped the car to Coney Island instead of Long Branch," he raged. "The tires must be out at the Beach track, or near it."

"Don't telephone; send some one out there to get them," advised Stanton practically.

"I've got to be here, and I can't get our New York men in time, now."

"Well, I'll go, then. Coney Island has got to be raked fine and the tires brought here as soon as they are found."

"You? You? Traveling and wearing yourself out on the eve of a grueling race? No. Go to bed and get your rest, please, Stanton. I'll send some one."

Stanton did not go to bed, but he went into the hotel room across the hall and played billiards with three of his fellow-drivers. He was less forbidding, less caustic of speech than formerly. Floyd had taught him the art of companionship. Before the game ended, the four players found themselves very good company and drank a good night in Apollinaris, to the landlord's Bacchic disgust.

About ten o'clock, Stanton looked into the apartment where Mr. Green sat between the telegraph operator and the telephone.

"Where is Floyd?" he casually wondered.

"Hello, hello—no, hold the wire. What is it? Floyd? Oh, he's gone to Coney Island. Hello, yes—wrong number."

"To Coney Island? You sent him?"

himself, I should think, and he has had a two weeks' rest to get ready for this."

"What do you mean? He has been working at the factory or with you ever since we came back from Indianapolis?"

In a nervous exasperation the assistant manager whirled his chair around.

"He had a two weeks' vacation," he reiterated crossly. "He told me that he was going off by himself for a quiet rest. You don't have to know every thing, Stanton. I fancy he needed a rest after what you put him through out west, he asked me not to tell you about it. Hello—454—"

Stanton paused for a moment, dumb, then turned on his heel and went out. He was so stunned and bitterly angered that little red flecks danced before his vision. Floyd had lied to him, systematically deceived him; in order to escape from his too pressing friend ship, no doubt. He remembered that the mechanic had always shrunk from his personal advances and only yielded to them under compulsion.

Now he understood the letter which he had received the previous night from Green, and Mr. Bailey's confused answer to his question about Floyd. He had been put off to be amused by Jessica, until Floyd was again ready to use him in the plans for the Comet factory. Jessica! Stanton stopped short in the dark hall. Had Jessica also deceived him? Was she too playing a part in order to keep him in a good humor? He struck his clenched hand violently against the wall beside him.

"What's that?" cried the affrighted Mr. Green, within the room. "Who—"

"I ran against the wall, in the dark," Stanton called, his voice a little hoarse, but evenly controlled. "Good night."

"Good night. We'll fix things all right, Stanton; you take a good sleep."

"I shall," promised the driver. He did not.

At seven o'clock, the next morning, Mr. Green burst into the hotel dining-room where Stanton was at breakfast.

"He's got them! They're coming," he rejoiced maniacally. "The car wasn't at Brighton, but he located it ten miles farther over, on a siding. And he raised such a disturbance around the express people's ears that they unloaded the tires then and there, and rushed out two motor trucks to cart them across to us. They'll be here by eight and the race starts at nine. I have been up all night—an hour ago it looked as if you would have to be withdrawn from the contest for lack of a few sets of rubber tires. That fool tire company! He wiped his forehead. "Don't you want to come out to the course, after you finish here? Floyd is due on the train which arrives in fifteen minutes, if he isn't smothered by the crowd. I never saw such a mob of people; they have been coming since dawn; all night, in fact, and they're still coming."

"Yes," acquiesced the other unemotionally. His dark face gave an effect of bronzed immobility, his blue-black eyes held steel glints.

"Well," the assistant manager resumed, and paused.

The pompadoured waitress was leaning between them, placing a tea-pot on the table.

"Chocolate, sir," she giggled.

Stanton pushed back his chair, then checked himself as sharply.

"No," he stated, and set the pot away from before him.

The movement was not violent, but there was in it so much poorly restrained force that the china vessel shattered upon striking the table and all the fragrant brown liquid ran over the white cloth. The girl exclaimed in dismay. Mr. Green stared; Stanton only dropped a dollar-bill beside his plate and rose to go.

"I am ready," he signified.

The Mercury camp was a scene of animated preparation, twenty minutes later, when Floyd emerged from the dense press of arriving spectators and gained the inclosure. The assistant manager almost received him in his arms, the rest of the force clustered around. Gay, blithe, triumphant, Floyd accepted the general congratulations.

"Yes, I got them," he laughed, answering first one and then another. "No, I'm not tired, I slept both ways in the train. I did have breakfast, thanks, in Jamaica. I've got my racing clothes on. Mr. Green; I dressed at the hotel before coming here. Where is Stanton? Oh—" as the group separated to show the man standing beside the Mercury car.

The men made way, smiling understandingly, as the young mechanic stood straight to his driver.

"Stanton," he began, with his eager confidence.

Stanton looked full in his eyes, and turned his back upon him.

The sudden silence that hushed the witnesses was more impressive than any outcry, the stillness spoke, Floyd's outstretched hand fell by his side and he slowly paled, all the laughter wiped from his face.

"I am ready for work," he gravely reported, after a brief pause. "When you want me, send for me, please."

"Very well," came the chilling reply. It was an hour before the actual start. There was sufficient to be done to keep every one occupied, especially after the trucks loaded with drivers came to the camp. Mr. Green, still purple with indignation, continued to detain Floyd with him and away went Stanton.

"There wouldn't be any racing to-day, if it wasn't for you," he declared, once.

"Tires awfully bright," Floyd agreed, but he did not smile.

The machines were preparing to go to their stations for the start, Stanton was in his seat at the wheel, when Floyd came over, and leaning against the car, looked up into the driver's face.

"What have I done?" he asked simply.

Both men were still unmasked, their privacy of speech was secured by the uproar around them. Stanton looked grimly back.

"Lied to me. You were not kept away from New York by work with Green, or any other work, for the last two weeks."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Floyd's pallor, he bent his head.

"Yes, I lied to you," he admitted.

Stanton's gauntleted hand closed on his wheel.

"There was no need. Your time was your own. Floyd; I claimed no control over you. I don't know why you did it, to be rid of me for a while, I suppose, but the reason doesn't matter. Last night I thought a good many wild things about you, and your sister, but this morning I've got my grip again. No doubt you had all you could stand of me, I'm not precisely lovable and I would have understood if you had just told me so. But I will have no friend I can't trust all the way. Get in—we will finish this race, and part."

Floyd raised his head and gave to the stern scrutiny his candid gray eyes.

"Stanton, trust me all the way now," he appealed. "Can you do that? Can you take my word that your friendship is the only thing in the world I want? If I deceived you, it was so I could be here to race with you to-day. I will tell you afterward, I can't now."

"You mean—"

Floyd held out his hand.

"I've got everything badly mixed up, but it's clean to offer you, Stanton."

As swiftly impulsive as his condemnation was Stanton's movement as he bent to give the clasp.

"All right," he said curtly. "Get in; I ought to have given you a chance. And as the other obeyed: "I didn't mean to meet you as I did, an hour ago, anyhow; it slipped me."

"They're signaling," warned Mr. Green, hurrying over. "Are you ready? Both of you?"

From his place beside Stanton, Floyd turned a face of incarnate sunshine to the assistant manager, a face so changed in its color and glow and warmth that all who saw drew breath in sheer wonder.

"We're ready," his blithe tones assured. "Don't worry."

Stanton laughed with him, fastening on the mask, and sent the Mercury rolling forward. The world was right once more, and life sane.

It was an exquisite morning; windless, cool, with happy little effects of snowy cloud against a cobalt-blue sky. The October air was a summer-distilled cordial, an ethereal intoxicant. The racers had no time to notice it, yet the effect was there. The speed made on the first laps was record-breaking.

The brown or gray streak of road ahead, the gleady turns, the treacherous smooth hill down which it was so easy to make speed and still more easy to meet disaster—for the first hour Stanton had no attention to spare from these. Moreover, the spectators were massed over the course in many places, recolling just enough to leave a lane for each car's passage, and so imposing another anxiety upon the drivers who knew the swerve of a foot must bring death to some one.

"Car behind," Floyd's clear accents gave the familiar cautions, from time to time. "He's tryin' to get us before the turn. The Atlanta's head in the dust."

The pace maintained was the fastest at which the Mercury could be held to the road. It was Stanton's way to gain the lead first, when possible, then keep a steady average regardless of his rivals' spurts of speed; unless the race were too short to permit such tactics or the contest too close. Now, at the end of the second hour Floyd made the desired announcement, as they shot past the grand-stand and the bulletin boards.

"We're leadin'. The tires have been holdin' fine—look out for them this round."

Stanton moved his head affirmatively, his narrowed eyes unswerving from the line of course ahead. Heeding the advice, he did take the turns more carefully.

The precaution was justified. On the most dreaded angle of the course came the well-known explosion, immediately followed by a second from the opposite wheel, the Mercury toppled perilously.

Floyd was leaning over the back, unstrapping the extra tires, before Stanton had brought the car to a standstill. The two men were out on the ground together, dragging forth tools. Ringed about by pushing, exclaiming spectators, they worked with quick precision, wasting no time in speech. Dust-wrapped, two big cars sped by them, the red one hanging doggedly at the flank of the white.

"George thinks he's winnin'," hissed Floyd mockingly. "But he isn't gettin' to us, are we?"

Stanton was on his feet again.

"In with the tools," he directed, with brevity.

But the blue-black eyes and gray exchanged one smiling glance before the Mercury sprang forward.

The race began its third hour, as Stanton started out to regain his lost lead. It was noon, a dazzling, breathless noon of azure and gold. Down past the grand-stand with its heaving expanse of color and movement, they swept again, the joyous applause commencing.

To be continued

An automobile caravan bearing one hundred and twenty-five enthusiastic Loup City boosters, advertising their Harvest Festival to be held on Aug. 21-22-23, visited Ravenna last Thursday, bringing along their base ball team, which con-

tended with the Ravenna team, somewhat to their sorrow, during the afternoon.

The procession entered town fully three-quarters of an hour before they were expected, consequently there were but few people on the street to welcome them on their arrival.

Upon arrival Judge Wall delivered a short address conveying Loup City compliments to Ravenna and extending all an invitation to attend the celebrations at Loup City later in the month.

This address was responded to later by Mr. C. A. Clark, who spoke at the base ball park, following the game.

The fine Loup City band accompanied the expedition and played several fine selections on the street shortly after their arrival.

After dinner the Ravenna band turned out and added to the musical features of the day, and the attendance at the ball game was the largest of the season, nearly all business houses closing for the occasion giving every one an opportunity to fraternize with our Loup City neighbors.

The twenty-five or thirty automobiles transporting the party pulled out for Litchfield at three o'clock.

News.

Clear Creek Items

Threshers are busy in this neighborhood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shelter spent Sunday in Arcadia.

Mr. J. Lowery returned home last Thursday from Halsey, Neb., where she has been for some time.

Misses Bessie and Mary Peters and Miss Rebecca Camp were visiting with friends in this vicinity Sunday.

Miss Hendrickson, of Cairo, Neb., who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke the past week, returned to her home Saturday morning.

Mr. Claud Stapleton won in the young men's foot race at Litchfield Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Coppersmith visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Adams, Sunday.

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DEPENDED ON THE HUSBANDS

Lady Book Agent Found It the Same With Both Wife and Widow.

The Tired Lady Book Agent was having a very poor day. She had rung unnumbered door bells and talked till she was hoarse to all kinds of people. She had in every case been invited in, which was a good beginning. She had told her story, gone into details of half-calf, morocco, and plain cloth bindings, but no sale had been made.

Young women and old had given the same excuse for not subscribing then and there.

"Yes, I like it very, very much, but I must consult my husband."

"Surely," the Book Agent thought, "no one can say that women disregard their husband's wishes even in these Votes-for-Women days."

Finally, late in the afternoon the last house was reached.

"Ha!" said the Book Agent, gleefully. "Here's where I get a sale. She's a widow, and she won't have to consult her husband."

So she rang the bell hopefully and was received by the Widow, who listened with great interest to the story of the merits of the books.

Just as the Book Agent was beginning to think she was making a sale the Widow sighed and said:

"No, I can't take it today. If only my dear husband were alive, I wouldn't hesitate a minute."

JOKED IN FACE OF DEATH

Last Words of Titanic's Purser, McElroy, Were Light-Hearted and Cheerful.

Charles Brown, the English comedian, lost a number of friends in the Titanic tragedy. He knew most of the officers on the ill-fated ship, and the purser, McElroy, had been his comrade for years. A recent letter from England brought to the actor the last words of McElroy—an au revoir of life which is notable for its calm British courage.

The fourth officer, Marzials, who went down with the ship and was picked up by a boat, is the man who testifies to McElroy's behavior. A small group of the Titanic staff was waiting for the final plunge. The water was lapping the deck at their very feet and the end was merely a question of a very few minutes. McElroy turned to his companions with a smile and shook hands with them, saying:

"Well, good-by, fellows; it looks like sand for breakfast tomorrow."

"That was typical of McElroy," says the actor.

Changed His Mind.

Green was paying his first visit to a racecourse. He had heard tales of welters and ticket-snatchers and lurid stories concerning the pugilistic benches of bookmakers, but still such things did not prevent him having