

# SERIAL STORY

## STANTON WINS

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Illustrated by Frederic Thornburgh

At the beginning of great automobile races the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jess 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 the race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight 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.

### CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Stanton gasped. Where had his memory been, not to recall the name of Floyd? A multitude of confused recollections rushed across his mind, of that famous manufacturer and racer for sheer love of the sport, of the superb cars he had built, and of his death in a railroad wreck, the previous year.

"He tied me in his car," continued Floyd, with a shadowy smile, "when I was too young to be trusted to hold on. If you are going to take my mechanic's seat, Jess, he said to me, 'you have got to do my mechanic's work.' And by the time I was fifteen, I could. We used to race with the chief car tester, for combination training, on a mile practice track around the factory. I held the wheel myself at seventy-five miles an hour, before I was seventeen. And he took me with him, as a spectator, to every big race here and some abroad. Of course he was training me to take charge of the manufacturing business with him, not for racing myself. But, somehow affairs went wrong. When he died, eighteen months ago, everything collapsed and I found nothing left. The factory itself is tied up in a lawsuit; I may get that out of the ruin; buildings full of silent machinery I have no capital to use, and no heart to sell."

There was a pause.

"I wonder," Stanton mused slowly, "why you volunteered to act as my mechanic that night?"

Floyd's gray eyes flashed to meet his, all his color and animation rushing back.

"Because I love the racing. I love it," he answered, impulsively frank. "I've got my father's blood in my veins and the frail physique of a useless girl—can't you see how they fight? The very smell of exhaust gas makes my heart jump and pulse tingle. Besides, I had watched you often, I couldn't see you put out of the running. Then, I was tired of— I checked myself sharply. 'Ought we not to go back on the course?'"

Stanton rose, signaling the waiter.

"You saw me through that difficulty," he acknowledged. "But, you said this morning that you had a sister; I wonder you stayed with me for the season."

"My sister understands," Floyd explained; he had risen also, and stood for a moment beside his chair, his unseeing gaze bent on the ground. "She knows that I was not brought up to live woman-fashion. I wish, if ever you hear anything of me that you do not like, that makes you feel differently toward me, I wish you too would remember that I was reared by a man to live among men and missed all that women teach."

Stanton regarded him in an astonishment at once indulgent and ironic.

"I'm not likely to hear anything of you that will shock me very badly," he dryly returned. "Do you think I am a gentle girl, myself, Floyd?"

"Not so you could notice it," sprang the prompt opinion; the candid gray eyes laughed out of their short eclipse.

They went back to the course together.

The next two hours were spent in repeatedly circling the ten mile course in ten minutes; a reasonable practice run, from Stanton's point of view. On the last trip he and Floyd disagreed over a question of mixture, and came up to the repair pits quarreling vigorously, exciting the interest of all beholders.

"If I don't know when a motor needs more gas, I'll go take a correspondence course," was Floyd's last retort, as he slipped out of his seat.

"It's running like it never did before, and you'll let it alone," Stanton sent the definite order after him.

The witnesses grinned at one another.

"Say, Floyd, that's a fine big brute of a machine you've got there," complimented the broadly amused George, as the young mechanic went by him.

"It sure is," came the cheerful agreement.

"Yes. But it's nothing to the brute of a driver you've got."

Floyd paused to glance back.

"Let my driver alone," he advised.

"Stanton and I understand each other all right."

"Then you had better quit racing before you're demoralized," jeered the other, and turned to find Stanton had come up behind him.

There was nothing said, Stanton went on as if he had not heard. But he carried with him the discovery that it is the perfection of comradeship to be able to quarrel without bitterness.

There was a tan-colored automobile drawn up opposite the exit, when he emerged.

"Mr. Stanton," summoned a low-toned, smooth voice, from the car; Valerie Carlisle leaned out, extending a small hand.

She was the consummation of cool daintiness and repose. It was impossible to meet her beautiful, concerned eyes without yielding admiration, at least.

"I have been waiting here for an hour," she informed him. "I am so distressed that my car should have hurt you, I shall reproach myself so much if anything happens to you tomorrow because of your strained arm, that I wanted to ask you about it myself. A weakness there might kill you, might it not?"

"It might, if it existed," he confirmed. "But the strain does not trouble me. I deserved to pay more severely for such stupid carelessness."

She did not avoid his keen gaze at all, yet somehow failed to impress her sincerity.

"It was an accident," she deprecated. "I suppose you just forgot. Frankly, though, I wish you were to drive a Duplex or an Atlanta, tomorrow. I do not like the Mercury, it is so often in wrecks."

"It is faster than either of the others," Stanton defended, yet moved in spite of himself by her anxiety for his safety. "I am also obliged to admit that it is not responsible for any of our mishaps, so far, at least; I lead it into trouble, myself, sometimes."

Her long, fair lashes fell; she tapped her fingers nervously upon the door panel.

"If you could not race, who would be likely to win, Mr. Stanton?"

"You are taking it for granted that I will succeed—I easily may not. But without the Mercury, probably the Duplex or the Atlanta on this long road race. On a track, I would choose the Italian car."

She listened attentively, then smiled.

"I am such an amateur; I do not half understand. I have come with an invitation from papa. He wishes to consult you about auto tires, those for your next race, and he hopes you will dine with us, this evening."

Thoroughly surprised, he promptly declined.

"Excuse me to Mr. Carlisle; I must get ready for tomorrow. Moreover, it is for the Mercury company to discuss tires, not for me."

Her small mouth set, she drew aside her shimmering skirts.

"We will decide that on the way—I will put you down at your hotel, at least."

"Miss Carlisle, I am just from the course; I am not presentable."

"That is for me to say," she reminded. "Pray do not refuse all my requests."

Almost under compulsion, Stanton entered the car.

He could have fancied her breathing was quicker; she gazed at him with so singular and disproportionate a triumph as almost to startle him. Without waiting the chauffeur's movement, she herself slammed the door of the car and snapped the handle, keeping her eyes upon Stanton.

"I thought you would come," she murmured, half under her breath, "and you will dine with us."

### CHAPTER VI.

Missed.

The most agitated man in Lowell, on the race morning, was the assistant manager of the Mercury company. And there was a maddening irony in his situation. At a quarter after ten,

fifteen minutes before the first car was to start, the Mercury stood ready with, in his place, the trim, khaki-clad mechanic, concerning whose possible desertion Mr. Green had spent much worry. But the driver, Stanton the unfailing, was missing. In the midst of the gay hubbub of the scene, the Mercury camp was on the verge of frenzy.

"You've telephoned to his hotel?" inquired Floyd, no less troubled because quiet, as Mr. Green came up wiping his brow.

"Telephoned! I've telephoned to every hotel in the town, to the police, to—to every one. He went to his hotel and dressed for the evening, after he left here yesterday, and went off in an Atlanta automobile with some confounded woman; that's all I can learn. He never came back to the hotel, at all."

Floyd's slender brown hand shut hard on the edge of the seat, his lip curled slightly.

"A woman!" he repeated, his merciless young voice stinging.

"They say so—and I'd as soon have thought of Ralph Stanton getting drunk."

"You'd better phone to the insane asylum," advised the mechanic, and turned his back to the whole affair, watching the brilliant spectacle before him with scornful gray eyes.

Five minutes passed, ten. The first car was called to its station. The Mercury had drawn fifth in the lottery for place. Just four minutes before the starting hour, a taxicab bowled furiously across the crowd, came to a jerky stop at the edge of the course, and opened to emit its passenger.

"Stanton!" hailed his manager, chobling with exasperation and relief. "Stanton, for Heaven's sake—where—what—"

"Sick," the driver sung at him, springing across to his car, from which Floyd slid out to give him entrance. "Mask, gloves, you others."

"Sick?" echoed the unbelieving Mr. Green, amid the flurry of preparation. "You, you sick?"

Stanton, in his seat, turned a colorless face toward him before clasping on the mask.

"Sick," he reiterated explicitly. "Are you ready, Floyd?"

The Mercury drew up to her line on exact time. And in the moments while the cars in front were being sent away, Floyd found an opportunity to put a question.

"You have been ill?" he coldly asked.

"Acute indigestion; I've been in a doctor's office since nine o'clock last night," snapped Stanton. "Did you think I was lying to you?"

"No. Are you fit to drive?"

"If you're afraid I'm not, get out and leave me."

The signal was given. When the Mercury flashed across the line, Floyd was almost as pale from anger as Stanton from recent illness.



Valerie Carlisle Leaned Out Extending a Small Hand.

## IN FEAR OF SENATE

### DEMOCRATS ANXIOUS REGARDING ATTITUDE OF PARTY SENATORS TO TARIFF.

### SEE TROUBLE IN SOME ITEMS

Sugar, Wool and Lumber Schedules Likely to Meet Opposition—Other Important Legislation Which Must Command Attention.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—There is still keen anxiety among the Democratic leaders lest a minority of the Democrats in the senate may make up their minds to fight against the adoption of certain of the provisions which the house will make as a part of the party's great tariff program. There is still a danger, it is said in other dispatches, that a minority of the Democrats joining the Republicans and progressive Republicans may change parts of the tariff bill so radically that the house may refuse to accept the senate's findings in the cases in point. This will mean a long controversy in the conference between the two houses and it may possibly lead to compromises of which President Wilson may fall to approve.

This does not mean that Mr. Wilson would veto the tariff legislation but it means, if it should come about, that he may urge with all his power the necessity of following the spirit of the Democratic platform and may take a personal hand in the conference as he has in the committee rooms already, and insist that pledges shall be fulfilled as he thinks the members of his party at large believe they should be fulfilled.

One Democratic senator said the other day that sugar was always sweet excepting that when it entered into the tariff cup and then it became instantly exceedingly bitter. There are other things besides sugar which may cause trouble in the senate. Wool and lumber have not yet passed safely the stage of troubling. There have been several tariff sessions in the last few years and in every one of them these three articles have been causes for bitterness of feeling, long drawn out debates, personalities which sometimes have been almost offensive, and "rows and ructions" generally. The party in power admits that it will look with much more complacency on life when new tariff legislation is on the statute books approved by congress and by the president, and waiting approval by the people.

Other Work Ahead.

There are other things besides tariffs which soon must occupy the attention of the Democrats, and a few of them are occupying their attention today. Here are the principal things which the party in power hopes to put into legislative form before the congress now in session ends its life in March, 1915:

Tariff revision.

Currency reform.

Revision of the Sherman law.

A budget system to make easier the consideration of the appropriation bills and legislation which will make for efficiency and economy in the government's departmental service.

Philippine independence.

Panama canal legislation again involving the question of free toll for coastwise ships.

Legislation looking to flood prevention.

Conservation with a leaning toward control by the states.

Revision of the rules of the house, but revision of a kind which will not make it appear that the dominant party wishes to restore a one man rule.

Legislation for the compensation of federal employees who are injured or who suffer from occupational diseases in the course of their employment.

Legislation which in another form will cover employees engaged in interstate commerce.

This is recognized by the Democrats as a most ambitious program and comparatively few of them apparently think that all the things here set down can be accomplished within the life of one congress. Some of the leaders say that if any three of the greater things are done and find acceptance with the country, the Sixty-fourth congress, like the present one, will be found to be well within the control of the Democratic party.

Old Line Senators at Sea.

President Wilson and the Democrats in official life in Washington generally are not the only ones in the capital deeply interested in the outcome of tariff legislation in the upper house at this extra session. It is perfectly apparent that the old line Republican leaders of the senate are on the uncertain seat. They do not know whether to become active fighters against the Democratic bill or to remain as non-combatants. Naturally they are looking to the future and to the future of their party, and judging from appearances they would give much to know today just what prospect there is of ultimate concord among the Democratic senators on the subject of the house bill.

In the senate the progressive Republicans are in the main apparently fairly well satisfied with a good many of the paragraphs in the Democratic tariff bill as the house has prepared it. Some of these progressive Republicans who have declined to join the Progressive party are anxious that the two factions of Republicanism shall get together once more in order that a united front can be presented to the

Democratic enemy in the next election. These progressive Republicans, men like Cummins, Borah and others, are moderate tariff revisionists and it is not likely that they would stand with the old line Republicans in opposition to those provisions of the new bill which make only moderate cuts in some of the schedules.

Old Timers in Doubt.

The senate Republicans of the old school do not know whether or not to sit back and let the tariff bill go through without much protest. If they can get the support of the progressives of their party they may be willing to make a stand and to protest virtually against every provision in the bill, but otherwise they may elect to allow the measure to go through without much debate and then trust to the lowered rates to bring destruction to the Democratic party.

Some time ago, even before the new Democratic tariff bill was under discussion by the house ways and means committee, some of the high protection Republicans in the senate said publicly that it would be better for the party not to enter any vigorous protest against the passage of the bill, but simply to allow it to go through with an extremely limited amount of opposition debate, and to make a few speeches saying that the bill would be disastrous to the country, and then to sit back, let the measure go through "and trust the result to God and the ultimate consumer."

Now it may be that a change of mind will come to the old line Republicans. It is certain to come if the progressives of their party will join with them in a program of assault upon all the provisions of the bill. The old line Republicans, however, say they do not believe it would do the future of their party any good if the Progressives were to join with them in their attacks on parts of the Democratic measure and to join with the Democrats in the defense of other parts of it. The high protection Republicans say that such a course simply would accentuate the difference of tariff opinion in their party.

May Be Little Opposition.

So it may be that the tariff bill as framed by the Democrats will go through the senate without much Republican opposition, but it is possible that if the Republicans find there are enough Democrats willing to join them in opposition to the cut in the sugar and wool rates they may agree to enter the fight even though the progressives of their party will not go along with them wholeheartedly.

As has been intimated, President Wilson himself is still in the twilight zone on the subject of the outcome in the senate on tariff legislation as proposed by the bill which has been introduced into the house. No president ever has been able to know definitely in advance what the senators were going to do.

President Wilson seemingly is optimistic even while he does not see his way yet perfectly clear to complete success for his tariff measure in congress. The friends of the administration declare that the president thinks all the Democratic senators eventually will be brought into line and that the bill which will go through will bear so few marks of compromise that it rightly can be called an administration measure and a Baltimore platform measure. The progressive Democrats in the senate are doing everything which they can to bring their higher protection brethren into line on sugar, lumber and wool. If they succeed it will make little difference probably what the Republicans do, for the Democrats have a solid majority of six in the upper house and this is as good as if it were six hundred.

May Fine Absentees.

Unless the members of the new congress are more regular in attendance at the sessions than were the members of the last congress it is the intention of the leaders to adopt rules for the first time in the history of the government which shall compel the presence of members at the sessions, and "compel" is the word the leaders are using when they speak of the projected regulation.

Bluntly, it is the plan to propose and to secure the adoption of a rule under which heavy fines shall be inflicted on representatives in congress who absent themselves from the legislative chamber without adequate excuse at a time when their presence not only is needed but it merely desirable.

It must be understood that this attendance matter has nothing to do with politics nor with parties, and in discussing it the leaders of the three political organizations in the house confer together and in entire sympathy. They all seem to deplore the growing habit of absenteeism. The records of the last three congresses are records of extraordinary difficulties at the times when the effort has been to get a quorum when important measures have been up and upon which free discussion and a full vote were deemed essential not only to the good of legislation but for the good name of the house.

Several of the leaders of the house have called the condition deplorable, and it is known definitely that unless lecturing and the enforcement of a rule requiring voting on all questions, is of avail to bring about better conditions, the leaders, probably through the rules committee or in whatever way the thing must be done, will see to it that absentees are fined an amount so large that even men who have private incomes added to their \$7,500 a year from the government cannot afford to stay in their office rooms or in their hotels when a decent regard for their duty would demand that they should be in their seats in the house.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

### LESSON FOR APRIL 27

### JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

LESSON TEXT.—Gen. 37:2-36. GOLDEN TEXT.—"Love envieth not." 1 Cor. 13:4.

This is the first of seven lessons dealing with Joseph, a fact which suggests to us his importance in the history and the working out of God's plan. This particular lesson occurs about ten years after Jacob's return to the land of Canaan. There are many points of similarity between Joseph and Christ: (1) His name means "adding," see Isa. 9:6; Luke 1:31-33 and John 3:36. (2) His birth which removed Rachel's reproach (30:34) even so the birth of Christ has removed the reproach of sin, Col. 2:13-15, Rom. 8:1; (3) The love of his father, see Matt. 3:17. (4) His sufferings at the hands of his brethren, Ps. 69:4; John 15:25. (5) His deliverance from prison which was a shadow of Christ's resurrection, Acts 2:23-24. (6) His marriage to one of another race, Eph. 1:3, 4. (7) His revelation of himself to his brothers, see Zach. 12:10, 13:1.

Their Envy Aroused.

The cause of the enmity of Joseph's brethren was four-fold. (1) His tale-bearing, 37:2; his pure mind could not brook their infamous slanders and he reported the same to his father. (2) His father's partiality as evidenced by the coat of many colors (v. 31). Only the opulent and noble, king's sons, wore such a garment, and Joseph was thereby differentiated from his laboring brethren. (3) His dreams, vv. 5-7. God was revealing himself in a marked manner to this young man, which fact aroused their envy (v. 11), and (4) his very virtues were a rebuke to his evil-minded brothers.

Five words will serve to fix this lesson in our minds: Deprivation, Disgrace, Deliverance, Deceit and Deportation.

I. Deprivation, v. 23.—Joseph's coat was a symbol of regal power and authority. It was not a mere patch work, but a long woven garment of bright hues. His dreams, too, had had to do with his exaltation above his brethren. As a matter of policy, perhaps, he ought not to have worn the garment, but who can question God's providential dealings, Rom. 8:28. Joseph's rejection was like that of Jesus, John 1:11; Matt. 27:38.

II. Disgrace, vv. 24-27.—Stripped of the coat, Joseph is cast into a pit. One wonders if the fact that there was no water there is evidence of the malignity of his nine brothers or of their somewhat tempered wrath. Joseph had pursued a long journey and was doubtless hungry and thirsty, yet these men sat outside eating and drinking while murder lurked in their hearts (v. 20, 25, 26). Joseph starving, was, however, in a better case than these brethren. One among them, Reuben, had averted a tragedy (v. 22), now God intervenes and sends this way a company of Ishmaelite traders from the land of Midian (see Judges 8:22-24). Cupidity prompts both the traders and the brothers as they made merchandise of Joseph, thus avoiding murder (Gen. 4:10).

III. Deliverance, v. 28.—Like a Christ was sold by one of his chosen ones, so Joseph is sold by the very ones to whom a right he should have looked for love and protection, and how cheaply he was valued, probably a little more than \$12. His bitter cries were of no avail (42:31), but this slavery was the road to a sovereignty.

IV. Deceit, vv. 29:35.—These brothers are an illustration of that degeneration of character which results from evil courses. It took place within a very brief time, probably not to exceed 15 years. Their jealousy was the outcome of their own evil courses. The intervention of Judah and Reuben was not entirely above suspicion, and not one of them had any esteem of the truth. They hated Joseph the dreamer because of his superior sagacity. The commission of one sin always calls forth others in a vain endeavor to cover the first. Their ready willingness to deceive their aged father, and their scornful words "thy son's coat," reveal the blackness of their characters and their absolute lack of all filial love.

V. Deportation, v. 36.—Reuben, returning, found an empty pit, whether he shared the profit of Joseph's sale, we are left to infer. His plan of deliverance could not, however, have succeeded, as God had other and greater purposes in store for Joseph. As for Jacob, he had deceived his father Isaac, and is compelled to reap as he had sown, Gal. 6:7. The hated coat is used as a means of their deception.

This is an easy lesson to tell, but care must be taken that it be not over-drawn. Too much description will lose the ethical and spiritual teaching. Jealousy and its development will be enough to emphasize the moral teaching. Be sure to emphasize Joseph as a type of the Christ. Do not anticipate his other and later experiences; tell your class that the story is to be continued.

For the older scholars attention can be drawn to these same truths, and in addition discuss compromise, parental egotism, lack of discretion and lax discipline in dealing with children.