OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

A stone that is rolling will gather no moss. der is sauce

Each cloud in the sky has a silvery lining First capture the hare, before on it you're

be done,

Never count up your chickens before they are hatched. When horses are stolen the barn door is

latched. There are fish in the ocean as good as are

caught. A child ne'er departs from right ways that are taught

For sheep that are shorn God doth temper

Save not at the spigot and lose at the bung.

the wind.

Never borrow nor lend, if you would keep a good friend.

The sword is less mighty than words that are penned.

A stitch done in time will save ninety and Fine feathers, they say, will make birds that are fine.

A bird in the hand is, in the bushes, worth two.

chew. Take care of the pence-of themselves

pounds take care. A child will (won't) spoil if the rod you should spare.

The truth is but spoken by children and fools. And children are cut when they handle

edged tools. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the

A stone wears away by continuous drip.

A fool and his money will certainly part.

And never fair lady is won by faint heart Whoever sows the wind will a whirlwind soon reap.

Don't buy what's not needed because it is cheap.

Fools rush in where angels are fearful to tread, And o'er us a sword often hangs by a

thread. In every closet do skeletons hide.

If wishes were horses a beggar might ride. -Detroit Free Press.

RACING LUCK.

Fred Rushmore and I were sandpapering Blue Feather's sides. Oscar, my captain—he looks after the power-boat Arrow we use as tender -was flat on his back performing dexterities with a putty-knife. Blue Feather is a small International I am surprised, and Fred knows it. Knockabout class one design sloop, and Fred and I race her together on Long Island Sound. Mrs. Rushmore, Fred's mother, thinks that we are insane.

"I ask you," she maintains. "Go out in a silly little sailboat there isn't but he sold her, and now he has givroom to turn around in, sit on a lot en up racing. Tears around in a big of slats in three inches of water, get expresspower cruiser. I dislike him, soaked all afternoon from head to and I dislike his Bimbo. foot, and then come home and talk "Yes, Fales Gurney." Fred was foot, and then come home and talk about it. I'd rather knit."

And when Mrs. Rushmore has said that, she has said everything. It is the dance tonight too. These runners true that the Knockabouts are rather wet, and the man up on the weatherside gets his in any sort of chop.

We don't attempt to argue with Mrs. Rushmore—a woman either does or does not understand-but just the same she is a very charming person, and I should be only too pleased to have her for my mother-in-law. For Anne Rushmore, in my opinion, is one of the twelve most beautiful girls in the world.

Anne was watching us sandpaper Blue Feather. We were plunging about in rubber boots between tides alongside the yacht club dock, working against time as the class rules only allow you one tide at stated intervals; and Anne was looking down upon us, in more senses than one, leaning over the dock railing.

"How much longer are you going to rub your little boat?" Anne in-"You've been doing it for quired.

hours." "We're going to sandpaper her down until she's smooth as glass." I informed her. "And then we'll settle down and really do some sandpaper-The first seven hours are the hardest."

"You think a lot of your little boat, don't you, Peter?" Anne's voice came lightly down to us, as innocent as a

baby's laugh "I do," I replied. And I do. I think the world of Blue Feather.

"That's awfully nice," Anne marked. "A man ought to have something he really cared for."

Fred went on with his sandpapering, and said nothing. He never interferes one way or the other, but of course he understands perfectly. Os-

perfectly. I suppose the entire Western Yacht Club understands, and what the veranda understands is soon common property on the anchorage, via the gustus in charg captains' float. And they all under-he was before. stand that I would like very much to marry Anne, and that she refuses to

marry a racing man. "Marry a racing man Never," she proclaims when the subject comes up, as it will from time to time. "Sit all Saturday-Sunday too in your had been a flat day out on the Sound, where. Keep us in sight, and remem-

And supper spoiled at home belike, but not racing. Get rid of Blue Feather if you want to talk to me."

Anne is simply being obstinate. She is very fond of the water, and of pipe smoke. Diagrams, matches Blue Feather is never becalmed after on the table and all the old alibis in What's sauce for the goose, for the gan- a race because Oscar is always there full swing. The good talk which Mrs. forward, will you?" in the Arrow to bring her home. And won't get rid of Blue Feather and that's flat.

I mean, a girl has no right. I can dining.

be just as obstinate as Anne. We us right away, and made room for us

Don't leave till tomorrow what now can have both been obstinate now for at their table with appropriate insome time. Well, love me, love my sults. And always make hay while is shining boat-my little boat, as Anne persists in calling it. I don't object to her they wanted to know. "Let's see entirely useless—nervous as a cat— Girl Scouts.

"Are you going to be at the dance tonight?" Anne began again.

She knew very well that we would not be at the dance. It was the day before the annual Long Distance race, and the start was at nine o'clock the next morning. We had sacrificed the Saturday race in order to pull Blue Feather out and put her in trim, and As a twig is first bent so the tree is in- we would be obliged to wait around on the dock until the ten o'clock tide that evening so as to get her off and back to her mooring. Anne knew all

that. "No," I told her, "we will not be at the dance, except perhaps to look A man born for drowning will never be in a bit while we're waiting for the tide. Won't be dressed anyway." "I see. Too much trouble,

course.' Feather," I went on, "we're going to look right through it. And I did not turn in. Hard day ahead of us to- need any of Ted Jaffray's field-glasses We've got one leg on the to see what was just beyond the door. morrow.

I looked up she was gone. ducked down under the starboard side too. How that man annoys me. Anne Don't ever bite more than you're able to and was invisible. Some very thor was sitting next to him, facing the ough sandpapering was done for a door. A more than usually beautiful while. She was really beginning to Anne, it seemed to me. Very much come off smooth; that lovely glassy occupied with Fales Furney.

nally Oscar scrambled up. "Putty in my eye," he grumbled.

along the hull of Prunella, on the lounge and they were not there. other side of the dock. Prunella also Prunella outfit. They put something if anyone had gone out to the Bimbo. doing. Sixteen entries. But Frunella around.' phony on their keel which makes it the launch float and realized that 1 was right on our tail all the time. Dinging for a long time to find out what I said something about the weather. it is. Cement paint and something. "Where is she?" Fred asked me. "They're all going to try for the erybody happy. For once I complete other end of the line," Fred advised by forgot the Bimbo. Give her a me. But their Olaf never leaves anything and went back to the Skippers' Room. lying around.

"Anne's coming out to see the race side and remained there.

fine. Pass me the bucket." Fred passed me the bucket. 'Very dressy party."

"Going out with the Commodore, I suppose?"

"No. not with the Commodorelet's have the bucket again if you're it was. through—somebody else."

A lot of water ran up my arm from the sponge I was holding. "Not with the Co-commodore?" stammered. I always do that when and sure enough, there they were fifty, forty. We sailed back and "No. She's going out in the Bim-

bo with Fales Gurney." "Fales Gurney!" I exclaimed. I don't stammer any more when I get angry, and Fred knows that too. Fales Gurney used to own Prunella,

wiping his hands, I think on my sweater. "He's taking her to the

need greasing-More sandpapering, and a thick silence. Fales Gurney. Fred Rush- day tomorrow. Pull up a chair." more is a good chap. He dislikes Fales Gurney as much as I do. There was a terrific roar suddenly from the

locker-house megaphone. "Onthebimbo! Bimboahoy!" Felix, the dock master, calling a know. yacht on the anchorage. Calling the

Bimbo. "Hello?" the hail came back across me. the water.

'Grrocerees!"

yacht, the Bimbo." "Give me a match and shut your face," I advised him. I've known him to wonder.

very intimately for years. More sandpapering. Fred and I elected to dine just as mooring. we were in the Skippers' Room. The sunset gun and the "Star Spangled Felix came with the Banner" from the dance orchestra me aboard the Arrow. had caught us still fussing with Blue Feather, and I knew if I was not out

in the Arrow before Evening Colors Bimbo's taking a party out- yes, sir pleasant and convenient institutions He's been with me for years. of the Western Yacht Club. It used to be the bar, of course, and we have he inquired. the yacht models there. If you have come in late from racing and want to

catch a bite without changing, you the Bimbo." can do so in that room no matter what full-dress function may be going on out on the veranda.

We are essentially a racing club, and we believe that the comfort of

car crawled along a little farther on our racing skippers and crews comes It always does. as may occur to the mind in a room which is no longer a bar. No, sir. But we find it agreeable to keep Au-

Well, he's been there for years and sir." he knows us all, and gentlemen must have ice occasionally. There is no over to look at her. law against ice. Or against oranges either.

my husband is out on the Sound? No, Victories Thirties, Interclubs, Six wind drops we may not finish until asked Fred. Meters, Stars—a lot of the boys were after dark." cause the little treasure is becalmed there. Men in dilapidated flannels coming in? No, sir. cruising if you and jumpers, sons and their fathers.

> that Anne will not marry. Bacon and eggs, coffee and a cloud a chocolate cake. Rushmore cannot abide.

It's always been sweet music to me, and I'd rather listen to it than eat. The Prunella crowd caught sight of

"Been pot-leading Blue Feather?" your hands."

hair. He is Prunella's skipper. painting Blue Feather's name on our done. After the preparatory gun ally have to tell me things like that. "No," I told him. "We've been restern.'

"What for?" "So you'll have no trouble reading it tomorrow, Jaff my boy.' "Better put it on the bow then," he

field-glasses to see it. Well, good luck go. anyway, old scout." "Thanks; same to you. Hope we have a decent day and no flukes."

There is a door from the Skippers Room onto the veranda, and it is supposed to be kept closed; but sooner or later someone opens it, and leaves it open, and then it stays open. That happened in due course on this occa-"And after we've parked Blue sion, and from where I sat I could

Cup and we're taking no chances."

Fales Gurney and his party. Quite
"Oh, taking no chances, hey?" a large party. The Jaffray girls, and
Anne repeated the words, and when the Spenders, and a flood of other people. Fales Gurney all rigged up in a Oscar wriggled his feet. Fred had mess jacket. He looks very well in it surface and not a seam showing. Fi- cially after she caught me watching her. But it wasn't necessary for him to bend so close to her. I watched "She won't leak a drop now, Mr. them get up, and go away and "Ah, so's your old man!" I called Fred was playing the Shirley I'll swear to that."

dance, and come back several times. back to her—and very nearly hit a crything that came. He went off towards the lockers, Once they did not come back for dingey. How to start the day wrong, stopping to rub a critical thumb quite a while. I took a look in the as Mr. Briggs would say.

I went down on the dock to see if has one leg on the Long Distance Blue Feather was afloat. They were things over and gave me the news.

Red grinned. 'The tide, fool. How hard alee!" tomorrow," he informed me. Red grinned. "The tide, fool. How "She is?" I was under the port high's the tide? Can we get the "That's Feather off?"

to the tide and gave him the result of bo. "She and Mother," Fred continued. my observations. It would be another half-hour at least.

> I inquired. Anne often me. Don't get so nervous, or you won't sleep

Gurney," Fred laughed at me. "You Five minutes. One disk to a minute,

poor fool !' I turned around in the doorway,

"Hello, Anne!" Those words slipped out too before I knew it. Anne came back from a trip around the world, so to speak, and allowed her gaze to rest upon me. "Oh, hello, Peter !" she exclaimed. I didn't know you were here."

Liar. But of course I had stepped into that one myself. Fales Gurney smirked.

"Hello. Peter." he greeted me.

Thanks, but I've got to be going." "Peter has to put his little boat to Bimbo's-Anne's smile was angelic. "And we'd better be going too." "Where are you going?" I had to

"We're going to the country club ley Voo.
for a while," Fales Gurney informed
me. 'Wish you could come with us."

And that was a fine mo sured him.

"Grocerees:
"All right!"—from the bay.

"Yes, it's too bad. Anne taken of the state party," he reminded me. "Groceries "But there's a terribly important line with right of way on the star-and everything. Very nice cruising race tomorrow and Peter's taking no board tack—and trouble in store for chances—are you, Peter?"

Anne went out, and the tide came ter her. in, and we took Blue Feather to her

'Now go to bed,' Fred commanded. Felix came with the launch and put "Yes, sir— good breeze—yes, sir— Fred put his hand tentatively on the saw this whole business of the Bim- er in his mind what he would do if

The Skippers' Room is one of the and sort of looked me up and down the Neck going out of the bay, and win. "Any guests aboard tomorrow?"

"No guests," I annnounced. "Fine," said Oscar. "Big party or

"Good night, Oscar," I remarked "Call me at seven. "Seven o'clock yes sir. Good night, Mr. Shirley.

Sure, the whole anchorage Seven o'clock and a clear day.

minute odds and ends. "Matches? Cigarets? Knife?' Osall aboard. She hasn't leaked a drop ready pretty well strung out, but sir."

Susie and Parley Voo were very

The good soul already had been

class-twiddling my thumbs while and the fleet had been late finishing, ber, there's no time limit. If the thing all right? Trim jib a bit?"

"Yes, sir. Good luck, Mr. Shirley." much." All set. Eight o'clock, and aboard Slaves of the wind. The racing men Blue Feather. Fred was already there with the sails and battens. And

"Morning, Skip. Fine day." "Morning, Fred. Shove these oils

Fred shoved. The Prunella people were aboard at the next mooring. they "Hello, there! Good luck!" called over.

"Good luck, Jaff." No further amenities. Fred fussed sary things. He knows that I am time. for at least an hour before the start fect knack of telling me what to do goes he knows that I come to life.

a mouth-organ. retorted. "And even then we'll need haul, boom crutch. Half an hour to in a while. Maddening.

We got the main up, and Fred nip- advised. ped out with the jib. Up she went. "All right, any time." "Cast off!"

sheet. through the anchorage to the starting for which she was named. line in the bay. "Fifteen minutes to the prep." he

announced. "Sail's sitting very pret-I said nothing, but I always begin to feel better when we are actually under way. There was a power-boat ahead, with her engine going at the mooring. It was the Bimbo. I would just as soon have seen a black cat. We passed under her stern, and there was Anne on the after-deck. Anne and Fales Gurney. I would rather have seen a black cat. They

the rail. "Don't take any chances, will you?" "Ah, so's your old man!" I called Fred was playing the jib, getting ev-

waved to us, and Anne leaned over

The warning gun went, and we sailed up and down while Fred looked

"I don't know," I replied, without cross near the Committee Boat," I it. We passed Prunella; we pulled thinking. "I can't find her anywhere. decided. "Take no- Really about- away from her. Sweet Papa! All

Prunella coming at us on the starboard tack. Take no chances. I again, and the wind was freshening nerves" and for that reason there is "Oh, the tide!" I plunged right in- caught myself looking for the Bim- too. There's nothing like it in the

The warning signal was down. "Where's Anne?" I had had no in- Fred had the watch, with his thumb tention of asking him that, but there on the spring. Boom. The blue preparatory went up. Fred released the 'Right there at the table with watch with the red disks showing. turning white, and the big hand ticking off the seconds backwards. Sixty, forth, killing time, watching Prunel-

la. Three minutes to go. "Prunella's about." Two minutes to go. It was not the time to do anything except watch Prunella-she was the boat we had to

cover-but I kept seeing the afterdeck of the Bimbo "One and a half!" Fred sang out.

"Watch yourself, Skip!" 'Where's Prunella? "Right astern." I began to head for the stern of "How's the old racing man tonight?" the Committee Boat. Most of the "Hello, Fales." I have reason to be- others were all jamming around the lieve I glared at him. "Never better." other end of the line, for the wind-"Hope you'll have a very successful ward berth on the port tack. I won-

ney were still sitting alone out on the speeding us on. "Sixty seconds, fifty, Prunella about!

Prunella was shooting for the center of the line, forcing Susie and Par-

And that was a fine moment to "That would be awfully nice," I as find myself wondering what they'd be having for luncheon on the Bimbo!

"Fifteen-ten-nine-eight-" Prunella was zooming down the some of the boys on the port tack Exit, laughing. I suddenly began at the other end. She had timed it beautifully. Well, we were right af-

"Five-four-three-two-

The gun.

There was a nice little jam at the last a panic took hold of me. other end, and considerable vocal I was taking chances—I was tak-i down the Beach—Litz watched with commotion. Prunella went right on. ing one terrible chance. I suddenly searching eyes apparently turning ovjib-sheet. Yes—it was wrong, but I bo and the Long Distance race as he were called on "tomorrow"—the agreed with him. Let Prunella go. a show-down between myself and cylinders sent out their roar—the that Oscar would not be expecting good night, Mr. Shirley."

agreed with him. Let Prunella go. a show-down between myself and cylinders sent out their roar—the me.

Oscar switched off the absent light we'd have to meet again at the Bot- Anne in which I could not afford to Triplex raced madly down the Beach the tide would favor us.

"Ready about-hard alee!" Fred lighted a cigaret and passed it to me.

"All right, Skip, let's go. Voo about-Prunella about!" We went, and ahead of us, but not

their backs turned to us. Prunella had us by a few seconds his back and said nothing, naturally. first. And after a day's racing, com-but I suppose he also understands fort frequently is represented by im-breeze from the Bottle Neck—she points higher mediate food. And such beverages of more. Breakfast and those last than we do-but we always can outreach and outrun her. And after we turned the Channel Bell it was a run I luffed Blue Feather up. "Backstay's the friend. car checked up on my presonal gad- all the way to Captain's Island. If gustus in charge of the room, just as gets. "Cruising trim requirements the breeze held. The others were al-

"Just a shade, maybe—not too

Sensitive business, a boat and her company. Fred didn't have to tell me, but I knew that he knew I wasn't I've got something else to do just there. Not entirely. There is somenow. Perhaps you know what. I'm thing in the skipper's touch on the telling you, and if you ever tell a livstick that communicates itself to ev-

erything aboard. You feel it in your spine when you're crewing, if things aren't just so. As Ted Jaffray says, you're all disorganized. And Blue Feather was

You've got to there with every thought and nerve and muscle! And green himself, welcoming us. I went I rubbed my hands in Ted Jaffray's of a race, and has acquired the per- I wasn't there. I was on the Bimbo. "Watch vourself, Skip-wind's while seeming to ask if I want it shifting a little!" Fred doesn't usu-

We got out in the Sound and put and then he attends to his own busi- up the whisker pole—the I. K.'s don't ness. A splendid crew, and a dab on carry any spinnaker-and the wind dropped. Sound like a lake, and hot-Well, we got ready. Battens, out- ter than hot. Little catspaws once

> "Better hang on to Prunella," Fred I thought so. She was out in front, while Susie and Parley Voo were hanging on to us. Parley Voo espe-

Fred heaved the mooring can over- cially. That boat moves if you blow board, and ducked back to his jib- smoke at her. Fred produced his you betting with?" We were off, slipping away mouthorgan and played them the song Up ahead, Ted Jaffray got out his

> looking at us. A great deal of time passed, while we stewed, and tried sit next to Anne. smoke bombs and called upon the

"This wind's coming back from the south," Fred prophesied. "Look at aboard the Arrow, at a rather latethat smoke.' South my eye. But it came back-

from the west again. We began to move. "Attaboy!" Fred crowed. "Blow tesy. your head off-go get 'em, Feather!" steady breeze. We were pulling away Hearst's International Cosmopolitan. "Good luck, Peter!" she called. from Parley Voo, and Prunella was attending to her own affairs now.

> Time passed, and we were up with Prunella. Fred and I spoke in whis- tona Beach last month, from Gasoline

titiously. "You've got him worried, Skip," Two wins it. Secretive lot, the not there either. I went down to see Who was there and what they were Fred kept telling me. "He's looking

> ly forgot the Bimbo. Give her a "We'll keep out of that mess and like a hare. And Ted Jaffray knows was well in the best of worlds. Blue Feather was all organized

world. To take God's wind and wa-"Thirty seconds!" Fred cried. ter, and man's wood, and hemp, and "Steady as you go now, so I can catch canvas, and such skill as one may as many persons have thought. Lee
"Then try to sit still," he advised the smoke."

"Steady as you go now, so I can catch canvas, and such skill as one may as many persons have thought. Lee
possess, and get somewhere—and get Bible was attempting to prove to ofthere first.

"Hot dog!" I permitted myself to observe. And there was the Captain's Island markboat up ahead. We would

to his oil top. ing to be wet after we round the er waiting to take his place. That mark." "Let'er blow-ready to take in

the whisker pole." No one had dreamed of luncheon. We went whanging around, hauling in the main sheet for dear life. The wind was blowing.

the weather rail to take his dousing -one foot over the cockpit coaming, one arm around the shrouds, and the rest of him principally outboard. Be- con" didn't attempt to set a new rechind us I recognized Oscar's jubilant ord, he rode down the sands to note dered whether Anne and Fales Gur- hand on the Arrow's electric horn, the peculiarities of the Triplex.

But the thing that I saw-when I my telltale—was Anne on the bridge of the Bimbo. Anne with her back turned, and Fales Gurney sitting be- true. side her with his arm around her

wards. Blue Feather was all disorganized

again. It got me, finally. Oh, not for an hour or more. We thrashed our way back, first on one tack and then the

As a matter of fact, I didn't stop hour-a cloud of dust-silenceto reason it out. To tell the truth I kept seeing Fales Gurney there at ing his thoughts on preparing for the her elbow, and simply turned green.

To the devil with the race. There was a pair of wire nippers morrow" was not to come. beside me on the shelf. I got them too close-Fales Gurney is a decent out. Fred was on deck, facing forenough chap that way-went the ward. The Arrow was on the other Bimbo. He and Anne were still sit- side of the Sound. We were headed ting on the after-deck. Alone. With again for the Bimbo. I reached out from an operation and was talking to quickly and cut through the backstay supporting the mast, and let the nip-

ers go overboard. he'd have me on my feet again in "Look out!" I yelled, and Fred three weeks." pers go overboard. came scrambling in to the cockpit as parted-down with the main-down

He had hesitated—and I felt like a skunk-but crews don't argue with ter. their skippers, and if I chose not to much in the picture.

The Bimbo had gone to the left of take any chances of losing my mast law against ice. Or against oranges either.

"Come out after us when you're take any chances of losing my mast oranges in the year are there?"

"Come out after us when you're take any chances of losing my mast oranges in the year are there?"

"Come out after us when you're take any chances of losing my mast oranges in the year are there?"

"Come out after us when you're take any chances of losing my mast oranges in the year are there?"

The place was quite crowded. It had been a flat day out on the Sound. Where Keen us in election or the sound where the second or the sound where the second or the sound where the second or the sound or

"Rotten luck," Fred remarked. He was examining the stay. "Funny. Perfectly good wire. Looks as though

it had been cut.' "It has been cut," I informed him. "I cut it. I couldn't just quit, and ing soul we'll never sail together

again." "My friend"-Fred looked at me-"I don't know what to say to you." And then he began to loosen the the severed ends. When he got all disorganized. There was a rhythm through, the stay really looked as if lacking, because you can't race and it had parted. Good egg, Fred Rusharound quietly, doing all the neces- think of anything else at the same more. Nothing further was said. Westowed the gear, and the Bimbo took us aboard. Fales Gurney looked a bit straight up to Anne.

"What on earth-" she began. Wewere alone for a moment. "I thought I-I'd better not take any chances," I told Anne.

-lose a mast." She looked at me, and her very wonderful eyes began to twinkle.
"You big idiot!" Those were her sweet words. "I saw you throw away the nippers."

'You saw me?" "Yes. I was watching through theglasses. And all my money on Blue-Feather against Prunella to win." "On Blue Feather? Whom were

"Fales Gurney, stupid." Dear Anne.

But it was all right-about the bet -for Parley Voo won. We all dined field-glasses and made a show of that evening just as we were, on the veranda, and Fales Gurney did not

I had my moment with Oscar, though. "Well," I hailed him when I went

hour, "too bad, wasn't it? Rotten backstay-" "Good night, Mr. Shirley!" Oscar replied with the most scornful cour-

Oh, well, it was a good day. And We began to move very fast. Good Blue Feather is not for sale.—

WHEN BIBLE WENT OUT "DEACON" LITZ CAME IN. Racing down the sands of Daypers, while he eyed Prunella surrep- alley to that beyond-Fate, the guide and destiny of those who trust their

lives to a cotterpin and four wheels.

decreed that Major H. O. D. Segrave's speed mark of 231 miles per hour should stand. The news of the crash of J. M. White's Triplex startled the sportchance, and Blue Feather can run ing world. Lee Bible was unknown to the followers of the roaring road. Outside of a few minor exhibitions on Florida dirt tracks, Bible had done very little race driving. He was not seasoned to the game of "wrecked a story back of the crash unknown to many of the sporting world. Lee Bible was not making an official run, Bible was attempting to prove to officials of the American Automobile Association that he was capable of

handling the Triplex in the mad dash down the burning sands. Lee Bible was on his last chance turn the mark first, and then for the when he crashed. He had made sevlong beat home. If we could just eral previous trial runs and, if on hold on to our lead. Fred climbed in- this fatal run he did not prove to the A. A. A. representatives that he was "I want you to know this wind's capable of attempting that accomblowing," he reminded me. "It's go- plished by Segrave, there was anoth-

one was-"Deacon" Litz, consistent, nonspectacular speed artist of Dubois, Pennsylvania, who was acquainted with the "ropes" of the game and who had travelled the speed trail; knew the monotonous grind of In-"Trim jib-flat as you can get it!" dianapolis bricks and the flying

"Don't take your foot off the accelerator too quick-release the gas gradshould have been seeing nothing but ually-" and other warnings passed in review in Litz's mind as he made his ride. He found them all to be

ing on. A veteran in the game, Litz watched the ambitious 42-year-old Bible other, and we were holding Prunella prepare to start the run which would -but I could not keep my mind off mean that the garage mechanic the Bimbo. Or my eyes whenever we would drive the Triplex in the official passed her, for she was sliding along test or that the DuBois speedster down the Sound, keeping up with the would take the wheel "tomorrow." leaders. And every time I saw her, The motor was set humming—Bible I saw Anne and Fales Gurney, and at took his place in the close fitting seat—the grind of the gears was heard

> "Deacon" Litz turned away center-Indianapolis grind May 30 and the Altoona speed classic June 15-"to-

-98, 105, 135, 150, 182 miles per

FOOTING THE BILL.

Mr. Newman had just recovered a friend. "The sugeon," he remarked. "said

"Well, he did it, didn't he?" asked 'He did, indeed," responded Mr. Newman. "I had to sell my motor car to pay his bill."—Christian Regis-

Fred did his stuff, and went up on splinters of the faster board ovals. The day before Bible received the checkered flag Litz rode down the same trail blazed by Segrave.

The following day Bible took the shoulders. Well, on the rail. There wheel of the Philadelphia car-he was an argument about that after- was going to prove to the Three "A" that he was capable. When the Florida dirt driver—garage mechanic started his run Litz was there look-