

# SERIAL STORY

## The FLYING MERCURY

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The story opens on Long Island, near New York city where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, lives her life. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it right. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrage tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrage. Dick is a shrewd and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrage meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confiding in her own heart that she returns his love.

### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed. Lestrage looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen. "Have I no right?" was his question. "Is there no cancelling of a claim, is there no subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?" Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender. "I will come to you, I will come! You know best what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, dear, I wanted to—"

He silenced her, all the light flashing back to his face. "A promise; hush! Oh, I shall win tonight with that singing in my ears. I have more to say to you, but not now. I must see Bailey, somehow, before I go."

"He is at the house; let me send him here to you." "If you come back with him." They laughed together.

"I will—Do you know," her color deepened rosily, "they call you 'Darling'; I have never heard your own name."

"My name is David," Lestrage said quietly, and kissed her for farewell. The earth danced under Emily's feet as she ran across the lawn, the sun glowing warm, the brook tinkled over the cascades in a very madness of mirth. At the head of the veranda steps she turned to look once more at the roof of the white pavilion among the locust trees.

"Uncle will like you when he knows you," she laughed in her heart. "Any one must like you."

The servant she met in the hall said that Mr. Bailey had gone out, and Mr. French, also, but separately, the former having taken the short route across toward the factory. That way Emily went in pursuit, intending to overtake him with her pony cart.

But upon reaching the stables, past which the path ran, she found Bailey himself engaged in an inspection of the limousine in company with the chauffeur.

"You'll have to look into her differential, Anderson," he was pronouncing, when the young girl came beside him.

"Come, please," she urged breathlessly. "Come!" repeated Bailey, wheeling, with his slow, benevolent smile. "Sure, Miss Emily; where?"

She shook her head, not replying until they were safely outside; then: "To Mr. Lestrage; he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you."

"To Lestrage?" he almost shouted, halting. Lestrage here? "Yes. There is time; he says there is time. He is going back as soon as he sees you."

the park, carrying his hat in his hand. A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion. "Some one is there," she said. "Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out."

She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps farther brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen.

In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. French was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair; his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood Lestrage, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable.

"I told you then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least French enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so deserted that I would accept even you as a successor? Wrong; you are not missed. My nephew Richard takes your place, and is fit to take it. Go back to Europe and your low-born wife; there is no lack in my household."

The voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and Lestrage took the pause without movement or gesture. "I am going, sir, and I shall never come back," he answered, never more quietly. "I can take a dismissal, yes. If ever I have wished peace or hoped for an accord that never existed between us, I go cured of such folly. But hear this first, since I am arraigned at your bar: I have never yet disgraced your name or mine unless by the boy's mischief which sent me from college. The money you speak of, I have never used; ask Bailey of it, if you will." He hesitated, and in the empty moment there came across the mile of June air the roaring noon whistle of the factory. Involuntarily he turned his head toward the call, but as instantly recovered himself from the self-betrayal. "There is another matter to be arranged, but there is no time now. Nor even in concluding it will I ever come here again, sir."

There was that in his bearing, in the dignified carefulness of courtesy with which he saluted the other before turning to go, that checked even Ethan French. But as Lestrage crossed the threshold of the little building, Emily ran from the thicket to meet him, her eyes a dark splendor in her white face, her hands outstretched.

"Not like this!" she panted. "Not without seeing me! Oh, I might have guessed—"

His vivid color and animation returned as he caught her to him, heedless of witnesses. "You dare? My dear, my dear, not even a question? There is no one

when he came back later, to take his massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set. "I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. French," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here—I'll tell you; he is Lestrage."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute. "He is Lestrage. He never meant you to know; he'd have left without your ever knowing, but for Miss Emily. I guess I don't need to remind you of what he's done; if it hadn't been for him we might have closed our doors some day. He understands the business as none of us back-number, old-fashioned ones do; he took hold and shook some life into it. We can make cars, but he can make people buy them. Advertising! Why, just that fool picture he drew on the back of a pad, one day, of a row of thermometers up to one hundred forty, with the sign 'Mercuries are at the top,' made more people notice."

Bailey cleared his throat. "He was always making people notice, and laughing while he did it. He's risked his neck on every course going, to bring our cars in first, he's lent his fame as a racing driver to help us along. And now everything is fixed the way we want, he's thrown out. What did he do it for? He thought he needed to square accounts with you, for being born, I suppose; so when he heard how things were going with us he came to me and offered his help. At least, that's what he said. I believe he came because he couldn't bear to see the old place go under."

There was a skein of blue silk swinging over the edge of the table. Mr. French plucked it up and replaced it in Emily's work basket before replying. "If this remarkable story is true," he began, accurately precise in accent. "You don't need me to tell you this," retorted Bailey. "You know what my new manager's been doing; why, you disliked him without seeing him, but you had to admit his good work. And I heard you talking about his allowance, Mr. French. He never touched it, not from the first; it piled up for six years. Last April, when we needed cash in a hurry, he drew it out and gave it to me to buy aluminum. When he left here first he drove a taxicab in New York city until he got into racing work and made Darling Lestrage famous all over the continent. I guess it went pretty hard for a while; if he'd been the things you called him, he'd have gone to the devil alone in New York. But he didn't."

An oriole darted in one arcade and out again with a musical whirr of wings. The clink of glass and silver sounded from the house windows with a pleasant cheerfulness and suggestion of comfort and plenty. "He made good," Bailey concluded, thoughtfully. "But it sounded queer to me to hear you tell him you didn't want him around because Mr. Dick took his place. I know, and Miss Emily knows, that Dick French was no use on earth for any place until Mr. David took him in hand and made him fit to live. That's all, I guess, that I had to say; I'll get back to work."

He turned, but paused to glance around. "It's going to be pretty dull at the factory for me. And between us we've sent Lestrage to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where Lestrage's name showed in heavy type lying on the floor between them.

The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dizzied by apprehension. But when Mr. French rose and passed out, she aroused to look up at him eagerly. "Uncle," she faltered. Disregarding or unseeing her outstretched hand, he went on and left her there alone. And then Emily dared rescue the newspaper.

"A substitute," she whispered. "A substitute," and laid her wet cheek against the pictured driver. No one lunched at the French home that day, except the servants. Near three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. French came back to the pavilion where Emily still sat.

"Go change your gown," he commanded, in his usual tone. "We will start now. I have sent for Bailey and ordered Anderson to bring the automobile."

"Start?" she wondered, bewildered. He met her gaze with a stately repulsion of comment. "For the beach. I understand this race lasts twenty-four hours. Have you any objection?"

Objection to being near David! Emily sprang to her feet. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wholesale Burning of Books. The French should win. Edmund Gosse's commendation for the wholesale manner in which they have destroyed books. They have even gone to the extent of coining a special word, "bibliolytic," to denote "la destruction volontaire des livres." The greatest date in the annals of bibliolytic is 1790, when church property was confiscated by the revolutionary government. During that year, in Paris alone, 808,120 volumes taken from monasteries and convents were burned, and throughout the whole country the total destroyed is said to have amounted to 4,194,400.

## PRICE-FIXING TO BE TESTED

Suit Is Begun Against Breakfast Food Concern.

Detroit—The Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake company is alleged to be violating the Sherman law in a petition in equity filed in the United States district court here by order of Attorney-General Wickersham to settle for all time the extent to which a manufacturer can control retail prices.

The company and its officers, engaged in the manufacture of Kellogg's toasted corn flakes, are charged with fixing prices at which the flakes are sold to retailer and consumer, preventing competition which would reduce the price to the public and creating a monopoly by concentrating the entire interstate traffic in this commodity in the hands of jobbers and retailers who abide by price agreements exacted by the defendants. It is alleged that the defendants have invoked the patent laws through the use of a patented carton in which the flakes are packed as a mere "subterfuge and device" to escape the provisions of the Sherman law.

The government asks for injunctions to prevent the company, its officers and agents from controlling the price of the breakfast food after it leaves the hands of the manufacturer. The suit is regarded by the government as of vast importance because of its bearing on the right of a manufacturer to control prices to the consumer. It is alleged that the company sells only to jobbers, refusing absolutely to deal directly with the consumers or with the retail trade. The commodity, according to the petition, is sold to jobbers at a uniform price, under an agreement that the jobbers will sell to retailers at a price fixed by the defendants. The defendants are charged with strictly enforcing the agreement of sale by absolutely refusing to deal with any jobber who fails to maintain the specified price.

MEXICAN SHOPMEN STRIKE

Higher Wages and Shorter Hours Demanded by 7000.

Laredo, Tex.—Seven thousand shop employees of the National Railway of Mexico struck Friday because of the refusal of the management to grant an eight-hour day and an increase in wages. The strike was called simultaneously at Nuevo Laredo, San Luis Potosi, Mexico City and Aguas Calientes. At Nuevo Laredo 100 skilled mechanics and 100 other employees walked out. The shops are closed.

Because of the demoralized condition along the line of the railway as the result of the rebel activity the strike has caused the greatest concern. Railroad officials refuse to discuss the situation beyond saying that the strike will not cause a tieup of the lines and that they believe regular train service can be maintained.

At several points bridges and stations have been burned by the revolutionists and long stretches of roadbed destroyed. The employees presented their demands some weeks ago with an ultimatum that if they were not acceded to, a strike would be called before the end of the year. No intimation had been given that Friday was selected as the date of the walkout.

Admiral Dewey Young at 75.

Washington, D. C.—Admiral George Dewey, hero of the battle of Manila Bay, Thursday celebrated quietly his 75th birthday. The veteran sea fighter said he never felt better in his life, and friends who called to congratulate him on the anniversary of his birthday declared that he looked "like an ensign."

The admiral attributed his splendid condition to constant riding and to the further fact that he keeps away from midnight banquets. He said that he abandoned attending banquets long ago.

"So should any man," he declared, "who wants to feel as young as I do when he is 75."

Admiral Dewey passed a few hours at his office as president of the general board of the navy. Later he went for a drive with Mrs. Dewey and there was an informal family dinner in the evening.

Smallpox Under Control.

Washington, D. C.—Rigid steps by the public health service have brought under control a threatened serious outbreak of smallpox along the West Virginia-Maryland border. Dr. B. S. Warren, detailed to investigate the situation, who has just returned to Washington, reported 11 cases in the vicinity of Martinsburg, W. Va. These cases, all within from three to ten miles of the city, are under proper control. All suspected persons in the region will be vaccinated and kept under observation for 15 days.

Gum Chewer Discredited.

Chicago—United States Judge Carpenter revealed one method he has of judging whether a person is testifying truthfully. If the witness chews gum and talks rapidly the chances are no great weight should be attached to his statements, the court said. This developed when the court told Joseph Burns, a witness chewing gum while on the witness stand: "The harder a person chews gum the less responsibility you can place in his testimony."

Schrank Model Patient.

Oshkosh, Wis.—John Schrank, who attempted to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt, is reported to be a model patient at the Northern Hospital for the insane. The superintendent says he is faithful in his work and spends much of his time reading and writing and doing work around the criminal ward as it is required of patients there.

## OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

### MUTUAL AID FARMERS' AIM

Meeting at Oregon City Results in Plan to Regulate Market.

Oregon City—In the parlors of the Oregon City commercial club on Saturday more farmers than ordinarily get together. The Farmers' Society of Equity, an interstate organization of agriculturists, has had an organizer in this district for some time, and the meeting was a result of his labors.

Nearly four-score bona fide farmers came together to see if it is not possible by means of this society to establish a closer connection between the producer and the consumer. Crops are to be regulated so as to avoid waste energy and a glutted market; farmers being notified from headquarters just what price to demand for their products.

Locals are to be organized throughout the county, which will be controlled by the county local. The state committee will report to the National headquarters.

### PORTLAND FOURTH ON LIST

Wheat Export Exceeded Only By New York and Two Others.

Washington, D. C.—Portland's wheat exports thus far reported by the department of commerce and labor have been lighter this year than last, but are still considerably above the total export of Puget Sound. The monthly statement of the department shows that during the last 11 months Portland exported 5,238,139 bushels of wheat, as against 6,244,833 bushels in the same first 11 months of last year.

Puget Sound's total exports this year have been 4,322,707 bushels, an increase from 2,870,087 bushels over same months of 1911. Portland is now fourth on the list of wheat exporting customs districts, New York being far in the lead, with 4,500,000 bushels and Galveston and New Orleans following with more than 6,000,000 each.

### GAME LAW CHANGE URGED

Umatilla County Association Indorses Proposal of Commission.

Pendleton—At one of the largest meetings ever held here the Umatilla county Fish and Game association heartily indorses, by resolutions, the proposed change by the State Game commission of the grouse and deer law, which provides that the season for hunting both will be from September 1 to November 1.

Besides warmly indorsing the excellent work generally done by the State Fish and Game commission since its organization, the matter of removing protection from female deer was also fully discussed, the majority present being opposed to the change.

Another proposal receiving favorable consideration was cutting the deer limit from five to three, while a goodly number stood for even greater reduction.

### Fisher Is Noncommittal.

Washington, D. C.—Representative Hawley and National Committeeman Williams called on Secretary Fisher and entered a protest against the recent cancellation of 17 Siletz entries that came within the provisions of the Hawley act, pointing out that the entries held for cancellation were among those before the department when it drew the Hawley bill and, inasmuch as that bill had been drawn in the department to facilitate the patenting of these identical entries, it was unjust now to read into the law requirements as to cultivation and residence that were not in the law when it was written by the department and passed by congress.

Representative Hawley said after the conference that he had hoped Secretary Fisher would reverse the recent adverse action in the 17 cases, but the secretary made no promises.

### Health Resort Planned.

Bandon—A modern sanitarium is to be erected at Bandon by H. C. Dipple. The sanitarium will contain one of the largest covered swimming pools on the Pacific Coast.

Every summer a large number visit Bandon-by-the-Sea to recuperate. The climate is mild, never hot, the air bracing and the scenery beautiful. The erection of a sanitarium with a swimming tank open to the public will no doubt do much to increase the popularity of Bandon as a seaside resort.

### Poultry Association Organized.

Eugene—The Oregon branch of the American Poultry association was organized here by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and by the nomination of a set of officers. As there was but a single nominee for each office, the following are the probable officers: E. J. McClanahan, Eugene, president; H. Ringhouse, Clackamas, vice president; B. F. Keeney, Eugene, second vice president; Ed Shearer, Estacada, secretary; B. Lee Paget, Portland, treasurer. A banquet closed the meeting.

### Boy Scouts to Organize.

Albany—Albany will soon have an organization of Boy Scouts. More than 20 boys of this city met and formed a troop and permanent organization will be effected in January. Professor Hans Flo, of Albany college, will be in charge of the organization here.

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### CLEAR LAKE IS WONDERFUL

Ideal Source of Water Supply for Valley Towns.

Albany—Clear Lake, which the state board of health is planning to utilize as a source of water supply for the cities and towns of the Willamette valley and the state institutions at Salem, is situated in the southeastern part of Linn county, about 77 miles southeast of Albany. It lies about two miles from the Willamette Valley & Cascade Mountain Wagon road and is about four miles from the summit of the Cascade mountains.

The main body of the lake is about two miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide. Connected with the main body of the lake by a neck of water on each side of a small island, is a smaller body about one-half mile long and one-fourth of a mile wide. The lake is remarkably deep, so deep, in fact, that no one who has ever visited it has had a line long enough to measure its depth. The water is so clear that the bottom of the lake may be seen in some places, notwithstanding it is many hundreds of feet deep. The bottom is irregular and there are evidently high cliffs at various places, though they appear as small precipitous formations from the surface.

A most peculiar feature of the lake, which makes it unique among all the lakes of the state and probably of the country, is that it contains at least 50 petrified trees, standing upright. The trees are in the north end, or smaller portion, of the lake. Most of the trees stand in groups, only a few feet apart.

Some of these trees appear to be so close to the surface that they could be reached with an oar, but it is evident from attempts that have been made to reach them by lines that they are hundreds of feet below the surface of the water, though the portion of the lake where they stand is not so deep as the remainder of the lake.

The water of the lake is remarkably cold. So penetrating is its coldness that a person cannot keep his hand in it very long at a time. A large spring, which bubbles up on one side of the lake and which is one of the leading sources of the lake's water supply, is even colder than the lake itself. It is a practice among people who have visited the lake before to offer to wager those visiting it for the first time that they cannot keep their hand in this spring for one minute. This has been tried many times, but, so far as known, the feat has never been accomplished. So cold is the water of this spring that if one allows his hand to remain in it for 20 seconds pain becomes apparent both in the hand and arm as well.

Clear Lake is a very beautiful body of water and its charm is enhanced by beautiful natural surroundings. The Three Sisters are many miles from the lake, but a beautiful view of them is obtained looking across the lake from north to south.

There is a large quantity of lava in the vicinity of Clear Lake, and as no crater has been found nearby, it is supposed that the lake may be an old volcano, though the border of the lake does not have the appearance of a crater now.

The lake is the main source of the McKenzie river. The river flows out at the southwest corner of the lake and about one and a half miles from where it leaves the lake the river plunges over a cliff 60 feet high, forming a beautiful waterfall.

Investigations which have been made disclose that the water of Clear Lake is of splendid quality and admirably adapted for supplying cities and towns with water for drinking purposes.

### Teach How to Grow Vegetables.

Four vegetable growing courses will be given at the Oregon Agricultural College short course, Jan. 6 to Feb. 7. Commercial vegetable growing, marketing, vegetable and flower forcing, and home gardening will be covered. "A large per cent of the vegetables we consume, except onions and potatoes, are imported," says Prof. C. I. Lewis. "The state should be an exporter of vegetables instead of shipping in hundreds of carloads. Opportunities for production here are unsurpassed, and the demand constant."

### Fort Rock Sees Activity.

Fort Rock—A surveying outfit forming part of the Harriman system has been working through here for several weeks setting stakes along the right of way surveyed for the proposed Oregon & Eastern railway, which is to run from Vale, where it taps the Oregon Short Line, to Crescent. There it will join the Natron cutoff of the Southern Pacific. It is currently rumored that actual construction work will be going on through here before next fall.

### Himalaya Berries Grow.

Newport—Carl Herren, a Newport lapidist, is exhibiting branches of Himalaya blackberries in his window, which were grown in his garden without glass and are ripe and of excellent flavor. Mr. Herren was induced to attempt to produce ripe berries for Christmas after learning that Peter Schirmer, the Burbank of Lincoln county, produces ripe strawberries every month in the year.