

The FLYING MERCURY

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SYNOPSIS.

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, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrangle. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward.

CHAPTER II.

It was a business consultation that was being held in Mr. French's frellit library, in spite of the presence of a tea table and the young girl behind it. A consultation between the two partners who composed the Mercury Automobile company, of whom the lesser was speaking with a certain anecdotal weight.

"And he said he was losing too much time on the turns; so the next round he took the bend at 72 miles an hour. He went over, of course. The third car we've lost this year; I'm glad the season's closed."

Emily French gave an exclamation, her velvet eyes widening behind their black lashes.

"But the driver! Was the poor driver hurt, Mr. Bailey?"

"He wasn't killed, Miss Emily," answered Bailey, with a tinge of pensive regret. He was a large, ruddy, white-haired man, with the slow and careful habit of speech sometimes found in those who live much with massive machinery. "No, he wasn't killed; he's in the hospital. But he wrecked as good a car as ever was built, through sheer foolishness. It costs money."

Mr. French responded to the indirect appeal with more than usual irritation, his level gray eyebrows contracting.

"We ought to have better drivers. Why do you not get better men, Bailey? You wanted to go into this racing business; you said the cars needed advertising. My brother always attended to that side of the factory affairs while he lived, with you as his manager. Now it is altogether in your hands. Why do you not find a proper driver?"

"Perhaps my hands are not used to holding so much," mused Bailey unresentfully. "A man might be a good manager, maybe, and weak as a partner. It isn't the same job. But a first-class driver isn't easy to get, Mr. French. There's Delmar killed, and George tied up with another company, and Dorian retired, all this last season; and we don't want a foreigner. There's only one man I like—"

"Well, get him. Pay him enough."

Bailey hunched himself together and crossed his legs.

"Yes, sir. He's beaten our cars—and others—every race lately, with poorer machines, just by sheer pretty driving. He drives fast, yet he don't knock out his car. But there's a lot after him—there's just one way we could get him, and get him for keeps."

"And that?"

"He's ambitious. He wants to get into something more solid than racing. If we offered to make him manager, he'd come and put some new ideas, maybe, into the factory, and race our cars wherever we chose to enter them. I know him pretty well."

The proposition was advanced tentatively, with the hesitation of one venturing in unknown places. But Ethan French said nothing, his gray eyes fixed on the hearth.

"He understands motor construction and designing, and he's been with big foreign firms," Bailey resumed, after waiting. "He'd be useful around; I can't be everywhere. What he'd do for us in racing would help a whole lot. It's very well to make a fine standard car, but it needs advertising to keep people remembering. And men like to say 'my machine is the same as Lestrangle won the cup race with.' They like it."

"I don't know," said Mr. French slowly, "that it is dignified for the manager of the Mercury factory to be a racing driver."

"The Christine cars are driven by the son of the man who makes them," was the response. "Some drive their own."

"The son of the man who makes them," repeated the other. He turned his face still more to the quivering fire, his always severe expression hardening strangely and bitterly. "The son—"

"The girl rose to draw the crimson curtains before the windows and to push an electric switch, filling the room with a subdued glow in place of the late afternoon grayness. Her delicate face, as she regarded her uncle, revealed most strongly its characteristic over-earnestness and a sensitive reflection of the moods of those around her. Emily French's childhood had been passed in a Canadian convent, and something of its mysticism clung about her. As the cheerful change she had wrought flashed over the room, Mr. French held out his hand in a gesture of summons, so that she came across to sit on the broad arm of his chair during the rest of the conference, her soft gaze resting on the third member.

"My adopted son and nephew having no such talents, we must do the best we can," Mr. French stated, with his most precise coldness. "Being well born and well bred, he has no taste for a mechanic's labor or for circus performances with automobiles in public. Who is your man, Bailey?"

"Lestrangle, sir. You must have heard of him racing."

"I never read of him."

"I read of him," said Bailey darkly. "We've been licked often enough by him. And he's straight—he's one of the few men who'll stop at the grandstand and lose time reporting a smash-up and sending help around. Every man on the track likes Darling Lestrangle."

"Likes whom?"
Bailey flushed brick-red.
"I didn't mean to call him that. He signs himself D. Lestrangle, and some of them started reading it Darling, joking because he was such a favorite and because they liked him anyhow. It's just a nickname."
Emily laughed out involuntarily, surprised.

"I beg pardon," she at once apologized, "but it sounded so frivolous."
"If you try this man, you had better keep that nickname out of the factory," Mr. French advised stiffly. "What respect could the workmen feel for a manager with such a title? If possible, you would do well to prevent them from recognizing him as the racing driver."

Bailey, who had risen at the chime of a clock, halted amazed.
"Respect for him!" he echoed. "Not recognize him! Why, there isn't a man on the place who wouldn't give his ears to be seen on the same side of the street with Lestrangle, let alone to work under him. They do read the racing news. That part of it will be all right, if I can have him."

"If it is necessary—"

"I think it is, sir."
Emily moved slightly, pushing back her yellow-brown curls under the ribbon that banded them. On a sudden impulse her uncle looked up at her.

"What is your opinion?" he questioned. "If Dick had been listening I should have asked him, and I fancy yours is fully as valuable. Come, shall we have this racing manager?"

Astonished, she looked from her uncle to the other man. And perhaps it was the real anxiety and suspense of Bailey's expression that drew her quick reply.

"Let us, uncle. Since we need him, let us have him."

"Very well," said Mr. French. "You hear, Bailey."

There was a long silence after the junior partner's withdrawal.

"Come where I can see you, Em-

ily," her uncle finally demanded. "I liked your decision answer a few moments ago; you can reason. How long have you been a daughter in my house?"

"Six years," she responded, obediently moving to a low chair opposite. "I was fifteen when you took me from the convent—to make me very, very happy, dear."

"I sent for you when I sent for Dick, and for the same reason. I have tried three times to rear one of my name to fitness to bear it, and each one has failed except you. I wish you were a man, Emily; there is work for a French to do."

"When you say that, I wish I were. But I'm not, I'm not." She flung out her slender, round arms in a gesture of helpless resignation. "I'm not even a strong-minded woman who might do instead. Uncle Ethan, may I ask—it was Mr. Bailey who made me think—my cousin whom I never saw, will he never come home?"

He voice faltered on the last words, frightened at her own daring. But her uncle answered evenly, if coldly:

"Never."

"He offended you so?"

"His whole life was an offense. School, college, at home, in each he went wrong. At twenty-one he left me and married a woman from the vaudeville stage. It is not of his you are to think, Emily, but of a substitute for him. For that I designed Dick; once I hoped you would marry him and sober his idleness."

"Please, no," she refused gently. "I am fond of Dick, but—please, no."

"I am not asking it of you. He is well enough, a good boy, not over-wise, but not what is needed here. Failed, again; I am not fortunate. There is left only you."

"Me?"

Her startled dark eyes and his de-

termined gray ones met, and so remained.

"You, and your husband. Are you going to marry a man who can take my place in this business, in the factory and the model village my brother and I built around it; a man whose name will be fit to join with ours and so in a fashion preserve it here? Will you wait until such a one is found and will you aid me to find him? Or will you too follow selfish, idle fancies of your own?"

"No!" she answered, quite pale. "I would not do that! I will try to help."

"You will take up the work the men of your name refuse, you will provide a substitute for them?"

Her earnestness sprang to meet his strength of will, she leaned nearer in her enthusiasm of self-assertion, scarcely understood.

"I will find a substitute or accept yours. I, indeed I will try not to fail."

It was characteristic that he offered neither praise nor caress.

"You have relieved my mind," said Ethan French, and turned his face once more to the fire.

CHAPTER III.

It was October when the consultation was held in the library of the old French house on the Hudson; December was very near on the sunny morning that Emily drove out to the factory and sought Bailey in his office.

"I wanted to talk with you," she explained, as that gentleman rose to receive her. "We have known each other for a long time, Mr. Bailey; ever since I came from the Sacred Heart to live with Uncle Ethan. That is a very long time."

"It's a matter of five or six years," agreed the charmed Bailey, contemplating her with affectionate pride in her prettiness and grace. "You used to drive out here with your pony and spend many an hour looking on and asking questions. You'll excuse me, Miss Emily, but there was many a man passed the whisper that you'd have made a fine master of the works."

She shook her head, folding her small gloved hands upon the edge of the desk at the opposite sides of which they were seated.

"At least I would have tried. I am quite sure I could have tried. But I am only a girl. I came to ask you something regarding that," she lifted her candid eyes to his, her soft color rising. "Do you know—have you ever met any men who cared and understood about such factories as this? Men who could take charge of a business, the manufacturing and racing



"He Understands Motor Construction and Designing."

and selling, like my uncles? I have a reason for asking."

"Sure thing," said Bailey, unexpectedly prompt. "I've met one man who knows how to handle this factory better than I do, and I've been at it twelve years. And there he is—" he turned in his revolving chair and rolled up the shade covering the glass-paned door into the next room, "my manager, Lestrangle."

The scene thus suddenly opened to the startled Emily was sufficiently matter-of-fact, yet not lacking in a certain sober animation of its own. Around a drafting table central in the bare, systematic disorder of the apartment beyond, three or four blue-shirted men were grouped, bending over a set of drawings, which Lestrangle was explaining. Explaining with a vivid interest in his task that sparkled over his clear face in a changing play of expression almost mesmeric in its command of attention. The men watched and listened intently; they themselves no common laborers, but the intelligent workmen who were to carry out the ideas here set forth. Wherever Lestrangle had been, he was content and the sleeves of his outing shirt were rolled back, leaving bare the arms whose smooth symmetry revealed little of the racing driver's strength; his thick brown hair was ruffled into boyish waves and across his forehead a fine black streak wrote of recent personal encounter with things practical.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emily faintly. And after a moment, "Close the curtains, please."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Just Before the Interest Quickens. "I hope your novel ends happily!" "Indeed it does. It ends in the marriage of the heroine and hero; does not go into their married life at all."

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT

Will Be Appreciated, as a Change, by Those Who Are Not Strict Vegetarians.

This dish calls for two cupsful of thoroughly boiled cold barley, one cupful of finely ground roasted peanuts, one cupful of fine bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of white pepper or paprika, one stick of celery, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil or three of butter, four tablespoonfuls of browned flour, one large onion, and vegetables stock or water.

Make a roux sauce of the oil, flour, and vegetable stock to thin to the consistency of thick cream sauce. Chop the onion fine and simmer it five minutes in a tablespoonful of butter, then stir in the barley, then the peanuts and bread crumbs mixed together with the salt, pepper, and celery. Add the hot brown sauce (left over gravy may be used for this). Mold into a loaf, mixing all ingredients well. Grease a roasting pan, place the loaf in it and cook in a hot oven ten minutes; then add a tablespoonful of butter melted in a cupful of hot water and baste with this every five minutes for one-half hour.

Remove to a hot platter and make a cupful of brown gravy in the pan and serve in a sauceboat. If tomatoes are in season, garnish the platter with slices dipped in seasoned flour and fried brown. Over all sprinkle the minced parsley.

Other cooked cereals or combinations of cereals may substitute the barley. A corn and rice mixture would be good.

DESSERT DISHES OF RHUBARB

Pudding, Tapioca, or Shortcake, Any One of Them Makes a Delicious Confection.

Rhubarb Pudding—Mash half a pound of raisins or pulled figs, or use dates or prunes or a mixture of all or two of these fruits. Cover with boiling water and cook until water is nearly absorbed. Cut a pound of rhubarb in inch pieces, put a layer of the cooked dried fruit, and repeat until all is used. Add a quarter of a cup of hot water and bake in a slow oven until the rhubarb is soft. Serve cold alone or with cream.

Rhubarb Tapioca—Soak half a cup of tapioca over night and cook until clear in a double boiler. Place in a buttered pudding dish two cups of rhubarb, cut in small pieces; one cup of sugar and a pinch of ginger. Pour the hot tapioca over this, stir in one teaspoonful of butter, cover and bake one hour. Put a meringue on it before serving, if you like, or serve it cold, with plain or whipped cream.

Rhubarb Shortcake—Put two cups of rhubarb, cut small, with a scant cup of sugar in a double boiler and cook until rhubarb is tender and sugar dissolved. Add the juice and chopped rind of one lemon. Make a shortcake by your favorite recipe, but cut and bake it like biscuit. When done, break open, butter them and arrange on a hot dish. Put the rhubarb in between, and when serving pour the juice over them.

Successful Jelly Making. Use good fruit which is a little under ripe.

Use the best granulated sugar. No not make large quantities of jelly at one cooking.

Heat the sugar in the oven before adding it to the fruit juice.

If the juice must be boiled down, always do so before the sugar is added.

The jelly will be clearer and finer if the fruit is simmered gently and not stirred during cooking.

Do not allow the syrup to boil rapidly, or crystals may appear in jelly. Always make jelly on a bright, clear day.

Wash the jelly glasses in hot water and set them on a folded cloth wrung out of hot water.

Set the jelly in a sunny window for twenty-four hours, then cover with melted paraffin and set in a dry, cool place.—Woman's World.

Cooking Hint. A housewife of many years' experience, who has made her "home keeping" a prominent part of her work, studying, originating and improving methods, finds that sweet potatoes cook much more quickly if, after they are washed, they are left to stand a while in cold water before they are put on the stove to cook. Pour boiling water on them, with salt to properly season them.

Stewed Beetroot. Bake the beetroot one hour, when cold take off the skin, cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick, put it into a stewpan with half a pint of any stock, a saltspoon of salt, the same of pepper, one-half a grain of cayenne, a shallot chopped, two sprigs of parsley chopped; simmer three-quarters of an hour, add a wineglass of vinegar and serve.

Shrinking Cotton. As cotton materials shrink they must either be shrunk in the piece or made a size larger and luck trusted that the garment may not shrink beyond all wearing. In shrinking anything, use boiling water until it is thoroughly saturated and then wring out and dry; sprinkle and iron on the wrong side with a hot iron until the fabric is perfectly dry.

To Press Berge. This popular fabric is even more of a favorite for suits than usual, and the only objection one can have to the material is its proneness to become shiny. Here is a way to overcome this objection. If it is sponged with hot vinegar and pressed in the usual manner the shiny appearance will entirely disappear. The vinegar does not stain or leave an odor.

Sweet Crackers. Dissolve five cents' worth of baker's ammonia in two cups of sweet milk over night. In the morning cream 2½ cups of sugar and one cup of butter. Beat two eggs and add to butter and sugar. Then add the milk and three tablespoonfuls of any flavor. Then flour to make a stiff batter, roll very thin, cut with cookie cutter, bake in quick oven.

WHERE THE WORLD LAGS

In Arts, Literature and Science It Is Progressive—Why Not in Humanity?

In the acceptance and appreciation of the latest developments in the arts, literature, philosophy and the sciences, the modern world is truly cosmopolitan. It recognizes no boundary line of race or nationality where genius in these fields reveals itself. So closely are the various countries now bound together through international communication and commercialism and the universal diffusion of intelligence, that competition in the search for knowledge has been tremendously stimulated, says a writer in the Metropolitan Magazine. In the realm of the intellect and the senses emulation is encouraged and each new discovery or achievement that promises greater progress for mankind is hailed with impartial enthusiasm. The world is ready to pay homage equally to Marconi, Lister, Rodin, Reinhardt, Tolstol, Loeb, Peary or Amundsen. None will be denied the acknowledgment due him because he was born in one country and not in another. It is the patience, daring, endurance, persistence, wisdom and passion for truth and knowledge as manifested in his works that are accepted as the measure of his worth. It is only when economic and political supremacy is in question that the nations and races maintain hideous and barbaric relations toward one another. Then envy, suspicion and thoughts of mutual destruction are accepted as natural, logical and inevitable. Then the world divides itself into armed camps and group alliances are made as safeguards of one nation against the other. In everything but the one vital, human essential of the welfare of the people, who sustain out of their poverty the armaments in times of peace and give of their lives when war is rampant, the world's rulers are content to see envy and brotherhood prevail.

The above question was put to me many years ago, under circumstances that made it worth more to me than a full year of instruction under any master of the old world or new.

I was coming away from one of my first symphony concerts, when I met my violin teacher, and told him I had just heard the great orchestra. "Is that so?" he remarked. "Well, what did you hear?"

"Oh, the Unfinished Symphony and—"

"But you are only telling me what was on the program. What I asked was of more importance. I wanted to know what you heard."

I started to say that there were nearly a hundred musicians, but they played all kinds of instruments, but he interrupted again. "Yes, I know, but what did you hear? Was it a great noise or did it say something to you?"

Now I began to understand, and of course I had no words to express my feelings. But I thought about it very often for some time, and wondered what music really was; what other people heard; whether any one ever heard what I did; if they ever found themselves powerfully moved at a great climax in the music; if they preferred to go to concerts alone and sit in a dark corner and listen without looking in the direction of the stage.

And as I gained more experience as a listener there were thousands of questions that arose from that one simple question. What did I hear? What did you hear when you listened to good music?—Exchange.

Roads Were Not Public. A century ago all the larger towns in eastern Massachusetts were to be reached substantially only over toll roads, or turnpikes, along which one paid to pass. The roads were built and owned by corporations chartered by the commonwealth, and the fares, or tolls, were taken up every few miles at toll gates, which were usually established on the bridges, so that no one could get by without paying. There were turnpikes to Concord, Worcester, to Dedham and Providence, to Lynn and Salem, and to Newburyport. At the first toll gate out of Salem toward Boston, \$5,300 was taken in the year 1805, but the day of greatest travel on the road was June 1, 1813, when 120 stages and hundreds of carriages went over the road that their occupants might get a glimpse from hilltops of the fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, in which the dying Lawrence uttered his immortal words, "Don't give up the ship."

Russia's Hunting Bag. The hunting season in Russia has come to an end, and the following particulars, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, relate to the booty, which has far surpassed that of the preceding year.

The largest number of animals killed are squirrels, which head the list with 4,525,300 victims. The most sought after fur is of course black sable, of which 12,250 were caught. Last year a clear profit of 2,500,000 francs was made on sables, which fetched as much as 1,000 francs apiece.

The remainder of the "bag" was composed of 200,000 ermine, 1,500 brown bears, 180,000 skunk, 100 blue foxes and 16,500 gray wolves.

His Bank. While an Aberdeen pawnbroker was endeavoring to dispose of an old silk hat she discovered in the lining bank deposit receipts of £600. Fortunately the pawnbroker knew that the hat had belonged to a local gentleman who had died three years ago, and on communicating with his representative she was informed that the missing securities had been the subject of prolonged search and litigation. Their discovery cleared the deceased's lawyers of a suspicion of carelessness. The deceased had been in the habit of using his hat as a bank.—London Standard.

SINGAPORE AFTER DARK



CENTER OF TRAFFIC

THE Chinese element in Singapore is so overwhelming that it arrests the attention of the most careless tourist, but no one appreciates the enormous number of the Mongolians in this city until he visits the Chinese and Malay districts at night. With a friend I started out one night about eight o'clock, says a Singapore correspondent. It was the first night in Singapore that one could walk with any comfort. We went down North Bridge road, one of the great avenues on which an electric car line runs. After walking a half mile we struck off to the right, where the lights were bright. Just as soon as we left the main avenue we began to see life as it is in Singapore after dark. The first native street was devoted to small hawkers, who lined both sides of the narrow thoroughfare. Each had about six feet of space, and each had his name and his number as a licensed vender. The goods were of every description and of the cheapest quality. They had been brought in small boxes, and on these sat the Chinese merchant and frequently his wife and children. A flare or two from cheap nut oil illuminated the scene. Passing in front of these stands was a constantly moving crowd of Chinese, Malays and East Indians of many races, all chattering and talking at the top of their voices. At frequent intervals were street tea counters, where food was sold, evidently at very low prices. Ranged along on benches were men eating rice and various stews that were taken piping hot from kettles resting on charcoal stoves. One old Chinese woman had a very condensed cooking apparatus. Over two pots each divided into four compartments. In each different food was cooking. Much of the food was strange to me, especially what looked like Italian vermicelli that was served with some kind of dark brown sauce.

Work Until Late at Night. Back of the street peddlers were the regular stores, all of which were open and apparently doing a good business. As in Hongkong, the Chinese workmen labor until ten or eleven o'clock at night, even carpenters and basketmakers working a full force by the light of gas or electricity. The recent events in China had their reflex here. All the makers of shirts and clothing were feverishly busy cutting up and sewing the new flag of the revolution. This is of blue, with a large, white star in the center, or, like the British flag, with a solid body and a blue square in left upper corner and the white star. Long lines of red and blue bunting ran up and down these rooms, and each workman was driving his machine like mad, turning out a flag every few minutes. The fronts of most of these stores were decorated with flags of the revolution.

The most conspicuous places of business on these streets were the large restaurants, where hundreds of Chinese were eating their chow at small tables. The din was terrific, and the lights flashing on the naked yellow skins, wet with perspiration, made a strange spectacle.

Less numerous were the optimum dens, which were scattered through

all these streets. The haunts of the drug that enslaves were long, narrow rooms, with a central passage and a long, low platform on each side. This platform was made of the old wood, and by constant use showed like old mahogany.

Further along in this quarter came upon several huge lower story Chinese restaurants, ablaze with light and noisy with Chinese music. They were told that diners were being given and speeches made in honor of the victories won by the revolutionists. The Singapore Chinese apparently believe all the rumors that come from China, for they celebrated with the discharge of many crackers the false report that Peking had fallen into the hands of the reformers. Apparently the Chinese in Singapore are practically unanimous in favor of a change in their government, as are their countrymen in Hongkong and other coast cities. This sentiment is one of the strongest assets of the revolutionary movement. The enthusiasm in Singapore over reform cause in China was even more pronounced than in other cities, and preparations are being made for a tremendous celebration when the day of victory is announced.

Well Policed. In all our night ramble through the Chinese and Malay quarters of Singapore we saw not a single European, yet we met only courteous treatment everywhere, and our curiosity was taken as a compliment. Singapore is well policed by various forces, among which the Sikhs and Bengali police are. An occasional Malay is acting as a police officer, but it is evident that such work does not appeal to the native of the Malay race.

On our return to the hotel we crossed a large artery which is spanned by several bridges. Here were hundreds of small boats moored to the shore, the homes of thousands of river people. This business of transportation on the water is in the hands of the Malays, who are most expert boatmen. It is a pleasure to watch one of these men handle a bare-cup boat. With his large ear he will rapidly, while his assistant uses a long pole.

One of the sights of Singapore is the botanical gardens, which are about 3½ miles from town. The road is along Orchard road and Teluk road, two beautiful avenues that are lined with comfortable bungalows of Europeans, and some magnificent mansions of Chinese millionaires.

The gardens occupy a commanding position overlooking the surrounding country, and they have been laid out with much skill. The drives are bordered with ornamental trees from all lands.

As soon as one leaves the grand avenues of these gardens he plunges into a real jungle of acacia and bamboo and climbing vines that walk walking very difficult. Back of a conservatory in which are many ponds, wild plants of tropical vegetation which could be penetrated only with a machete or an ax. Taken as a whole, these gardens are of great interest because of the many rare specimens of tropical trees, plants and flowering shrubs.

Dead Mutes in Convention. In the first week of August one of the most remarkable conventions of the world has ever been took place in Paris, France. Several thousand dead mutes, representing almost every country on earth, were gathered together to consider ways and means for the advancement of the interests of the similarly afflicted throughout the world. Speeches were delivered in the sign languages of the countries represented, and discussions were carried on which led to the inauguration of a movement for the creation of a universal sign language.

Such strange scenes as a Hindoo, a Turk, an Englishman and a Russian, each in a distinctive dress, carrying on an excited and earnest discussion with one another, were not at all uncommon, says the Christian Era.

On the Alert. Potter—Why didn't you join us on our hunting trip?
Blair—Well, I'm not much of a hunter and I was afraid you would make game of me.

Strange. "Anything remarkable about this town?"
"Well, we ain't after a new deepo."

The way to be nothing is to be nothing—Howe.