

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 LeStrange. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed. Somewhat 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 LeStrange, 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.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. French and his niece were at breakfast, on the Sunday when the first account of the Georgia race reached Frenchwood.

"You will take fresh coffee," Emily was saying, the little silver pot poised in her hand, when the door burst open and Dick hurried, actually hurried, in to the room.

"He's won! He's got it!" he cried, brandishing the morning newspaper. "The first time for an American car with an American driver. And how he won it! He distanced every car on the track except the two big Italian and French machines. Those he couldn't get, of course; but the Frenchman went out in the fourth hour with a broken valve. Then he was set down for second place—second place, Emily, with every other big car in the country entered. They say he drove like, like—I don't know what. A hundred and some miles an hour on the straight stretches."

"Oh," Emily faltered, setting down the coffee-pot in her plate.

He stopped her eagerly, half turning toward Mr. French, who had put on his placidness to contemplate his nephew in stupefaction, not at his statement, but at his condition.

"Wait. In the last hour, the Italian car lost its chain and went over into a ditch on a back stretch, three

fast," he advised. "It is unusual to see you noticing business affairs, Dick; I might say unprecedented. I am glad if Bailey's new man is capable of his work, at least. I suppose for the rest, that he could scarcely do less than take an injured person to the hospital. Why are you putting sugar in my cup, Emily?"

"I don't know," she acknowledged helplessly.

"I didn't mean to disturb any one," said Dick, sulky and resentful. "It'll be a big thing though for our cars. Bailey says. I didn't know you disliked LeStrange."

Mr. French stiffened in his chair.

"I have not sufficient interest in the man to dislike him," was the cold rebuke. "We will change the subject."

Emily bent her head, remedying her mistake with the coffee. She comprehended that her uncle had conceived one of his strong, silent antipathies for the young manager, and she was sorry. Sorry, although, remembering Bailey's unfortunate speech the night LeStrange's engagement was proposed, she was not surprised. But she looked across to Dick sympathetically. So sympathetically, that after breakfast he followed her into the library, the colored journals in his hand.

"What's the matter with the old gentleman this morning?" he complained. "He wants the business to succeed, doesn't he? If he does, he ought to like what LeStrange is doing for it. What's the matter with him?"

Emily shook back her yellow curls, turning her gaze on him.

"You might guess, Dickie. He is lonely."

"Lonely? He!"

All the feminine impulse to defend flared up.

"Why not?" she exclaimed with passion. "Who has he got? Who stands with him in his house? No wonder he can't bear the man who is hired to do what a French should be doing. It is not the racing driver he dislikes, but the manager. And do not you blame him, Dick French."

Quite aghast, he stared after her as

"I shall not see him; I shall not go to the factory any more. It will be better, I am sure."

Vaguely puzzled and dismayed, Dick sat looking at her, not daring to question.

Emily kept her word during the weeks that followed. Through Dick and Bailey she heard of factory affairs; of the sudden increase of orders for the Mercury automobiles, the added prestige gained and the public favor bestowed on the car. But she saw nothing of the man who was responsible for all this. Instead she went out more than ever before. Their social circle was too painfully exclusive to be large or gay.

Three times a week it was Mr. French's stately custom to visit the factory and inspect it with Bailey. At other times Bailey came up to the house, where affairs were conducted. But in neither place did Mr. French ever come in contact with his manager, during all the months while winter waxed and waned again to spring.

"That's Bailey's doing," chuckled Dick, when Emily finally wondered aloud at the circumstance. "He isn't going to risk losing LeStrange because our high and mighty uncle falls out with him. And it would be pretty likely to happen if they met. LeStrange has a temper, you know, even if it doesn't stick out all over him like a hedgehog; and a dozen other companies would give money to get him."

Emily nodded gravely. It was a sunny morning in the first of March, and the cousins were at the end of the old park surrounding Frenchwood, where they had strolled before breakfast.

"Mr. Bailey likes Mr. LeStrange," she commented.

"Likes him! He loves him. You know LeStrange lives with him; a bachelor household, cozy as krigs."

Just past here ran the road, beyond a high cedar hedge. While he was speaking, the irregular explosive reports of a motor had sounded down the valley, unmistakable to those familiar with the testing of the stripped cars, and rapidly approaching. Now, as Emily would have answered, the roar suddenly changed in character, an appalling series of explosions mingled with the grind of outraged machinery suddenly braked, and some one shouted above the din. The next instant a huge mass shot past the other side of the hedge and there followed a dull crash.

"That's one of our men!" gasped Dick, and plunged headlong through the shrubbery.

Dazed momentarily, Emily stood, then caught up her skirts and ran after him. She knew well enough what the testers of the cars risked.

"Dick!" she appealed. "Dick!"

But it was not the wreck she anticipated that met her eyes as she came through the hedge. On the opposite side of the road a long low skeleton car was standing, one side lurching drunkenly down with two wheels in the gutter. Still in his seat, the driver was leaning over the steering-wheel, out of breath, but laughing a greeting to the astonished Dick.

"A break in the steering-gear," he declared by way of explanation. "I told Bailey it was a weak point; now perhaps he'll believe me and strengthen it."

"You're not hurt," Dick inferred.

"I think she's not—a tire gone. Find anything wrong, Rupert?"

"Two tires off," said the laconic mechanic. "Two funerals postponed. That was a pretty stop, Darling."

"Very," coolly agreed LeStrange, rising and removing his goggles. "What's the matter, French?"

"You frightened us out of our five senses, that's all. Do you usually practice for races out here?"

"Eh!" repeated LeStrange, and turning, saw the girl at the edge of the park. "Miss French, I beg your pardon!"

The swift change in his tone, the ease of deference with which he bared his head and motor caps not being readily donned or doffed, so remained bareheaded in the bright sunlight, savored of the Continent.

"It is too commonplace to say good morning," Emily replied, very color rising with her smile. "I am very glad you escaped. But that is commonplace, too, I'm afraid."

"Every one is commonplace before breakfast," reassured her cousin. "Honestly, LeStrange, do you practice racing here?"

"Hardly. I'm trying out the car; every car has to go through that before it is used. Don't you know that we've recently secured from the local authorities a permit to run at any speed over this road between four o'clock and eight in the morning? I thought all the countryside knew that."

"But we have a regiment of men to test cars."

LeStrange passed a caressing glance over the dingy-gray machine in its state of bareness that suggested indecorum.

"This is my car, the one I'll race this spring and summer. No one drives it but me. Besides, I have to have some diversion."

He stepped to the ground with the last word, and went around to where Rupert was on his knees beside the machine.

"Can you fix it here?" he demanded. "Not precisely," was the drawn reply. "Back to camp for it with a horse in front."

"All right. You'll have to walk down and get a car from Mr. Bailey to tow it home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wit of Augustus Thomas.

"The trouble with amateur carriers," said Mr. Thomas, on one occasion, "is that the gray so rarely matches the wall paper." A famous argument he characterized as "like a chorus girl's tights, which touch every point and cover nothing." When Mr. Thomas was rehearsing "The Whiching Hour," one of the management stopped the players, and, turning to the author, remarked: "I think this would be a good place for some witty dialogue."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "As my instance"—Channing Pollock in "The Footlights—Fore and Aft."

A Sinner's Warning.

Bridget—I heard mother say this morning he was standing pat. Patrick—Well? Bridget—Sure, I want ye to know it is more than I am.

FACTS FEATURES and FANCIES for WOMEN

PARIS—There is always a period when the writers of fashions wander about in a veritable maze of perplexity, hesitating to say what will be the best style of what will not. On one side they hear rumors of sensational and drastic changes; on the other that the changes will be scarcely noticeable, and will consist merely of modifications of what is the present mode.

As a matter of fact, during that painful time nobody really knows, and it is not until the autumn races commence in Paris and the Parisians, who are responsible for most of the fashions, return that one can speak wind and weather society has been moment has arrived, for in spite of wind and weather society has been attending the races at Chantilly for a week or more, and on Sunday the first of the large meetings will begin at Longchamps. Now we can all talk as glibly as we please, for once things are worn the agony is over.

The changes, for of course there are always these changes to be noted, that have evidently come to stay, are by no means sensational nor drastic, but they are improvements and in some cases marked ones. The first is that longer skirts are sure and certain, and the second is the decided differences in the materials that are being used.

Long, Slim Look Retained.

Fortunately, the long skirt is not going to appear for street frocks, but only for afternoon gowns and for those intended for evening wear. There is no doubt but what these are far prettier and more graceful than the much abbreviated skirts that have been generally worn for all occasions, even the most informal.

Some of these newest ones are so little on the ground that one would hardly notice that they train, but they fall with just the least bit of flare about their lower edge and are possibly an inch on the floor. Others, afternoon, as well as evening gowns, show decided trains, some being small and pointed, others fairly long and showing a more generous allowance of material in their sweeping lines.

None of them has the drawn in appearance of the trained skirt of a season or more ago, for if the skirt is narrow the front and sides are invariably slightly lifted to display a petticoat beneath, or there are cunning little lace platings that are inserted in the bottom of the skirt to give it extra fullness. In this manner the long, slim look that women have found to be so becoming is still retained, but with this they have greater freedom of movement and have lost that constrained walk that was a necessity with the mode of 1911.

Materials are the important things now, for it is principally by these that the latest styles can be determined. The great novelty is in the employment of all sorts of broad effects for every kind of costume, from street suits to gorgeous ball and dining toilets. They consist of stamped silks, figured silks, and satins, brocade velvet and matalasse velvet, plush that has designs sprinkled over its surface, ribbed silks that are also figured (the effect of this being unusual, and of heavy satin damask with marvelous patterns of conventional flowers or birds covering them, in addition to being brocade or figured, some of these fabrics are given the appearance of being quilted, and this is used for petticoats that appear beneath satin gowns or for parts of draperies that are only slightly lifted up.

Fabrics More Than Sumptuous.

All these stuffs are remarkably rich in appearance, and for those who thought the height of luxury in woman's dress had been already reached last season the output of fabrics this year would be a revelation. Sumptuous is the only word that nearly describes them, but even this falls short of the mark.

Along the same line as the materials for dresses come the stuffs that are being shown for evening cloaks and wraps, with this difference, that the latter are frequently combined with silver and gold effects. Thus satin backgrounds show gold threads woven into them and over this a stunning design done in velvet or plush, or there are ribbed silks which show every other cord in gold or silver tinsel, which may be also brocade in dull colors or in black or white, both being in velvet.

Materials for Practical Use.

In addition to all these silk and satin materials there is a great variety of others to be seen which are intended for more practical use. These include, first and foremost, velvets, chiffon, and otherwise, which later in the season will undoubtedly take the place of many of the satin brocades now being worn for the street, velour de laines, which are now to be had having plain surfaces, and those ribbed and striped and which have a finish that greatly resembles velvet camel's hair, which is being made up into tailor costumes in place of satin; sponge, of an extraordinarily heavy quality; ratine, and of course serge, but of a coarse quality.

Some of it, in fact, is heavy enough for automobile coats and is used for them, having the appearance of the rough and ready to wear that is especially attractive for this purpose.

It is always a problem to say what is to be the color of the season, but if a choice must be made then one would say that for street and much day time wear purple and the shades of purple, amethyst, and dark mauve take the preference. Certainly for hats purple is much to the fore, for these are being worn for every kind of occasion and in every shape and style. Red for street use is also having its inning, and some of the taller frocks that are being shown by the great dressmakers are of this color and in really dazzling shades. Combined with dark furs or with some of the shades of fox, these red costumes are lovely and give a note of change among the many dull tints worn.

Black Tailored Suits Everywhere.

Blue in faded tones is more than fashionable for house dresses, and for evening wear there are being shown some beautiful combinations of bronze and of this shade with gold or amber. For the conservative woman black is always "the thing," and as always this will be worn more than any color no matter what fashion or the dressmaker will decree. Black tailored suits are to be seen everywhere, sometimes brightened with a touch of color on collar, cuffs, and waistcoat, but frequently with nothing more than a band of fur at the neck and a lace jabot with ruffles in the sleeves to match. Black com-

binced with gray does not sound effective, but when used by an artist and in just the proper degree it is one of the popular combinations. Black camel's hair costumes trimmed with chinchilla are exceedingly smart, and the same material combined with chinchilla, plush, and a touch of brilliant flame color to give it character, is ravishingly pretty.

Skirts Still Narrow.

Now comes the question of the tight or nightgown skirt. Early in the fall we were told that the skirt of narrow dimensions was doomed and that the day of plaits, draperies, and of all sorts of looped and-paneled effects was at hand. This may be true of the future, but for the present the skirt of narrow width and straight line is the fashion. There are draped skirts for the street, but the drapery is a mere pretense, there is so little of it, and what there is so artfully adjusted that it is scarcely to be seen. Not that the skirts are what is known as "hobble," but they are close and are as narrow still about their lower edges as they can be worn.

There is a distinct partiality for jet for all beaded materials used in combinations for evening gowns. The jet generally takes the form of embroidery or it is used in outline on brocade frocks. Jet fringe is charming on stocks of white chiffon or white satin, and it is frequently seen bordering tunics or on the ends of sashes that are draped on to trained skirts. Some elaborate evening gowns have been seen that are wholly beaded, this appearing on the bodies or in white borderings on skirts or overskirts.

Long Coat.

For serge or cloth the model illustrated is well suited; it is loose fitting and has the sides from shoulder to halfway down skirt part set on with wrapped seams; there have tabs cut in with them at the waist-line, a button is sewn in the rounded end of each tab.

Material is used to face the collar and cuffs.

Hat of straw to match, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: 5 yards 48 inch wide, 4 buttons, 4 yards silk or satin, for lining coat.

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Ribbons Must Be Gorgeous.

It is a picture of beauty. Still another in this width stimulates ermine, both in its plush texture and color. On either side of the wide strip of fur is an inch and a half of tuffeta finished edge in reddish kingly purple tone. Not quite as wide as these ribbons, some may be obtained in moire velvet, which is very new. American Beauty red and seagull gray are two of its favored tints. This kind is much less expensive, costing but \$1.75 a yard, but it is naturally much less attractive than the others.

SALVAGE of WRECKS



A STRANDED SHIP

As a general rule a ship which has been badly damaged and sunk is not worth raising. It would probably cost more to raise her and repair her than to build a new ship.

Her value as old iron, on the other hand, would not pay for raising and breaking up. She may, however, be in the way of other ships, a danger to navigation generally, and then she is sometimes blown to pieces by a judiciously placed charge of dynamite.

It is usually worth while, however, to save parts of a wreck, if by any means they can be got at. Brass work, for example, is of sufficient value to be worth getting, and, of course, if gold or silver—either in the form of coins or bars—a part of the cargo, then it is certainly worth an attempt.

Sometimes even that is impossible, because of the depth at which the wreck lies. As a diver descends the water pressure increases, and to keep him from being crushed by it the pressure of air in his dress has to be increased to the same extent, and there is a limit to the amount of air pressure which a man can stand. The main trouble is that his blood becomes aerated under the pressure.

Its condition becomes like that of soda water in a corked bottle, and as soon as he commences to ascend and the pressure is reduced it becomes like soda water with the cork out. The nitrogen which was forced into it by the pressure comes bubbling out as the pressure falls, and if this be allowed to occur too vigorously it will result in the diver's death.

About thirty-five fathoms is the limit below which man cannot go, and even at that, if the diver has to stay down any length of time, he must ascend again by easy stages with long intervals of rest for his blood to get rid of the absorbed air; so that his ascent will take as much as four hours. Four hours spent in coming to the surface after but one hour's work below—five or more hours' wages for one hour's work to an expensive man like a diver, to say nothing of the wages of his attendants—makes deep water diving an expensive matter, and beyond the limit mentioned is out of the question altogether.

Diving in Strong Currents.

Then there is the trouble caused by strong tides and undercurrents. The diver when in the water is the plaything of the currents. Robert Louis Stevenson, who once ventured on a diving expedition, describes himself as being "blown sideways like a leaf" when in the water. Even large, heavy bodies like ships of iron are sometimes carried to long distances by the currents. It is said that the naval authorities have thus lost entirely an old submarine which they sank for the purpose of trying salvage experiments.

They knew the spot where it went down, but when they tried to raise it it was not there. The under current had carried it away. It is obvious, therefore, that diving in places where tide or current runs strongly is very difficult.

And most salvage operations depend entirely upon the diver. Suppose that a ship is sunk in collision. He first goes down and examines the wreck. Upon his report it is decided whether it is worth while to attempt to raise the ship as a whole. If not, he may be told to raise the brass fittings, so down he will go again and again, with tools suitable for the work and will remove from the ship and send up all that he can procure that is worth saving.

Practical Reason.

"I wish this fellow wouldn't send you so many chocolates," said the older whiter.

"Why," stammered the girl, "are you jealous?"

"No; but I prefer to eat marinated olives."

Did Some Good.

Boarding Missus—Has going been of any benefit to you?

Tall Boarder—It has helped me to swat flies better in the dining room.

Tuberculosis Day Educates Millions.

Tuberculosis day was widely observed during the week ending October 27th, and also during the week following, in over 40,000 churches of the country, according to an estimate by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. More than 10,000,000 churchgoers were told how to prevent tuberculosis through this movement. Endorsements of the plan had been secured in advance from President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, Governor Wilson, Cardinal Farley, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Prendergast, Glennon, Keane, and many religious leaders of almost every denomination. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets were distributed and as a result of the campaign millions of people were educated on the prevention of tuberculosis.

First Vacuum Cleaner.

The vacuum cleaner which has only recently come into favor, was covered by a patent granted in 1869 to Daniel Hess of West Union, Ia. His device was a carpet sweeper in which as it rolled over the floor a bellows oper-

ated to create a suction, drag dust up from the carpet and discharge it into pans of water, the bellows being worked from a crank on one of the supporting rollers. This cleaner closely resembles those marketed today in that it has a broad flat nozzle to move along the floor, a handle extending up to be grasped by one of the operator's hands, while the other hand turns a drive pulley geared by a rope with a fan which sucks the dust up into a receptacle carried by the handle above the fan. A machine following this plan of work was first made some years ago, if well made mechanically would present a good appearance alongside of the modern machine, and doubtless would give good results in actual use.

Measurements have to be taken from which the patch can be made, shaped so that it will fit nicely. Probably holes have to be drilled in the ship's skin—all, be it remembered, under the water—and finally the patch has to be put in place and secured with bolts. Then, when the diver has done all that the water is pumped out and the ship floated.

Wonderful Feats in Salvage.

Of course in some cases the diver's work may only be to fix or run ropes by which the vessel may be lifted, but often he has much skillful work to perform under the difficult conditions of complete immersion in water in a thick, clammy dress and under an abnormal pressure of air. It is indeed, wonderful what salvage divers can do.

There are, however, instances in which ships have been literally "fished up" from the depths to which divers could not descend. One which occurred to the writer was that of a small naval vessel sunk in collision off the south coast. Two steam tugs held the ends of a long cable, and by slowly dragging it along the sea floor they caught the wreck and drew the cable under it.

Several cables were thus got in place, and then, being pulled tight at low water, the tide lifted the ship above and so lifted the wreck as well, whereupon it was towed into shallow water. This operation being repeated at every tide, the wreck was at last beached.

In one well known instance of salvage a ship was literally cut in two, but the two halves were in good condition, and it was resolved to save them both. The divers put in a temporary end of timber to each and so they were raised, taken to the nearest shipyard and there joined together again.

The salvage of wrecks is a very difficult and daring business, but there are men who are expert at it and whose experience is so extensive that they seldom fail at a job which they once undertake. It is only fair to say, however, that they are much indebted to the splendid divers equipment which is now procurable, without which much that they do would be quite impossible.

Independent.

"Doesn't care for public opinion, you say?"

"Not a rap. I've seen him ride around town in an automobile that's a 1909 model."

Every one has a fair turn to be great as he pleases.—Collins.



"Never Mind Me; Let Us Read."

miles from a doctor. People around picked the men out of the wreck, and LeStrange came up to find that the driver was likely to die from a severed artery before help got there. Emily, he stopped, stopped, with victory in his hands, had the Italian victoried into the mechanic's seat, and Rupert held him in while they dashed around the course to the hospital. He got him there fifteen minutes before an ambulance could have reached him, and the man will get well. But LeStrange had lost six minutes. He had rushed straight to the doctor's, given them the man, and gone right on, but he had lost six minutes. When people realized what he'd done, they went wild. Every one thought he'd lost the race, but they cheered him until they couldn't shout. And he kept on driving. It's all here," he waved the grand sheet. "The paper's full of it. He had half an hour to make up six minutes, and he did it. He came in nineteen seconds ahead of the nearest car. The crowd swarmed out on the course and fell all over him. Old Bailey's nearly crazy."

To see Dick excited would have been marvel enough to hold his auditors mute. If the story itself had not possessed a quality to stir even non-sporting blood, Emily could only sit and gaze at the headlines of the extended newspaper her dark eyes wide and shining, her soft lips apart.

And telegraphed to Bailey, Dick added in the pause. "Ten words: 'First across line in Georgia race. Car in fine shape. LeStrange.' That was all."

Mr. French deliberately passed his coffee-pot to Emily.

"You had better take your break-

she turned away to the