

# The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM  
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
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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 boxes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disappeared. His son, who has disappeared, he informs Emily mainly 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. Dick likes the way LeStrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

Rupert got up, his dark, malign little face twisted like a leg that had been sent a cart for me," he mourned. "Now I'll have to walk, and I ain't used to it. Hard luck!"

"If you go round to the stables they will give you my pony cart," Emily offered impulsively. "You, her dimpling smile gleamed out, 'you once put a tire on for me, you know. Please let me return the service.'"

Rupert's black eyes opened, a slow grin of appreciation crinkled streaks of dust and oil as he surveyed the young girl.

"I'll put tires on every wheel you run into control, day and night shifts," he acknowledged with sweet cordiality. "But I'm no horse-chauffeur, thanks; I guess I'll walk."

"He is a gentle pony," she remonstrated. "Any one can drive him."

He turned a side glance toward the motionless car.

"That's all right, but I'm used to being killed other ways. I'll be going."

"Jack Rupert, do you mean to tell me that you will race with LeStrange every season, and yet you're afraid to drive a fat cab?" cried the delighted Dick.

"I'm not telling anything. I had a chum who was pitched out by a horse he lost control of, and broke his neck. I'm taking no chances."

"How many men have you seen break their necks out of autos?"

"That's in business," pronounced Rupert succinctly. "I'm going on, Darling; it's only a two-mile run."

"Here, wait," Dick urged. "Emily, I'll stroll around to the stables with him and make one of the men drive him down. You don't mind my leaving you?"

"No," Emily answered. "I will wait for you."

She might have walked back alone, if she had chosen. But instead she sat down on a boulder near the hedge, folding her hands in her lap like a demure child. The house was so dull, so hopelessly monotonous contrasted with this fresh, wind-tossed outdoors and LeStrange in his vigor of life and glamour of ultra-modern adventure.

"You and Mr. French are very good," LeStrange said presently. "I am afraid I appreciate it more than Rupert, though."

"Is he really afraid of horses?"

"I should not wonder; I never tried him. But he is amazingly truthful."

Their eyes met across the strip of sunny road as they smiled; again Emily felt the sudden confidence, the falling away of all constraint before the direct clarity of his regard.

"You won your race," she said irrelevantly. "I was glad, since you wanted it."

"Thank you," he returned with equal simplicity. "But I did not want it that way, so far as I was concerned."

"Yet it was the next step?"

"Yes, it was the next step. I meant that one does not care to be victor because the leading cars were wrecked. There is no elation in defeating a driver who lies out on the course. But, as you say, it helped my purpose. You," he hesitated for the right phrase, "you are most kind to recall that I have a purpose."

It was the convent-bred Emily who looked back at him, earnest-eyed, excitedly serious.

"I have thought of it often. Every one else that I know just lives the way things happen—there are only a few people who grasp things and make them happen. That is real work; so many of us are just given work we do not want—she broke off.

"If we do not want the work, it is probably not our own," said LeStrange. "Unless we have brought it on ourselves by a fault we must undo—I need not speak of that to you. One must not make the mistake of assuming some one else's work."

He spoke gently, almost as if with a clairvoyant reading of her tendency to self-immolation.

"But may not some one else's fault be given us to undo?" she asked eagerly. "May not their work be forced on us?"

"No," he answered.

"No?" he bewilderment.

"I don't think so. Each one of us has enough with his own, at least so it seems to me. Most of us die before we finish it."

Emily paused, contenting with the loneliness and doubts which impelled her to speech, the feminine yearning to let another decide her problems. This other's nonchalant strength of decision allured her uncertainty.

"I am discouraged," she confessed.

"And tired. I—there is no reason why I should not speak of it. You know Dick, how he can do nothing in the factory or business, or in the places where a French should stand. All this must fall into the hands of strangers, to be broken and forgotten, when my uncle dies, for lack of some

one who would care. And Uncle Ethan seems severe and hard, but it grieves him all the time. His only son was not a good man; he lives abroad with his wife, who was an actress before he married her. You know that?" as he moved.

"I heard something of it in the village," LeStrange admitted gravely. "Please do not think me fond of gossip; I could not avoid it. But I should not have imagined this a family likely to make low marriages."

"It never happened before. I never saw that cousin, nor did Dick; but he was always a disappointment, always. Uncle Ethan has told me. And since he failed, and Dick fails, there is only me."

"You!"

She nodded, her lip quivering.

"Only me. Not as a substitute—I am not fit for that—but to find a substitute. I have promised my uncle to marry the first one who is able to be that."

The silence was absolute. LeStrange neither moved nor spoke, gazing down at her bent head with an expression blending many shades.

"It is a duty; there is no one except me," she added. "Only sometimes I grow—to dislike it too much. I am so selfish that sometimes I hope a substitute will never come."

Her voice died away. It was done; she, Emily French, had deliberately confided to this stranger that which an hour before she would have believed no one could force from her lips in articulate speech. And she neither regretted nor was ashamed, although there was time for full realization before LeStrange answered.

"I did not believe," he said, "that such things could be done. It is nonsense. It is the kind of situation, Miss French, where any man is justified in interfering. I beg you will leave the affair in my hands and think no more of such morbid self-sacrifice."

Stupefied, Emily flung back her head, staring at him.

"In your hands?"

"Since there are none better, it appears. Why," his vivid face questioned her full and straightly, "you didn't imagine that any man living could hear what you are doing, and pass on?"

"My uncle knows—"

"Your uncle—is not for me to critic-

size. But do not ask any other man to let you go on."

Her ideas reeling, she struggled for comprehension.

"You, what could you do?" she marvelled. "The substitute?"

"There won't be any substitute," replied LeStrange with perfect coolness. "I shall train Dick French to do his work."

"You—"

"I can, and I will."

"He can not—"

"Oh, yes, he can; he is just idle and spoiled," the firm lips set more firmly. "He shall take his place, I can handle him."

"You are most kind."

"I haven't smashed up Rupert or myself, so far. If you feel timid, never mind, of course; I'll take my usual companion."

Dick flushed all over his plump face. The French blood up at last.

"I was only joking," he hastily explained. "I'll come. It's only that you're so confoundedly reckless sometimes. LeStrange, and— But I'll come."

LeStrange gave his fine, glinting smile as he rose to salute Emily.

"All right. If you don't get down to the factory in time, I'll call for you."

"He shall take his place, I can handle him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Will Jaxone, who plays the part of the policeman, insists that, although he has had no personal experience with Scotch policemen, he has had a social acquaintance with many of them, and that the word "policeman" is the only description of these men he has ever heard. Also Graham Moffat, the author, has also used the word "policeman" in the actors' lines.

"When we were boys we all had a good deal to do with a policeman," says George Ingleton, the stage manager.

However, the point-made by the writer of the letter is not settled, because a Scotch policeman is not a policeman on Sunday.

Because Scotch Policeman is Not Policeman on Sunday? Yes Question Unsettled.

When is a policeman not a policeman? This is a question that has seriously agitated the Scotch players appearing in "Bunty" at the Comedy theater, New York, since they received a letter from a distinguished resident Scotchman. In the letter he objected to the use of the word "policeman" in "Bunty," and suggested that "bailiff" or "sheriff" be used instead. "Policemen," he insisted, would never be heard in Scotland.

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Bit of a Scotch Puzzle

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Emilly sat quite helplessly, her eyes black with excitement. Slowly recollection flowed back to her of a change in Dick since his light contest with LeStrange; his avoidance of even occasional highballs, his awakening interest in the clean sport of the races, and his half-wistful admiration for the virtile driver-manager.

"I almost believe you could," she conceded.

"I can," repeated LeStrange. "Only," he openly smiled, "it will be hard on Dickie."

It was the touch needed, the antidote to sentiment. Emilly laughed with him, laughed in sheer mischief and relief and leap of youth.

"You will be gentle—poor Dickie!" "I'll be gentle. He is coming now, I think." He took a step nearer her.

"You will leave this in my care, wholly?" You will not trouble about a substitute?"

"I will leave it with you. But you are forgetting your own doctrine; you are taking some one else's work to do."

"Pardon, I am merely making French do his work. I have seen a little more of him than you perhaps know; I understand what I am undertaking. Moreover, I would forget a great many doctrines to set you free."

"Free?" she echoed; she had the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an open door into the unexpected.

"Free," he quietly asserted. "Free to live your own life and draw unhampered breath, and to decide the great question when it comes, with thought only of yourself."

She drew back; a prescient dismay fell sharply across her late relief, a panic crossed with strange delight.

"He's off," called Dick, emerging from the park. "I made Anderson take him down with the limousine. At least, Rupert is driving while Anderson sits alongside and holds on; when they came to the turn in the avenue, your previous mechanic took it full speed and then apologized for going so slowly because, as he said, he was an amateur and likely to upset. Is he really a good driver, LeStrange?"

"Pretty fair," returned LeStrange serenely, from his seat on the edge of the ditched machine. "When I'm not using him, he's employed as one of the factory car testers; and when we're racing I give him the wheel if I want to fix anything. However, I'm obliged to that steering knuckle for breaking here, instead of leaving me to a long wait in the wilds. Come down to the shop tomorrow at six, and Rupert and I will even up by taking you for a run."

"Who? me? You're asking me?" "Why not? It's exhilarating."

Dick removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, gratification and alarm mingling in his expression with somewhat the effect of the small boy who is first invited into a game with his older brother's clique.

"You—er, wouldn't smash me up?" he hesitated.

Simple Precautions Housewife Should Take to Insure Satisfaction in Its Use—Fierce Heat Always to Be Avoided.

The cooking done in casseroles has several important advantages over that of the ordinary kitchen vessel. The dishes are without the metal taste which so often contaminates common pots and pans. As the cooking is slow and thorough, the nutritive values of food are preserved and the perfection of their flavor is therefore concentrated.

The ornamental appearance of the various dishes used permits serving the viands in the very utensils in which they were cooked, which is a tremendous point when the dish needs to be eaten very hot. Food can be put away in the casserole without danger of changing color or taste, as would happen if it were left to chill in a metal vessel. The earthenware of which the dishes are made is not open to the acid influences of fruit, and therefore is without the possibility of any noxious change. The enamel of the inside does not scale off, it is easily kept clean, and so food prepared in the casserole is clean and sweet.

The pretty marmite for soup-making, the larger and smaller pots and shallow pans and plates, in every size, can be bought cheap in many department stores. Among the many shades of brown there are some green tones—these vessels of French make—which are very effective on the table. Some doubts are involved in the proper care of the charming utensils.

Before using them for the first time the dishes should be soaked in cold water for some hours, as this will help to keep them from cracking on their first exposure to heat. Never put the vessels on the hot stove or in the oven without first putting in water or fat. Do not put them roughly on a metal surface or set them when hot on a metal table. A fierce heat is never desirable, and so even if the flame of the top of the stove is low it is best to put an asbestos mat under the vessel used.

Many more things for the preservation of these toy-like cooking vessels might be said, and for young housekeepers and girls who want to learn how to cook in a dainty and perfect manner they are certainly more inspiring than the common cook pot, pan and kettle.

Spiced Grapes.

Squeeze the pulp out of the grapes and cook it a few minutes until you can press it all through a sieve. Reject the seeds, weigh the pulp and skins, and to each pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, one-half tablespoonful of ground cloves, one-half tablespoonful ground cinnamon, one-half tablespoonful of allspice and one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Put all this into a preserving kettle, stir it frequently and cook it slowly for an hour. Put it into glasses, let it stand for two or three days and then cover with paraffin in the usual way.

Pineapple Pudding.

Take a pineapple, cut several slices and line a quart mold with them. Chop the rest of the pineapple into small pieces in a chopping bowl that will hold the juice. Fill a cup with the chopped pineapple and another cup with the juice. Beat the yolks of four eggs and mix the pineapple juice with them. Put this on the fire and stir until it thickens, then beat it smooth and add the chopped pineapple. Allow it to cool. Whip half a pint of cream and stir it into the egg and pineapple. Pour the mixture into the mold with the slices of pineapple. Let it stand for an hour before serving.

Pickled Oysters.

Cook one quart of oysters in their liquor till plump. Remove the oysters and add to the liquor half a cup of white wine vinegar. Skim as it boils, add one teaspoon of salt, two blades of mace, ten allspice berries and a few grains of cayenne pepper. Boil five minutes. Pour the liquor over the oysters, when cold seal in glass jars and put in a cool, dark place. They will keep two weeks. Serve with slices of lemon floating in plate they are served on.

To Beat Carpets.

An excellent device in rug cleaning is to put old (probably saggy) wire mattress upon the ground and lay the rug or carpet to be beaten upon it, says the Modern Priscilla. This will keep the rugs off the ground, thus allowing the dust to go through the springs without setting upon the other side of the rug, as is the case when the article to be beaten is spread on the ground.

Pork Chops With Tomato Sauce.

After washing and drying the pork chops next dip them in beaten egg and rolled crackers and fry in butter.

Sauce: Cook one can of tomatoes, strain. Blend together two table-spoons flour to 1½ table-spoons butter. Pour boiling tomato juice over blended butter and flour. Pour over pork chops. Very nice.

Rice Muffins.

With a fork break the lumps out of one cupful of cold boiled rice. Add one cupful of milk, then a beaten egg and last one cupful of flour sifted cut in one-fourth-inch slices with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Bake in hot gem pans and you will have a delicious gem, crispy outside and moist inside.

Removing Creases in Clothes.

Clothes packed away during summer are often very creased. To remove the creases hang the articles on a clothes line in the bathroom, shut the door and window, turn on the hot water tap to fill the room with steam, and leave the clothes for an hour or two. Afterwards dry in the open air if possible.

Least Waste of Cream.

If the milk is separated immediately after it is drawn, and before the animal warmth has time to escape, there will be the least possible waste of cream.

## CASSEROLE WILL STAY

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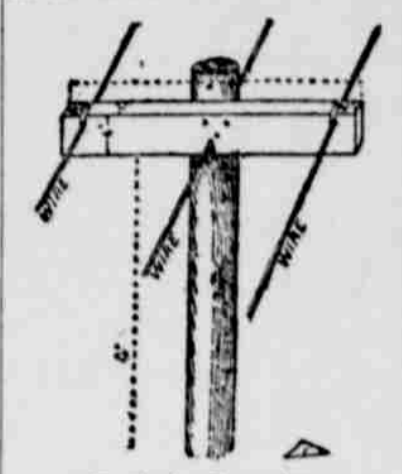
## HORTICULTURE

TRELLIS FOR HOME VINEYARD

Contrivance Holds Vine Out of Way of Cultivation and Permits One to Pass Between Rows.

A grapevine trellis described by the Rural New Yorker, from which this Rural New Yorker, from which this has a middle wire which goes through holes in the posts. The middle slot sets down over the middle wire, while the two outside wires run through slots in the cross arm for two inches from the ends.

The cross arms are 1 by 4 inches for all but end cross arms, which are



Trellis for Grapevine.

2 by 4 inches. The cross arms are nailed to the posts, and should be braced by wire running from the ends of the cross arm, and then down to the post 18 or 20 inches below the arm. The stem of the vine is brought to a height a little above the level of the middle wire and tied to it.

Two canes that develop near this level the present year are left next fall, and next spring are tied to the right and left along this middle wire. Two short spurs are left near this location to furnish bearing wood for the year following, and all else removed. The shoots developing from these grow out and over the outside wires, making a canopy, the fruit hanging in a natural position beneath, and protected from the sun.

This trellis simulates the position of the wild vine more nearly than any other. The growth is out of the way of cultivation, good drainage is insured, and one can pass readily from row to row. This trellis is recommended for the home vineyard. The expense of construction makes it prohibitive commercially except for fancy table varieties.

SELECTION OF ORCHARD SITE

Common Error is to Choose Soil That is Too Rich for Apples—Wood is Not Wanted.

A common mistake in the selection of a site for the apple orchard tract, large or small, is that of choosing a soil that is too rich; that will cause abundant growth of wood, but mighty little fruit. In the valley in which the writer's ranch is located is an orchard of mature apple trees, as pretty a sight from a standpoint of foliage as one could ask to see, which has lately been felled because it did not deliver the goods.

The tract is fat, rich and well watered. Within a gunshot of this tract is a block of winter Nellis pear trees of the same age that for several years past have grossed their owners close to a thousand dollars per acre, says a writer in an exchange. Never was more emphatically demonstrated the fact that soil can be too rich for apples but not for pears. Within a mile of these unproductive apple trees, on thinner and lighter granitic soils, the apple trees bear prolifically to the point of breaking down.

HANDY LITTLE GARDEN TOOL

Implement for Pulverizing Soil Can Be Made of an Old Long-Handled Shovel, as Shown.

A handy garden tool for pulverizing the soil can be made of an old long-handled shovel, as shown, says the Popular Mechanic. Heat the shovel

and flatten it out, drill holes about 2½ inches apart and rivet spikes in them. A board with large nails, having a long handle attached will also answer the purpose, but not so well as the shovel.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Kerosene emulsion is one of the standard remedies in the combat against insect pests. It is made by boiling one pound of whale oil, or castile potash soap, or one quart of soft soap in two gallons of soft water. When the soap is dissolved pour the solution into the sprayer, adding two gallons of kerosene. Then pump into itself until the compound has the consistency of buttermilk and its bulk has increased to nearly five gallons. This is the stock solution. For spraying dilute two parts of the stock with nine or ten parts of soft water. This is a never failing remedy against the aphid, onion thrips and other sucking insects. Biting insects, too, will succumb if the spray touches them.

Earth Pulverizer for Gardeners.

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## HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

### Thought He Had Captured a Groundhog



RENTON, N. J.—James Williams, a firm believer in the ground hog weather theory, was put under the care of a physician as the consequence of his endeavor to capture the animal and keep him out of his hole, so that the six more weeks of winter would be eliminated. Williams' experience was such that he says he will never bother the ground hog again.

For several weeks Williams had boasted to friends that he had found the ground hog's hole and announced that when the proper time arrived he intended to insure the community good weather by forcing the animal to remain in the open, even if he did see his shadow.

Several volunteers to aid him in the capture, but Williams desired all the honor, and said he could perform the feat single handed. Before dawn he went to the supposed hole of the ground hog, about one and a half miles from White Horse. He armed himself with a lantern and a strong rope. While he did not believe that his intended prey would make an appear-

ance until the day was fairly well developed he was determined to take his chances on being given the "silly."

Williams stationed himself at the mouth of the hole, lit his lantern and waited.

It seemed a long time to dawn and the farm hand fast drowsy. He awoke several times and walked about the hole several times to keep awake, but knew it was sound asleep, and before he knew it was sound asleep in the snow.

Williams arose with a start. The sun was brightly shining, and the snow swiftly melting about him. He gave one hurried glance into the hole and then quickly arose. Not ten feet from him he saw an animal walking leisurely in the direction of White Horse. He believed his ground hog was escaping, and immediately started in pursuit. He took the animal un-

awares, and the capture was easy. Holding his prey under one arm he started for the village. When he was epeled coming down the road with his captive there was a mighty cheer from a crowd which had gathered. It was the proudest moment of Williams' life. As he walked into the crowd he held the ground hog up so all could see it and was amazed to see the crowd suddenly disperse and see its pants.

"Drop that skunk," the town crier, he shouted, as he dived into a cellar. The villagers scattered in all directions.

"Bumming" at 20 Below Not a Picnic

ST. LOUIS—John Vall, a postoffice robber who escaped jail at Macon one night early in January in an effort to escape a 3-year term in the penitentiary, was arrested at St. Charles, Va., who is some 39 years old and fairly well educated, chose a bitter cold night to leave the jail and came near freezing to death while riding on the tender of a fast Kansas City-Chicago train. He told about his trip the other day.

"The night I escaped the temperature was about 20 degrees below zero," he said. "I went to the depot and when the passenger train from Kansas City to Chicago came in I climbed up on the tender. I didn't know how far it would run till it stopped, but supposed maybe ten or twelve miles.

"When we began to shoot down the grade east of town I realized I was up against it. The wind tore at me from four directions, it seemed, and my overcoat was thin and my gloves had holes in them. I didn't know whether I was going to be shaken off the tank and scattered along the right of way or frozen into a chunk of ice.

"Every time we hit a curve or jostled over a switch I would cling like death to my iron bed, and I knew if my fingers got stiff on me I was gone. Town after town swept by and I knew I could never stand it in the Mississippi river. I had to keep my head down so the cold wind wouldn't cut

my face off. I'd read about men tramping their way Arctic snow, and how they suffered, but where I was roasting that night would have made Cook or Perry turn back. My eyebrows and mustache were frosted so you might have knocked 'em off with a stick.

"At last I saw far down the track a red light and when the engine whistled the light wasn't changed. That meant stop! To me it was like seeing a sail after drifting all night on a raft in the ocean. I just could get my bones limber enough to climb down. The fireman saw me and said: "Why didn't you stay on, old man; we'll soon be in Quincy!"

"I told him I'd walk the rest of the way if it was the same to him. The station was Monroe City. My ride had only been forty miles, but I've traveled a thousand that were easier on the rods and bumpers. I walked into the depot and sat on the stove rest of the night. Next day I struck across the country on foot. It was a pleasanter way to travel."

Put "Laziest Boy in Chicago" on Diet

CHICAGO—Three full hours before he had finished his daily thirteen hour snooze—or rather, daily-nightly snooze—Hermann Davis, 17 years old, "the laziest boy in Chicago," was rudely awakened from his snoring slumber shortly after 2 o'clock the other morning by a policeman at the home of the boy's grandmother. Hermann had not been disturbed before he had finished his sleep as far back as he could remember. He looked at the bluecoat, decided he could not be annoyed, and, rolling over, started once more to snore.

Another rough shake by the policeman brought the boy out of bed onto the floor, where he yawningly protested against such treatment and went back to sleep. Exasperated, the officer finally managed to keep the boy awake long enough to get him dressed and then took him to the Chicago avenue station, where his mother, Mrs. Ida McGraw, was pacing the office in a rage.

"There he is now!" she shouted angrily. "Look at him. He's the laziest

boy in the world. I want him locked up and made to work."

Hermann looked wearied of it all and answered the accusations of his parent with stretches, yawns and sleepy blinkings.

"Look at this. This is what he does all day and night," and the woman thrust a piece of paper into the hands of the desk sergeant. It read:

"Rises at noon. Eats a hearty combination breakfast-lunch. Returns afternoon at nickel theater. Returns home to supper at six. Takes a nap until 7:30. Visits more nickel theaters. Retires to bed promptly at 10:30."

"The only time I really ever saw him move quickly was when he ran out to stay with his grandmother, a week ago because I scolded him for being so lazy," said Mrs. McGraw. "I made up my mind he shouldn't pester the life out of her as he had out of me, and so I decided to have him arrested. He hasn't worked more than a month in three years."

"We'll have to turn him over to juvenile court officers," said the sergeant. "They'll put him on the 'work, no eat' diet. He should be examined for the hook worm or the 'sleeping sickness.' I'll take charge of him."

He looked around for Hermann. The boy was fast asleep in a chair in the corner. The mother fled.

Mississippi Dog a Good Lion Hunter

NEW YORK—To hear Paul J. Rainey tell about it, running down a full-grown lion with a pack of plain Mississippi dogs isn't half as dangerous as chasing a scared little red fox with a pack of fullblooded foxhounds—particularly if said fox takes it into his head to run over the property of an irate Long Island farmer, armed with a shotgun full of rock salt.

"When you run a lion down with dogs you carry a gun along, and all you've got to do is to use it after the dogs drive the lion into range," he says. "But when you are chasing Reynard the only one who has a gun is the trape farmer. So, me for the lions!"

The young American sportsman who stands sponsor for these sentiments has just returned from a year's hunting expedition in Africa. When he left here early in 1911 with his friend and companion on his famous Arctic trip, Dr. M. E. Johnson of Lexington, Ky., taking only a few guns and a pack of ordinary Mississippi hounds to go lion hunting his friends laughed at him.

Now that Mr. Rainey has the pelt of seventy-four full grown lions to save in their faces they are eating so

much humble pie that an epidemic of mental indigestion is threatened.

"The only difficulty was to train the dogs to take up the lion's scent," he said to a little group of apologetic ones who called at his offices at 137 Fifth avenue to apologise for their ill-timed mirth of a year ago.

"I really don't blame you for having laughed at me last year. But I know that the pups hunting with them in this country, and I felt pretty confident that dogs that would go to the mat with a savage bear wouldn't tuck their tails and run from a lion."

"They didn't take kindly to me much at first. I didn't feed on clover or vanilla beans. But they got used to it after a while—and at the end of six weeks all you had to do was to show them the spoor of a lion and they would locate for you in half an hour."

