The Flying Mercury

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SYNOPSIS.

[The] story opens on Long Island, near [New] York city, where Miss Emily [Ffr]ench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, [manu]facturer of the celebrated "Mer[cury]" automobile, loses her way. The [car] has stopped and her cousin, Dick [Ffr]ench, is too muddled with drink to [put] it aright. They meet another car [which] is run by a professional racer [name]d Lestrange. The latter fixes up [the] Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench [how] to proceed homeward. Ethan [Ffren]ch has disinherited his son, who [has] disappeared. He informs Emily [tha]t that he would like to have her [marr]y Dick, who is a good-natured but [irres]ponsible fellow. It appears that a [rac]er of Ethan Ffrench wanting an ex[pert] to race with the "Mercury" at auto [race]s, has engaged Lestrange, and at [the] Ffrench factory Emily encounters the [you]ng man. They refer pleasantly to [the] meeting when Dick comes along and [reco]gnizes the young racer. Dick likes [him an]d Lestrange ignores their first [mee]ting when he appeared to a disad[van]tage. Lestrange tells Emily that he [will] try to educate her indifferent cousin [as a]n automobile expert. Dick under[goes] his business schooling under the [tutela]ge of Lestrange. Dick is sheer grit. [I]n making a test race meets with [an a]ccident. Lestrange meets Emily in [the m]oonlit garden of the Ffrench home.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

[L]estrange hesitated, himself trou[ble]d. Her soft loveliness in the deli[cate] light that left her eyes unread[able] depths of shadow, her timidity [and] anxiety for his safety, were from [thei]r very unconsciousness most dan[ger]ous. And while he grasped at self[-con]trol, she came still nearer to the [hea]d of the steps and held out her [sma]ll fair hand, mistaking his silence [for] leave-taking.

"Good night; and I thank you for [com]ing. I am not used to so much [con]sideration."

Her accents were unsure when she [wo]uld have made them most certain. [Wi]th her movement the handkerchief [fell] from her girdle to his feet. Me[chan]ically Lestrange recovered the bit [of l]inen, and felt it lie wet in his [fing]ers. Wet—

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and [spra]ng the brief step between them.

Her white, terrified face turned to [hi]m in the moonlight, but he saw her [ey]es. And seeing, he kissed her.

The moment left no time for [s]peech. Some one was coming down [th]e drawing-room toward the long [w]indows. Dick's impatient whistle [s]ounded shrilly from the park. Pant[in]g, quivering, Emily drew from the [te]rrace and fled within.

She had no doubt of Lestrange, no [qu]estion of his serious meaning—he [ha]d that force of sincerity which [ma]de his silence more convincing [th]an the protestations of others. But [al]one in her room she laid her cheek [a]gainst the hand his had touched.

"I wish I had died in the convent," she cried to her heart. "I wish I had [d]ied before I made him unhappy too."

CHAPTER VII.

Morning found a pale and languid [Emily] across the breakfast table from Mr. Ffrench. Yet, by a contradiction of the heart, her pride in loving and being loved so overbore the knowl[ed]ge that only sorrow could result to [h]erself and Lestrange, that her eyes [s]hone wide and lustrous and her lips curved softly.

Mr. Ffrench was almost in high spir[it]s.

"The boy was merely developing," [he] stated, over his grape-fruit. "I [h]ave been unjust to Richard. For two [m]onths Bailey has been talking of his [in]terest in the business and atten[da]nce at the factory, but I was in[c]redulous. Although I fancied I ob[s]erved a change—have you observed a change in him, Emily?"

"Yes," Emily confirmed, "a very great change. He has grown up, at last."

"Ah? I cannot express to you how it gratifies me to have a Ffrench rep[r]esenting me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come down-stairs."

He picked up the newspaper be[s]ide him and passed across the folded page.

"All in readiness for Beach Con[t]est," the head-lines ran. "Last big driver to arrive, Lestrange is in Mer[c]ury camp with R. Ffrench, represent[a]tive of Company."

And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mech[a]nician masked to goblinesque non[-]identity, with the legend underneath: "'Darling' Lestrange, in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

"Next year I shall make him part owner. It was always my poor broth[e]r's desire to have the future name still Ffrench and Ffrench. He was not thinking of Richard then; he had hope of—"

Emily lifted her gaze from the pic[t]ure, recalled to attention by the break.

"Of?" she echoed vaguely.

"Of one who is unworthy thought. Richard has redeemed our family from extinction; that is at rest." He paused for an instant. "My dear child, when you are married and established, I shall be content."

Her breathing quickened, her cour[a]ge rose to the call of the moment.

"If Dick is here, if he is instead of a substitute," she said, carefully quiet in manner, "would it matter, since I am only a girl, whom I married, Uncle Ethan?"

The recollection of that evening when Emily had given her promise of aid, stirred under Mr. Ffrench's self-absorbtion. He looked across the ta[b]le at her colorless, eager face with perhaps his first thought of what that promise might have cost her.

"No," he replied kindly. "It is part of my satisfaction that you are set free to follow your own choice, with[o]ut thought of utility or fortune. Of [co]urse, I need not say provided the [ma]n is of your own class and asso[ci]ations. We [ne]ed fear no more low [ma]rriages."

[Emily] had know[n] ... [h]ear th[e] sent[ence] ...

words. Emily folded her hands over the paper in her lap and the pleasant breakfast room darkened before her. Mr. Ffrench continued speaking of Dick, unheard.

When the long meal was ended and her uncle withdrew to meet Bailey in the library, Emily escaped outdoors. There was a quaint summer house part way down the park, an ancient white pavilion standing beside the brook that gurgled by on its way to the Hudson, where the young girl often passed her hours. She went there now, carrying her little work-basket and the newspaper containing the picture of Lestrange.

"I will save it," was her thought. "Perhaps I may find better ones—this does not show his face—but I will have this now. It may be a long time before I see him."

But she sat with the embroidery scissors in her hand, nevertheless, without cutting the reprint. Lestrange would return to the factory, she never doubted, and all would continue as before, except that she must not see him. He would understand that it was not possible for anything else to happen, at least for many years. Perhaps, after Dick was married—

The green and gold beauty of the morning hurt her with the memory of that other sunny morning, when he had so easily taken from her the task she hated and strove to bear. And he had succeeded, how he had succeeded! Who else in the world could have so transformed Dick? Leaning on the table, her round chin in her palm as she gazed down at the paper in her lap, her fancy slipped back to that night on the Long Island road, when she had first seen his serene genius for setting all things right. How like him that elimination of Dick, instead of a romantic and impracticable attempt to escort her himself.

A bush crackled stiffly at some one's passage; a shadow fell across her.

"Caught!" laughed Lestrange's glad, exultant voice. "Since you look at the portrait, how shall the original fear to present himself? See, I can match." He held out a card burned at

"Dick Will Tell Me of You."

the corners and streaked with dull red, "The first time I saw your writing, and found my own name there."

Amazed, Emily sat up, and met in his glowing face all incarnate joy of life and youth.

"Oh!" she gasped piteously.

"You are surprised that I am Lore? My dear, my dear, after last night did you think I could be anywhere else?"

"The race—"

"I know that track too well to need much practice, and I had the machine out at dawn. My partner is busy practicing this morning, and I'll be back in a couple of hours. I was afraid," the gray eyes were so gentle in their brilliancy, "I was afraid you might worry, Emily."

Serenely he assumed possession of her, and the assumption was very sweet. He had not touched her, yet Emily had the sensation of brutally thrusting him away when she spoke:

"How could I do anything else," she asked with desolation, "since we must never meet each other any more? Only, you will not go far away—you will stay where I can sometimes see you as we pass? I—I think I could not bear it to have you go away."

"Emily!"

The scissors clinked sharply to the floor as she held out her white hands in deprecation of his cry; the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You know, you know! I am not free; I am Emily Ffrench. I cannot fail my uncle and grieve him as his son did. Oh, I will never marry any one else, and we will hear of each [other] ... read in the papers and [think] of you. It will be something to be so close, down there and up here."

"Emily!"

"You are not angry? You will not be angry? You know I can do nothing else; please say you know."

He came nearer and took both cold little hands in his clasp, bending to her the shining gravity of his regard.

"Do you think me such a selfish animal, my dear, that I would have kissed you when I could not claim you?" he asked. "Did you think I could forget you were Emily Ffrench, even by moonlight?"

Her fair head fell back, her dark eyes questioned his.

"You—mean—"

"I mean that even your uncle cannot deny my inherited quality of gentleman. I am no millionaire incognito. I have driven racing cars and managed this factory to earn my living, having no other dependence than upon myself, but my blood is as old as yours, little girl, if that means anything."

"Not to me," she cried, looking up into his eyes. "Not to me, but to him. I cared for you—"

He drew her toward him, unresisting, their gaze still on each other. As from the first, there was no shyness between them, but the strange, exquisite understanding now made perfect.

"I was right to come to you," he declared, after a time. "Right to fear that you were troubled, conscientious lady. But I must go back, or there will be a fine disturbance at the Beach. And I have shattered my other plans to insignificant fragments, or you have. If I did not forget by moonlight that you were Emily Ffrench, I certainly forgot everything else."

She looked up at him, her softly-tinted face bright as his own, her yellow hair rumpled into flossy tendrils under the black ribbon binding it.

"Everything else?" she echoed. "Is there anything else but this?"

"Nothing that counts, to me. You for my own, and this good world to live in—I stand bareheaded before it all. But yet, I told you once that I had a purpose to accomplish; a purpose now very near completion. In a few months I meant to leave Ffrenchwood."

Emily gave a faint cry.

"Yes, for my work would have been done. Then I fell in love and upset everything. When I tell Mr. Ffrench that I want you, I will have to leave at once."

"Why? You said—"

"How brave are you, Emily?" he asked. "I said your uncle could not question my name or birth, but I did not say he would want to give you to me. Nor will he; unless I am mistaken. Are you going to be brave enough to come to me, knowing he has no right to complain, since you and I together have given him Dick?"

"He does not know you; how can you tell he does not like you?" she urged.

"Do you think he likes 'Darling' Lestrange of the race course?"

The sudden keen demand disconcerted her.

"I hear a little down there," he added. "I have not been fortunate with your kinsman. No, it is for you to say whether Ethan Ffrench's unjust caprice is a bar between us. To me it is none."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Very Best Make.

In the course of an after-dinner speech in praise of woman, Samuel Untermyer, the New York lawyer, said in Pittsburg:

"A commercial traveler remarked the other day to a storekeeper:

"'Make yourself a Christmas present of a cash register. It will keep strict and accurate account of all you receive and all you disburse. It will show what you save and what you squander, what in you spend foolishly and what you spend wisely, where you should spread out and where you should retrench, what you waste and how you waste it—'

"'But,' said the storekeeper, 'I've already got a cash register which does all that and more.'

"'Whose make is it?' asked the salesman, frowning.

"'God's make,' the storekeeper replied; and with a smile at once reverent and grateful he nodded toward his handsome wife seated in the cashier's cage."

French Elections Not Like Ours'

PALACE OF VERSAILLES WHERE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED

MARKED is the contrast between the turmoil that precedes the election of a president in the United States and the calm that accompanies the choice of a president in France. The difference may be studied now, for on January 17, 1913, a new head of the French Republic will be chosen.

The election of a president of the French Republic causes no commotion that can be compared with the excitement of a presidential election in the United States. The event arouses interest, of course, but the normal life of the nation is in no way modified. Up to the present time a stranger visiting France would not suspect from the newspapers or from public talk that the election was to be held within a few weeks. If he stayed here long enough and visited certain centers he would hear whispers of plots—rumors for instance of a great Bonapartist demonstration to be made on election day. But beyond such things he would observe few signs that a presidential campaign was in progress.

The excitement of the choice of a president is mostly centered on the day of the election itself. Thus on the morning of January 17 next crowded trains will carry to Versailles, a town that teems with souvenirs of kingly pomp, the officials of the senate and chamber, members of the cabinet, numbers of deputies and senators, a regiment of newspaper men and crowds of spectators which will be large or small according to the weather. Some forty Baudot transmitters, thirty Hughes instruments and about fifty telephones have been installed in the old home of royalty for the occasion. Stately rooms once the salons of kings and queens resound with a thousand imperative clickings and tappings, and the whole palace, usually deserted and melancholy, is full of confusion. No doubt Versailles was chosen as the place for electing the republic's presidents to emphasize the lesson that the new order has taken the place of the old and that the ceremony should be held in a solemn and fitting setting, far from popular uproar. At any rate a law passed in 1879 decrees that the national assembly shall meet in Versailles in a hall of the palace specially reserved as the congress hall.

"Vote in Common."

The national assembly is, according to the French constitution, "a meeting of the chamber of deputies and the senate to deliberate and vote in common." This national assembly can only meet for two objects, to elect a president and to revise the constitution. When the presidency of the republic becomes vacant by death or resignation or any other cause the two houses meet immediately and form an assembly to elect a new president. When there is no vacancy but the seven years of the incumbent are about to expire, as in the present case with President Fallieres, the national assembly must meet at least one month before the expiration of his term, and if the assembly is not duly convoked the two houses must meet, in their own right, on the fifteenth day before the president's mandate expires.

If the chamber of deputies should happen to be dissolved at the moment of the death or resignation of the president the senate must meet, in its own right, and the cabinet, which exercises the executive power in the interim, must convoke the electoral colleges to proceed to the election of a new chamber of deputies.

As there are 300 senators and almost 600 deputies, the national assembly numbers 897 members. The president of the senate (now Antonin Dubost, a possible candidate) presides. When M. Fallieres was elected on January 17, 1906, he received 439 votes, against 371 given to Paul Doumer, with a total of 850 voters, so that he only obtained thirteen votes more than the absolute majority requisite for election.

Luxurious Restaurant.

The life of the assembly on the day of a presidential election only begins after lunch. The president of the senate, the president of the chamber and the ministers have many guests, and as they are lodged for the day in the palace the ancient home of kings becomes a luxurious restaurant, wherein many a vote is changed by a judicious presentation of arguments over a meal of the highest excellence. Some days before the election all the resources of the national warehouse, where all the nation's treasures in furniture are stored, are drawn upon to fit up apartments for these high officials who will use them for but a few hours. To the president of the assembly is allotted an entire second story, with bedroom, as if he was going to stay days instead of hours. He has sumptuous reception rooms at his disposal and a staff of servants of every kind.

The assembly generally opens at one o'clock. The public galleries are then crowded. The president of the assembly takes his seat in an armchair amid cheers from his admirers, although the presence of an opposition can always be detected. The secretaries of the senate take their places and the president declares the session open. He reads the article of the constitution by which the assembly is created and the article which says that the president of the republic shall be elected by an absolute majority of the national assembly for seven years and that he is eligible for re-election. He then says:

"I declare the national assembly duly constituted. The vote will take place at the tribune by calling the names."

Letters of excuse from members unable to attend are read and the names of thirty-eight members to count the votes are drawn by lot. These preliminaries being concluded a letter is drawn by lot to designate the initial at which the order of voting shall commence.

Fast Work a Necessity.

The fastest shorthand writing ever done, so it is said, was accomplished by Nathan Behrin, a New York court reporter, at a recent contest held by the National Shorthand Reporters' association. He wrote 278 words a minute for five minutes. This is faster than most people can talk; but then the court stenographer must be prepared to meet and "take down" the exceptional witness with six-cylinder verbal capacity.

His Pen Name.

"Here!" cried the hotel clerk, glancing at the register where the new arrival had just scrawled "No. 1523." "What's the idea?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" explained the ex-forger, as he corrected his social error. "That's my pen name."—Judge.

His Best.

"He's a brute." "How so?" "When she promised to be his wife he said he would do everything in his power to make her happy." "Well?" "He spends all of his time at the club!" "Well, if he is really a brute that ought to help some."

NEVER WHOLLY GROWN UP

True Man or Woman Always Retains Something of Divine Childhood in the Heart.

A recent magazine article, in discussing the bringing up of children, said: "Finally each of us is in some sense a child, and he who best understands the child within him will most truly appreciate the boy and the girl in the home. It is a truism that the household is incomplete without children, yet how often we regard children as if we were no longer children ourselves! He is not genuinely human who deems himself wholly grown up. It is pride, a false estimate put upon knowledge, dignity, position, or something of the sort, not actual maturity or character, that puts a barrier in the way. When I am most a man then am I also a boy."

The most agreeable, the nicest old people, are not those who are childish, but those who are childlike. There are any number of men who are childish when they are 45, and seem very old. There are a few men who are childlike at 45 and seem delightfully young. The grip of age is only fatal to a man of the fifties when he has entirely lost the buoyancy of his own life, and a delight in it, as seen in all the young life about him. When the play spirit of the world, its immortal youth, is no part or lot of his, then is he old, centuries old. If he has a certified place or position he is all right, but there are no further successes for him. Youth is abundant. It has an excess of energy which will out. While a man retains some of his youth he may conquer more worlds, and he can associate, on equal terms, with those who have abounding life, those who know exuberant happiness, and are ever hopeful and joyful.

To Exterminate Vermin.

Mix and let stand for several hours one-half gallon of gasoline and ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate. Put the mixture into a pint oil can, with a long spout, and spray into every place where there are bugs. Air the room thoroughly. After a few applications the vermin will have entirely disappeared.

WHO'S WHO—and Why

RECTOR SAYS $1,000 IS NOT ENOUGH

Clergymen in all parts of the country are busily engaged in discussing the action of Rev. Gilbert A. Shaw, who resigned from the rectorship of Grace Episcopal church of Riverside, L. I., because "a minister at the present time cannot live and maintain his honor on a salary of $1,000 a year." Rev. Mr. Shaw, therefore, is going to acept a call to church at Hazleton, Pa., where he will receive a larger salary.

"Rev. Mr. Shaw made a very rash assertion when he said that a minister of today could not live honorably on $1,000 a year," said Rev. Arthur H. Judge, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal church of New York city, "though, of course, whether or not a minister could live 'honorably' upon that salary depends entirely upon circumstances. The cost of living for a minister, as for anyone else, depends upon whether he is married or single, and whether or not he lives in a great city or within the zone of high prices that always surround a big city. If Riverhead, L. I., is far enough away from New York not to be affected by metropolitan prices and if Rev. Mr. Shaw has his rectory furnished rent free (like most Episcopal ministers) then he ought to live very decently upon his salary, whether he is married or not.

"There is a common impression that clergymen are underpaid as a whole, but I think that all in all they are paid as well as the members of most of the professions or vocations.

"The average young lawyer, or doctor, or bank clerk has a much harder time at first than the young minister, and the failures, who cannot even make a living in the professions, are much greater than those who fail in the ministry. It is true, however, that the cost of living has increased so that a dollar is worth about half of what it was twenty years ago, and the increase in salaries has not nearly kept pace with the increased cost of living among the average 'middle class' professional men. The salaries of laborers have been increased more in proportion, because they are united and can strike for what they want."

CHARLES S. WHITMAN WARMLY PRAISED

Warmest praise from the bench, bar and forum have recently been showered upon Charles S. Whitman, district attorney of New York city, as a tribute to his victory over the alliance of police power and gambling in the conviction of Charles Becker.

"The most notable victory of law and order in our generation in New York," were the words of a telegram to Mr. Whitman from a famous American author, and they were the keynote of the great heap of telegrams of congratulation which kept his desk covered for several days.

They were echoed in the words of the thousand others—physicians, clergymen, merchants, bankers and professional men, some who knew him only by sight, who rushed up to grip his hand and tell him how they valued what he had done to stamp graft into the earth and ring the doom of lawlessness and band violence. Some of them told him that they had prayed for him and righteousness in his glorious undertakings.

Their pious thanksgiving was one extreme of the result of Becker's conviction which spread through the whole city, touching every walk of life. In the haunts of crime the effect was most notable. In the prisons the criminals were struck with terror. The cheers they had prepared to greet Becker's acquittal turned to the frightened chatter of the thugs in the Tombs, some of them awaiting a similar fate for playing the part of tools in the murder plot which Becker conceived and directed.

The thugs knew best of all perhaps how great were the difficulties that Mr. Whitman faced and overcame almost single-handed in his battle to redeem New York from the stigma cast upon her throughout the world by the marvellous story of the murder of Rosenthal as from day to day it grew and stretched into high and low places. There was not a tear in it, but no story of crime has ever held so long the place it held in the newspapers, which reflect public interest and give room and prominence only to what the public wants to read.

NAZIM PASHA, TURKEY'S GENERALISSIMO

At the outbreak of the Turko-Balkan war there was some uncertainty as to the precise commands of the various Turkish generals. The chief command of the Ottoman forces in Europe was assumed by Nazim Pasha, the minister of war. He received his early training at St. Cyr, the famous French military school. He is now sixty-four years old, but full of vigor and considered an able soldier. Ali Riza Pasha, according to the best sources of information, was made commander of the Turkish western army. He was trained in the German school. Mahmud Shevket Pasha was put in command of the Turkish forces operating against Servia.

Nazim Pasha was spoken of as "the Turkish Kitchener." He was one of the most brilliant pupils at St. Cyr. From time to time he has visited France, and on more than one occasion was an interested spectator of the grand autumn maneuvers. He has often expressed his gratitude for the teaching he received at the great French school, and, indeed, attributes to it the high rank to which he was advanced. His remarkable influence over the Turkish rank and file was manifested during the period between April 13 and 23, 1909, when his appeals to the mutinous soldiers saved Constantinople from plunder. Recent dispatches would indicate a decline of his great popularity. Only a few days ago in his daily official dispatch he reported that his soldiers would not fight, saying: "My sword has melted in my hand."

MEHMED V. IS A MOST KINDLY MONARCH

With his empire apparently tottering about his ears and his entourage preparing to flee across the Bosporus to escape the vengeance of Bulgarian swords, it is interesting to note the personality of Sultan Mehmed V, who will likely go down into history as the last Turkish monarch to reign in Europe.

Probably no more kindly monarch exists anywhere in Europe, none who thinks more of his subjects' welfare and less of himself. The sultan is remembered by those who have met him by his benign smile, with which he favors all, from the highest to the lowest. He has a melancholy, meditative face, but those who attend him hear no harsh words, shrink from no sullen commands, as did those who attended his predecessors.

The sultan rises soon after dawn, and when his attendants bring him the habitual cup of delicious Arabian mocha he smiles to them and whispers: "Allah be praised [for his g]ifts."

His bearing is at all times affable. There is somethin[g] ... smile, since it seems ... [of] Oriental fatalistic kismet in his course of thin[gs] ... [an]d sense of acquiescence in the divine ever ... most serious of all crises which have ... [hi]s cit[y] ... and smiling murmurs ...