

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. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named LeStrange. LeStrange, who is up to the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed. Ethan French, who has disappeared, informs Emily that he would like to have her partner of Ethan French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at an event, has engaged LeStrange, and at the French car 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. LeStrange tells Emily that he takes his business very seriously and that he is an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of LeStrange. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. The French man meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed. LeStrange looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen. "Have I not?" was his question. "Is there no cancelling of a claim, is there no subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?" Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender. "I will come to you, I will come! You know best what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, dear, I wanted to—" He silenced her, all the light flashing back to his face. "A promise; hush! Oh, I shall win tonight with that singing in my ears. I have more to say to you, but not now. I must see Bailey, somehow, before I go." "He is at the house; let me send him here to you." "If you come back with him." They laughed together. "I will—Do you know," her color deepened rosily, "they call you 'Darling'—I have never heard your own name." "My name is David," LeStrange said quietly, and kissed her for farewell. "Uncle will like you when he knows you," she laughed in her heart. "Any one must like you."

The servant she met in the hall said that Mr. Bailey had gone out, and Mr. French, also, but separately, the former having taken the short route across toward the factory. That way Emily went in pursuit, intending to overtake him with her pony cart. But upon reaching the stables, past which the path ran, she found Bailey himself engaged in an inspection of the limousine in company with the chauffeur. "You'll have to look into her differential, Anderson," he was pronouncing, when the young girl came beside him. "Come, please," she urged breathlessly. "Come!" repeated Bailey, wheeling, with his slow, benevolent smile. "Sure, Miss Emily; where?" She shook her head, not replying until they were safely outside; then: "To Mr. LeStrange; he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you." "To LeStrange?" he almost shouted, halting. LeStrange here?" "Yes. There is time; he says there is time. He is going back as soon as he sees you." "But what's he doing here? What does he mean by risking his neck without any practice?" "He came to see me," she whispered, and stood confessed. "God!" said Bailey, quite reverently, after a moment of speechless stupefaction. "You, and him!" She lifted confiding eyes to him, moving nearer. "It is a secret, but I wanted you to know because you like us both. Dick said you loved Mr. LeStrange." "Yes," was the dazed assent. "Well, then—But come, he is waiting."

She was sufficiently unlike the usual Miss French to bewilder any one. Bailey dumbly followed her across the park, carrying his hat in his hand. A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion. "Some one is there," she said. "Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out." She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps farther brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen. In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. French was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair; his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood LeStrange, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable. "I told you then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least French enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so desecrated that I would accept you as a successor? I would not! You are not missed. My

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

There was that in his bearing, in the dignified carefulness of courtesy with which he saluted the other before turning to go, that checked even Ethan French. But as LeStrange crossed the threshold of the little building, Emily ran from the thicket to meet him, her eyes a dark splendor in her white face, her hands outstretched. "Not like this!" she panted. "Not without seeing me! Oh, I might have guessed—" His vivid color and animation returned as he caught her to him, heedless of witnesses. "You dare? My dear, my dear, not even a question? There is no one like you. Say, shall I take you now, or send Dick for you after the race?" Mr. French exclaimed some inarticulate words, but neither heard him. "Send Dick," Emily answered, her eyes on the gray eyes above her. "Send Dick—I understand, I will come." He kissed her once, then she drew back and he went down the terraces toward the gates. As Emily sank down on the bench by the pavilion door, Bailey brushed past her, running after the straight, lithe figure that went steadily on out of sight among the huge trees planted and tended by five generations of Frenches. When the vistas of the park were empty, Emily slowly turned to face her uncle. "You love David French?" he asked, his voice thin and harsh. "Yes," she answered. She had no need to ask if LeStrange were meant.

"Well, Then—But Come, He is Waiting." "He is married to some woman of the music halls." "No." "How do you know? He has told you?" She lifted to him the superb confidence of her glance, although nervous tremors shook her in wavelike succession. "If he had been married, he would not have made me care for him. He has asked me to be his wife." They were equally strange to each other in these new characters, and equally spent by emotion. Neither moving, they sat opposite each other in silence. So Bailey found them when he came back later, to take his massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set. "I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. French," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here—I'll tell you; he is LeStrange." "There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute.

"The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dazed by apprehension. "Uncle," she faltered. Disregarding or unseeing her outstretched hand, he went on and left her there alone. And then Emily dared rescue the newspaper. "A substitute," she whispered. "A substitute," and laid her wet cheek against the pictured driver. No one lunched at the French home that day, except the servants. Near three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. French came back to the pavilion where Emily still sat. "Go change your gown," he commanded, in his usual tone. "We will start now. I have sent for Bailey and ordered Anderson to bring the automobile." "Start?" she wondered, bewildered. He met her gaze with a stately repulsion of comment. "For the Beach. I understand this race lasts twenty-four hours. Have you any objection?" Objection to being near David! Emily sprang to her feet. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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

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

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

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

He turned, but paused to glance around. "It's going to be pretty dull at the factory for me. And between us we've sent LeStrange to the track with a nice set of nerves." His retreating footsteps died away to leave the moon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where LeStrange's name showed

"The new China is a new United States," he declares; and he certainly makes plenty of convincing statements to prove his contention. In the province of railroading alone he shows a China that mightily few people ever dreamed could be evolved—a China playing the role of apostle of progress, complaining bitterly because Japan, a backward nation, is thwarting Chinese plans for the betterment of Manchuria. China progressive!—Japan retrogressive! A huge bite for us of the west to swallow—for us, who have always looked upon China as the perfect type of the "stick-in-the-mud," on Japan as the land whose every step is forward. We rub our eyes. We ask, "Isn't it a dream?" Apparently not. To Dr. Wang the new China, the United States of the far east, is anything but a dream.

News from Washington of the serious illness of Col. John S. Mosby brings into prominence again one of the few remaining prominent officers of the army of the Confederacy. Colonel Mosby stood in the front rank of Confederate raiders in the Civil War, being particularly harassing in the 1864 campaigns of General Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley which ended with his brilliant victory at Cedar Creek. There was a good line of communication to be guarded from Baltimore to Harper's Ferry and then down the valley, and from Washington by way of Manassas and Front Royal. Colonel Mosby devoted himself to breaking those lines and raiding his enemy's forces wherever possible. No one else in the army was so anatomized as he was. That such a rebel against the government could not only have escaped with his life after the surrender, but should actually later have been appointed to office under the government he sought to destroy, will Leo and his general. It was persistently maintained that he was a lawless, barbarous raider, who violated the laws of war and of humanity, and it was generally known that if he had been captured he would speedily have been hanged.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

STARTS PLAN FOR MODEL DANCE HALLS

"The supervised dance hall is a paying proposition." This is the verdict of Mrs. Charles H. Israels, who is known by reputation to every dancing hall proprietor in New York. As chairman of the committee of amusement resources for working girls, Mrs. Israels has made a detailed study of the dance hall problem for the last four years. With a committee of seventeen, she has investigated dance halls of every type and in every district; she has secured legislation resulting in the dance hall license act of 1910, and as an evidence of her belief that the supervised dance can be made to pay she has started plans for a series of model dance halls in all the larger eastern cities.



Mrs. Israels and her committee are at present making vigorous efforts to drive the "turkey trot" and its popular companions from the field and substitute a less objectionable style of dancing, but the popularity of those figures makes the task difficult. "If the public could be made to realize," said Mrs. Israels, "that a large share of the amusement available for young girls of the poorer classes in New York city, a great army of them, is in the hands of organized gangs, the importance of the problem would be brought home to them. I am not just now emphasizing the organized white slave traffic in its relation to the dance hall; that evil is well known and obvious. But considered apart from that situation, as much so as it can be the plan which the organized gang occupies in this system of dance halls is a pretty large and serious one."

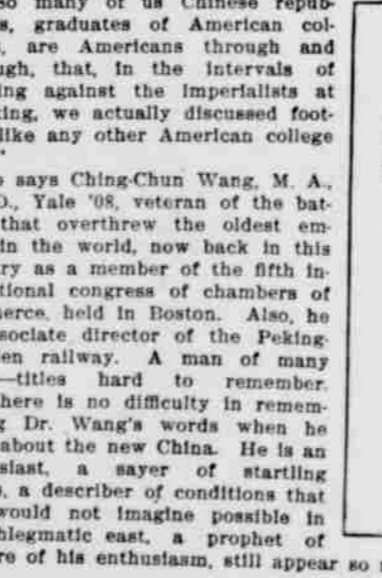
"I have been working, especially during the past year, to trace out and put my finger on these gangs. A few gangs run hundreds of public dances."

PERU'S PRESIDENT OF ENGLISH DESCENT



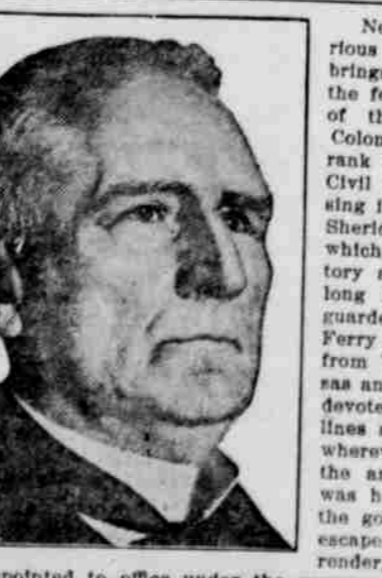
Doubtless with a view to the opening of the Panama Canal no country in western South America is doing a finer stunt of advertising than Peru, with an immense coast line on the Pacific ocean extending from Ecuador on the north to Bolivia and the aggressive state of Chili on the south. The new trade opportunities should be of great interest to Pittsburgh. Peruvian newspapers have just arrived giving an account of the inauguration of Guillermo Eduardo Billinghurst as president of the Peruvian republic, and it is something of a story in view of the near inauguration of another president of the United States. While President Billinghurst is a native Peruvian, having been born at Arica in 1851, he is a scion of one of the oldest and English families, tracing his lineage to Adam de Billinghurst, who was given a manor of that name by William the Conqueror. While native to the country, he is the first Englishman to be elected to a presidency in any of the Latin republics. This has been a matter of comment to some extent, but the story of the inauguration has had no more than a passing mention in papers outside of Peru.

CALLS CHINA A NEW UNITED STATES



"So many of us Chinese republicans, graduates of American colleges, are Americans through and through, that, in the intervals of fighting against the imperialists at Nanking, we actually discussed football like any other American college men." So says Ching-Chun Wang, M. A., Ph. D., Yale '08, veteran of the battles that overthrew the oldest empire in the world, now back in this country as a member of the fifth international congress of chambers of commerce, held in Boston. Also, he is associate director of the Peking-Mukden railway. A man of many titles—titles hard to remember. But there is no difficulty in remembering Dr. Wang's words when he talks about the new China. He is an enthusiast, a sayer of startling things, a describer of conditions that you would not imagine possible in the phlegmatic east, a prophet of the fire of his enthusiasm, still appear so nearly incredible as to make you gasp.

JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY REPORTED ILL



News from Washington of the serious illness of Col. John S. Mosby brings into prominence again one of the few remaining prominent officers of the army of the Confederacy. Colonel Mosby stood in the front rank of Confederate raiders in the Civil War, being particularly harassing in the 1864 campaigns of General Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley which ended with his brilliant victory at Cedar Creek. There was a good line of communication to be guarded from Baltimore to Harper's Ferry and then down the valley, and from Washington by way of Manassas and Front Royal. Colonel Mosby devoted himself to breaking those lines and raiding his enemy's forces wherever possible. No one else in the army was so anatomized as he was. That such a rebel against the government could not only have escaped with his life after the surrender, but should actually later have been appointed to office under the government he sought to destroy, will Leo and his general. It was persistently maintained that he was a lawless, barbarous raider, who violated the laws of war and of humanity, and it was generally known that if he had been captured he would speedily have been hanged.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

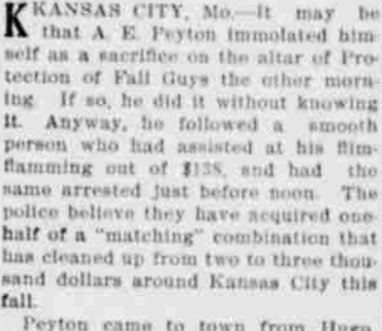
Young Women Take Wild Ride When Rein Breaks



INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Miss Grace Mockford and Miss Edith Timmerman, 3037 North Illinois street, were tempted outdoors by the delightful weather the other afternoon for what they planned to be a very restful and bracing drive over the boulevards. They were in a runabout and the horse they were driving was a spirited animal. At Capitol avenue, near Ohio street, the animal made a break, and immediately afterward things began to happen. In fact, things happened on Capitol avenue all the way north to Twentieth street, which is quite a distance. The two young women thought it was quite a distance, at least, and they never expect to drive through that thoroughfare in quite so dramatic a fashion again. When the horse found that one of the reins had parted he knew at once that the other was of no service, for he was a wise horse. He started to run, and made up his mind at the very

beginning to pay no attention to speed laws or interference of other kinds. Pedestrians ran out and tried to seize the bridle, but he paid no attention to them. Persons in other rigs tried to overtake him, but he left them far behind. Automobiles took up the chase, but the horse made the machines look as though they were standing still. A colored man ran into the middle of the street and tried to "flag" him with a blanket. The horse clamped his teeth on the bit, laid back his ears and tried his best to run right square over the colored man. The colored man had to sidestep like a matador. Finally, when the horse had passed Nineteenth street, a young man ran out, seizing the situation as he ran. He saw that to tackle the front end of the runaway would be like plunging single-handed against a flying wedge; so he stood alongside and, as the rear end of the buggy passed, he seized the top and vaulted into the vehicle. After that he climbed over the seat, over the dashboard, over the shafts and onto the horse's back. With so much accomplished the remainder was easy. All he had to do was to reach over and catch hold of the rings on the ends of the bits and then jerk a few times. The young man disappeared immediately after the excitement was over and his name was not learned.

Loses His Money at Old "Odd Man Wins" Game



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—It may be that A. E. Peyton immolated himself as a sacrifice on the altar of Protection of Fall Guys the other morning. If so, he did it without knowing it. Anyway, he followed a smooth person who had assisted at his flimflaming out of \$125, and had the same arrested just before noon. The police believe they have acquired one-half of a "matching" combination that has cleaned up from two to three thousand dollars around Kansas City this fall. Peyton came to town from Hugo, Okla., accompanied by some money and reserve funds in the shape of a couple of express money orders for \$50 each. He immediately started out to see the sights. He got as far as Ninth and Main streets when he saw a stranger, who looked him over slightly and then introduced himself as Frank Kent. They talked and walked. Finally the conversation got steered around to the subject of gambling. By that time, as coincidence would have it—or maybe it was Kent—they had reached the bluff that overlooks the depot. And right there appeared another stranger. Anyway, he was strange to Peyton, and Kent didn't seem to know him, either. Then they got to matching dollars. Now, it is an established scientific principle that when two expert matchers collaborate to "trim" a tertium

quid, or third person, the T. Q. inevitably gets trimmed. The process is painfully simple. The game is "odd man wins." The two collaborators so arrange it that when one has "heads" the other has "tails," or vice versa. So one of them always wins. In the space of thirty hectic minutes, the man from Oklahoma had been separated from \$35 in money and the two express money orders; total \$135. But the man from Oklahoma felt a trifle resentful. It even occurred to him that something had been done to him. So he just walked along behind the stranger called Kent until he saw a policeman. Then he had Kent arrested. Among other victims of the three-man match game, one youth lost about \$500 recently, and an old farmer was "trimmed" for a couple of thousand. The reports of the games resembled strongly the one in which Peyton engaged.

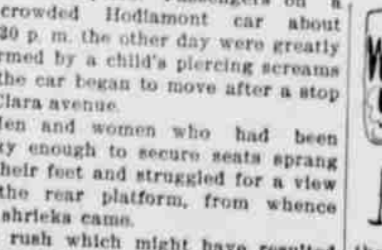
Newsboy Police to Keep Order Among Fellows



SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Springfield Newsboys' association has organized a police force to patrol the business section of the city to see that the "newsies" conduct themselves properly and also that their rights are not infringed upon. Solomon Skvirsky, president of the association and "chief of police" ex-officio, has appointed a sergeant and patrolman for each ward. Young Skvirsky came to this country from Russia when four and one-half years old, and since he was seven years old he has earned his own living by selling newspapers. He is the most important person in Springfield in the eyes of the 600 newsboys of the city, among whom his decrees are law. He attends the Central High school, where he is taking the college preparatory course. He plans to enter Yale university four years from now and expects to be able to work his way through college. Gambling and petty thieving are two evils which the newsboys' leader has worked to suppress. "Our organization has stopped much of the gambling that formerly went on here to quite an extent among the boys," said Skvirsky, in speaking of the association. "The gambling habit with newsboys probably starts from seeing older boys who hang around the streets play games of chance. These boys for the most part are in the railroad station district. They think gambling is an easier way to make money than selling papers or working."

"Mr. Skir, a councillor of the association and a former president of the Chicago Newsboys' association, put before a meeting of our association an ingenious plan for a newsboys' police squad. We adopted his idea and divided Main street, the newsboys' principal source of revenue, into wards, each policed by newsboys. "The duties of these officers are to see that there is no trouble among the boys and to report upon conditions at the meetings of the association. Some things that have been regulated are hold-ups, shooting pennies and crap."

Effective Car-Stop Scream Introduced by Child



ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Passengers on a crowded Hodelmont car about 12:30 p. m. the other day were greatly alarmed by a child's piercing screams as the car began to move after a stop at Clara avenue. Men and women who had been lucky enough to secure seats sprang to their feet and struggled for a view of the rear platform, from whence the shrieks came. A rush which might have resulted in a panic was averted only because the congested condition of the car precluded any rushing. As the shrieks rang out the conductor grabbed the bell rope and gave the motorman the "stop quick" signal. The crew and passengers alike waited breathlessly to learn the cause of alarm. Male passengers, smoking on the rear platform, performed the seemingly impossible and cleared a passage to the steps, through which walked a matron lending a girl about seven years of age, from whose eyes the tears were welling. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

The woman was demanding. "They were leaving you behind," the child sobbed. As the car moved on again those passengers nearest the steps explained the situation. The woman and the child, presumably her daughter, were running to catch the car. Youth led in the race, and the child boarded the car first. The woman was several yards behind, and the conductor did not see her and gave the signal to start the car before she had boarded it. The near-kidnaping, which then was threatened, was prevented by the child's effective if unusual method of stopping the car. She just screamed.

Rather informal. "Are you on very friendly terms with your neighbor in the apartments?" "Well, no. She's rather formal. Always sends her card when she wishes to borrow flour and if she wants both flour and sugar she sends two cards."

Philosophy of Riches. "Contentment is better than riches," said the ready-made philosopher. "True," replied Dustin Stax; "but my observation is that a man who is content with a net worth of \$100,000 is not a rich man."