

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, is waiting for her car. She is disappointed to find that the car is not ready. She is then taken to the factory by a chauffeur, where she meets the French family and the mechanic, Dick LeStrange. She is then taken to the factory by a chauffeur, where she meets the French family and the mechanic, Dick LeStrange. She is then taken to the factory by a chauffeur, where she meets the French family and the mechanic, Dick LeStrange.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grandstand test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, overlooking his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot to ward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a while to his car LeStrange reappeared without the usual sounding mask and cap, driving bareheaded with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dirt and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for sixteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that LeStrange was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he passed by. When one of his tires blew out in the opening of the first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement that went up shook the grandstand to its cement foundations.

Neither LeStrange nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed. "If we did I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darwin's mechanism would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"



"Half an hour." "Well, wait on faith." A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch to hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the roiled-off miles were being registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately for second place, hopeless of rivaling LeStrange, and after them sped the rest.

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

PASTIME FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Swedish Paper Describes Interesting Game to Be Played on Ice—Un-
derneath Is Needed.

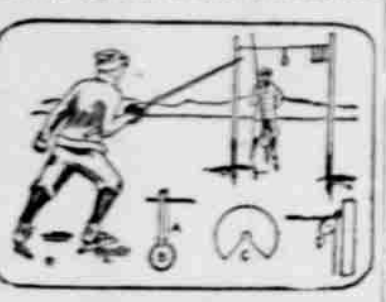
A novel and interesting winter game for young and old, described as a novelty by a Swedish paper, is played as follows: Two poles of convenient height are erected on the ice; if skating on a shallow pond they may be driven through the ice and into the ground, but if the water is deep, holes must be bored through the ice and the poles will soon freeze solidly in them. A rope is stretched between the poles at a height as is suited to the size of the players or as agreed on and the game more or less difficult, and on this are strung a number of pieces of board, A, each having a ring of spring steel, B, attached to its lower end. The purpose of the game is to run at good speed between the poles and catch a ring on a spear, each player being entitled to make a certain number of runs, and the winner being the one who can catch the most rings.

The spears may be made of broom handles tapered toward the end, and with a shield made of tin and attached at a suitable distance from the thicker end (Pattern C). The line is fastened at the top of one pole and run through a pulley, D, at the top of the other. Hence to a weight or line fastener. Each player should start from the same base line and pass between the poles at such a speed that he will glide at least 100 feet on the other side of the poles without pushing himself forward by the aid of the skates. Twenty runs are usually allowed each player, or ten players may divide into two parties, playing one against the other, etc. An umpire will be needed to see that fair play is maintained and settle any disputes that may arise.

OUR MOST DESTRUCTIVE BIRD

Cooper's Hawk Is Strong Enough to Carry Away Good-Sized Chicken or Cotton-Tail Rabbit.

Cooper's hawk may be taken as a type of the group of hawks whose habits are responsible for the extermination of birds of prey as a whole. This group includes three species: Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk and the goshawk. They are often spoken of as blue jays, a name which expresses a characteristic difference in their manner of hunting from that of other hawks. They



Cooper's Hawk.

It is strong enough to carry away a good-sized chicken, grouse, or cottontail rabbit. It is especially fond of domesticated doves and when it finds a covey easy of approach, it usually takes a toll of one or two a day. Practically every stomach of Cooper's hawk examined in experiments have contained remains of wild birds or poultry.

NEAT WINTER EVENING TRICK

Allow Person to Think of Card and Then Make It Appear Where Company May Decide Upon.

To allow a person to think of a card and to make that card appear at any number in the pack which the rest of the company may decide upon. After the cards have been thoroughly well shuffled the pack to one of the spectators and ask him to select any card he chooses and to remember the number at which it stands from the bottom of the pack. This done, you offer to make the card selected take any position in the pack that the rest of the company may choose to name. We will suppose the audience to decide that they wish the card to appear at number eighteen. Carelessly remark that it is not even necessary for you to see the cards, and hold the pack either behind your back or beneath the table, while you rapidly count eighteen from the bottom of the pack and place them on the top. Then, producing the cards, you ask the audience to tell you the original number of the card, as you will begin counting from that number.

Suppose they tell you that the number of the original card was fourteen. You commence counting, calling the first card fourteen, the next fifteen, the next sixteen, then seventeen, and last—Here, in order to make the trick as impressive as possible, it would be as well to pause and say: "Before I turn it over will you kindly tell me the name of the card selected?" The card being named, you turn it up, and, to their utter astonishment, the company perceives that it is the right one.

An Accommodating Boy.

A Newark woman, who lives in an apartment house, changed her ice man not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the team for the new man put the piece of ice on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up.

She pulled away. "My," she exclaimed. "That new ice man certainly gives good weight."

After much effort, she got the dumb-waiter up to the kitchen level. To her amazement there was a small boy sitting upon the ice.

With what little breath she had left she demanded, "What in heaven did you make me pull you up here for?" "Why," replied the youngster, "I thought maybe the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."—Lippincott's.

LITTER NEEDED BY POULTRY

One of Most Essential Requirements of Chickens, as it Promotes Growth and Development.

Outside of food, rest and water, litter is the most important thing about the poultry house. It induces exercise, which is essential to the growth and development of the chicks. The poultryman should always be careful as to the material he supplies for the litter. He sure it is clean and dry—never use musty or moldy litter. It will be disastrous. Many hens have been killed in musty litter. The litter should be of a material easily disposed, for it is a well-known fact that the fowls consume a large per cent of their litter. Dry leaves make a good litter, but cannot be digested. Straw is excellent for the older fowls, but it is not advisable for the baby chicks.

Cut clover or cut alfalfa make the best litter one could provide for the baby chicks. It is easily digested, is clean, and is easily procured. Sand makes a good scratch material, but the little chicks are apt to eat too much of it, as they do not have a very good idea as to what they should eat. A mixture of cut clover and sand sprinkled on the floors of the broodery is hard to beat.

Never allow the litter to become damp. Dampness is the greatest enemy of chicks. Remove it every day and often if the weather is very damp.

WORTHY OF ADOPTION

A Rhode Island Rhodol scholar (Rhodol), who contributes an interesting article to *Brown's*

on Oxford undergraduate life, says that the afternoon at Oxford is given over to athletic exercise. Hardly a half-dozen undergraduates in the college will be found at work between these hours. Games for physical development and the genuine sport of playing them—here is an English idea that is worthy of being adopted in American colleges as the system of examination by subjects. No matter how immaculate the status of the athletes, there can be no doubt that American college athletics have been sadly "professionalized" at the expense of a willingly subservient majority.

Joyous Route.

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Life in Old Madrid



ROYAL PALACE

WISH to describe if I can one of the most interesting features of life in Madrid, a feature peculiar to Madrid among all the cities of the world as far as I am informed. It is a long way in life albeit short in distance from Prado to the Retiro. The extension of the Prado into the Paseo de Castellana leads one to the part of the city where flats give place to detached dwellings and where mansions are seen that match in grandeur almost anything seen along Riverside Drive in New York, writes George W. Hurton in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Not only the houses in this part of Madrid are grand, but the equipages are as fine as may be seen anywhere, and the horses exceed anything I ever beheld in horse flesh. The teams are well matched, and the animals stand 14 to 16 hands high, each hand representing nearly 100 pounds of finely-put-up horse flesh and a goodly amount of fat. They are, taking them all in all, the finest, rangiest animals in the world. The heads and necks are small, the neck long and arched, holding the head high without painful hitching. The fore shoulders are high and so are the haunches, the back straight. The fore legs are straight as a whip stalk, the chest is deep, the haunches and thighs are powerfully muscled, and the bodies are round as a barrel.

Seen on Sunday. The Retiro is not along the Prado, and no splendid turpots are seen there. The street is in the center of the city, a short walk from the Puerta del Sol. It is a narrow street surrounded with old houses, begins in an alley and ends in two which fork into still narrower alleys farther on. The English name for the peculiar institution that has its home there is the Rag Market. Sunday is the day to see it. The people who carry on their trade in the Retiro are there every day in the week in small numbers, but Sunday the whole place, 1,500 feet long, by 50 feet wide, is packed so densely that one makes his way through the throng slowly and with much difficulty. To present a general view of this motley gathering in words or in picture is impossible. It must be taken bit by bit, analyzed carefully. As one enters the long, narrow street a mass of humanity, men, women, boys, girls, decrepit age and tenderest youth, moves about in an interminable maze beginning nowhere or everywhere, as you may please to see it. The ground space is encumbered with big baskets filled with all kinds of what we call in America "garden truck" and fruits. In and out ply women, each with half a dozen to a dozen fat chickens hung around their necks, tucked under their arms, and held in any way conceivable for the moment. Eggs, game, anything the poor may have to sell, is here, and here about noon there may be seen a peasant woman who has sold her basket of cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce, and has turned the debris out on the ground. At once this is pounced upon by some poor wretch of a woman who has not a centime to get a little something to eat. She bends down and rakes about the leaves of the vegetables and picks out every bit that is in any way possible of cooking. Each scrap is put in a bit of a basket, in her apron or in a leaf of an old paper, or in an old boot. One is irresistibly reminded of a hen in the yard scratching for a tidbit from the kitchen.

Just beyond the vegetable market the booths are reached where other wares are on sale. The first may be a shoe store, if you please. But it is something that no one who reads this letter ever saw or heard of. All days in the week men, women and children range the streets and pick up anything that promises a cent of gain. No old shoe is too poor to be passed by. These are taken to the Retiro in

King Peter's Paris Attic. There is today in Paris a conclave who is reaping a small harvest of tips from visitors to an attic which a quarter of a century ago was tenanted by no less a personage than the present King of Serbia in the less palmy days of his pretense. The agreement can also be seen by which Peter Karageorgevich hired the attic for the annual rental of 750 francs, which was really rather exorbitant, considering the neighborhood in which this erstwhile abode of royalty is situated. The conclave has been offered large sums of money for the agreement, which contains King Peter's autograph, but he refuses to part with such a valuable source of income.

Three o'clock on a cold, foggy autumn morning. The weary cyclist was lost—lost in a trackless wilderness of moorland. As he pedaled wearily on his breath came in short, sharp gasps. He was nearly done! The ghastly silence oppressed him.

Ah, a light! The sight revived him and he rode quite briskly up to the lonely little cottage and knocked loudly on the door.

"Here I shall get at least food and drink and perhaps a bed," he was telling himself gleefully, when an upstairs window was thrown open.

"Whadder want?" came a husky, sleepy voice.

"I'm a weary traveler—" he began.

"Then travel!" retorted the husky voice. The window banged. All was again silence.—London Answers.

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