

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

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"The Game and the Candle"

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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 right. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, 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 Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrage tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrage. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrage meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

Lestrage hesitated, himself troubled. Her soft loveliness in the delicate light that left her eyes unreadable depths of shadow, her timidity and anxiety for his safety, were from their very unconsciousness most dangerous. And while he grasped at self-control, she came still nearer to the head of the steps and held out her small fair hand, mistaking his silence for leave-taking.

"Good night; and I thank you for coming. I am not used to so much consideration."

Her accents were unsure when she would have made them most certain, with her movement the handkerchief fell from her girdle to his feet. Mechanically Lestrage recovered the bit of linen, and felt it lie wet in his fingers. Wot—

"Emily!" he cried abruptly, and sprang the brief step between them.

Her white, terrified face turned to him in the moonlight, but he saw her eyes. And seeing, he kissed her.

The moment left no time for speech. Some one was coming down the drawing-room toward the long windows. Dick's impatient whistle sounded shrilly from the park. Panting, quivering, Emily drew from the embrace and fled within.

She had no doubt of Lestrage, no question of his serious meaning—he had that force of sincerity which made his silence more convincing than the protestations of others. But alone in her room she laid her cheek against the hand his had touched.

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

CHAPTER VII.

Morning found a pale and languid Emily across the breakfast table from Mr. French. Yet, by a contradiction of the heart, her pride in loving and being loved so overbore the knowledge that only sorrow could result to herself and Lestrage, that her eyes shone wide and lustrous and her lips curved softly.

Mr. French was almost in high spirits.

"The boy was merely developing," he stated, over his grape-fruit. "I have been unjust to Richard. For two months Bailey has been talking of his interest in the business and attendance at the factory, but I was incredulous. Although I fancied I observed 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 French representing me in public; have you seen the morning journals?"

"I have just come down-stairs." He picked up the newspaper beside him and passed across the folded page.

"All in readiness for Beach Convent," the headlines ran. "Last big driver to arrive, Lestrage is in Mercury camp with R. French, representative of Company."

And there was a blurred picture of a speeding car with driver and mechanic masked to goblinous non-identity, with the legend underneath: "Darling Lestrage, in his Mercury on the Georgia course."

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

Emily lifted her gaze from the picture, 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 courage 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. French's self-absorption. He looked across the table 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, without thought of utility or fortune. Of course, I need not say provided the man is of your own class and associations. We will fear no more low marriages."

She had known it before, but it was hard to hear the sentence embodied in words. Emily folded her hands over the paper in her lap and the pleasant breakfast room darkened before her. Mr. French 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 Lestrage.

"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. Lestrage 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 cracked stiffly as some one's passage; a shadow fell across her.

"Caught!" laughed Lestrage'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 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 here? 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



Her Accents Were Unsure When She Would Have Made Them Most Certain.

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 French. 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; I can read in the papers and Dick will tell me 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 French, 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



"Dick Will Tell Me of You."

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 French, 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 mean to leave French-wood."

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. French 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' Lestrage 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 French'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."

After a girl has waited several years for a young man to come along and marry her because she does the housework, she puts a puff in her hair, gets a peacock waist and flashes just like the others.

THE SCRAP BOOK



HARD TIMES IN JAPAN.

The semi-official Japan Times gives a pitiful account of the miseries throughout the country caused by the increased cost of commodities. Masses of people, always on the border line of starvation, have been forced over the line by the elasticity of prices and the rigidity of pay. "The laboring men cannot support their families with the scanty wages they get. The little storekeepers find it impossible to balance their ledgers with the credit ahead of the debit, and are universally discouraged by dull business. At home their wives need money and their children are simply crying aloud from starvation. The hard-pressed and miserable husbands go out in the morning to search for work, and many of them never return again at night." The results are similar to those in other countries. Crime has vastly increased; so has suicide; and the country is rent by labor quarrels and strikes. In the arsenals alone there are 20,000 men clamoring for increased pay.—Argonaut.

MEREDITH'S POETRY.

There is no doubt that into the poems went the most of Meredith's "message"—and, however we dislike the word, Meredith most emphatically had a message. There is little in the novels to compare with the downright doctrine of the poems; it is in them that his words have most conspicuously the zeal of the man who dare not cease from believing that the labors of his brain are meant for the good of his kind. One may assume that the pregnant and earnest teaching which Meredith packed (some what tightly packed) into his poetry is pretty well known to the cultivated nowadays. Be strong! Is his favorite word; whatever other virtues may be desirable, the prime necessity for a man, if he is to profit by life, and still more if life is to profit by him, is strength—spiritual strength. And it is from Mother Earth man is to draw his strength; from whole-hearted and loving acceptance of earth.—Lascelles Abercrombie

COUNTRY GIRL'S CHARM.

Every girl has her own particular charm, but certainly the country girl possesses some extra specially beguiling ones.

To begin with, she is so much younger than her town sister—for all that the years may declare differently. So infinitely fresher in mind, as she is rosier in complexion and brighter of eyes. Amusements that have ceased to be amusements to the town dweller fill her with keenest enjoyment. Perhaps it is in delicious and frankly displayed joy of life that the country girl most excels.

Her tongue may be less ready, her general appearance less smart than if she had grown among brick walls and shop windows, but the country girl's bright face takes all hearts by storm and the gentle friendliness that is the inevitable result of country neighborliness makes friends for her wherever she goes.

MODEST HERO.

Israel Greenberg, seven years old, was playing on the string piece of pier 21, East river, New York, when he tripped and fell into the water. A woman who saw him fall ran for help, and the first person she met was a neatly dressed man who had come off one of the New Haven boats. The man dropped his valise, ran to the spot, and dived into the water. He swam to the boy, and grabbing him, managed to get him aboard a sand barge. Patrolman Meyers found the man and the boy on the barge, and asked the man his name. "You don't want my name," said the man. "That isn't necessary. Just show me a place where I can change my clothes. That is all I want." The policeman called an ambulance, and the boy was removed to the Hudson Street hospital. Then Meyers led the rescuer to a seaman's lodging-house.

LIGHT LIKE THAT OF DAY.

Patents have just been taken out in Berlin for using marble instead of glass in lamps, which has the effect of making the illumination scarcely distinguishable from daylight. Innumerable experiments have been made with tinted and patterned types of glass with the idea of producing this effect, but all have been failures. As a last recourse a sheet of white marble was planed down until it was semi-transparent, and then different intensities of light were shown from behind. The result was exactly what so many hundreds of experiments had failed to produce.

Developing this discovery the patentees have fitted lights to the cornice of a room with such success that it is difficult to prove that it is artificially lighted.

OLD STYLE ROAD IN PENNSYLVANIA



The illustration shows a strip of highway along the famous "Scogg River Narrows," in Tioga county, Pennsylvania, before it had been macadamized.

GOOD ROADS



STATE HELP FOR ROAD WORK

Wisconsin Highway Commission Receive Reports That Large Increase in Funds Has Been Voted.

Full reports have been received by the Wisconsin highway commission of the money voted for state aid, road and bridge construction in 1913. There are 1,195 towns in Wisconsin, of which 865 voted for state aid road construction on 1,267 different pieces of road, asking for state aid to the total amount of \$757,273. Two hundred and five towns voted for the construction of 327 bridges, a total amount of \$107,754, which calls for \$53,877 state aid. In all, 883 different towns in 68 counties voted for state aid, a total amount of \$865,027, calling for the sum of \$811,150 in state aid.

These figures show a very large increase, both in number of towns voting and amounts voted, over last year. Last year 511 towns voted a total of \$422,200 for roads, and 125 towns voted \$55,100 for bridges, in all, 632 towns in 65 counties calling for \$452,300 state aid in 1912.

The state highway fund for 1913 work is \$350,000, to which is added in accordance with law, one-quarter of the net proceeds from the automobile license of \$5 per car, amounting to about \$28,000. This total sum of \$378,000 is \$433,150 less than the full amount of state aid requested. Some few counties will get the full state aid requested, as the votes of the towns were light, but about 60 of the counties will get less than they asked for, many of them getting less than one-fifth of the amount requested.

It is hoped that some method will be devised whereby the state may give each town what it expected to receive when it made its appropriation, says the Wisconsin Agriculturist. The growth of the movement for better roads in Wisconsin has been so rapid that legislation has not kept pace with it. In 1907 permanent road construction was practically nothing; in 1913, if the state could pay its full share, it would be fully \$2,542,000. There has never been in the United States a movement for better roads so state-wide, or so generally popular and the results so far secured under the state aid road law promise well for the future development of the roads of Wisconsin.

AUTOMOBILE AND GOOD ROADS

Farmer Who Bought Machine Immediately Starts to Make Improvements on Nearby Highways.

(By M. A. COVERDELL.)

Some months ago one of our neighbors purchased a good, substantial automobile. He and another neighbor drew an oak saw-log to the mill and had material sawed for two good road drags, the timbers being 11 feet in length, one foot wide and three inches thick.

The edges that moved the dirt were faced with pieces of iron four inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick.

After constructing this most effective implement for road-making our neighbor hitched three horses to the drag, climbed into it and proceeded to drag the road (he lives at a cross-road), and how he does improve every highway he traverses.

He makes frequent trips with his drag to town, four miles away, and already good effect of his owning an automobile is being observed and felt on our roads, far and near.

Hints for Pear Growing.

The pear tree grows best and yields the most fruit when planted upon land moderately moist, and yet not cold. To insure this condition there is nothing better than a side hill location, though one more level may do well if underdrained, and then it is better for receiving a wash of sand from the lands above it, which helps to warm it up.

DIRT ROADS ON THE PRAIRIE

Chief Assistant in Information Department at Washington Says First Cut Down the Hills.

We have had a great deal to say in the last twenty years on the road question. We have believed that, speaking generally, in the prairie country we shall have to be satisfied with dirt roads, having macadam or other hard roads wherever the material is available, which is only here and there. We have maintained that a very good road for most of the year could be made from dirt, provided the road bed had lost its vegetable matter in the course of travel, provided it was properly drained, graded and maintained by the use of the road drag, and provided the culverts and bridges are of concrete or iron and the grades reduced to the minimum.

It affords us some gratification to know that Mr. M. O. Eldridge, the chief assistant in the information department of the roads division of the department of agriculture, at Washington, who is now investigating the roads in Iowa, full endorses all these propositions, says Wallace's Farmer. He is apparently as firm a believer in the dirt road properly managed as he would be if he had been brought up on a drag.

In an interview Mr. Eldridge says that he regards the first thing to do is to cut down the hills, and remarks that Iowa has more steep hills than Switzerland. This is no doubt due to our habit of laying out roads on section lines. This reminds us of our experience in New York and Pennsylvania. From Ithaca to Harrisburg we were never outside of the mountain section, and yet on that whole trip we did not cross as many steep hills as will be found in going from Des Moines to Winterset, or across any of the counties in the southwestern part of Iowa. The roads there are not laid out on section lines, but take the best grades. In Pennsylvania, where the same custom prevails, we used to think they were determined by the springs. The cows who roamed the woods made paths to the spring, and, being excellent engineers, they chose the best grades. The houses were built at the springs. The roads followed the cow paths to the houses; and hence good grades, no matter how far around they had to go. Mr. Eldridge believes that no road should have more than a five per cent grade. One great difficulty in the hilly parts of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and adjoining states is that the roads have been laid out on section lines, and the houses built with reference to the roads. We very much fear that they will remain there for all time, as the expense in cutting down the hills would be terrific.

Mr. Eldridge further says: "When once a road is made, it is essential that it should be dragged after every rain of consequence. The only way to do this satisfactorily is to have a supervisor for each township or county, whose duty it is to get out men with drags. No man should have more than three miles of road to take care of. After each storm, then, the supervisor can call upon the men to get to work at the right time. The man in charge must know when the time comes to do the dragging." On this we remark that the county is too large a district. There is frequently a two-inch rain in one part of the county, which would necessitate immediate dragging, and a mere sprinkle over the rest of it, and there is never any good done by dragging a dry road.

Mr. Eldridge next answers the question as to what kind of a road could be made under this system, as follows: "With the right kind of work, a solid roadbed can be made from the soil in this state. It should be rounded, and traffic should be in the center and not one road on each side of a ride, that will soak up the water." He then adds: "Good roads will come when the farmer realizes the benefits that will accrue to his land from having them. With good roads the farmer can raise products that will pay better profits than those he now raises. It costs more now to transport grain from a farm nine miles from a railroad than it does to transport the same grain from New York to Liverpool." All of which is undoubtedly true.

Agricultural Wealth.

Official estimates of the department of agriculture are that the total of agricultural wealth to be produced in the United States this year, including the crops, stock raising and dairying, will be \$9,000,000,000, a half billion dollars more than last year.