

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By
Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of
"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1934, by Bobbe-Barrett Co.)

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 Lestrangle. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has distributed 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, Lestrangle tells Emily that 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 Lestrangle ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrangle tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick underestimates his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrangle. Dick is shrewd and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrangle 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. Lestrangle looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen. "Have I no right?" was his question. "Is there no canceling 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 rosy, "they call you 'Darling'; I have never heard your own name."

"My name is David," Lestrangle said quietly, and kissed her for farewell. The earth danced under Emily's feet as she ran across the lawn, the sun glowed warm, the brook tinkled over the cascades in a very madness of mirth. At the head of the veranda steps she turned to look once more at the roof of the white pavilion among the locust trees. "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. Lestrangle; he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you." "To Lestrangle?" he almost shouted, halting. Lestrangle 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. Lestrangle."

"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 Lestrangle, 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 deserted that I would accept even you as a successor? Wrong; 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 voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and Lestrangle 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 unless by 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 Lestrangle 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 Lestrangle were meant. "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 Lestrangle."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute. "He is Lestrangle. 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 sketn 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 Lestrangle 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 cheerfulness 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 Lestrangle to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where Lestrangle's name showed in heavy type lying on the floor between them.

The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dizzied by apprehension. But when Mr. French rose and passed out, she aroused to look up at him eagerly. "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.)

Wholesale Burning of Books. The French should win Edmund Gosse's commendation for the wholesale manner in which they have destroyed books. They have even gone to the extent of coining a special word, "bibliolytic," to denote "la destruction volontaire des livres." The greatest date in the annals of bibliolytic is 1790, when church property was confiscated by the revolutionary government. During that year, in Paris alone, 808,120 volumes taken from monasteries and convents were burned, and throughout the whole country the total destroyed is said to have amounted to 4,194,400.

Boy May Cause Merriment By Arranging Funny Head to Long Stick, Covered With Cloth.

Much amusement may be given by any boy on a winter's night by arranging a funny head to the end of a long stick. Around the neck gather a loose skirt of some cheap dark material, long enough to reach to the ground when the stick is held at arm's length above the head of the boy who will be inside. The material should be coarse, so that the boy inside can see through. About the height of his knee wire the skirt to make it stand out, and another wire the height of the neck will keep the view clear and

keep the folds of the skirt away from his face. When the person is inside he will look like a funny giant, and the attitudes and movements he makes will please his audience. The accompanying pictures will give some of the

movements and show the change from a giant to a dwarf. If the performer is deft, he can make up attitudes and introduce funny speeches while he glares about the room.

ORIGIN OF DIFFERENT WORDS

Common Slang Term "Mash" Is From Gypsy Word, "Mafada" Meaning "to Charm By the Eyes."

"Pow-wow" comes from the North American Indians. The word boss comes from the low Dutch and means master. Kidnap comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, gypsy for child. Calaboose, a prison; plearoon, a pirate; palaver, to talk, are all Spanish.

"A rum chap" is simply a gypsy lad; it has no relation to the product of the still. Pal is a brother, and "conk," for nose, comes from the spouting fountain, the concha of the Romans. Demijohn comes from the Arabic damaghan, itself taken from the Persian glass making town of Demaghan. The common slang word "mash" is from a beautiful gypsy word, "mr-fada," which means "to charm by the eyes."

Why should a man be called a spoon? Why spoony when he is making love? Simply because he is a "loeffel," which also means spoon. A tinker's dam has nothing to do with treading. It is merely the dar or stoppage, made of flour and water, which which the tinker stops the gap he is mending until the tin or the pewter he is using had cooled.

RIDDLES.

What is it we all often say we will do and nobody has ever yet done? Stop a minute. What word contains all the vowels in their proper order? Facetious. What word of fifteen letters is there from which you can subtract twelve and leave ten? Pretentiousness. Why have poultry no future state of existence? They have their necks twirled (next world) in this. What is it that never was and never will be? A mouse's nest in a cat's ear. Why is a locomotive like a belle? She scatters the sparks and transports the mails.

Satisfied. Uncle John—Willie, if you could have your way, who would you rather be than anybody else? Small Willie—Just me—if I could always have my way.

THE CHILDREN

FUN WITH COMICAL FIGURES

Boy May Cause Merriment By Arranging Funny Head to Long Stick, Covered With Cloth.

Much amusement may be given by any boy on a winter's night by arranging a funny head to the end of a long stick. Around the neck gather a loose skirt of some cheap dark material, long enough to reach to the ground when the stick is held at arm's length above the head of the boy who will be inside. The material should be coarse, so that the boy inside can see through. About the height of his knee wire the skirt to make it stand out, and another wire the height of the neck will keep the view clear and



Comical Giant.



Amusing Dwarf.

ORIGIN OF DIFFERENT WORDS

Common Slang Term "Mash" Is From Gypsy Word, "Mafada" Meaning "to Charm By the Eyes."

"Pow-wow" comes from the North American Indians. The word boss comes from the low Dutch and means master. Kidnap comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, gypsy for child. Calaboose, a prison; plearoon, a pirate; palaver, to talk, are all Spanish.

"A rum chap" is simply a gypsy lad; it has no relation to the product of the still. Pal is a brother, and "conk," for nose, comes from the spouting fountain, the concha of the Romans. Demijohn comes from the Arabic damaghan, itself taken from the Persian glass making town of Demaghan. The common slang word "mash" is from a beautiful gypsy word, "mr-fada," which means "to charm by the eyes."

Why should a man be called a spoon? Why spoony when he is making love? Simply because he is a "loeffel," which also means spoon. A tinker's dam has nothing to do with treading. It is merely the dar or stoppage, made of flour and water, which which the tinker stops the gap he is mending until the tin or the pewter he is using had cooled.

RIDDLES.

What is it we all often say we will do and nobody has ever yet done? Stop a minute. What word contains all the vowels in their proper order? Facetious. What word of fifteen letters is there from which you can subtract twelve and leave ten? Pretentiousness. Why have poultry no future state of existence? They have their necks twirled (next world) in this. What is it that never was and never will be? A mouse's nest in a cat's ear. Why is a locomotive like a belle? She scatters the sparks and transports the mails.

Satisfied. Uncle John—Willie, if you could have your way, who would you rather be than anybody else? Small Willie—Just me—if I could always have my way.

GOOD ROADS

BAD ROADS WASTEFUL

Antiquated Methods in Illinois Cause Big Loss.

Conference Held at Peoria Approves Program for "Pulling Illinois Out of Mud"—Recommend State Prisoners to Be Used.

Bankers, farmers, automobilists, educators, labor and business men from all over Illinois met at Peoria the other day and approved unanimously a general program for "pulling Illinois out of the mud."

After three rousing meetings they prepared a resolution to the next state legislature setting out the lines on which they think state legislation should be based.

The Illinois highway improvement commission, which called the meeting, declared \$55,000,000 will be wasted in Illinois during the next twenty years unless the present antiquated methods are changed.

To prevent this waste the conference urges the creation of a small state railway commission to replace the present army of local commissioners, more active assistance by the state for the trunk lines, and more active insistence by the public on good roads.

It is proposed that prisoners in the state penitentiaries be used not only for the preparation of road building materials, as at present, but, if possible, for actual construction work through the state.

It is proposed to follow the Colorado method, using the honor system, and sending the gangs out with guards.

The legislation recommended by the conference would provide: State and county co-operation in the construction and maintenance of main highways and bridges.

A non-political state highway commission of at least three competent members, who shall devote their entire time to their duties.

Improvement in such counties as elect to come under the provisions of the law, of main, continuous inter-county highways connecting county seats and other important cities, principally at the expense of the state and county; such roads to be selected and improved by county authorities, subject to the approval of the state highway commission and after improvement to be turned over to the state for perpetual maintenance.

Improvement, maintenance, and control of remaining roads (about 80 per cent of the whole) under supervision of county and township authorities.

Effective measures to guarantee maintenance after roads are once constructed.

Use of the state automobiles tax, together with such other funds as the legislature may appropriate in the improvement of highways.

Use of state prisoners—under state direction—on an honor system, in actual road work when practicable.

Payment of all road taxes in cash. Compulsory dragging of all earth roads. Proper construction and guarding of crossings at railroads and intersection of street and highways.

The "platform" of the conference includes resolutions in favor of federal aid for postroads and national highways, and calls attention of Illinois congressmen to this position.

Had Kept Her Bargain. An ingenious trick was recently played on some women of Maukland, Madras, India. They handed sums of money to a woman who said that she possessed the power of doubling the contents. The victims had their packets returned to them after seven days, when the silver coins they had contained were found to have been changed into copper ones.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Paste is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Accomplishing. It is very important that the young man select his life work early and bend every energy toward accomplishing something. One of the most common causes of failure in this life lies in the fact that men do not see the importance of being thorough until it is too late.—Florence Vidette.

English Stump Speech. A correspondent, "Old Briny," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter th' gov'ment, yer got yer d'minishin' wage, and yer lit the loaf, an' all that. Woteher got ter do now is ter go fer devilotion and local anatomy, an' go it blind!" (Loud cheers.)—London Globe.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't seep water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

By Installments. The "epoch-making advice" of a bookmaker to a colleague in distress is related in Vanity Fair. The colleague had been paid £25 on a bet by a certain captain, who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, paid him the same amount again next day. "What shall I do about it?" asked the bookmaker of his friend; and prompt came the answer: "Ask him for it again."

Steel Stays Stopped Bullet. Steel stays have saved many a woman's life. Not long ago Mary Hennessy was taken to Bellevue hospital with a flesh wound in the side, and Dr. Drury discovered that had it not been for a steel stay which deflected the bullet the wound would have been fatal, for the slug had been traveling toward a vital organ.

Clogged Sewing Machines. When a sewing machine will not work, stand it near the fire so that the oil may melt, and then clean with pure paraffin, putting it into every oil hole. Work the machine well, and then wipe every part with a clean cloth. When perfectly clean, lubricate with machine oil.

As a Man Thinks. Jennie—"He must have a soft spot in his heart for me." Wennie—"Why so?" Jennie—"He says he is always thinking of me." Wennie—"But, you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."—London Telegraph.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Happiest Home. But the happiest home is built when the twin together meet the trials and catastrophes that come from the outside world with the good health, the common sense, the humor, the patience and courage that will rout them. It should not be necessary for these qualities to be used by the one to combat the faults of the other.—Barbara Boyd.

Learning by Love Letter. "Love letters between young men and women are an excellent method of teaching literature," says Dr. Arthur Holmes. But it must be done tactfully. We have known a young lady who broke off an engagement because her fiancé returned her love letters with the spelling errors neatly corrected in red ink.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Not Inconvenient. "Did the dissolution of your gigantic corporation cause you inconvenience?" "Not the slightest," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I needed an enlarged and improved system of branch offices, anyhow."

Wanted to Live in History. Some men's idea of fame is certainly a distorted one. A murderer in South Carolina pleaded for the privilege of being the first man to be electrocuted when that new mode of execution was introduced into the state.

No Use for Boys Any More. Somebody has invented an electric device that will split kindling wood. Gradually we are getting it so arranged that the world will have absolutely no use for small boys.

RESCENT BAKING POWDER

MAKING BETTER

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS