NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

President-elect Wilson declines to make any more speaking engagements.

Roosevelt urges successful third-party legislators to work hard to carry out party pledges.

Austria is assembling her entire war fleet at Pola, the chief naval station of Austro-Hungary.

Butter advanced two cents a pound in Portland, Or., markets, on account of scarcity of the supply.

The money trust investigating committee listened to a strong defense of the clearing house system.

Train robbers got a shipment of $20,000 in gold that was being sent to the First National bank of Taft, Cal., from Bakersfield.

Great Britain has presented in writing a vigorous protest against the exemption of American coast-wise shipping from Panama canal tolls.

The Corn Products company of New York is accused by dealers of making written contracts for rebates in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

General Maus, commander of the department of the Columbia, has recommended to the War department the fortification of Grays harbor and Willapa harbor.

By sending large quantities of rice to the Philippine markets to be sold at reasonable prices, the government foiled the game of rice speculators and prevented a rice famine.

A 14-inch gun exploded while being tested at the Sandy Hook naval proving grounds, but did not cause a scratch to anyone, though explosions of smaller guns have taken many lives.

The common towel was ordered abolished from railroad cars, vessels, all other interstate vehicles and from stations, by Secretary MacVeagh in an amendment to the interstate quarantine regulations.

American resident is Smyrna fear the vanquished Turks will wreak vengence upon them.

One of the Italian Camorrists who was sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment became violently insane.

Senator Poindexter, of Washington, declares Taft should be impeached for improper use of Federal patronage.

Greece refused to sign the peace protocol with Turkey, and it is believed she may continue the war alone.

Vancouver, Wash., is overrun with tramps and beggars.

Canada proposes to build three battleships, at an aggregate cost of $35,000,000, as an adjunct to the British navy.

Several groups of Mexican rebels have joined forces, making an army of 1000 men under command of General Orozco.

Aeroplanes used by the Bulgarian forces are said to have been an immense help in her operations against Turkey.

The National League of Democratic clubs does not favor holding the inaugural parade at a later date than the actual taking of oath of office.

After two days of discussion, the peace treaty between Turkey and Italy, concluded at Lausanne, was approved by the French chamber of deputies.

Colonel Archibald Gracie, of Washington, D. C., died in New York. He was one of he last persons to leave the steamer Titanic, and with one other man clung all night to any empty crate.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 78c; bluestem, 81@82c; red Russian, 76c; valley, 80c.

Barley—Feed, $24 ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, $27@28.

Corn—Whole, $36; cracked, $37 ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $23 ton; shorts, $25; middlings, $30.

Hay—Timothy, choice, $17@18 ton; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, $12@15; oat and vetch, $12; alfalfa, $12; clover, $10; straw, $6@7.

Oats—No. 1 white, $26 ton.

Fresh Fruits — Apples, 50c@$1.50 box; pears, 75c@$1.50; grapes, $1.60; Malagas, $8 per barrel; cranberries, $11.50 barrel.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 60@65c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 2¼c pound.

Onions—Oregon, 90c@$1 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 12c; cabbage, 1c pound; cauliflower, $1.75 crate; celery, $3.50; cucumbers, 50@60c dozen; eggplant, 10c pound; head lettuce, 50c@$1 crate; peas, 12½c pound; peppers, 10c; radishes, 15@20c dozen; sprouts, 8c; tomatoes, $1.50 box; garlic, 5@6c pound; pumpkins, 1½c pound; turnips, 75c sack; carrots, 75c; beets, 75c; parsnips, 75c.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 42½c dozen; Eastern, 22½@27½c.

Butter—Oregon creamery butter, cubes, 37½c pound; prints, 38½@39c.

Pork—Fancy, 9½c pound;.

Veal—Fancy, 13½@14c pound.

Poultry—Hens, 13c; broilers, 13c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, choice, 22@23c; ducks, 12½@14c; geese, 12½@14c.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 16@18 per pound.

Wool — Eastern Oregon, 14@18c pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 21½@22½c; mohair, choice, 32c.

Cattle—Choice steers, $6.85@7.30; good, $6.50@7.25; medium, $6@6.25; choice cows, $6@6.25; good, $5.50@5.75; medium, $4.50@5.25; choice calves, $7.50@8; good heavy calves, $6@7; bulls, $3@5; stags, $5@6.

Hogs—Light, $7.75@7.90; heavy, $6.75@7.25.

Sheep — Yearlings, $4.25@5.10; wethers, $3.60@4.75; ewes, $3@4; lambs, $4@6.30.

GASOLINE WAR FOR COAST

Shell Transport Interests To Bring Asiatic Product.

Los Angeles—A great struggle for supremacy in the gasoline industry along the Pacific Coast and the Western part of the United States generally will soon be in progress between the Standard Oil company and its principal European rival, the Asiatic Petroleum company, according to announcements made here.

T. P. S. Harris, of London, head of the Shell Transport & Trading company, one of the many subsidiaries of the Asiatic Petroleum company, made the announcement after a meeting with J. C. Van Eick, of San Francisco, president of the American Gasoline company, and H. G. Gallagher and H. L. Burleson, also officers of the latter concern.

Harris said he had come from London especially to establish along the Pacific Coast from San Diego, Cal., to Vancouver, B. C., a series of importing stations for motor spirit and that active work along that line would be begun immediately.

He said Los Angeles would be the center of the series of importing stations, making it the distributing point.

R. H. Gibson, of New York, connected with the Indian Refining company, held an informal conference with the others after they had concluded their principal meeting, but his connection, if any, with the predicted struggle for supremacy in the gasoline industry was not disclosed.

WAR AVIATOR IS KILLED; BUT PHOTOGRAPHS ENEMY

Vienna—The fate of Dr. Jules Constantin, a French avaitor in the Bulgarian service, who was decorated by King Ferdinand for bravery, is described in a dispatch just received here. Dr. Constantin started from Surma village on his last flight over the Tchatalja lines with the object of dropping bombs on the Turkish troops. His biplane was seen to descend some hours later near the Bulgarian camp. The aviator was found lying on the ground dead, with a wound in his chest. The wings of the biplane had been pierced by bullets.

The instruments showed that he had reached a height of nearly 4000 feet. He had photographed the Turkish lines.

COST OF LIVING AGAIN ISSUE

President-Elect Favors International Study of Causes.

Washington, D. C.—President-elect Wilson is quoted as in favor of the Sulzer-Crawford bill providing for an international conference on the high cost of living. Representative Curley, of Massachusetts, presided over a meeting to discuss chances of passing the bill, at which others present included Frank S. Gardner, secretary of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University.

It is understood the bill will have little opposition. Commercial, agricultural and scientific organizations and influential individuals were quoted as indorsing the movement for a world-wide study of the cost of living from England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Japan, New Zealand and the United States.

Bold Outlaw Robs Train.

Vancouver, B. C.—A train holdup that for boldness has never been equaled in Vancouver was perpetrated Sunday night just as the Canadian Pacific railway's "Imperial Limited" transcontinental passenger train was passing out of the city limits.

A single highwayman, disguised by a black mask, boarded the train as it was running slowly a mile and a half out, entered the Pullman car and at the point of a revolver forced the passengers and the Pullman conductuor to pass over their money and valuables, to the amount of $300. The man dropped off the train just before it arrived at Barnett, six miles out.

Health Must Be Shown.

Reno, Nev.—The Episcopal church of the district of Nevada, in convocation here, has adopted a resolution pledging the clergymen to require a certificate of health before performing a marriage ceremony "in any case where there is a reasonable doubt as to the fitness of either party for marriage." As a part of the resolutions, the convocation also advocated the enactment of a law in Nevada requiring that such a certificate of health be presented to the county clerk upon application for a license to marry.

City Runs Picture Show.

Chico, Cal.—The trustees of the town of Biggs, a short distance south of Chico, have taken the initiative in Northern California in providing a municipally-controlled and owned motion picture show. The venture is financed by the city and has proved a success. The show is conducted by appointed officials and the admission fee of 10 and 15 cents is put back into the business, providing especially selected films and pictures of educational interest. The promoters of the plan believe it can be made profitable.

King May Meet Wilson.

Ottawa, Ont.—King George and President-elect Wilson are to be asked to take part in the celebration of the centenary of peace between Canada and the United States at Queenstown Heights, near Niagara Falls, in June, 1914. The project for inviting the King was taken up with Premier Borden by members of the cabinets of Ontario and Quebec. The invitations will be forwarded by the Dominion government.

Earl Turns Socialist.

London—The Fabian society, an organization whose aim is to propagate Socialist ideas among the middle and upper classes, has added to its membership roll the name of Earl Russell, the first member of the house of lords to become a Socialist. George Bernard Shaw is a prominent Fabian, and H. G. Wells, the novelist, did much to extend the society's operations, but has now withdrawn from it.

OREGON STATE NEWS IN GENERAL

Industrial and Educational Items of Interest To Oregonians

PLAN IS TO BLOCK HILL LINE

Harriman Interests Rush Survey Up McKenzie Valley.

Eugene—Intention of the Harriman interests to forestall the Hill people in the building of a railroad up the McKenzie Valley is evidenced by the copy of a resolution of the board of directors of the Oregon & California Railroad company, filed with the secretary of state and with the Lane county clerk.

This resolution authorizes the construction of a trifle over 24 miles of railroad from a point on the Natron-Klamath cut-off, a few miles east of Springfied, up the McKenzie Valley to Martin's rapids, where the Oregon Power company is doing the preliminary work on a hydro-electric project.

The action of the Harriman interests came rather as a surprise here, as it was definitely known that Portland, Eugene & Eastern surveyors had been at work all summer checking up on old surveys made when Al Welch first planned the Portland, Eugene & Eastern system, and it had been understood that an electric line was to be built. In fact, President Strahorn, of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern, has made announcement that his company was considering the building of this line, but at that time had no definite news to give out.

The Oregon Electric, since it has acquired water power rights at Clear Lake, capable of developing 33,000 horsepower, was also popularly supposed to be planning the construction of a railroad up the McKenzie, and thence to a junction with the Oregon Trunk east of the Three Sisters.

FIRST EQUAL SUFFRAGE VOTE

Oregon Women Take Prominent Part in City Elections.

Oregon City—Mrs. Kate Newton, first woman candidate for mayor in the state, lost by 836 votes, Linn E. Jones going in easily. There were 1182 votes cast. Powder puffs, mirrors and umbrellas were left in booths

Albany—Complete new city charter adopted; E. A. Johnson elected to council, although name did not appear on ballot. Women cast 194 votes or 28 per cent of number cast.

Newport—"Drys" win 237 to 191. $10,000 bond issue for water system carries. Women defy rain to vote.

Gladstone—All election officials are women; Mrs. Minda Church elected city treasurer over male opponent by 25 votes.

Tillamook—Wets win by eight votes. Women cast half of votes, favoring "dry" candidates for mayor. Mayor Harter's election may be contested.

Oxygen Explosive Is Made.

Astoria—"On Thanksgiving day, 1912, we began the commercial manufacture of oxygen explosives at our Oregon plant."

Such was the word contained in a letter received by Frank Patton, cashier of the Astoria Savings bank, from E. E. Hoffman, president of the Government Standard Powders company, which is establishing a powder factory at Woods Landing, near the eastern line of Clatsop county.

While the manufacture of powder has been started, the construction work is not yet completed and several weeks will necessarily elapse before the plant will be in full operation. As the new mill will utilize by-products that have heretofore been regarded as worthless, its establishment is predicted to provide a market for large quantities of material now thrown away.

Rich Oil Strike Is Expected.

Portland—Oil within 30 days is the expectation of the Central Oregon Oil & Gas company, which is sinking its first well in its properties in Harney county about 18 miles south of Burns. J. C. Turney, president of the company, who was in Portland this week, from Burns, made this prediction.

Should the expected success come upon the enterprise, a pipeline from the Harney County fields to Portland to deliver the product will soon be projected. This has been under consideration since the preliminary surveys of the fields were begun in 1909 and the engineers of the company declare it to be a perfectly feasible plan.

The project was begun following the discovery in the wells of the Pacific Livestock company of unmistakable signs of oil and gas, when the drill had reached a depth of only 6690 feet.

Coos Bay Canning Finished.

Marshfield — The salmon canning season on Coos Bay and the Coquille river has closed. On the latter waterway the co-operative cannery put up about 7000 cases of salmon, and did not have as good a season as usual. In Marshfield, the Tallant cannery had about the most successful season of any of the plants of the county, and turned out about 15,000 cases. The salmon brought to the fishermen of the county quite a large sum of money, and many received employment both as fishermen and in the canning plants.

Oregon Has Small Klondike.

Canyon City—There is enough gold in the Canyon mountain to cause a stampede on Canyon City almost any day, says the Eagle. Specimens of quartz and placer gold are taken from the old mountain every day, and the belief is now reigning that a veritable hidden Klondike exists in the old hillside. The writer on the Eagle says he saw a 10-pound lard bucket full of the gold displayed on the streets and that little or no interset was created by it, so common has the finding of the precious metal apparently become.

Monster Radish Grown.

Eugene—The monster radish of the season has appeared at London, and J. N. Hogue is the owner. It weighs 18¾ pounds and is 25½ inches in circumference and 25½ inches in length, and this is gospel truth, since Rev. J. H. Moore vouches for the measurements.

CROOK COUNTY WINS PRIZE

Eastern Oregon Has Best Forage Exhibit at Minneapolis.

Washington, D. C.—Crook county, Oregon, secured the Northern Pacific railway's silver cup offered for the best display of forage plants exhibited at the recent Northwestern Land Products exposition at Minneapolis.

The display at the exposition was made by the Prineville Commercial club jointly with the Oregon and Western Colonization company.

The forage plants in this display consisted of various bundles of alfalfa, field peas, mammoth and medium clover, wild peas, brome grass, red top, wheat grass, veteh, sweet clover, filigree, timothy and wild rye. The alfalfa was of the first cutting and measured seven feet in length. Several heads of the timothy were 14 inches long, while a bundle of the wild rye measured 11½ feet in height.

This forage was raised in the interior of Oregon from ten to 30 miles distant from Redmond, a station on the new Oregon Trunk railway, an affiliated line of the Northern Pacific road.

OREGON IS RICH IN SHEEP

More Than 2,000,000 Animals In Eastern Part of State.

Salem—There are 2,225,000 sheep in Eastern Oregon. There are sheep on 6318 farms in Oregon, or on 14 per cent of all the farms in the state. These are figures shown in the report of the State Board of Sheep commissioners which has just been received here.

Oregon, states the report, stands sixth in the sheep producing states. There are 10,000 people directly interested in handling Oregon sheep and 40,000 people, more or less dependent on the industry. It is estimated that one man is required to handle 400 sheep, making a total of 45,562 people intimately connected with the industry.

A total of $2,265,000 is paid to labor for the cost of caring for the sheep and the annual income from the sheep is estimated at $8,000,000. Sheep and equipment are valued at $23,407,000.

NEW ROAD MEASURE URGED

Lane County Grange Will Work for Road Patrol.

Springheld—At the last meeting of the Pomona grange of Lane county a resolution to be presented to the county commissioners, asking them to take under advisement the suggestion of a county road patrol, was unanimously adopted and a committee appointed to present it to the court.

The resolution says "that experience in several American states demonstrates that a systematic road patrol, by sections, for road repair work wherever needed at the time when it is needed and when it can be done most economically, is the only satisfactory method of keeping roads in usable condition, and the county court would seem, under the law, to have full power to adopt and put in practice a patrol system, sectioning the road therefor and placing in charge of each section some person, whether supervisor or other employe, whose duty it shall be to inspect his section of road at frequent intervals and make repairs which may be called for at any time."

More Livestock Is Plea.

If the Northwest continues to increase its livestock production as it has shown a tendency to do in the last few years the price of meat is certain to decline, believes J. Odgen Armour, head of the big Chicago packing houses bearing his name, who was on a pleasure visit to Oregon.

"Farmers have neglected the livestock department of their business," said Mr. Armour, "and that, with the natural increase in population and the constant increase in demand, has created a constant demand for meats with which the supply has been hard pressed to keep pace.

"With more attention to the livestock end of farming there should be a greatly increased production in the next few years and a resultant downward tendency of the market."

School Children's Fair Organized.

Orenco—B. W. Barnes, county superintendent-elect; S. S. Duncan, superintendent of Yamhill county; W. T. Macey, president of Yamhill county school fair association, and M. McDonald, president of the Oregon Nursery coumpany, were the speakers at an enthusiastic meeting here recently to organize the Orenco School Children's Fair association. Fifty adults have already joined and 80 of the school children. All are enthusiastic and a splendid fair next year will no doubt be the result.

Rails for Eugene-Coos Bay.

Eugene—Material for the Willamette-Pacific line from Eugene to Coos Bay began to arrive this week, and already there are nine carloads of steel for the bridge across the Long Tom river and for streams farther to the west. Track-laying, however, will not begin until the weather becomes settled. "No rails will be laid at present," said W. R. Fountain, engineer in charge, "owing to the soft condition of the grade, and we have not enough rails on hand to begin the work."

Work to Begin on Tunnel.

Gardiner — A second bargeload of railroad material for Porter Bros., railroad contractors, has been towed into the Umpqua river. The material was loaded at Yaquina, and consists of cars, donkey engines and oil. It is expected that dirt will begin to fly at the site of the big tunnel between Gardiner and Coos Bay, on the Eugene-Coos Bay railroad, very soon.

The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM

AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench 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 Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench 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 Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert.

CHAPTER V.

There was a change in the Ffrench affairs, a lightening of the atmosphere, a vague quickening and stir of healthful cheer in the days that followed. The somber master of the house met it in Bailey's undisguised elation and pride when they discussed the successful business now taxing the factory's resources, met it yet again in Emily's pretty gaiety and content. But most strikingly was he confronted with an alteration in Dick.

It was only a week after his first morning ride with Lestrange, that Dick electrified the company at dinner, by turning down the glass at his plate.

"I've cut out claret, and that sort of thing," he announced. "It's bad for the nerves."

His three companions looked up in complete astonishment. It was Saturday night and by ancient custom Bailey was dining at the house.

"What has happened to you? Have you been attending a revival meeting?" the young man's uncle inquired with sarcasm.

"It's bad for the nerves," repeated Dick. "There isn't any reason why I shouldn't like to do anything other fellows do. Les—that is, none of the men who drive cars ever touch that stuff, and look at their nerve."

Mr. Ffrench contemplated him with the irritation usually produced by the display of ostentatious virtue, but found no comment. Emily gazed at the table, her red mouth curving in spite of all effort at seriousness.

"You're right, Mr. Dick," said Bailey dryly. "Stick to it."

And Dick stuck, without as much as a single lapse. Ffrenchwood saw comparatively little of him, as time went on, the village and factory much. He lost some weight, and acquired a coat of reddish tan.

Emily watched and admired in silence. She had not seen Lestrange again, but it seemed to her that his influence overlay all the life of both house and factory. Sometimes this showed so plainly that she believed Mr. Ffrench must see, must feel the silent force at work. But either he did not see or chose to ignore. And Dick was incautious.

"I'm going to buy one of our roadsters myself," he stated one day. "Can I have it at cost?"

Mr. Ffrench felt for his pince-nez.

"You? Why do you not use the limousine?"

"Because I don't want to go around in a box driven by a chauffeur. I want a classy car to run myself. I've been driving some of the stripped cars lately, and I like it."

"I will give you a car, if you want one," answered his uncle, quite kindly. "Go select any you prefer."

"Thank you," Dick sat up, beaming. "But I'll have to wait my turn, we've orders ahead now. Lestrange says I've no right to come in and make some other fellow wait."

Mr. Ffrench slowly stiffened.

"We do not require lessons in ethics from this Lestrange," was the cold rebuke. "I shall telephone Bailey to send up your car at once."

Rupert brought the sixty-horse-power roadster to the door, three hours later. And Emily appreciated that Lestrange was discreet as well as compelling, when she found the black-eyed young mechanician was detailed to accompany Dick's maiden trips; which duty was fulfilled, incidentally, with the fine tact of a Richelieu.

In May there was a still greater accession of work at the factory. In addition, the first of June was to open with a twenty-four hour race at Beach track, and Lestrange was entered for it. Excitement was in the air; Dick came in the house only to eat and sleep.

The day before the race, Mr Ffrench walked into the room where his niece was reading.

"I want to see Bailey," he said briefly. "Do you wish to drive me down to the factory, or shall I have Anderson bring around the limousine?"

"Please let us drive," she exclaimed, rising with alacrity. "I have not been to the factory for months."

"Very good. You are looking well, Emily, of late."

Surprised, a soft color swept the face she turned to him.

"I am well. Dear, I think we are all better this spring."

"Perhaps," said Ethan Ffrench. His bitter gray eyes passed deliberately over the large room with all its traces of a family life extending back to pre-Colonial times, but he said no more.

It was an exquisite morning, too virginal for June, too richly warm for May. When the two exchanged the sunny road for the factory office, a north room none too light, it was a moment before their dazzled eyes perceived no one was present. This was Bailey's private office, and its owner had passed into the room beyond.

"I will wait," conceded Mr. Ffrench, dismissing the boy who had ushered them in. "Sit down, Emily; Bailey will return directly, no doubt."

But Emily had already sat down, for she knew the voice speaking beyond the half-open door, and that the long-prevented meeting was now imminent.

"It will not do," Lestrange was stating definitely. "It should be reinforced."

"It's always been strong enough," Bailey's slower tones objected. "For years. It's not a thing likely to break."

"Not likely to break? Look at last year's record, Mr. Bailey, and tell me that. A broken steering-knuckle killed Brook in Indiana, another sent Little to the hospital in Massachusetts, the same thing wrecked the leader at the last Beach race and dashed him through the fence. Do you know what it means to the driver of a machine hurling itself along the narrow verge of destruction, when the steering wheel suddenly turns useless in his grasp? Can you feel the sick helplessness, the confronting of death, the compressed second before the crash? Is it worth while to risk it for a bit of costless steel?"

The clear realism of the picture forced a pause, filled by the dull roar and throb through the machinery-crowded building.

"They were not our cars that broke, any of them," Bailey insisted.

"Not our cars, no. But the steering-knuckle of my own machine broke under my hands last March, on the road, and if I had been on a curve instead of a straight stretch there would have been a wreck. As it was, I brought her to a stop in the ditch. There is no other thing that may not leave a fighting chance after it breaks but this leaves absolutely none. I know, you both know, that the steering-wheel is the only weapon in the driver's grasp. If it fails him, he goes out and his mechanician with him."

Emily paled, shrinking. She remembered the road under the maples and Lestrange's laughing face as he leaned breathless across his useless wheel. That was what it had meant, then, the lightly treated episode!

"You'd better fix it like he wants it," advised Dick's disturbed tones "Remember, he's got to drive the car Friday and Saturday, Bailey, not us."

"It's not alone for my racer I'm speaking, but for every car that leaves the shop," Lestrange caught him up "I'm not flinching; I've driven the car before and I will again. It may hold for ever, that part, but I've tested it and it's a weak point—take the warning for what it's worth."

There was a movement as if he rose with the last word. Emily laid her hand on the arm of the chair, turning her excited dark eyes on her uncle. Surely if ever Mr. Ffrench was to meet his manager, this was the moment; when Lestrange's ringing argument was still in their ears, his splendid force of earnestness still vibrant in the atmosphere. And suddenly she wanted them to meet, passionately wanted Ethan Ffrench's liking for this man.

"Uncle," she began. "Uncle——"

But it was not Lestrange's light step that halted on the threshold.

"Why, I didn't know—" exclaimed Bailey. "Excuse me, Mr. Ffrench, they didn't tell me you were down."

He glanced over his shoulder; as he pulled shut the door Emily fancied she heard an echo, as if the two young men left the next room. Bitterly disappointed, she sank back.

"That was your manager with you?" Mr. Ffrench frigidly inquired.

"Yes; he went up-stairs to see how the new drill is acting." Bailey pulled out a handkerchief and rubbed his brow. "Excuse me, it's warm. Yes, he wants me to strengthen a knuckle—he's spoken considerable about it. I guess he's right; better too much than too little."

"I do not see that follows. I should imagine that you understood building chassis better than this racing driver. You had best consult outside experts in construction before making a change."

"Uncle!" Emily cried.

"There's a twenty-four hour race starts tomorrow night," Bailey suggested uneasily. "It's easy fixed, and we might be wrong."

"We have always made them this way?"

"Yes, but—"

"Consult experts, then. I do not like your manager's tone; he is too assuming. Now let me see those papers."

Emily's parasol slipped to the floor with a sharp crash as she stood up, quite pale and shaken.

"Uncle, Mr. Lestrange knows," she appealed. "You heard him say what would happen—please, please let it be fixed."

Amazed, Mr. Ffrench looked at her, his face setting.

"You forget your dignity," he retorted in displeasure. "This is mere childishness, Emily. Men will be consulted more competent to decide than this Lestrange. That will do."

From one to the other she gazed, then turned away.

"I will wait out in the cart," she said. "I—I would rather be outdoors."

Dick Ffrench was up-stairs, standing with Lestrange in one of the narrow aisles between lines of grimly efficient machines that bit or cut their way through the steel and aluminum fed to them, when Rupert came to him with a folded visiting card.

"Miss Ffrench sent it," was the explanation. "She's sitting out in her horse-motor car, and she called me off the track to ask me to demean myself by acting like a messenger boy. All right?"

"All right," said Dick, running an astonished eye over the card.

"No answer?"

"No answer."

"Then I'll hurry back to my embroidery. I'm several laps behind in my work already."

"See here, Lestrange," Dick began, as the mechanician departed, sitting down on a railing beside a machine steadily engaged in notching steel disks into gear-wheels.

"Don't do that!" Lestrange exclaimed sharply. "Get up, Ffrench."

"It's safe enough."

"It's nothing of the kind. The least slip—"

"Oh, well," he reluctantly rose, "if you're going to get fussy. Read what Emily sent up."

Lestrange accepted the card with a faint flicker of expression.

"Dick, uncle is making the steering-knuckle wait for expert opinion," the legend ran, in pencil. "Have Mr. Bailey strengthen Mr. Lestrange's car, anyhow. Do not let him race so."

Near them two men were engaged in babbitting bearings, passing ladlefuls of molten metal carelessly back and forth, and splashing hissing drops over the floor; at them Lestrange gazed in silence, after reading the card still in his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Met It Yet Again in Emily's Pretty Gaiety and Content.

Wise Servant.

A woman in Trenton, N. J., who has been having a lot of trouble with her domestic help, was obliged recently to accept the temporary service of a raw recruit in the shape of an Irish girl just landed in this country.

After a preliminary survey of the girl and a dejected sigh, the lady of the house asked:

"What can you do?"

"Shure, most anything at all, mum," responded the newcomer.

The lady of the house glanced about the room. There was everything to be done. "Could you fill the lamps?" she finally ventured to ask.

"Shure, I kin fill the lamps!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Celt, as she grabbed one and started out. Then, with the air of one wishing above all things to suit the possible caprices of a new employer, she paused to query:

"An' is it gas or oil ye'd be wantin' thim filled with?"