SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

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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 Ffrench, 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.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

Rupert got up, his dark, malign little face twisted.

"If I'd broken a leg they'd have sent a cart for me," he mourned. "Now I'll have to walk, and I ain't used to it. Hard luck!"

"If you go around to the stables they will give you my pony cart," Emily offered impulsively. "You," her dimpling smile gleamed out, "you once put a tire on for me, you know. Please let me return the service."

Rupert's black eyes opened, a slow grin of appreciation crinkled streaks of dust and oil as he surveyed the young girl.

"I'll put tires on every wheel you run into control, day and night shifts," he acknowledged with sweet cordiality. "But I'm no horse-chauffeur, thanks; I guess I'll walk."

"He is a gentle pony," she remonstrated. "Any one can drive him."

He turned a side glance toward the motionless car.

"That's all right, but I'm used to being killed other ways. I'll be going."

"Jack Rupert, do you mean to tell me that you will race with Lestrange every season, and yet you're afraid to drive a fat cob?" cried the delighted Dick.

"I'm not telling anything. I had a chum who was pitched out by a horse he lost control of, and broke his neck. I'm taking no chances."

"How many men have you seen break their necks out of autos?"

"That's in business," pronounced Rupert succinctly. "I'm going on, Darling; it's only a two-mile run."

"Here, wait," Dick urged. "Emily, I'll stroll around to the stables with him and make one of the men drive him down. You don't mind my leaving you?"

"No," Emily answered. "I will wait for you."

She might have walked back alone, if she had chosen. But instead she sat down on a boulder near the hedge, folding her hands in her lap like a demure child. The house was so dull, so hopelessly monotonous contrasted with this fresh, wind-tossed outdoors and Lestrange in his vigor of life and glamour of ultra-modern adventure.

"You and Mr. Ffrench are very good," Lestrange said presently. "I am afraid I appreciate it more than Rupert, though."

"Is he really afraid of horses?"

"I should not wonder; I never tried him. But he is amazingly truthful."

Their eyes met across the strip of sunny road as they smiled; again Emily felt the sudden confidence, the falling away of all constraint before the direct clarity of his regard.

"You won your race," she said irrelevantly. "I was glad, since you wanted it."

"Thank you," he returned with equal simplicity. "But I did not want it that way, so far as I was concerned."

"Yet, it was the next step?"

"Yes, it was the next step. I meant that one does not care to be victor because the leading cars were wrecked. There is no elation in defeating a driver who lies out on the course. But, as you say, it helped my purpose. You," he hesitated for the right phrase, "you are most kind to recall that I have a purpose."

It was the convent-bred Emily who looked back at him, earnest-eyed, exaltedly serious.

"I have thought of it often. Every one else that I know just lives the way things happen—there are only a few people who grasp things and make them happen. That is real work; so many of us are just given work we do not want—" she broke off.

"If we do not want the work, it is probably not our own," said Lestrange. "Unless we have brought it on ourselves by a fault we must undo—I need not speak of that to you. One must not make the mistake of assuming some one else's work."

He spoke gently, almost as if with a clairvoyant reading of her tendency to self-immolation.

"But may not some one else's fault be given us to undo?" she asked eagerly. "May not their work be forced on us?"

"No," he answered.

"No?" bewildered.

"I don't think so. Each one of us has enough with his own, at least so it seems to me. Most of us die before we finish it."

Emily paused, contending with the loneliness and doubts which impelled her to speech, the feminine yearning to let another decide her problems. This other's nonchalant strength of decision allured her uncertainty.

"I am discouraged," she confessed. "And tired. I—there is no reason why I should not speak of it. You know Dick, how he can do nothing in the factory or business, or in the places where a Ffrench should stand. All this must fall into the hands of strangers, to be broken and forgotten, when my uncle dies, for lack of some one who would care. And Uncle Ethan seems severe and hard, but it grieves him all the time. His only son was not a good man; he lives abroad with his wife, who was an actress before he married her. You knew that?" as he moved.

"I heard something of it in the village," Lestrange admitted gravely. "Please do not think me fond of gossip; I could not avoid it. But I should not have imagined this a family likely to make low marriages."

"It never happened before. I never saw that cousin, nor did Dick; but he was always a disappointment, always, Uncle Ethan has told me. And since he failed, and Dick fails, there is only me."

"You!"

She nodded, her lip quivering.

"Only me. Not as a substitute—I am not fit for that—but to find a substitute. I have promised my uncle to marry the first one who is able to be that."

The silence was absolute. Lestrange neither moved nor spoke, gazing down at her bent head with an expression blending many shades.

"It is a duty; there is no one except me," she added. "Only sometimes

"You Are Most Kind."

I grow—to dislike it too much. I am so selfish that sometimes I hope a substitute will never come."

Her voice died away. It was done; she, Emily Ffrench, had deliberately confided to this stranger that which an hour before she would have believed no one could force from her lips in articulate speech. And she neither regretted nor was ashamed, although there was time for full realization before Lestrange answered.

"I did not believe," he said, "that such things could be done. It is nonsense! It is the kind of situation, Miss Ffrench, where any man is justified in interfering. I beg you will leave the affair in my hands and think no more of such morbid self-sacrifice."

Stupefied, Emily flung back her head, staring at him.

"In your hands?"

"Since there are none better, it appears. Why," his vivid face questioned her full and straightly, "you didn't imagine that any man living could hear what you are doing, and pass on?"

"My uncle knows—"

"Your uncle—is not for me to criticize. But do not ask any other man to let you go on."

Her ideas reeling, she struggled for comprehension.

"You, what could you do?" she marveled. "The substitute—"

"There won't be any substitute," replied Lestrange with perfect coolness. "I shall train Dick Ffrench to do his work."

"You—"

"I can, and I will."

"He can not—"

"Oh, yes, he can; he is just idle and spoiled," the firm lips set more firmly. "He shall take his place, I can handle him."

Emily sat quite helplessly, her eyes black with excitement. Slowly recollection flowed back to her of a change in Dick since his light contact with Lestrange; his avoidance of even occasional highballs, his awakening interest in the clean sport of the races, and his half-wistful admiration for the virile driver-manager.

"I almost believe you could," she conceded.

"I can," repeated Lestrange. "Only," he openly smiled, "it will be hard on Dickie."

It was the touch needed, the antidote to sentiment. Emily laughed with him, laughed in sheer mischief and relief and leap of youth.

"You will be gentle—poor Dickie!"

"I'll be gentle. He is coming now, I think." He took a step nearer her

"You will leave this in my care, wholly? You will not trouble about—a substitute?"

"I will leave it with you. But you are forgetting your own doctrine; you are taking some one else's work to do."

"Pardon, I am merely making Ffrench do his work. I have seen a little more of him than you perhaps know; I understand what I am undertaking. Moreover, I would forget a great many doctrines to set you free."

"Free?" she echoed; she had the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an open door into the unexpected.

"Free," he quietly reasserted. "Free to live your own life and draw unhampered breath, and to decide the great question when it comes, with thought only of yourself."

She drew back; a prescient dismay fell sharply across her late relief, a panic crossed with strange delight.

"He's off," called Dick, emerging from the park. "I made Anderson take him down with the limousine. At least, Rupert is driving while Anderson sits alongside and holds on; when they came to the turn in the avenue, your previous mechanician took it full speed and then apologized for going so slowly because, as he said, he was an amateur and likely to upset. Is he really a good driver, Lestrange."

"Pretty fair," returned Lestrange serenely, from his seat on the edge of the ditched machine. "When I'm not using him, he's employed as one of the factory car testers; and when we're racing I give him the wheel if I want to fix anything. However, I'm obliged to that steering-knuckle for breaking here, instead of leaving me to a long wait in the wilds. Come down to the shop tomorrow at six, and Rupert and I will even up by taking you for a run."

"Who; me? You're asking me?"

"Why not? It's exhilarating."

Dick removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, gratification and alarm mingling in his expression with somewhat the effect of the small boy who is first invited into a game with his older brother's clique.

"You—er, wouldn't smash me up?" he hesitated.

"I haven't smashed up Rupert or myself, so far. If you feel timid, never mind, of course; I'll take my usual companion."

Dick flushed all over his plump face, the Ffrench blood up at last.

"I was only joking," he hastily explained. "I'll come. It's only that you're so confoundedly reckless sometimes, Lestrange, and— But I'll come."

Lestrange gave his fine, glinting smile as he rose to salute Emily.

"All right. If you don't get down to the factory in time, I'll call for you," he promised.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCINDA HAS A GRIEVANCE

Annoyed at Glare In Return for What Was Intended as a Kindly Action.

"You know how the wind blows around the Flatiron building?" said Lucinda interrogatively. "Well," she continued, "yesterday when it was so windy just as I was passing the nose of the building—you know the nose, that's the show window that projects from the building's northern point—just as I was passing the nose I felt something touch my foot, and when I looked down I saw there a man's hat.

"Now you know most girls won't pick up a man's hat. They simply let it blow past them unless it's an old man's or a cripple's for fear that the man will presume on this to add too many smiles to his thanks, but it seems to me that men are likely to be gentlemen. And anyway there was that man's hat at my foot and here was the man running after it, coming from Twenty-third street way, and I just stooped, or started to stoop, to stop it for him, but just as I did that another gust of wind struck it and away it went on around the corner down Broadway.

"All this, you understand, occupied only a brief space of time, and almost the next instant the man running for his hat come along past me, and do you know as he went by he glared at me? He fairly glared at me as if he thought I'd pushed his hat when I bent over or given it a kick, when really I had tried to stop his hat for him.

"My brother Claude tells me that we are any of us liable to be misunderstood, even when our motives are of the best, and we must not bother, and I guess that is so. But still this wasn't pleasant, and I guess I'll have to stop picking up even old men's hats and join the ranks of the girls that let men's hats roll by."—New York Sun.

Concerning Warts.

Strange beliefs relating to warts are by no means confined to the young and illiterate. They are sometimes found among persons of mature age and high intelligence.

The noted German physician, Genewein, recorded a case in which the cutting off of a single wart from a patient's hand was speedily followed by the disapearance of all the warts on his other hand. The same authority mentions another case in which the removal of a wart from a patient's hand was followed by the disappearance of one from his chin.

In a country neighborhood the boy who is without his special wart cure is an object of pity. One way to remove a wart is to rub it with a bit of stolen bacon. Another was to persuade a friend to count the warts and a third was to rub them with a cent piece and cast the coin into a pond.

NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the gosling age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true.

"I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed to me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls."—Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art.

While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.

Distinction Without Difference.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker.

"One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zigzagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

"'Who's that?' one passerby asked another.

"'That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur,' the other answered.

"'What's the matter with them?'

"'Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again.'"—Detroit Free Press.

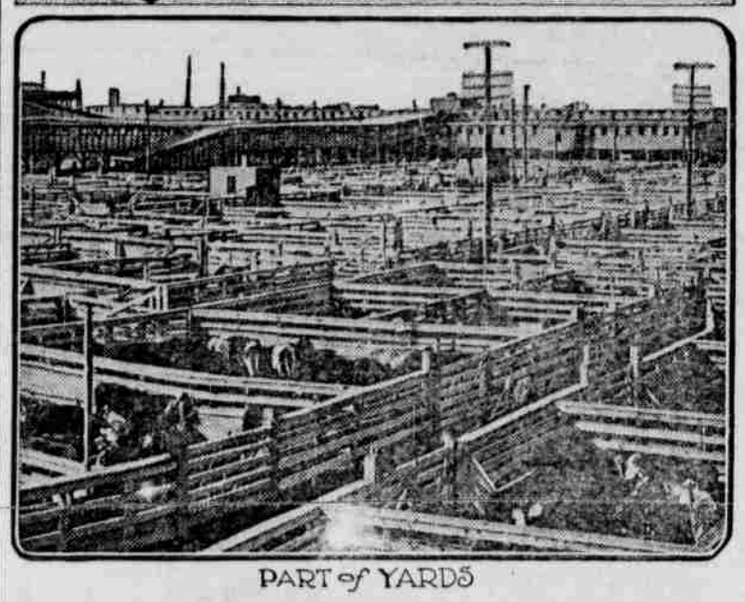
Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front.

"Why, sir," replied the hearty individual, "that should require no effort."

"No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

Jumble at Chicago Stock Yards.



PART of YARDS

THE part played by the rails in feeding a hungry world is perhaps shown nowhere more picturesquely than in the Union stockyards at Chicago. Impossible as it may seem, there are at these yards 250 miles of tracks within an area of one square mile. It connects through a belt line system with more than 25 trunk lines.

The cattle country tributary to the Chicago Union stockyards embraces about 1,000,000 square miles, says the Railroad Man's Magazine. The range cattle fatten in the Dakota-Iowa-Kansas-Nebraska-Minnesota corn belt. In addition to cattle are hogs, sheep, mules and horses.

The system of handling this enormous traffic is in two distinct parts—the traffic over the granger lines proper and the handling of trains after they leave the freight terminals and enter the belt line tracks. Any one of the big trunk lines may be taken as an example of the rest. The live stock traffic of one of these averages a 400 mile haul, the trains having right of way over everything except passenger service. The average stock train is of 35 loaded cars, and its speed, all stops included, is 35 miles an hour.

If the haul is from Omaha, the train will be handled over three divisions, meaning three crews, each consisting of an engineer, fireman, conductor and two brakemen, 15 men in all, and these only to the terminal point.

December, January, February and March are the banner months, and Monday is the day of largest receipts at the Chicago yards. Wednesday comes next. The average number of stock cars entering Chicago over one of the great railroads on Sunday night and Monday morning is 700. Occasionally the number of cars arriving during the Sunday-Monday 24 hours is more than a thousand.

Thousands of People Employed.

The great yards themselves are divided into two great sections—the western portion with its packing houses and subsidiary industries, and the eastern part with its pens and chutes. Here every weekday of the year more than 50,000 persons labor or transact business.

Between eight o'clock each Sunday evening and nine o'clock Monday morning during the four busy months inclusive from 22,000 to 23,000 cars of stock, comprising approximately a hundred trains, are unloaded in the yards. The process of unloading consumes around 12 hours. The average must be one car unloaded every 20 seconds.

To the casual observer the trains appear to be massed in a hopeless jam, and one might walk block after block on the tops of cars. But despite this seeming impenetrable jungle of rolling stock, the trains are moved with a precision that would shame most clocks or watches.

This stock is shipped principally to commission brokers and seldom to packing houses or other eventual buyers. Each train may contain every class of stock that goes into the yards—horses, mules, sheep, hogs and cattle.

Walk down Exchange avenue in the yards on Sunday afternoon or evening and watch the groups of idle employes whittling sticks and swapping yarns, with nothing to do but wait. Now and then a passenger goes by, but for the most part it is expectant waiting. And then, just before dawn the stock trains come hurtling out of the darkness, bringing their thousands of live animals.

By daybreak the tracks are jammed for miles with the moving trains, while the uproar is increased by stockmen shouting, whining, swearing, threatening because they fear they will not have their stock unloaded when the market opens. It is bedlam. As soon as a train arrives at the pens, its movements having been governed by the train director in the tower, the locomotive is attached to the opposite end. The length of time consumed in unloading each car is one and one-half minutes, but many other cars are being emptied in that same interval.

There are ten chute platforms leading to all parts of the yard, and each holds from 18 to 52 cars, making a total of 313 cars that can be unloaded at one time. The average is 32 cars to the chute.

This roaring, protesting, squealing horde of live stock is urged up the chutes, with the sheep waiting reluctantly for a leader.

Railroad employes and yard operatives detest sheep. Sheep won't cross a puddle of water until a bellwether has been yanked over it, and then they won't stop till their leader has bumped into a fence and can go no farther.

The animals in general are excited, the nerves of the workmen are tense and the controlling element, time, seems to spin by with tragic fleetness.

As each train is unloaded it becomes a dead thing, so far as the yards are concerned. It is hurried out of the way, making its exit over one of the three outgoing tracks and speeding back again to the meadows and the prairie reaches.

A thrilling scene is being enacted along the endless rows of pens. Punchers on horseback (regular western cayuses, at that!) are clattering over the brick pavement or splashing through the mire. Buyers representing all the packing houses, eastern concerns and even individuals are racing to and fro, discussing fine points in the stock, bidding for their favorite herds.

Start for the East.

From the northeast and southeast corners of the yards other trains are moving. These are bound for the east, with stock on hoof traveling toward New York, New England, and other points that attend to their own killing.

While 2,500 or 3,000 cars are moving into the yards with their lading of farm animals, about 800 cars are traveling eastward with live stock that has been purchased that day for those distant market places.

And during this same period 60 crews of the stock yards railroad are handling their dead freight, shunting 8,000 cars into position, bringing in and taking out the thousand and one things that go to make up industry in the stockyards.

For those few hours the train director is the busiest man in that whirlpool of industry. He must account for every stop, every start of each train received and returned. He must determine by the bills just where the consignees can be favored the most, and he must place his trains so that every chute is operating to its fullest capacity every moment of these teeming hours.

To convey some adequate notion of what this amounts to during the week—jammed into a few busy hours of each day—let us look at the averages for the weekdays of the four most industrious months.

Monday and Wednesday being the two most prolific shipipng days, bring about 4,800 loaded cars into the yards. On Tuesday and Thursday there are added 3,200 more cars, and on Friday and Saturday 1,600 additional cars go toward making the grand total of 9,600 cars for the week, constituting 270 trains. Each train moves over approximately four divisions.

Besides this, about 1,000 cars of live stock are shipped east each week, averaging 30 trains, traversing more than 500 miles and entering a territory where divisions are more frequent.

High Society.

A new-rich dowager, only recently removed from the environs of a western packing house, has afforded much amusement while clambering up the slippery rounds of the social ladder. One day, after she had returned from circumnavigating the globe, she essayed to entertain a drawing-room with a boastful account of her travels. She had been everywhere, and her flow of English was augmented by frequent wavings of her bediamonded hands and forceful noddings of her tiaraed head.

"Did you see the Dardanelles?" asked a sprightly debutante.

"And the Himalayas?" inquired another fair young bud.

"I dined with them in Paris," replied the dowager, triumphantly.

And she wondered why everybody smiled.