

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

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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 aright. 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 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 Lestrangle, 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 then 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 undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrangle. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrangle meets Emily in her own heart, that she returns his love. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrangle, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disreputable actress, refused to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband.

CHAPTER VIII.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the start of the Beach race. And it was just seventeen minutes past five when Dick French, hanging in a frenzy of anxiety over the paddock fence circling the inside of the mile oval, uttered something resembling a howl and rushed to the gate to signal his recalcitrant driver. From the opposite side of the track Lestrangle waved gay return, making his way through the officious and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder carelessly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grandstand, where the crowd heaved and surged; the racing machines were roaring in their camps.

"What's the matter? Where were you?" cried Dick, when at last Lestrangle crossed the course to the central field. "The cars are going out now for the preliminary run. Rupert's nearly crazy, snarling at everybody, and the other man has been getting ready to start instead of you."

"Well, he can get unready," smiled Lestrangle. "Keep cool, French; I've got half an hour and I could start now, I'm ready."

He was ready; elad in the close-fitting khaki costume whose immaculate daintiness gave no hint of the certainty that before the first six hours ended it would be a wreck of yellow dust and oil. As he paused in running an appraising glance down the street-like row of tents, the white-clothed driver of a spotless white car shot out on his way to the track, but halted opposite the latest arrival to stretch a cordial hand.

"I hoped a trolley car had bitten you," he shouted. "The rest of us would have more show if you got lost on the way, Darling."

The boyish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came grinning over to give his clasp.

"Get a move on; what you been doin' all day, dear child? They've been givin' your manager sal vettie to hold him still." He nodded at the agitated Dick in ironic commiseration.

"Go get out your car, Darling; I want to beat you," chaffed the next in line.

"Strike up the band, here comes a driver," sang another, with an entrancing French accent.

Laughing, retorting, shaking hands with each comrade rival, Lestrangle went down the row to his own tent. At his approach a swarm of mechanics from the factory stood back from the long, low, gray car, the driver who was to relieve him during the night and day ordeal slipped down from the seat and unmasked.

"He's here," announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me he's gone now! Lestrangle—"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with Lestrangle's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the mechanic.

"It hurts me three to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all three? I'm no Koe, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried Lestrangle provokingly, changing the goggles before his eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island

beach, about three squares from here, watching the kiddies play in the sand. I didn't feel like driving just then. It was mighty soothing, too."

Rupert stared at him, a dry unwilling smile slowly crinkling his dark face.

"Maybe, Darling," he drawled, and turned to make his own preparations. Fascinated and useless, Dick looked on at the methodical flurry of the next few moments; until Lestrangle was in his seat and Rupert swung in beside him. Then a gesture summoned him to the side of the machine.

"I'll run in again before we race, of course," said Lestrangle to him, above the deafening noise of the motor. "Be around here; I want to see you."

Rupert leaned out, all good-humor once more as he pointed to the machine.

"Got a healthy talk, what?" he exulted.

The car darted forward.

A long round of applause welcomed Lestrangle's swooping advent on the track. Handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved; his name passed from mouth to mouth.

"Popular, ain't he?" chuckled a mechanic next to Dick. "They don't forget that Georgia trick, no, sir."

"It was not many times that the cars could circle the track. Quarter of six blew from whistles and klaxons, signal flags sent the cars to their camps for the last time before the race.

"Come here," Lestrangle beckoned to Dick, as he brought his machine shuddering to a standstill before the tent. "Here, close—we've got a moment while they fill tanks."

He unhooked his goggles and leaned over as Dick came beside the wheel, the face so revealed bright and quiet in the sunset of glow.

"One never can tell what may happen," he said. "I'd rather tell you now than chance your feeling afterward that I didn't treat you quite squarely in keeping still. I hope you won't take it as my father did; we've been good chums, you and I. I am your cousin, David French."

The moment furnished no words. Dick leaned against the car, absolutely limp.

"Of course, I'm not going back to Frenchwood. After this race I shall go to the Duplex company; I used to be with them and they've wanted me back. Your company can get along without me, now all is running well—indeed, Mr. French has dismissed me."

His firm lip bent a little more firmly. "The work I was doing is in your hands and Bailey's; see it through. Unless you too want to break off with me, we'll have more time to talk over this."

"Break off!" Dick straightened his chubby figure. "Break off with you, Les—"

"Go on. My name is Lestrangle now and always."

A shriek from the official klaxon



"Water," He Demanded Tersely.

summoned the racers, Rupert swung back to his seat. Dick reached up his hand to the other in the first really dignified moment of his life.

"I'm glad you're my kin, Lestrangle," he said. "I've liked you anyhow, but I'm glad, just the same. And I don't care what rot they say of you. Take care of yourself."

Lestrangle bared his hand to return the clasp, his warm smile flashing to his cousin; then the swirl of preparation swept between them and Dick next saw him as part of one of the throbbing, flaming row of machines before the judges' stand.

It was not a tranquilizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one mistouch meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many searchlights made the track a glistening band of white, around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favorite or another, the hum of voices, the music and uproar of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once ultramodern and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock Lestrangle came flying in, sent off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup

"Why didn't you light it out there?" asked the novice, infected by the speed fever around him.

"Forgot our matches," Rupert flung over his shoulder, as they dashed out again.

An off-smearing mechanic patronizingly explained:

"You can't have cars manuring all over the track and people tripping over 'em. You get sent off to light up, and if you don't go they fine you laps made."

Machines darted in and out from their camps at intervals, each winking a frenzy of excitement among its men. At ten o'clock the Mercury car came in again, this time limping with a flat tire, to be fallen on by its mechanics.

"We're leading, but we'll lose by this," said Lestrangle, slipping out to relax and meditatively contemplating the alternate driver, who was standing across the camp. "French, at twelve I'll have to come in to rest some, and turn my machine over to the other man. And I won't have him wrecking it for me. I want you, as owner, to give him absolute orders to do no speeding; let him hold a fifty-two mile an hour average until I take the wheel again."

"Me?"

"I can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all stuff about your going away; why should you? You and your father take me as junior partner, you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," Lestrangle assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

"All on!" a dozen voices signaled; men scattered in every direction as Lestrangle sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When Lestrangle came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" Lestrangle asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send one of the boys for coffee, will you, please? Rupert needs some, too. Here, one of you others, ask one of those idle doctor's apprentices to come over with a fresh bandage; my arm's a trifle untidy."

In fact, his right sleeve was wet and red, where the strain of driving had reopened the injury of the day before. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, French, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering into the dark with a vague impression of lurking dangers on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint and I'm going over to that grandstand cafe a la car to get some pie. I'll be back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeur's correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A telegraph messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard French?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

"All coming down," Dick read. "Limonous making delay. Wire me at St. Royal of race, Bailey."

Far from pleased, young French hurriedly wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket before turning to the tent where Lestrangle was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrangle dropped on a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments beneath his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of whatever the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the shrill klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

But in Her Case—
Woman's wit readily adapts itself to all places, and all occasions. A lecturer was delivering a practical talk on beauty and the beauty cult for the entertainment of the Woman's Professional League of New York at an interesting session one afternoon.

In the course of her lecture the speaker emphasized the point that certain measurements were fundamentally important. Unhappily, however, the lecturer herself had a form—if her unusual bulk could be dignified by such a term—that was fashioned on anything but the lines of the Kellermann type.

Proceeding with her dissertation on measurements, she held up a very fat, round wrist, and said: "Now, twice around my wrist, once around my throat. Twice around my throat, once around my waist. Twice around my waist—"

"Once around Central Park!" exploded an irrepressible young thing in the audience, and the storm of laughter that followed was altogether immeasurable.—Sunday Magazine.

PARCELS POST IS POPULAR

Department Stores and Wholesale Houses Largest Patrons.

Portland—Millinery in boxes as large as the law allows promises to cap the list of popular eligibles under the new parcel post law, but Milady had better warn Mr. Milliner to be sure that the receptacles for the aigretted headgear are sufficiently strong. Otherwise, with all the care and caution that Uncle Sam's mail clerks may take the chapeaux are likely to issue from their parcel post journeys bedraggled or smashed.

This is the warning that postal officials in Portland are sending out after the second day's wrestle with the innovation, when the local office almost became swamped with the rush of business.

The fact is that the Portland post-office on the second day of parcel post traffic found itself extending its quarters almost into the streets in order to take care of the business, which, it is conjectured, is only a hint at the business to follow. The dozen sacks of parcels received from out of town points and the 25 sacks which were mailed in Portland fairly flooded the section set apart in the local office and a big overflow encroached on other departments. The indication is that an additional near-by building will be needed to handle the business inside of a few weeks when the traffic is regular and established.

Somewhat to stem the rush the authorities have asked that special delivery stamps not be placed on the parcels for a time, or until the service is thoroughly organized to deliver hurriedly. All special stamps on parcel mail will be ignored for the present.

One thing is plainly certain: The big department stores, the mail-order houses and the wholesale houses are going to take liberal advantage of the service. One department store mailed more than 150 packages. Another sent about 100 and a third mailed more than 50. Most of them were sent to nearby towns.

As the government restricts only such articles as always have been unavailable from passing through the parcel post office, almost every legitimate article of commerce already has been sent. The favorite commodity is millinery and the department stores are the senders.

The postoffice attaches fear that the millinery vendors use too fragile a material in packing. All packages are placed in pouches and sealed the same as regular mail. They are loaded onto wagons, sacks upon one another and packages in the sacks underneath, unless they are securely packed, are apt to become broken. Such things as millinery and eggs should be well protected, therefore, advise postal clerks.

It is a common thing to mail eggs, now that the parcel post has been established. Eggs are not considered freak shipments. In fact, a regular traffic in eggs is expected. Enterprising farmers near Portland are striving already to build up a regular trade with customers in the city, sending eggs and other farm products through the mail. A new field has been opened to inventors. They are trying now to devise a light, strong box of aluminum or other material, especially for mailing eggs.

Ordinary perishable goods such as fruit, vegetables, fish and meat can be sent by parcel post within the zone of origin, or a radius of about 50 miles. A man in Eastern Oregon had five pounds of beefsteak sent from the butcher shop in a nearby village to his home by parcel post.

Give Assurance of Peace.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Pedro Lascurain, Mexican minister of foreign affairs and personal representative of President Madero, came to Washington Friday to tell again to President Taft and Secretary Knox the story of his government's struggle with rebellions, to reassure them of its ability to protect American lives and property everywhere in that republic, and, incidentally, it was whispered, to find if there were any truth in recent reports that intervention by the United States was not merely a threat but an alarming possibility.

Ashland Creek Water O. K.

Ashland—Word just received from the state board of health is to the effect that samples of water from Ashland creek, submitted recently to that body for analysis, are free from contamination with typhoid germs. This is welcome news to this community, in view of the doubts which some have entertained as to the purity of the municipal water supply. In the meantime a few wells on private property will be investigated, in furtherance of a determination of the board of health to adopt every necessary precaution.

Experiment Farm Urged.

McMinnville—A movement has been started to have a walnut experiment station here and several joint organizing committees have been selected for a meeting to consider what legislation will be necessary. The County court has set aside ten acres of the best land of the county farm for this experiment station. (This tract is west of this city and is ideal land for this purpose.)

State School Fund Needed.

Salem—It is probable that the legislature will be asked to sanction the use of \$10,000 from the state school fund to be used for paying the expenses of carrying the Benson-Hyde cases through the courts. The state land board, through the attorney general, will attempt to get back about 50,000 acres of land said to have been fraudulently secured in those transactions.

Tacoma's Balance Less.

Tacoma, Wash.—The City of Tacoma has on hand to start 1913 more than \$1,000,000 less than it possessed at the opening of 1912, according to the report of Controller Meads. The large amounts paid out on the new light and water plants, and the falling off in tax collections of about 6 per cent are principally responsible.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

FREE BULLETINS BY O. A. C. FOR USE OF FARMERS

A list of 14 bulletins and circulars issued by the Oregon Agricultural college which are now available to all who will write to the extension division for them is as follows:

- BULLETINS.**
- No. 102—Digestibility of Kale, Vetch Hay, Steamed and Unsteamed Silage, Withycombe-Bradley.
 - No. 103—Mortality of Incubator Chicks. Perot.
 - No. 111—Orchard Management. Lewis.
 - No. 112—Soils of Oregon. C. E. Bradley.
 - No. 113—Orchard Irrigation Studies in Rogue River Valley. Lewis, Kraus, Rees.
- CIRCULARS.**
- No. 12—Three Species of Plant Lice in Oregon. Wilson.
 - No. 13—Orchard Sprays and Spraying. Cordley-Jackson.
 - No. 18—Swine Husbandry. Withycombe-Potter.
 - No. 19—Oregon Station Trap Nest. Dryden.
 - No. 20—The Pollination Question. Kraus.

Biennial Report Eastern Oregon Station, 1909-10.

EXTENSION BULLETINS.

- Series 4, No. 1—Highway Improvement, Earth Roads and Culverts. Ayres.
- Series 4, No. 46—Road Materials in the Willamette Valley. Parks.
- Series 5, No. 2—Economic Geological Resources of Oregon. Parks.

OREGON TIMBER ATTRACTS

Eastern Capitalist Surveys Yellow Pine of John Day Valley.

Prairie City—L. B. Unker, of New York, representing a syndicate of capitalists interested in the lumber industry, visited the John Day Valley this week for the purpose of investigating the extent and quality of the yellow pine forests covering the foothills that skirt the valley for 65 miles.

Mr. Unker will investigate all the available yellow pine forests of Eastern Oregon during his trip, with regard to accessibility, cost of logging and manufacturing into lumber and transportation to the Eastern markets. It is recognized by lumber experts that the Eastern Oregon pine is available, much of it, for manufacture into the best grades of finishing lumber.

The supply of this material is becoming scarce in the Middle West and Eastern states, while the demand for it is increasing.

CONTRACT WILL BE LET SOON

Work on Line South from Portland Will Begin Next Spring.

Oregon City—Mark Woodruff, an official of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railroad, is authority for the statement that work on the 40 miles from Portland south will be commenced in the spring. The contract for the 40 miles has not as yet been let, but it is on President Strahorn's desk and will be shortly dealt with.

Owing to rumors of difficulties encountered by the right-of-way department of the company, Mr. Woodruff was questioned. He says that the company is not finding any greater difficulties than usual and that there will be comparatively few condemnation suits brought.

The old Willamette Falls carline will soon be a thing of the past. Property along the line has advanced.

Seven-Story Building Bvrrns.

Cincinnati—The Carlisle building, a seven-story stone structure at the southwest corner of Fourth avenue and Walnut streets, was almost destroyed by fire, entailing a loss estimated at \$250,000. The building is the center of Cincinnati's commercial district, within several hundred feet of the Gibson House, which was burned several weeks ago. For a while the Sinter hotel, on the west side of the building, was threatened, but escaped damage when the fire was confined to the Carlisle building.

Food Stores Discussed.

Philadelphia—As a means of reducing the cost of living, a system of co-operative stores for the sale of provisions was discussed by the Housekeepers' League here. Mrs. William B. Derr, who conducted the crusade for cheap eggs, presided. She said she had countless offers from producers in all parts of the East to supply provisions at rates that would mean a considerable lessening of prices, "if the business is properly managed."

Tacoma's Balance Less.

Tacoma, Wash.—The City of Tacoma has on hand to start 1913 more than \$1,000,000 less than it possessed at the opening of 1912, according to the report of Controller Meads. The large amounts paid out on the new light and water plants, and the falling off in tax collections of about 6 per cent are principally responsible.

CATS WORRY HOOD RIVER

"Woods Are Full of Them" and War Is Declared by Citizens.

Hood River—"Tomeats are a menace here," says D. A. Turner, a pioneer citizen, on East State street. "The woods are full of them and dozens of them may be found in the tall growth of reeds that rear themselves luxuriantly on the banks of the Hood River gorge and along Indian Creek." Mr. Turner has declared war on the felines, which, he says, are destroying the chickens of his neighborhood and are even making nightly raids on outside refrigerators and cupboards. Thinking that his chickens were secure, the windows and doors of the henhouse having been fastened, he went to feed the fowls one morning and found nine of them killed and a big cat asleep in one corner of the building. The brute had entered from the roof, where a shingle had been blown off. However, its exit was impossible, its stomach having grown several sizes from the chicken feast. The many cats are driving away the silver gray squirrels that live in the oaks here.

BRIDGE NEARS COMPLETION

Structure at West Salem Gives Dallas New Railroad Facilities.

Dallas—The new bridge which is being built across the Willamette river at West Salem by the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad company is rapidly nearing completion. This road has completed its line from Salem to Silverton and, with the completion of this bridge, the last link in the chain will be formed and Dallas will have railroad communication in all directions. When plans for this bridge were first talked of by the officials of the railroad company, Louis Gerlinger, Jr., then manager of the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad, with offices in Dallas, proposed making a joint county and railroad bridge out of this bridge, and took up the move with the courts of Marion and Polk counties, but was turned down. It was thought that the county courts of the two counties would grasp the opportunity of getting a new bridge across the river at Salem at a minimum cost, inasmuch as the present wagon bridge can last but a few years longer.

INSURANCE GROWTH IS BIG

Oregon Department Reports Gain of \$16,000 Over 1911.

Salem—Receipts for the Department of Insurance for the year ending November 30, 1912, were \$110,498.94, as compared to \$94,460.12 for the like preceding period, or an increase of \$16,038.82, according to a statement just completed by J. W. Ferguson, state insurance commissioner.

The detailed receipts for 1911-12 are as follows:

Company licenses, agents' fees, etc.	\$27,515.70	Increase \$2,754.78
Fire insurance companies	4,378.00	3,122.00
Life insurance companies	4,970.00	850.00
Casualty companies	1,272.00	431.00
Taxes	70,618.00	8,677.00
Filing annual statements	1,220.00	110.00
Issuing certificates of authority	425.80	22.00
Miscellaneous receipts	842.75	

Roses and Poppies Thrive.

Hood River—Roses and poppies, even at Christmas time, is the record of the Hood River valley. W. F. Laraway, a merchant of this city, sent a number of roses from his garden to friends in Iowa. Mr. Laraway's roses grow on his lawn and have no protection.

Colonel Tucker, who left the first of the week for San Diego, Cal., also sent roses to friends for Christmas. Mrs. Tucker says her poppies have been blooming freely. "The other morning," she says, "after the heavy snow had fallen in the upper valley where our home is located, it was a beautiful sight to see the blossoms of the roses lifting themselves from the white blanket."

West Announces Appointments.

Salem—Governor West has announced the following appointments to the state textbook commission: Miss Margaret Cosper, Salem; E. E. Bragg, Ia Grande; T. M. Baldwin, Prineville; John P. O'Hara, Portland, and W. L. Brewster, Portland. The text book commission was named several months ago, but to keep it from being worried by text book companies, no announcement was made until now. The commission meets in June to decide what changes shall be made in the text books in the schools of the state.

Malheur Snowfall Below Average.

Vale—The snowfall on the higher mountains of Malheur and other Eastern Oregon counties is deficient for this period of the winter, according to persons reaching Vale from the more remote parts of the county. Where the first of the year should witness not less than one foot of snow on the higher altitudes, there is not to exceed three or four inches. Without heavy subsequent precipitation during the next three months, there will be a marked lack of water next spring.

Two Bridges Swept Away.

Dufur—Two bridges on the line of the Great Southern railway were swept away by high water in Fifteen-Mile creek. The recent heavy rains have raised all the streams in this vicinity higher than any time in years.