The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I.

The roaring reports of the motor fell into abrupt silence, as the driver brought his car to a halt.

"You signaled?" he called across the grind of set brakes.

In the blending glare of the searchlights from the two machines, the gray one arriving and the limousine drawn to the roadside, the young girl stood, her hand still extended in the gesture which had stopped the man who now leaned across his wheel.

"Oh, please," she appealed again.

On either side stretched away the Long Island meadows, dark, soundless, apparently uninhabited. Only this spot of light broke the monotony of dreariness. A keen, chill, October wind sighed past, stirring the girl's delicate gown as its folds lay unheeded in the dust, fluttering her fur-lined cloak and stirring two or three childish curls from the bondage of her velvet hood. The driver swung himself down and came toward her with the unhasting swiftness of one trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—can I be of some use?" he asked.

"We are lost," she confessed hurriedly. "If you could set us right, I should be grateful. We must get home soon. I have been a guest at a house somewhere here, and started to return to New York this afternoon. The chauffeur does not know Long Island; we cannot seem to find any place. And now we have lost a tire. I was afraid—"

She broke off abruptly, as her companion descended from the limousine.

"We only want to know the way; we're all right," he explained. "This is my cousin; I came out after her, you see. Don't get so worried, Emily—we'll go straight on as soon as Anderson changes the tire."

He huddled his words slightly and spoke too rapidly, the round, good-humored face he turned to the white light was too flushed; otherwise there was nothing unusual in his appearance. And his caste was evident and unquestionable in spite of any circumstance. There was no anger in girl's dark eyes as she gazed straight before her, only pity and helpless distress.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road," the driver of the gray car quietly said. "Have you far to go?"

"To the St. Royal," she answered, looking at him. "My uncle is there. Is that far?"

"No; you can reach there by ten o'clock. I will speak to your chauffeur."

"No, like a good fellow," the other man interposed. "Awfully obliged. You're not angry, Emily," he added, lowering his voice, and moving nearer her. "Since we're engaged, why should you get frightened simply because I proposed we get married to-night instead of waiting for a big wedding? I thought it was a good idea, you know. It isn't my fault Anderson got lost instead of getting us home for dinner, is it?"

"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot color sweeping her face. "You, you are not well. And we are not engaged; you forget. Just because people want us to be—" Too proud to let her steadiness quiver, she broke the sentence.

If the driver had heard, and it was scarcely possible that he had not, he made no sign. By the acetylene light he produced an envelope and pencil, and proceeded to sketch a map showing the route to the limousine's chauffeur.

"Understand it?" he queried, concluding. He had a certain decision of manner, not in the least arrogant, but the result of a serene self-surety that somehow accorded with his lithe, trained grace of movement. A judge of men would have read him an athlete, perhaps in an unusual line.

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll get Miss Ffrench home in no time after I get the tire on."

The indiscretion of the spoken name was ignored, except for a slight lift of the hearer's eyebrows.

"How long does it take you to change a tire?"

"About half an hour; it's night, of course."

An old, choking gurgle sounded from the gray machine, where a dark figure had sat until now in quiescent muteness.

"Half an hour!" echoed the gray machine's driver, and faced toward the chauffeur. "Rupert, it isn't in your contract, but do you want to come over and change this tire?"

"I'll do it for you, Darling," was the sweet response; the small figure rolled over the edge of the car with a cat-like celerity. "Where are your tools, you chauffeur? Quick!"

The bewildered chauffeur mechanically reached for a box on the running-board, as the young assistant came up, grinning all over his malign dark face.

"Oh, quicker! What's the matter, rheumatism? They wouldn't have you in a training camp for motor trucks on Sunday. Hustle, please."

There never had been anything done to that sedate limousine quite as this was done. Even the preoccupied looked on in fascination at a rapidity of unwasted movement suggesting a conjuring feat.

"By George!" exclaimed her escort. "A splendid man you've got there! Really, a splendid chauffeur, you know."

The driver smiled with a gleam of irony, but disregarded the comment.

"Would you like to get into your car?" he asked the girl. "You will be able to start very soon."

"I see that," she acknowledged gratefully. "Thank you; I would rather wait here."

"Is your chauffeur trustworthy?"

"Oh, yes; he has been in my uncle's employ for three years. But he was never before out here, in this place."

There was a pause, filled by the soft monotone of insults drifting from the side of the limousine, for Rupert talked while he worked and his fellow-worker did not please him.

"Wrench, baby hippo! Oh, look behind you where you put it—you need a memory course. You ought to be passing spools to a lady with a sewing machine. Did you ever see a motor car before? There, pump her up, do." He rose, drew out his watch and glanced at it. "Five minutes; I'll have to beat that day after tomorrow."

The driver looked over at him and their eyes laughed together. Now, for the first time the girl noticed that across the shoulders of both men's jerseys ran in silver letters the name of a famous foreign automobile.

"I am very grateful, indeed," she said bravely and graciously. "I wish I could say more, or say it better. The journey will be short, now."

But all her dignity could not check the frightened shrinking of her glance, first toward the interior of the limousine and then toward the man who was to enter there with her. And the driver of the gray machine saw it.

"We have done very little," he returned. "May I put you in your car?"

The chauffeur was gathering his tools, speechlessly outraged, and making ready to start. Seated among the rugs and cushions, under the light of the luxurious car, the girl deliberately drew off her glove and held out her small uncovered hand to the driver of the gray machine.

"Thank you," she said again, meeting his eyes with her own, whose darkness contrasted oddly with the blonde curls clustered under her hood.

"You are not afraid to drive into the city alone?" he asked.

"Alone! Why, my cousin—"

"Your cousin is going to stay with me."

She flung back her head; amazement, question, relief struggled over her sensitive face, and finally melted into irrepressible mirth under the fine amusement of his regard.

"You are clever—and kind, to do that! No, I am not afraid."

He closed the door.

"Take your mistress home," he bade the chauffeur. "Crank for him, Rupert."

"Why, why—" stammered the limousine's other passenger, turning as the motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records," Rupert called after the chauffeur. "Hold yourself in, do. If you shed any more tires, telegraph for me, and if I'm within a day's run I'll come put them on for you and save you time."

Silence closed in again, as the red tail light vanished around a bend. The gray car's driver nodded curtly to the stupefied youth in the middle of the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all night, you'd better get in the machine," he suggested. "My name's Lestrange—I suppose yours is Ffrench?"

"Dick Ffrench. But, see here, you mean well, but I'm going with my cousin. I'd like a drive with you, but I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your cousin."

"Not—"

"Fit," completed Lestrange definitely. "Can you hang on somewhere, Rupert?"

"I can," Rupert assured, with an inflection of his own. "Get your friend aboard."

Lestrange was already in his seat, waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed guest, as, on taking his place, a strap was slipped around his waist, securing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you know. Not that I'd care if you did, but somebody might blame Darling."

The car leaped forward, gathering speed to an extent that was a revelation in motoring to Ffrench. The keen air, the giddy rush through the dark, were a sobering tonic. After a while he spoke to the man beside him, nervously embarrassed by a situation he was beginning to appreciate.

"This is a racing car?"

"It was."

"Isn't it now?"

"If I were going to race it day after to-morrow, I wouldn't be risking it over a country road to-night. A racing machine is petted like a race horse until it is wanted."

"And then?"

"It takes its chances. If you are connected with the Ffrenches who manufacture the Mercury car, you should know something of automobile racing yourself. I noticed your limousine was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I did see a race once at Coney Island. A car turned over and killed its driver and made a nasty muss. I—I didn't fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving the car a swerving lurch which was as instantly corrected—with a second lurch—by its pilot. The effect was not tranquilizing; the shock swept the last confusion from Ffrench's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will set you down at the next village we come to; you can stay there to-night or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered. Several times Ffrench glanced, rather diffidently, at his companion's clear, firm profile, and looked away again without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day, and my host gave me a couple of highballs," he volunteered, at last. "I don't know what you thought—"

Lestrange twisted his car around a belated farm wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some awake themselves, and some are shaken into awakening," paraphrased Lestrange, in addition. "If I were you, I'd wake up; it comes easier and it's sure to arrive anyhow. There is the village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks terribly dull," was the doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," flashed the other unexpectedly; for a fractional instant his eyes left the road and turned to his companion's face. "Did you ever see race practice at dawn? Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd bother with me?"

"Yes."

A hand bobbed up by Ffrench's knee, where Rupert was clinging in some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there by the hood, head downward, holding in a pin," he imparted, by way of entertainment.

Ffrench stared at the reeling perch indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we could keep on to our control instead of being put out of the running, of course. Did you guess I was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Ffrench.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps there was visible the mechanician's droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrange," he explained sweetly, and settled back in his place.

Ffrench drew a long breath. After a moment he again looked at the driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And thank you."

It was Lestrange who smiled this time, with a sudden and enchanting warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he promised

CHAPTER II.

It was a business consultation that was being held in Mr. Ffrench's finely library, in spite of the presence of a tea table and the young girl behind it. A consultation between the two partners who composed the Mercury Automobile company, of whom the lesser

"The Journey Will Be Short Now."

was speaking with a certain anecdotal weight.

"And he said he was losing too much time on the turns; so the next round he took the bend at 72 miles an hour. He went over, of course. The third car we've lost this year; I'm glad the season's closed."

Emily Ffrench gave an exclamation, her velvet eyes widening behind their black lashes.

"But the driver! Was the poor driver hurt, Mr. Bailey?"

"He wasn't killed, Miss Emily," answered Bailey, with a tinge of pensive regret. He was a large, ruddy, white-haired man, with the slow and careful habit of speech sometimes found in those who live much with massive machinery. "No, he wasn't killed; he's in the hospital. But he wrecked as good a car as ever was built, through sheer foolishness. It costs money."

Mr. Ffrench responded to the indirect appeal with more than usual irritation, his level gray eyebrows contracting.

"We ought to have better drivers. Why do you not get better men, Bailey? You wanted to go into this racing business; you said the cars needed advertising. My brother always attended to that side of the factory affairs while he lived, with you as his manager. Now it is altogether in your hands. Why do you not find a proper driver?"

"Perhaps my hands are not used to holding so much," mused Bailey unresentfully. "A man might be a good manager, maybe, and weak as a partner. It isn't the same job. But a first-class driver isn't easy to get, Mr. Ffrench. There's Delmar killed, and George tied up with another company, and Dorian retired, all this last season; and we don't want a foreigner. There's only one man I like—"

"Well, get him. Pay him enough."

Bailey hunched himself together together and crossed his legs.

"Yes, sir. He's beaten our cars—and others—every race lately, with poorer machines, just by sheer pretty driving. He drives fast, too; he don't knock out his car. But there's a lot after him—there's just one way we could get him, and get him for keeps."

"And that?"

"He's ambitious. He wants to get into something more solid than racing. If we offered to make him manager, he'd come and put some new ideas, maybe, into the factory, and race our cars wherever we chose to enter them. I know him pretty well."

The proposition was advanced tentatively, with the hesitation of one venturing in unknown places. But Ethan Ffrench said nothing, his gray eyes fixed on the hearth.

"He understands motor construction and designing, and he's been with big foreign firms," Bailey resumed, after waiting. "He'd be useful around; I can't be everywhere. What he'd do for us in racing would help a whole lot. It's very well to make a fine standard car, but it needs advertising to keep people remembering. And men like to say 'my machine is the same as Lestrange won the cup race with.' They like it."

"I don't know," said Mr. Ffrench slowly, "that it is dignified for the manager of the Mercury factory to be a racing driver."

"The Christine cars are driven by the son of the man who makes them," was the response. "Some drive their own."

"The son of the man who makes them," repeated the other. He turned his face still more to the quivering fire, his always severe expression hardening strangely and bitterly. "The son—"

The girl rose to draw the crimson curtains before the windows and to push an electric switch, filling the room with a subdued glow in place of the late afternoon grayness. Her delicate face, as she regarded her uncle, revealed most strongly its characteristic over-earnestness and a sensitive reflection of the moods of those around her. Emily Ffrench's childhood had been passed in a Canadian convent, and some thing of its mysticism clung about her. As the cheerful change she had wrought flashed over the room, Mr. Ffrench held out his hand in a gesture of summons, so that she came across to sit on the broad arm of his chair during the rest of the conference, her soft gaze resting on the third member.

"My adopted son and nephew having no such talents, we must do the best we can," Mr. French stated, with his most precise coldness. "Being well born and well bred, he has no taste for a mechanic's labor or for circus performances with automobiles in public. Who is your man, Bailey?"

"Lestrange, sir. You must have heard of him often."

"I never read racing news."

"I read ours," said Bailey darkly. "We've been licked often enough by him. And he's straight—he's one of the few men who'll stop at the grandstand and lose time reporting a smash-up and sending help around. Every man on the track likes Darling Lestrange."

"Likes whom?"

Bailey flushed brick-red.

"I didn't mean to call him that. He signs himself D. Lestrange, and some of them started reading it Darling, joking because he was such a favorite and because they liked him anyhow. It's just a nickname."

Emily laughed involuntarily, surprised.

"I beg pardon." She at once apologized, "but it sounded so frivolous."

"If you try to [illegible] you had better keep that n[illegible] out of the factory," Mr. Ff[illegible] advised stiffly. "What respect [illegible] the workmen feel for a manager [illegible] such a title? If possible, you w[illegible] do well to prevent them from [illegible]ognizing him as the racing driver."

Bailey, who had [illegible]en at the chime of a clock, halted [illegible]mazed.

"Respect for hi[illegible]" he echoed. "Not recognize him! [illegible]y, there isn't a man on the pla[illegible] wouldn't give his ears to be seen on the same side of the street with Lestrange, let alone to work under him. They do read the racing news. That part of it will be all right, if I can have him."

"If it is necessary—"

"I think it is, sir."

Emily moved slightly, pushing back her yellow-brown curls under the ribbon that banded them. On a sudden impulse her uncle looked up at her.

"What is your opinion?" he questioned. "If Dick had been listening I should have asked his, and I fancy yours is fully as valuable. Come, shall we have this racing manager?"

Astonished, she looked from her uncle to the other man. And perhaps it was the real anxiety and suspense of Bailey's expression that drew her quick reply.

"Let us, uncle. Since we need him, let us have him."

"Very well," said Mr. Ffrench. "You hear, Bailey."

There was a long silence after the junior partner's withdrawal.

"Come where I can see you, Emily," her uncle finally demanded. "I liked your decided answer a few moments ago; you can reason. How long have you been a daughter in my house?"

"Six years," she responded, obediently moving to a low chair opposite. "I was fifteen when you took me from the convent—to make me very, very happy, dear."

"I sent for you when I sent for Dick, and for the same reason. I have tried three times to rear one of my name to fitness to bear it, and each one has failed except you. I wish you were a man, Emily; there is work for a Ffrench to do."

"When you say that, I wish I were. But—I'm not, I'm not." She flung out her slender, round arms in a gesture of helpless resignation. "I'm not even a strong-minded woman who might do instead. Uncle Ethan, may I ask—it was Mr. Bailey who made me think—my cousin whom I never saw, will he never come home?"

He voice faltered on the last words, frightened at her own daring. But her uncle answered evenly, if coldly:

"He Understands Motor Construction and Designing."

"Never."

"He offended you so?"

"His whole life was an offense. School, college, at home, in each he went wrong. At twenty-one he left me and married a woman from the vaudeville stage. It is not of him you are to think, Emily, but of a substitute for him. For that I designed Dick; once I hoped you would marry him and sober his idleness."

"Please, no," she refused gently. "I am fond of Dick, but—please, no."

"I am not asking it of you. He is well enough, a good boy, not overwise, but not what is needed here. Failed, again; I am not fortunate. There is left only you."

"Me?"

Her startled dark eyes and his determined gray ones met, and so remained.

"You, and your husband. Are you going to marry a man who can take my place in this business, in the factory and the model village my brother and I built around it; a man whose name will be fit to join with ours and so in a fashion preserve it here? Will you wait until such a one is found and will you aid me to find him? Or will you too follow selfish, idle fancies of your own?"

"No!" she answered, quite pale. "I would not do that! I will try to help."

"You will take up the work the men of your name refuse, you will provide a substitute for them?"

Her earnestness sprang to meet his strength of will, she leaned nearer in her enthusiasm of self-abnegation, scarcely understood.

"I will find a substitute or accept yours. I, indeed I will try not to fail."

It was characteristic that he offered neither praise nor caress.

"You have relieved my mind," said Ethan Ffrench, and turned his face once more to the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

The priest, the Druid, drew the knife to slay,
And offer up to God his fellow man;
Or did he deem a maiden's life would sway
The justice of the god of their fierce clan?

The Aztec sought to slake the thirst divine
Of justice in the angry god he feared;
Both altars flowed with blood—'twere better wine—
Thus human slaughter hath its altars reared.

Revenge slays all who ever once have slain,
Though motives differ as the sky from nadir,
Its lips are thirsty for the soul insane,
Even though that soul be just what nature made her.

If one more slaying could restore the other,
And not add anguish to more innocents,
Then might the priest all mercy seek to smother,
While vengeance on the erring head he vents.

The priest 'tween man and blood should mediate,
And stay the slaying hand, like Abram's lifted,
And never seek with knife to satiate—
That was a voice divine through clouds then rifted.

It saved a son and seeks to save all sons,
Even to that one whose frenzy hath done wrong;
Through ill-formed brains a moment's raging runs,
From defects the stream of ill flows long.

The priest of love should now lift up his voice,
Against the crimes of those unhuman ages,
Restrain the hand whose unrestrained choice,
Has stained with gore a long sad history's pages.

PERRY MARSHALL.
New Salem, Mass.

EIGHTEEN SETTING HENS IN ONE ROOM—AND NO ARGUMENT

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside is the following interesting little article about setting hens:

"My experience in setting hens has been a very successful one, and I sincerely hope this little article will be of benefit to many readers. First, select a suitable place where wind and rain cannot enter and where there are no rats. Don't try to set hens in the house where you keep your own fouls. No matter if they are shut in, the other fouls will bother them and cause them to become uneasy and break their eggs, with the result of a poor hatch.

"For nests I use cheese-boxes, which can be procured from the grocers at 5 cents each, and in some instances for the asking. These boxes being round and low insure the eggs from being broken by the hen jumping down into the nest. In the bottom of the nests I place some slightly moistened earth. Then I fill it as full as I can of fine hay, packing it very firmly and sprinkling a good dose of insect powder thoroughly through the hay. After every hatch I destroy the hay by burning and replace it with a fresh supply to guard against lice and mites. After filling the nest with hay, I place some nest eggs therein. After dark I set the setting hen, dust her thoroughly with lice-powder, place her gently on the nest, cover her with a splint bushelbasket and let her sit. Then I put a box of road-dust for a dust-bath in the room and have plenty of clean fresh water, corn and grit always accessible. On the following evening I uncover her. In the morning she will come off to eat and will return to her nest. I let her sit until she thoroughly makes up her mind to stay, then place from thirteen to seventeen eggs under her, according to the size of the hen.

"I have had as many as eighteen hens setting in the same room with no disturbances and no broken eggs."

HUDSON RIVER NOW OPEN.

Albany, N. Y., March 26.—Navigation on the Hudson river for the season of 1912 opened last night with the departure from New York for Albany and Troy of the steamer Trojan. Although there is still considerable floating ice in the river, it is not expected to interfere with the plans of the river men to have all branches of traffic under way by the end of the week. Navigation opened the latest this season of any year since 1905, when the first boat made the trip on April 1. The earliest date for the resumption of river traffic in the past 25 years was in 1897, when navigation opened on March 11.

Senator Dixon, manager of the Roosevelt campaign, is reported to have said: "We may not nominate Roosevelt, but we will defeat Taft."

JURY ACQUITS THE CHICAGO PACKERS

Finds Them Not Guilty of Violating Criminal Section of Sherman Law.

GOVERNMENT OVERWHELMED

Failed to Prove Its Case beyond Reasonable Doubt, Say Jurors—History of 10-Year Legal Battle.

Chicago, March 26.—Chicago packers ended a 10 years' legal battle with the government to-day when a jury in United States District Judge Carpenter's court found them not guilty of violating the criminal section of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Whether further investigations into the beef packing industry will be made, District Attorney Wilkerson refused to say. He was overwhelmed by the verdict. He had been confident of convictions.

The verdict came after the jury had been out 19 hours. At no time during the deliberations were the packers in danger. Only three ballots were taken. The first was eight to four for acquittal, the second eleven to one, and third was unanimous.

Failure of the government to prove its case beyond reasonable doubt was responsible for the verdict, several jurors said. They did not review the exhibits in the case. The mass of figures and reports mystified them. To have attempted to untangle them would have been useless, it was agreed.

The verdict was received quietly. One or two defendants, Thomas J. Connors, a director and general superintendent of Armour & Co., and Edward Tilden, president of the National Packing company, were in court when the jury returned its verdict. As soon as the verdict was read, the two packers leaped to their feet and shook hands with their attorneys and the jurors. Attaches of the district attorney's office, greatly depressed, left the court-room hurriedly. The two hundred spectators made no demonstration.

TRIAL BEGAN DECEMBER 6.

The trial which began December 6 was the closing chapter of a long legal battle waged by the government against the big packers.

The heads of the packing companies in the proceedings were named as individual defendants and a verdict of guilty under the law would have made them liable to either a fine of $5,000 each, or imprisonment for one year or both penalties. The defendants were:

J. Ogden Armour, president, Armour & Co.

Arthur Meeker, director and general manager, Armour & Co.

Thomas J. Connors, director and general superintendent, Armour & Co.

Louis F. Swift, president, Swift & Co.

Edward F. Swift, vice-president, Swift & Co.

Charles H. Swift, director, Swift & Co.

Francis A. Fowler, manager beef department, Swift & Co.

Edward Morris, president, Morris & Co.

Louis H. Heyman, manager beef department, Morris & Co.

Edward Tilden, president, National Packing company.

HISTORY OF INVESTIGATION.

A chronological history of the government's investigation and prosecution of the men alleged to control the fresh meat industry of the country is as follows:

July 1, 1903, injunction issued by Judge Grosscup restraining the packers from entering into a combination.

February 20, 1905, investigation of alleged combination begun.

July 1, 1906, sixteen packers and four corporations indicted.

December 31, 1908, cases called for trial.

March 21, 1906, Judge Humphreys renders the "immunity bath" decision, freeing the indicted packers.

December 20, 1909, investigation taken up by federal grand jury but soon discontinued without indictments being returned.

December 15, 1909, investigation resumed by the federal grand jury.

March 21, 1910, indictments returned against the National Packing company and 10 subsidiary concerns and bill in equity filed asking that the National Packing company be dissolved.

June 24, 1910, indictments against the National Packing quashed by Judge Landis and a special grand jury called to renew the investigation.

July 14, 1910, special grand jury impanelled and inquiry begun.

August 11, 1910, Thomas G. Lee, manager of the dressed beef sales department of Armour & Co., indicted for perjury and Alfred B. Urion, chief counsel for the company and three employes charged with destroying stenographers' notebooks containing important information desired by the government.

August 15, 1910, Attorney Urio discharged with a reprimand and the other respondents held for further hearing.

September 12, 1910, indictments returned charging 10 packers with conspiracy in maintaining a combination in restraint of trade.

December 6, 1911, trial of the 10 packers begun before Judge Carpenter.

ONE OF LONGEST ON RECORD.

The trial was one of the longest criminal trials in the history of the federal courts. It began December 6, 1911, and the jury was sworn in December 19. The first witness was called by the government December 26. The government put 49 witnesses on the stand and introduced 1,488 documents in evidence. The record of the case contains 5,000,000 words.

It is estimated that the trial cost the packers $500,000, and the government about $100,000.

WHEN ETIQUETTE LOST.

Mother—"My son, haven't I told you it is poor form to dip your bread in your coffee?"

Willie (aged five)—"Yes, mother; but it's good taste."—Judge.

How many desirable boarders know that there's a vacancy at your table?

STEPHENSON WINS THE FIRST ROUND

Resolution Declaring Wisconsin Senator Illegally Elected Is Rejected, 29 to 27.

Washington, March 26.—Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin to-day won the first round of the battle over the validity of his seat in the Senate when by a vote of 29 to 27 a resolution by Senator Jones of Washington, declaring the Wisconsin senator illegally elected, was rejected.

The final struggle will come to-morrow when the Hepburn resolution, sustaining the validity of the election and endorsing the investigating committee's majority view, will be voted upon.

Stephenson's adherents, led by Senator Sutherland of Utah, claimed to-night that a majority of four for Stephenson was likely to-morrow. The Stephenson opponents, led by Senator Lea of Tennessee, claim that the Stephenson strength to-morrow may be even less than to-day. Many senators who have been absent will be back to-morrow.

Beside the Hepburn resolution there is also pending a resolution by Senator Works of California, declaring the Stephenson election illegal, though differing with the Jones resolution in form. Each of these necessitate a roll call.

A bare majority is necessary to declare a senatorial election invalid. Such a resolution would deprive a senator of his seat just as effectively as would a resolution of expulsion which requires a two-thirds vote.

STEPHENSON PEEKS DURING VOTE.

Throughout the debate to-day, both Senator Stephenson and Senator Lorimer, who is similarly under fire, were in the Senate chamber. When the vote was taken, Mr. Stephenson retired to the cloak room and occasionally peeked out to watch things. Later, he said he had no intention of resigning to the Governor.

Senator O'Gorman of New York voted against Mr. Stephenson. Senator Root voted for the Wisconsin senator.

Mr. Root and Mr. Borah of Idaho were the only speakers to-day. Mr. Root contended that no evidence had been added to show that members of the Wisconsin legislature had been corrupted to vote for Senator Stephenson.

Senator Root also contended that to prove a corrupt influence it would have to be shown that corruption had extended 2,000 voters who constituted Senator Stephenson's plurality.

With Senator Lorimer resting his arm on his desk, Mr. Root explained to the Senate that the cases of Stephenson and Lorimer were different and that he had opposed the retention of Mr. Lorimer in the Senate because of alleged corruption among members of the Illinois Legislature.

Senator Works's resolution declared that Senator Stephenson furnishing a large sum as $107,793 in his senatorial campaign was "itself an act of corruption committed with the purpose and intent of securing his election."

THE TANTALUS CLUB

And the Late Congressman Foster's First Speech.

(From a reporter's recollections in the Boston Herald.)

The sudden death of Congressman David J. Foster of Vermont reminds me of a practical joke played on the leaders of the 57th Congress. Samuel L. Powers of Massachusetts and a few others conceived the idea that things were too much in the hands of the old members of the House, and to offset this they formed the Tantalus club made up of republican first-termers, the Republican party being then ascendent.

One of the club's early enterprises was the devising of a scheme to compel the House to listen to a new man, something that it was traditionally averse to doing. Foster was the man drafted for the test experiment. By preconceived schedule every Tantalus man was present—a considerable fraction of the House—in readiness to listen intently to every line that fell from the chosen orator's lips. The speech was accordingly punctuated with unrestrained laughter and hearty applause. There was some infection in this attitude. The old-timers were hypnotized by their environment into listening, too, and when Mr. Foster's remarks were concluded, and the Tantalus men formed in line to march down the aisle to shake hands with him—a very unusual demonstration—many of the old guard were sucked into the current.

Serene I. Payne toddled over from the opposite side of the chamber to grasp the hand of the young man, just as did the conscript fathers that of the brave Horatius. Grosvenor of Ohio waded down the line, and John Dalzell of Pennsylvania, standpatter in extraordinary, with his head at its customary tilt, paid homage, too. And these men supposed they were really responding to a great oratorical outburst. Of course it was a good speech. Foster had primed himself pretty well, knowing the character of the enterprise that was on foot, and he was an exceptionally gifted speaker. But it was in the staging that the greater merit lay.

Powers and Foster came together again in the opening of the 58th Congress, when there was a vacancy in the speakership. Henderson having resigned, Charles E. Littlefield of Maine announced his candidacy straightway. And the country took it seriously, as his first term had made him widely conspicuous. A Boston newspaper took a poll of the New England congressmen. One member from Maine declared himself for Littlefield. Mr. Foster of Vermont responded with great solemnity that his deliberate choice was Samuel L. Powers of Massachusetts. The latter promptly telegraphed Littlefield "You and I are running neck and neck for the speakership," for they were on good joking terms.

The Tantalus club was a unique institution. It went on the rocks because it became an organization of the men who had entered Congress in 1901, instead of adhering to its original purpose of serving as a protectory for freshmen. Two years later they had ceased to be newcomers, and of course their numbers were somewhat depleted, and since they were acquiring some place in the House, the joke of it all gradually evaporated. If there could have been a regular organization of men on their first and second terms—a somewhat reversed Phi Beta Kappa—it could have remained active.

It is said that the production of the ready made garments within a radius of 20 miles of city hall, New York, exceeds by almost $50,000,000 in value the yearly out-turn of iron and steel plants for the whole country.