

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 likes the way Lestrangle ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrangle tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin to an automobile expert.

CHAPTER V.

There was a change in the French affairs, a lightning of the atmosphere, a vague quickening and stir of cheerful cheer in the days that followed. The somber master of the house met it in Bailey's undisguised station 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 Lestrangle, that Dick electrified the company at dinner by turning down the glass at his plate.

"I've cut out elaret, 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. French 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. Frenchwood 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 Lestrangle 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. French must see, must feel the silent force at work. But either he did not see or chose to ignore. And Dick was incantations.

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

Mr. French felt for his niece-nephew. "You? Why do you not use the Emousine?"

"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. Lestrangle says I've no right to come in and make some other fellow wait."

Mr. French slowly stiffened. "We do not require lessons in ethics from this Lestrangle," 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 Lestrangle was discreet as well as compelling, when she found the black-eyed young mechanic 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 Lestrangle 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.

French walked into the room where his niece was reading. Bitterly disappointed, she sank back. "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 Emousine?"

"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 French. 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. French, 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," Lestrangle 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 falls him, he goes out and his mechanician with him."

Emily paled, shrinking. She remembered the road under the maples and Lestrangle'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," Lestrangle caught him up. "I'm not finching; 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. French was to meet his manager, this was the moment; when Lestrangle'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 French's liking for this man.

"Uncle," she began. "Uncle—"

But it was not Lestrangle's light step that halted on the threshold. "Why, I didn't know—" exclaimed Bailey. "Excuse me, Mr. French, 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. French 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. Lestrangle knows," she appealed. "You heard him say what would happen—please, please let it be fixed."

Amazed, Mr. French 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 Lestrangle. 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 French was up-stairs, standing with Lestrangle 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 French 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, Lestrangle," 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!" Lestrangle exclaimed sharply. "Get up, French."

"It's safe enough."

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

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

Lestrangle 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. Lestrangle's car, anyhow. Do not let him race so."

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Golf and a Prince.

Mrs. R. H. Barlow, the golf champion, said at a recent luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia:

"Golf has its humors, and this struck me particularly in a conversation at a golf club that I once had with a Persian prince."

"The prince, as he sat on the club piazza watching the various champions drive off, drawled:

"I don't see very much in golf. No object is to be gained by the depositing of a white ball in a subterranean cavity; and if any object were to be gained, the shortest and surest method would surely be to carry the ball in the hand from cavity to cavity."

"I laughed."

"But, prince, I said, 'the difficulty of getting the ball into the cavities, as you call them, is what constitutes the attraction of the game.'"

"The difficulty constitutes the attraction, eh?" The prince frowned. "Well, he went on, 'it would be more difficult to shave with a coal shoveler than a razor, but I don't think many men are tempted on that account to remove their beards each morning in that way.'"

IN NO HURRY TO WED

SPAIN CERTAINLY THE LAND OF RECORD COURTSHIPS.

It is Nothing for a Couple in That Country to Remain Engaged for Ten Years Before Their Marriage.

Spain might be termed the land of deliberation, for nothing—especially in the case of courtship and marriage—is done in haste. Indeed, in the country towns of Andalusia, a sudden marriage creates great surprise, for, as a Spanish writer says, "there is nothing in which procrastination is carried so far in Andalusia as in the matter of engagements."

The Andalusian peasant considers well the step he is about to take, and this consideration is a very pleasant way of killing time, and time is of but little value in the south of Spain. It is quite a common thing for a man to be engaged ten years. There is also a monetary consideration to be taken into account, the marriage fee in Spain being a high one, \$7 or \$8.

Before coming into the house of his fiancée, a man has to ask permission of the father to be his daughter's sweetheart. If he gives it a party is given to celebrate the engagement, at which they drink aguardiente and eat cakes. Girls are never allowed to walk out with their sweethearts. No kissing is permitted between them.

When a girl is asked why, she says, "We do not belong to our sweethearts; if we quarreled he could not say that my lips had ever been his."

This comes partly from pride and partly from a wish not to be depreciated in the matrimonial market, as lovers in Spain often prove fickle. A girl I know had been engaged five years when her lover jilted her. Six months later she became engaged again. You see, she had only chatted with her former lover, so her matrimonial chances were quite as good as before she was engaged at all.

Although they do not kiss each other they put xs and os in their letters, the latter signifying embraces. When a girl addresses him as "My appreciated John," she does not think it at all correct to put "My dear John" unless they have been engaged a long time.

In these days engaged couples belonging to the upper classes see a good deal of each other. They meet at mass in the morning, chat together during the hour of siesta, see each other in the afternoon during the promenade, go to the same party in the evening, and after supper see each other and "chat together at the window, and there are nights when they remain once more chatting together, their faces pressed to the bars, until the rosy-fingered dawn appears in the east."

It is related that a lover getting married after an engagement of eight years soon afterward fell into low spirits from not knowing what to do with his time.

In olden days, however, according to Hernandez Cortez, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded and guarded as carefully as the ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, instead of ringing the door bell and sending in his card he often made a rope ladder and surveyed the residence of the young lady with a view to ascertaining the best mode of getting upon her balcony or into her window.

Village Life in Egypt.

Egyptian village life is quaint and interesting, says the Wide World Magazine. The houses are crude, one-story structures of sun-baked mud, with possibly a couple of tiny square holes cut in the wall for ventilation. Each home consists of a single room, absolutely devoid of furniture, one or two drinking jars and cooking utensils being usually the only articles to be seen. The roofs of these hovels are thatched with cornstalks, and for some unaccountable reason all the household rubbish is dumped on the roof! For this purpose a ladder may frequently be seen reclining against the side of the house. From a distance a village is apt to look like an immense rubbish heap. These primitive erections are inhabited solely by the fellahs, as Egyptian peasants are called.

In some of the Arab villages the arrangements for sleeping are even more unconventional. Huge cuplike structures made of mud, are built out in the open, away from the houses, and into these the babies are frequent placed during the day, and often the entire family sleep in them at night. The idea is to escape the numerous snakes and scorpions which abound during the great heat of the summer.

Woman Stage Driver.

Miss May Robertson, claimed to be the only woman stage driver in the country, makes the trip regularly between Rifle and Meeker, Colo., a distance of about 30 miles. She looks after the baggage, attends to the seating of passengers, and gives attention to considerable transportation business along the route. She is a slender young woman, not yet twenty-one, and is credited with being one of the best drivers in the west. "I took up the work because it promised a good living," she said.

Sad Oversight.

"Your highness," cried the grand vizier, "the enemy is at our gates."

"And I neglected to have them fitted with Bulgar proof locks," moaned the sultan.

FOR THE AFTERNOON TEA

New Sandwich Idea That Carries With It a Distinct Sense of the Appetizing.

America has the best oysters and salads of any country in the world. Mrs. Lily Haxworth Wallace, the English cooking expert, told the women at a pure food show cooking lesson at New York.

"The best way to cook an oyster," said Mrs. Wallace, "is not to cook it at all. There is an English saying, 'The more you do to an oyster the more it will do to you.' That means that the more you cook it the less nourishment you get."

But she gave them recipes to cook the best oyster in the world, the American oyster, if they were not content to eat it raw. The American salad is the best in the world, Mrs. Wallace says, because America has the greatest variety of fruits, vegetables, and other products of the garden and field. She gave the women a recipe for a new sandwich that a number of them said they were going to try immediately for afternoon tea.

Two ounces of almonds are salted and ground for the egg and almond sandwich and passed through the meat chopper. Two finely minced hard-boiled eggs, blended with two tablespoonfuls of butter, are added, and the whole is seasoned and spread between thin slices of bread.

Does Away with Drudgery.

Dish-Drying Racks, Home Made, will Lighten Labor Always Considered Disagreeable.

In the removal, washing, and replacing of dishes there is room for much improvement. This duty is usually disliked, but under proper management it should not be distasteful. First, there is the use of the service truck. This is a small table of two or three shelves, mounted on rather large wheels, used to transport dishes between the table and the serving pantry. There are several dish-washing machines, but for the average household they are not required. However, every household can use, and should adopt, drying racks. These may be easily made. If made of metal and glass, with shelves of round wooden rods, lamps placed near the bottom will give sufficient heat to dry dishes quite rapidly. The drying rack should be placed near the washer, so that as the dishes are washed they may be placed within. The washing and drying process may be accurately timed, and a fair standard determined.

To give an alabaster effect to plaster casts dip them in a strong solution of alum water.

To remove hot water marks from japanned trays use sweet oil. Rub it in well till all the marks disappear, then polish the tray with flour and a soft cloth.

When packing plaited skirts for a journey, baste the plaits down, lay them straight, and they will not need pressing when you arrive.

A good place to pack necessary bottles of liquids is to place them in an old shoe. They are less likely to be broken, and if they are the shoe will absorb nearly all of the contents and clothing will not be seriously injured.

A delicious and cheap dessert is made by pouring the juice of grapefruit over sliced bananas. They should be well chilled, and served in tall glasses with powdered sugar. One large grapefruit will serve eight people. Of course no cream nor lemon juice is needed with this.

Cracker Omelet.

Beat the yolks of six eggs until light, season to taste with pepper and salt, add one cup of milk and one cup of powdered crackers and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Melt one tablespoon of butter in a large omelet pan, pour in the mixture, cook on the top of the stove until brown on the bottom, then finish the cooking in the oven or under the flame in the broiler of the gas stove. When firm to the touch, turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

Delicious Pan Stew.

Use for cold beefsteak: Take pieces of cold beefsteak and cut them up small. Put in bottom of pan, dredge with flour, pepper and salt and one onion. Slice cold potatoes cut up or half a can of tomatoes. Cover with water and cook half hour, and you will have a delicious pan stew.

Orange Float.

Two cups white sugar, juice of one lemon, one quart of boiling water, four tablespoons of cornstarch, wet with cold water, one tablespoon butter. Cook until thick. When cold pour over four or five oranges and the sugar, set on ice and serve cold.

Consomme Jelly.

Clear soup stock by mixing when cold with whites of two eggs beaten and two eggshells. Let come slowly to a boil, then skim. Add one teaspoonful of gelatine to ten cups of bouillon. Pack in ice and serve.

Apple Dessert.

Peel and core the apples, halve them, take one-half slices of bread spread thickly with butter, sprinkled with sugar. Lay one-half apple on bread, core down, sprinkle more sugar and little cinnamon. Bake.

EARLY DAYS OF YALE

WHEN THE FAMOUS COLLEGE WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

Wonderful Changes Have Been Made, as the World Moved On—Athletic Field a Thing Unknown to the Founders.

On Saturday, November, 23, at New Haven, the Yale and Harvard football gladiators matched their wits and stamina in a struggle for victory before forty thousand persons of both sexes waving flags and shouting at the top of their lungs. It is a pity that Dr. David F. Atwater of Springfield, the oldest living graduate of Yale, class of 1839, could not see the performance, for there was nothing like it in his days at college. The spectacle would be too strenuous for the old gentleman, however, and as for getting to the field of battle and returning safely to his home without physical hurt or mental collapse, it is not to be thought of as feasible at his age. Football as a visual diversion is a game for youth and for vigorous middle life.

When Dr. Atwater was at New Haven the students were not athletic. What they spent on college sports would scarcely have filled a blind man's cup with coppers. The doctor remembers a gymnasium, but it was very small, the apparatus was meager, and the students made little use of it. One does not have to go further back than the late seventies at Harvard to remember that the gymnasium of that comparatively modern day was a circular brick building not much larger than a prosperous farmer's smokehouse; ridiculously primitive and inadequate was the equipment according to latter day notions, and the superintendent was a stout gray little man who could spar and fence a bit, but that was about all.

To return to Yale in 1834-39, physical prowess seems to have been demanded only when "town" and "gown" fought together, and brute strength was then more in evidence than skill in boxing and wrestling. The college leader in such affairs was known as Major Bully, the biggest and sturdiest man in his class, according to Dr. Atwater. Yale men were much given to debating and literary expression. "Linonia," "Brothers in Unity" and "Calliope," were some of the societies equipped with libraries and bristling with logicians, the rivalry between these organizations being intense. Amusements of any kind were limited, and from our point of view they were tame enough. The New Haven & Hartford railroad had not been built when freshman Atwater entered college; so there was no running down to New York to see the sights and to dissipate. The stage coach and the canal to Northampton afforded the only means of transportation. Professor Benjamin Silliman was arguing that it would never be possible to build steamships powerful enough to cross the Atlantic.

The college buildings then consisted of a row of brick dormitories, a plain chapel, an Athenaeum and lyceum building in which the recitations were held; round them all ran the old wooden "Yale fence." Entrance examinations were oral and exclusively classical. Flint and tinder supplied ignition; imported friction matches, few in number, were regarded as dangerous. Dr. Atwater remembers a tremendous demonstration of Ivory stable men against the projected New Haven & Hartford railroad because it would injure their business. Such was Yale in the old days in the memory of an alumnus still living.—New York Sun.

Possum Paradise.

Loris is the native head of the opossum. Nowhere else does he abound so plentifully or thrive so well. It is here that the Georgia people get their fine specimens when they wish to entertain President Taft at a possum dinner. Folks come from North Carolina here to hunt them, and our market supplies Delmonico's and St. Regis and many other famous caravansaries.

As the canvasback duck and the diamondback terrapin are to Baltimore, so is the possum to Loris. The Maryland duck feeds on wild celery, which grows on the flats of the headwaters of the Chesapeake bay. It is this that gives them their fine flavor, just as peanuts and acorns flavor the razorback hog and produce the Smithfield ham.

The Loris possum feeds on chickens, nice young fat chickens, such as only Loris has, and many of them are from the postmaster's private crop.—Loris News.

Beauty of Youth.

What an unbearable world it would be if we were all sent into it full grown. Just think of it! What a grand institution youth is, and not only our youth, but the youth of everything—the young leaves, the tiny blossoms, the limbitable green of the growing grass, the merry foals, and calves and lambs in the field, the downy little ducklings and the neat little chicks; what an enormous source of pleasure would be absent without all these. We all keep one special corner of our hearts for what is small, and young—the very softest corner. Even the most pompous and pragmatical of men forgives many things injurious to dignity on the part of a playful puppy or a graceful little kitten. How humanizing the effect of the brute creation is on us we have never properly appreciated.



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