TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The FLYING MERCURY

By

Eleanor M. Ingram

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"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By

RAY WALTERS

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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 Lestrange. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward.

CHAPTER II.

It was a business consultation that was being held in Mr. French's finest 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 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 French 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. French 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. French. 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, yet 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 French 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. French slowly, "that it is dignified for the manager of the Mercury factory to be a racing driver."

"The Christian 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 close an electric switch, lifting the room into a subdued glow in place of the fire, which she surveyed, her dark eyes as soft as velvet, her face, framed more beautifully for its pallor by the gold-brown hair and a sensitive reflection of the moods of those around her. Emily French's childhood had been passed in a Canadian convent, and something of its mysticism clung about her. As the cheerful change she had wrought flashed over the room, Mr. French 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 out involuntarily, surprised.

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

"If you try this man, you had better keep that nickname out of the factory," Mr. French advised stiffly. "What respect could the workmen feel for a manager with such a title? If possible, you would do well to prevent them from recognizing him as the racing driver."

Bailey, who had risen at the chime of a clock, halted amazed.

"Respect for him!" he echoed. "Not recognize him! Why, there isn't a man on the place who 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.

"He Understands Motor Construction and Designing."

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

"Very well," said Mr. French. "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 French 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?"

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

"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 solve his difficulty."

"Please, sir," she refused gently. "I am fond of Dick, but—please, sir."

"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 evoking 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 French, and turned his face once more to the fire.

CHAPTER III.

It was October when the consultation was held in the library of the old French house on the Hudson; December was very near on the sunny morning that Emily drove out to the factory and sought Bailey in his office.

"I wanted to talk with you," she explained, as that gentleman rose to receive her. "We have known each other for a long time, Mr. Bailey; ever since I came from the Sacred Heart to live with Uncle Ethan. That is a very long time."

"It's a matter of five or six years," agreed the charmed Bailey, contemplating her with affectionate pride in her prettiness and grace. "You used to drive out here with your pony and spend many an hour looking on and asking questions. You'll excuse me, Miss Emily, but there was many a man passed the whisper that you'd have made a fine master of the works."

She shook her head, folding her small gloved hands upon the edge of the desk at the opposite sides of which they were seated.

"At least I would have tried. I am quite sure I would have tried. But I am only a girl. I came to ask you something regarding that," she lifted her candid eyes to his, her soft color rising. "Do you know—have you ever met any men who cared and understood about such factories as this? Men who could take charge of a business, the manufacturing and racing and selling, like my uncles? I have a reason for asking."

"Sure thing," said Bailey, unexpectedly prompt. "I've met one man who knows how to handle this factory better than I do, and I've been at it twelve years. And there he is—" he turned in his revolving chair and rolled up the shade covering the glass-set door into the next room, "my manager, Lestrange."

The scene thus suddenly opened to the startled Emily was sufficiently matter-of-fact, yet not lacking in a certain sober animation of its own. Around a drafting table central in the bare, systematic disorder of the apartment beyond, three or four blue-shirted men were grouped, bending over a set of drawings, which Lestrange was explaining. Explaining with a vivid interest in his action that sparkled over his clear face in a changing play of expression almost mesmeric in its command of attention. The men watched and listened intently; they themselves no common laborers, but the intelligent workmen who were to carry out the ideas here set forth. Wherever Lestrange had been, he was coatless and the sleeves of his outing shirt were rolled back, leaving bare the arms whose smooth symmetry revealed little of the racing driver's strength; his thick brown hair was rumpled into boyish waves and across his forehead a fine black streak wrote of recent personal encounter with things practical.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emily faintly. And after a moment, "Close the curtain, please."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gloomy Poets.

In the course of a week a large number of poems reach this office, most of them written by persons with little experience in verse making, says the Kansas City Star. The striking thing about the output, however, is not that so many persons who have never written poetry should be experimenting with it, but that nine-tenths of them should be so melancholy. The great majority of poems submitted for publication reflect a spirit of gentle gloom.

"What are the wild waves saying?" inquire the poets with one accord. And why do they say it? Why should a sense of woe weigh us down? Why are the autumn winds so melancholy? Why is anything, anyhow?

A careful reading of several hundred poems of this type does not leave the impression that the writers are such a gloomy lot as they might appear. One comes to believe that most of them are normally cheerful, but that somehow they have been led to suppose that sadness belongs to poetry.

The Determination to Do.

"The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and powerful, the great and little souls, is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory."—Sydney Smith.

AT NIGHT SESSIONS

Livelier Scenes in Congress Than in Daytime.

ENJOYED BY SOCIETY FOLK

Debates of the Lower House at These Times Especially Are Likely To Be Vitriolic—One Closing Night of Song.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—In the desire to adjourn, congress probably will begin holding night sessions soon; in fact, they may be the order at any minute. When night sessions are going on the capitol is a picturesque and lively place. From without the great building it looks like what in a sense it really is, an illuminated palace of white, the thousands of lights showing through hundreds and it may be thousands of windows.

Washington society takes advantage of night sessions of congress for an opportunity to visit the capitol. Society in the main is not great on early day outings and it is only occasionally, when drawn by some big event, that the social leaders go to Capitol Hill even in the late afternoon. The novelty of a night session attracts not only society, so-called, but the thousands of visitors in Washington and other thousands of residents who, working all day, get little opportunity to see the law makers at their labor in the daylight hours. The galleries at their night sessions almost always are crowded.

Debates Livelier at Night.

Night sessions, especially when the day sessions have begun at 11 o'clock, seem to get on the nerves of the members of both houses and one is much more apt to hear a vitriolic debate and to witness the losing of tempers at night than he is in the daytime. The night before the day of adjournment is always a gala time in the lower house. As a rule then the house is through with its business for the session and is simply waiting on the senate to catch up. The senators work away the last night harder than they have worked at any other night of the session, while the house members frequently give themselves over to play.

It is rather sad to relate, but occasionally the play in the house becomes something more serious than play. If the day has been long and hot and the debates have been sharp and bitter, and especially if politics has been touched upon, the members are led from play to something more serious and while names need not be mentioned, there have been one or two occasions when the last night of the session of the house has developed healthy rows.

One Famous Closing Night.

It is probable that the most picturesque of night sessions of congress in many years was that which wound up the long session of the year 1904. The adjournment was well along into the early summer. Congress was tired and wanted to get away; the house had ended its work completely except for the mere details of closing and the members gave themselves over to frolicking.

On that night the scene of which likely is to be reproduced this year every representative in the chamber was given an American flag and with it there was handed to him a song book. The night was spent in flag waving, in singing and in telling stories.

West Point Frolics.

Maj. Gen. Thomas Barry is the superintendent of the United States Military Academy. If the war department were to believe all the reports that come in, General Barry is having a hard time of it in enforcing discipline. Government officials, however, have always taken with more than a grain of salt stories that come out of West Point. Generally they have been found to grow in the coming.

Major General Barry was sent to the Military academy as superintendent after a notable career in Cuba and in the Philippines, and with a fine record for efficiency and maintenance of discipline. The last story which came from West Point was to the effect that the superintendent virtually put the whole corps of cadets under arrest while he was trying to find out which of the five hundred odd boys it was who yelled "Fore for the supe." Fore is a golf term, as everybody knows, and General Barry, it was said, hearing the cadet's words through an open window of the mess hall, took them as being subversive of discipline and as having the ring of impertinence in them. He did not find out who it was that had used the offending words, but the story of his method and of a good many other things connected with the incident were found to be untrue. Every time anything happens at West Point which is enlarged in the telling there are intimations that congress will start investigating, but the chances are that congress in this case will have nothing to do.

How Things Are Started.

To give an idea of how attempts are made frequently to start the war department "boiling" with stories about West Point, it should be said that in connection with this General Barry matter, which was a triviality in itself, it was said the night at the academy was the most troublesome disciplinary breach in a quarter of a century. Not that the only thing which equaled it in the history of the government academy was when the cadets of six years ago managed to haul the reveille and sunset gun up to the top of the barracks and there discharge it, to the smashing of a few windows and the breaking of many regulations.

The class of 1880 wanted in some way to mark the incoming of the year of their graduation. So its members resolved to have a celebration at the stroke of twelve at midnight of the New Year, January 1, 1880. Now this affair at the academy, instead of being a mere matter of taking a cannon on the roof and firing it off, was really a terrific outbreak of noise, confusion and regulation breaking. Some members of the corps had been given a Christmas leave of three days, and on their return from New York they brought to the academy a large quantity of fireworks, which they hid in a convenient place after they landed at the dock. Later these fireworks were transferred to barracks and hid in mattresses and from that time until the night of December 31, the eve of New Year, a great many cadets slept on veritable nitre.

Fired Off All the Guns.

A detachment of cadets toiled off for the purpose went down to the river early on the night of December 31 and loaded all the seacoast guns, the siege battery gun, and old smooth-bore guns of Battery Knox. At ten minutes before midnight 20 cadets left barracks and made their way to the river batteries. At the stroke of 12 they began pulling the lanyard and it was "roar and boom and tear" from every gun along the plateau's front. The echoes were awakened far up the Hudson to Newberg and down to Sing Sing. It sounded as if the post were under bombardment, and in a twinkling the whole post was up, officers running here and there in half waked condition, not knowing just what had happened. Across the parade ground came the veteran General Schofield in his uniform, but with something white showing which proved that he had not completely tucked in his clothes in his hurry to get dressed.

Simultaneously with the bombardment every window in barracks was opened and forth came fiery sky rockets, roman candles and all the other similar devices known to the ingenuity of man. In addition to this 75 members of the plebe class had devil's fiddles which had been manufactured under cover. Round shot were rolled down the iron-bound stairs, and the uproar and the firing and confusion were, in modern slang, "something fierce."

The whole corps was put under arrest and later every man had all his privileges taken away from him, and they were kept away for five months.

English Sparrow as Food.

One of the expert biologists of the department of agriculture, Mr. Ned Dearborn, says that the English sparrow is a pest, a thing which hardly needed repetition, and that one way to get rid of them is to eat them.

Mr. Dearborn has issued a bulletin telling how to trap English sparrows, how to shoot them and how to cook and eat them. He says that sparrows as food compare favorably with the best kinds of smaller game. Years ago some one tried to induce the people of the congested districts in the cities to eat English sparrows.

One can learn from the agricultural department if the members should choose to write about it or tell about it that there are scores of animals in the United States which no one thinks of eating and yet which are perfectly delicious food when properly cooked. Can anyone imagine a man eating a skunk? And yet a skunk properly prepared is by no means to be despised. It is said that the edibility of the skunk was learned by an experimenter who noticed that great horned owls were very fond of skunks and that they would catch them, kill them and eat them in preference to rabbit. So one experimenter tried the skunk and found that the meat was better than that of the rabbit.

A great many people know that the muskrat is good eating. The government's scientists found this out a long time ago and they have written bulletins about the muskrat as food. It has been found that the name rat destroys people's appetites for this creature. In the markets of Baltimore and occasionally in Washington muskrats are sold in large quantities, but are they called muskrats? No, they are called marsh rabbits.

Snakes Good to Eat.

Some men squirm at the thought of eating eels, while others eat them and consider them the best of fish. If an eel, why not a snake? Down in the southwest rattlesnakes have been eaten frequently with no bad results. The flesh of the rattler is said to be white and of good flavor. An army officer who was also a great ornithologist, Colonel Bendire, once was given some rattlesnake to eat. He did not know what it was but pronounced it mighty good.. Later he was told what he had eaten and although in his tramping afield he had been compelled many a time to eat all kinds of things, the thought that he had eaten a snake was too much for his gastric and nature revolting, he parted with his breakfast.

A good many field scientists say that it is prejudice alone which prevents men from eating what they might eat and perhaps in the interest of economy ought to eat. There is vegetable matter which some people regard as poisonous and against which there is no prejudice and yet many of the wild vegetables of the field are wholesome and if they were transplanted to the garden could be raised in quantities and by sold for good prices in the market—that is, provided the name could be changed and the production could be hidden.

Simplest Way of All.

The following story the Saturday Evening Post says is told of Col. George W. Goethals, who at the time it took place was an instructor in engineering at West Point.

One day, in a recitation, he gave out this question to a class of cadets.

"The post flagpole, sixty feet high, has fallen down. You are ordered by your commanding officer to put it up again. You have under your command a sergeant and ten privates of the engineer corps. How would you get the pole back into place?"

Each cadet, after long consideration and much figuring over the derricks, blocks, tackle and so on, evolved a different method.

"No," said Goethals, "you are all wrong. You would simply say: 'Sergeant, put up that flagpole!'"

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Their Happiness.

"How about that newly-married deaf mute couple next door to you? Do they seem happy?" "Unspeakably."—Boston Transcript.

A Cold Day.

Hewitt—So Gruet is to marry a Boston girl this week?

Jewett—Yes, he is harvesting an ice crop.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

A girl thinks a young man who spends money freely is the whole thing—but if she marries him and finds he has spent it all she changes her mind.

Cole's Carbollsalve quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For the sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Perseverance may be the mother of success, but the offspring isn't always just what it should be.

More important than the choice of President is the selection of Garfield Tea as *the* remedy for constipation and biliousness.

The Scotchmen are the heaviest on the average of all British subjects.

His Face Entirely Filled With Pimples

And Blackheads. Was Ashamed Used Resinol, Skin Clear

A Jersey City man, Thomas Bruno, 176½ Brunswick St., writes:

Mar. 9, 1912.—"About four months ago a pimple broke out on my forehead, which pained me very much. I began scratching it and within two weeks my face was entirely filled with pimples and blackheads. They were not only disfiguring, but also painful. I was ashamed to walk on the streets and soon became discouraged. I tried many remedies such as salves, cold cream, etc., but all were a failure.

"I read of the Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the papers, and soon sent for samples which I used. They proved to be excellent, and after using two cakes of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment, it removed every pimple and blackhead in sight. This treatment lasted about three weeks, and now my skin is clear and healthy. I gave some Resinol Ointment to a friend and it cured him of eczema (or barber's itch). My family use Resinol Soap for the toilet and shampoo, it stops dandruff and falling hair. I recommend Resinol Soap and Ointment for all skin troubles."

Resinol Soap and Ointment stop itching instantly, and quickly heal eczema and other skin and scalp eruptions, as well as sores, burns, and bleeding piles. Your druggist sells them (Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c and $1). For a sample of each write to Dept. 4 R, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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FREE SAMPLE Best Mangel's Chlorate Salve, antiseptic and healing, for sores, cuts, burns, bruises, etc. Relieves pain in stings. Never fails. Try it. At druggists or sent postpaid from Bragg-Mangel Medicine Co., Des Moines, Ia.

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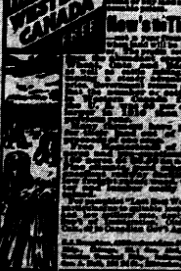
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