SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

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Author of

"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 Ethan 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. 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 Lestrange, 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 Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrange. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrange meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrange, 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 dissolute actress, refuses 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 recreant driver. From the opposite side of the track Lestrange waved gay return, making his way through the officials and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder caressingly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grand-stand, 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 Lestrange 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 Lestrange. "Keep cool, French; I've got half an hour and I could start now. I'm ready."

He was ready; clad 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 cheerful 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 burlish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came grinning over to give his clasp.

"Got a move on; what you been doin' all day, dear child? They've been givin' your manager sal volatile to hold him still." His modest 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, Lestrange made his way to the tent his own held. 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 orders slipped down from the seat and saluted.

"Hot here, monsieur," Dick supplemented. "Sure—you don't want it? Don't big me let him pass 'em?" Lestrange.

But Rupert, who already regarding from the tent with Lestrange's guests, jar and oil, his attention a study in the machine.

"It looks as though to which how you meant back monsieur," he observed. "Thus you mean, Dick, but of course, I'm the man who will do the driving. Yes, I'm the man who will do the driving. The world has heard of Rupert Bailey, the world's greatest driver. Yes, I'm the man.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the dirty sleeves of the car, and [illegible] speaking of Dick's disappointed face he added, [illegible]

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 Lestrange 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 Lestrang, 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 Lestrange'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," Lestrange 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 is 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 Lestrange 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, Lestrange," 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."

Lestrange 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 gleaming 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 spray of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once adventurous and clothed in antiquity of romance.

At eight o'clock Lestrange came flying in, sent off the track to have a tank refilled.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the dirty sleeves of the car, and [illegible] speaking of Dick's disappointed face he added, [illegible]

"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 oil-smeared mechanic patronizingly explained:

"You can't have cars maneuvring 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 waking 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 Lestrange, 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," Lestrange assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

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

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

"You gave the order?" Lestrange 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 grand-stand 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 Ffrench?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

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

Far from pleased, young Ffrench 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 Lestrange was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrange 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 woman 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 of 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 my ankle."

"Then spread Central Park!" exclaimed an irrepressible young voice out in the audience, and the storm of laughter that followed was absorbing [illegible] Magazine.

SOME CLEANING HINTS

METHODS THAT WILL BOTH RENOVATE AND PRESERVE.

Use Spirits of Wine, With Warm Water, to Freshen Satin—Proper Care of Glass—Washing Soda for Silver.

To Clean Satin.—Take equal proportions of spirits of wine and warm water, sponge the satin on the right side with this, working down the material and not across it. While still damp, iron on the wrong side.

Another plan is to clean the satin with the following mixture: Four ounces of honey, the same quantity of melted soap mixed with one egg and one wineglass of gin, using a stiff brush. When the satin appears clean, rinse in cold water; press between clean cloths to dry or hang up to drain.

Iron while still damp, and thoroughly dry before folding.

Care of Glass.—There is nothing that repays one more for careful washing and drying than glass. First one must have a bowl of warm water softened with dissolved soap, which makes a very good lather. Too hot water should not be used, as it might crack the glass.

Have a bowl of clean water to rinse the glass in after washing it and if a very fine polish be desired on it have a third bowl of cold water with a little ammonia in it. Wash each article separately, rinse it well, and dry with a soft glass cloth, which should be made of linen or little, fluffy particles will stick to the glass and spoil the appearance.

When it is washed and dried polish with a leather kept for the glass, or with a silk handkerchief or with some soft tissue paper.

How to Clean Silver.—Have an aluminum pan containing about two gallons of cold water. In this dissolve a piece of washing soda about the size of an egg, and heat the solution to boiling point. Drop into this the silver to be cleaned, taking care to keep the whole at boiling point. Let the silver soak for three or four minutes. Lift out with a wire spoon or long-handled fork, wash in hot soap suds and wipe quickly with a perfectly dry towel. The pieces so cleaned will be as highly polished as when new.

This process will neither injure plated nor solid ware. When all the silver is finished, if there are any pieces that do not look white and clear, rub them with a little dry whiting and a dry duster; then polish off with a soft, dry cloth.

To Wash Feather Boa.—Prepare a soap lather and one or two lukewarm rinsing waters. Place the boa in the soap lather and wash it by squeezing between the hands till quite clean. Rinse it well to take out all the dirty water and soap.

When this is done, squeeze the water out of the feather and roll in a cloth, which will absorb the moisture. Take hold of the boa by the ends and twist each in the opposite direction, thus giving the natural twist to the boa. Fasten a piece of tape to each and tie these to a line to prevent the twist from becoming undone. Shake the boa to separate the fronds, and leave it until quite dry, occasionally shaking it to keep the fronds apart.

The drying process should be done in a warm place, so that it will dry quickly, and the fronds thus become fluffy, when it is ready for curling.

Cream Hash.

Chop veal or beef as fine as hash, fry for a few minutes in salt pork drippings. Take from the fire; in the same frying pan make a rich, well-seasoned cream gravy if cream is possible; if not, use milk, thickening with cornstarch and adding a generous lump of butter. Pour half of the gravy into a pan over the fire, thin it with hot water, dip in slices of well-browned toast, then lay the moistened toast in a flat dish and set in a warm place. Into the thick cream gravy put the minced meat; cook it five minutes and spread it on the toast. Delicious.

Pumpkin Chips.

Eight pounds pumpkin cut in thin and rather small pieces, four lemons sliced very thin, five cents' worth of ginger root, five pounds granulated sugar. Put this all together and let stand all night. Next day boil it four hours, then take from stove, let stand until cold, put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffine. This is especially good at breakfast, as it makes an inexpensive and very palatable marmalade.—Home Department, National Magazine.

Add Lemon Juice.

When using beef or mutton dripping instead of butter for pastry try beating it to a cream with a squeeze of lemon juice. This will take away the taste that some people object to in dripping made pastry and makes it beautifully light and crisp.

Rubber Cake.

One cup sugar, one and a half cups flour; one cup sour milk; one-half teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, yolks of two eggs; beat all together and bake in a quick oven.

To Clean the Carpet.

If your carpet or rug is badly soiled, take a bucket of water, put in three or four teaspoonfuls of ammonia, wash thoroughly and dry. This does not hurt the carpet.

HAD TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING HUMOR ON FACE

Covered With Scabs. Very Embarrassing. Resinol Cured.

Here is proof indeed of what Resinol will do for sufferers from tormenting, unsightly skin humors. Mr. Will D. Hays, Russellville, Tenn., says:

"I caught eczema or barber's itch. My face would get to smarting and burning, and great red welts would come on it, and in a few hours my face would be covered with scales or scabs the size of wheat bran. It would itch a great deal and the more I rubbed it, the worse it became. It even got up in the edge of my hair. It certainly was very embarrassing as well as annoying, too, as everyone wanted to know what was the matter with my face. I tried several different local remedies, but they did not do any good. Then I sent for a small jar of Resinol Ointment and that one jar cured me inside of ten days. I had had the barber's itch for thirty or forty days. I believe Resinol will do the same for others." (Dated April 11, 1913.)

Resinol Ointment stops itching instantly, and with the aid of Resinol Soap it has kept many people free from disfiguring eczema and other skin and scalp affections. Simples, blackheads, dandruff, burns, sunburn, scalds, cuts, bruises and piles, yield readily to Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Sold by all druggists. Ointment, 50c and $1.00; Soap, 25c. Sent by Resinol Chemical Co., Dept. 7-R, Baltimore, Md.

Meeting Emergencies.

Senator Dixon was condemning a piece of political deception.

"The thing was as flagrant," he said, "as the railway case.

"Two men, one of them very short, were passing through a station toward the train gates when the bigger one was heard to say:

"'I've took a half ticket fur ye, George. Yer so little, ye'll pass, all right.'

"'But,' protested George, 'how about my beard?' And he twiddled his chin beard nervously.

"'Oh,' rejoined the other, 'tell 'em it's a mole.'"

Only in a Business Way.

"So Clara rejected the plumber."

"Do you know why?"

"Somebody told her to be careful about encouraging him, as he hit the pipe."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Women waste a lot of powder when the enemy isn't in sight.

FOR Luncheon—or picnic sandwiches, nothing equals

Libby's Veal Loaf

Or, serve it cold with crisp new lettuce. It is a tasty treat and economical as well.

At All Grocers

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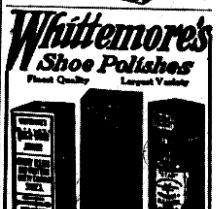
Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality — Largest Variety



"GILT EDGE" dressing for shoes, leaves a lasting gloss; contains Oil, preserves the leather and makes it pliable; 1 bottle and dauber, also other without radio, 15c. "French Gloss," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size 15c.

"QUICK WHITE" in liquid form with sponge applicator, cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 15c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cake packed in zinc; the boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome large size, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not have the kind you want, send the price in stamps for a full size package, postage paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
30-36 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

The Middle-Aged Woman.

Of the many ways in which the middle-aged woman may vary the effect of her afternoon gowns none is simpler than the use of a collar and cuffs of white voile edged with scalloping and embroidery in a floral design. Another change may be the frock set of white chiffon with border of black mallines, and still another is the one of black net hemstitched with silver thread. Some of these collars are so long in front that they terminate only at the waist line, where they cross in surplice effect and are tucked away under the girdle. An excellent model of this sort is of light blue lawn embroidered with black dots, and a second is of white argaric trimmed with tiny folds of broadcloth, alternating with sponge.

Excellent Plan.

"I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling, "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pigtail stuck through a little hole in the plate-glass window, and I use it as a sort of bell rope to tell him where to stop."—Harper's Weekly.

Many a girl strives to make a name for herself rather than attempt to make a loaf of bread.

LOGICAL QUESTION.

Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth!"

Supe—Ot was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could I come forth if I wint first?

The Writer Who Does Most.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.—C. C. Colton.

Old Michigan's wonderful batter
Eats Tosties, 'tis said, once a day,
For he knows they are healthful and wholesome
And furnish him strength for the fray.

His rivals have wondered and marvelled
To see him so much on the job,
Not knowing his strength and endurance
Is due to the corn in TY COBB.

Written by J. P. [illegible]
[illegible] Wis.

[illegible] Co.