

# SERIAL STORY

## The FLYING MERCURY

By Eleanor M. Ingram  
Author of "The Game and the Candle"  
Illustrated by RAY WALTERS

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, has been called to the factory, or shall I have Anderson bring around the limousine?

### CHAPTER V.

There was a change in the French affair, a lightning of the atmosphere, a vague quickening and stir of beautiful cheer in the days that followed.

It was only a week after his first marriage ride with Lestrange, that Dick electrified the company at dinner, by turning down the glass at his plate.

"I've cut out claret, 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. Least that is, none of the men who drive cars any longer that stuff and look at their nerve."

Mr. French contemplated him with the irritation usually produced by the display of ostentatious virtues, 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 struck without as much as a single pause. Frenchwood saw comparatively little of him, as that went on, the village and factory museum. He lost some weight, and acquired a coat of reddish tan.

Emily watched and smiled in silence. She had not seen Lestrange again, but it seemed to her that his influence overlaid 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 inconstant.

"French walked into the room where his niece was reading. "I am well, dear, I think we are all better this spring," said French. "Perhaps," said Ethan French. His bitter gray eyes passed deliberately over the large room with all its traces of the 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 nose too light, it was a moment before their dazzled eyes perceived the scene.

"I will wait," conceded Mr. French, dismissing the boy who had ushered them in. "But Emily had already said 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," Lestrange 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 'Old Dutch' and tell me that. A broken steering-knuckle little Brook in Indiana, another sent Little to the hospital in Massachusetts, the other wrecked the teacher 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, with the steering-wheel suddenly turns useless in its grasp? Can you feel the sick helplessness 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 on 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 mechanism with him."

Emily paled, ablinking. She remembered the road under the maples and Lestrange'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 a shon!" Lestrange caught him up. "I'm not flinching; 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 wheel that takes 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 nephew. "If ever Mr. French was to meet his niece, she could hardly be more than a stranger."

"I don't see very much in golf. No object is to be gained by the depositing of a white ball in a suburban 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. "I don't see very much in golf. No object is to be gained by the depositing of a white ball in a suburban 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."

men left the next room. Bitterly disappointed, she sank back. "That was your manager with you?" Mr. French frigidly inquired.

"Yes," he went on slowly to see how the new drill is setting. 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, guess he's right; better too much than too little."

"I do not see that follow. I should imagine that you understood building chassis better than this race-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 unseeingly. "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, pale and shaken.



"I would rather be outdoors," childlikeness, Emily. Men will be consulted more competent to decide than this Lestrange. That will do."

From one corner the other she gazed, then turned away. "I will wait out in the car," she said. "I would rather be outdoors."

"Dick French was up-stairs, standing with Lestrange in one of the narrow aisles between lines of grimly silent 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 deliver a message 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 employer," he said. "In several days behind in my work already."

"See here, Lestrange," Dick began. "The mechanic departed, sitting down on a railing, bestial machine steadily engaged in nothing less than gear-wheels."

"Don't do that!" Lestrange exclaimed abruptly. "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 fuzzy. Read what Emily sent up."

# DEFENDS THE COURTS

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM DEMANDS "UNTRAMMELED AND INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY."

RECALL IS NOT NECESSARY

Platform, However, Provides for Action to Simplify Removal of Derelict Judges—Tift Universal Peace Idea Indorsed—Changes in Anti-Trust Law Favored.

The platform adopted by the Republican convention opens with a preamble reaffirming allegiance to the party's principles and declares its unwavering faith in government of the people, by the people and for the people.

It expresses in strong language a demand for the continuance of an "untrammelled and independent judiciary."

It declares the continuance of the constitution of the United States as it stands today.

It promises to continue to be a party of "advance and constructive statesmanship."

The platform promises to strive, not only in the nation, but in the several states, to enact legislation "to safeguard the public health, limit effectively the labor of women and children, and to protect wage-earners engaged in dangerous occupations and to enact workmen's compensation laws."

The platform reaffirms its intention to uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, both state and federal, and demands that the power of the courts to protect life, liberty and property, shall be held inviolate.

While announcing that the party regards the recall of judges as unnecessary, the platform declares for such action as may simplify the removal from office of any judge who may be found derelict in his duty.

It indorses the Tift peace idea and the settlement of international disputes peacefully and the reference of all justiciable controversies between nations to an international court of justice.

Anti-Trust Laws. It declares against special privilege and recommends amendments to the present antitrust laws, defining criminal offenses against the law, and providing for the punishment of the violator.

It recommends the creation of a federal trade commission for the administration and enforcement of federal laws governing interstate commerce and enterprises.

The platform reaffirms Republican belief in a protective tariff. It denounces the tariff for revenue only, as a destructive of industry.

It recommends the reduction of some of the present import duties. The Democratic party is condemned for failure to provide for the continuance of the tariff board.

The Democratic tariff bills, passed by the present house of representatives, are condemned as injurious to public credit and destructive of business enterprise.

It promises to lower "High Cost" taxes to a cost of production. It recommends a scientific inquiry into the causes, which are operative both in the United States and elsewhere, to the cost of living. When the exact facts are known the party pledges itself to enact legislation to remove these causes.

The platform also asks for legislation which will give the farmers better facilities for borrowing money than are afforded by existing law. It recommends a scientific investigation of agricultural credit societies and corporations in other countries and the passage of a law for the supervision of organizations for the purpose of the loaning of money to farmers.

The platform urges the passage of a law enabling the president to extend civil service as far as practicable.

Prohibition of campaign contributions by corporations is urged. The publication of campaign contributions is endorsed.

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