

# Cynthia's Chauffeur

By LOUIS TRACY  
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(Continued)

But the luck of the horn adventure saved Medenham from premature exposure. "I dare all" was the motto of his house, and it was fated to be tested in full measure ere he saw London again. Of these considerations the purring Mercury neither knew nor cared. She sang the song of the free highway and sped through the leafy lanes of Surrey with a fine disregard for Acts of Parliament and the "rules and regulations therein made and provided." Soon after one o'clock, however, she was compelled to climb the downs in accordance with two lines of rolling chassis-buses and laboring motors. Just to show her no trick when the opportunity offered, she took the steep hill opposite the stands with a greyhound rush that vastly disconcerted a policeman who told Medenham to "hurry up out of the dip."

Then, having found a clear space, she drove for a while, and Cynthia, like a true-born American, began the day's business by giving the answer before either of her companions even thought of putting the Great Question.

## CHAPTER II

Though Medenham was no turf devotee, he formed distinctly unfavorable conclusions as to the financial stability of the hawking bookmakers near at hand. "If you wish to do my better, Miss Vaurenon," he said, "give me the money and I will invest it for you. There is no hurry. The Derby will not be run till three o'clock. We have an hour and a half in which to study and—for the life of him he could not imitate the complete annihilation of self practiced by the well-bred English servant. The American girl missed the absence of this trait far less than the other woman, but, by this time, even Mrs. Devar began to accept Medenham's good-humored assumption of equality as part of the day's amusement.

Cynthia handed him a card. She had laugh while they were crawling up the hill behind a break-load of jockey cockneys. "What will win the first race?" she asked. "Father says you men often hear more than the owners about the real performances of horses."

Medenham tried to look knowing. He thanked his stars for Dale's information. "I am told Eyot has a chance," he said.

"Well, put me a sovereign on Eyot, please. Are you playing the ponies, Mrs. Devar?"

That day, being quick-witted, took care not to offend Cynthia by pretending not to understand, though it set Medenham's teeth on edge to hear a racehorse called a pony. She opened a gold purse and produced a coin.

"I don't mind risking a little," she tittered.

Medenham found, however that she also had handed him a sovereign, and his conscience smote him, or he guessed already, with accuracy as it happened, that she was Miss Vaurenon's paid chapman during the absence of the girl's father on the continent.

"Personally, I am a duffer in matters connected with the turf," he explained. "A friend of mine—a chauffeur—mentioned Eyot."

"Oh, that is all right," laughed Cynthia. "I like the colors—Ean de Nui and white. Look! There he goes!"

She had good eyes, as well as pretty ones, else she could not have distinguished the silk pocket worm by the rider of a horse cantering at that moment along the cleared course. Crowded coaches, four rows deep, lined the gay-hued parades of their feminine occupants almost completely blocked the view, a distant one in any

case, owing to the width of the intervening valley.

Medenham raised no further protest. He walked to a stand where a press of people betokened the presence of a popular layer of odds, found that Eyot's price was chalked up at five to one, and backed him for four pounds. He had to push and elbow his way through a struggling crowd; immediately after the bet was made, Eyot's quotation was reduced by two points in response to signals tick-tacked from the inclosures. This, of course, argued a decided following for Dale's selection, and these eleventh hour movements were illuminative. Before he got back to the car there was a mighty shout of "They're off!" and he saw Cynthia Vaurenon stand on the seat to watch the race through her glasses.

Mrs. Devar stood up, too. But women were so intent on the sport, she drove for a while, and Cynthia, like a true-born American, began the day's business by giving the answer before either of her companions even thought of putting the Great Question.

"Grinalkin will win!" she cried. "Mr. Deane told me that I must bet on Grinalkin for ten dollars."

"I expect, seeing that Dale and I go to Scotland early in July, but what a bore to gamble across Jimmy's arse! I hope it is not a case of 'like mother like son,' because Jimmy is the limit."

A strange roar, gathering force and volume each instant, rose from a hundred thousand throats. Soon the shout became insistent, and Cynthia Vaurenon yielded to its magnetism.

"Eyot wins!" she cried delightedly. "Yes, none of them can catch him now. Go on, jockey—don't look round! Oh, if I were your master I'd give you such a talking to. Ah! We've won. Mrs. Devar—we've won. Just think of it!"

"How much, wonder?" Mrs. Devar, though excited, had the calculating habit.

"Five pounds each," said Medenham, who had approached unnoticed during the tumult.

Cynthia's eyes sparkled. "Five pounds! why, I heard one betting person over there offering only three to one."

It was a task beyond his powers to curb an unruly tongue, in the presence of this emancipated schoolgirl. He met her ebullient mood halfway.

"I have already beaten the market—that is, if I get the money. Horrible thought! I may be wretched!"

He strode back rapidly to the bookmaker's stand.

"What do you think of our chauffeur now?" cried Cynthia radiantly, or the winning of those few sovereigns was a real joy to her, and the shadow of the welshe had no terrors since she did not know what Medenham meant.

"He improves on acquaintance," admitted Mrs. Devar, throwing a little under the influence of a successful tip.

He soon returned, and handed them six sovereigns apiece.

"My man paid up like a Briton," he said cheerfully. "I have no reliable information as to the next race, so what do you ladies say if we lunch quietly before we attack the ring for the Derby?"

There was an awkward pause. The air of Epsom Downs is stimulating, especially after one has found the winner of the first race.

"We have not brought anything to eat," admitted Cynthia ruefully. "We ordered some sandwiches before leaving the hotel, and we mean to stop or tea at some old-world hotel in Reigate which Mrs. Devar recommends."

"Unfortunately I was not hungry at sandwich time," sighed Mrs. Devar.

"If it comes to that, neither

was I, whereas I have a most voracious appetite now. I am rather inclined to doubt the quality of anything we can buy here."

Medenham's face lit up. "India," he cried. "Have you been to India?"

Warned by a sudden expansion of Mrs. Devar's prominent eyes, he gave a quick turn to a dangerous topic, since it was in Calcutta that the gallant ex-captain of Horton's Horse had "borrowed" fifty pounds from him. Naturally the lady omitted the telltale prefix to her son's rank, but it was unquestionably true that the British army had dispensed with his services.

"I was only thinking that acquaintance with the East, Miss Vaurenon, would prepare you for the mysterious workings of Kismet," said Medenham lightly. "When I came across Simmonds' this morning, I was bewailing the fact that my respected aunt had fallen ill and could not accompany me today. May I offer you the luncheon which I provided for her?"

He withdrew the wicker basket from its nook beneath the seat; before his astonished guests could utter a protest, it was opened, and he was deftly unpacking the contents.

"But that is your luncheon," protested Cynthia, finding it incumbent on her to say something by way of polite refusal.

"And his aunt's, my dear," said Mrs. Devar, who, in these words, expressed her contemptuous acceptance of the proffered fare; but Medenham paid no heed; he had discovered the napkins, cutlery, even the silver, bore the family crests. The plates, too, was of a quality that could not fail to evoke comment.

"Well, here goes!" he growled under his breath. "If I come a purfer it will not be for the first time where women are concerned."

He laughed as he produced some lobster à la pie and a chicken.

"It is jolly useful to have a friend a butler in a big house," he said. "I didn't know what Tompkins had given me, but these confections look all right."

This is screamingly funny, Cynthia had solved the riddle at last. Our chauffeur is riding his master's car and his master's estates as well.

"Don't once a cent," said Cynthia, who found the lobster admirable.

"But if my inquiry is made and our names are mixed up in Mr. Vaurenon may be angry."

"Father would be tickled to death. I shall insist on paying for everything, and my responsibility ends there. No, thank you—this to Medenham who was offering her a glass of wine. I drink water only. Have you any?"

Mrs. Devar took the wine, and Medenham fished in the basket for the St. Galliner, since Lady St. Maur cultivated goat with her biliousness.

"Dear me!" she murmured after a sip.

"What is it now?" asked Cynthia.

"Perfect, my dear. Such a bouquet! I wonder what horse it came from; and she pondered the crest again, in vain, for heraldry is an exact science, and the greater part of her education had been given by a hard world. She did not fail, therefore, to notice that three persons were catered for by the packer of the basket.

An unknown upper housemaid was a ready suspect, and she she added mentally "some shop girl friend." The climax was reached when Medenham staged the strawberries. Cynthia, who whom the good things of the table were commonplace, ate them and neither showed in the front rank at any stage of a fast run race. When Medenham climbed the hill again, hot and uncomfortable in his leather clothing, Mrs. Devar actually welcomed him with an expansive smile.

"What odds did you get me?" she cried, as soon as he was within earshot.

"A hundred and twenty-five pounds to five, madam," he said.

"Oh, what luck! You must keep the odd five pounds, Fitzroy."

"No thank you. I hedged on Vendetta so I am still winning."

"But really, I insist," she handed her a bundle of notes.

"You will find a hundred and thirty pounds there," he said and she understood that his refusal to accept her money was final. She

told my father—" "But Tompkinson told me," he interrupted.

"Tompkinson. Is that your butler friend?"

"Yes. He says that the King's horse will win."

"Surely the owner of Grinalkin must know more about the race than a butler?"

"You would not think so, Miss Vaurenon, if you knew Tompkinson."

"Where is the butler?" asked Mrs. Devar suavely.

"I forget for the moment madam," replied Medenham with equal suavity.

The lady waived the retort. She was sure of her ground now.

"In any case, I imagine the both Mr. Deane and this Tompkinson be mistaken. I am told that a horse trained locally has a splendid chance—let me see—yes, here it is; the Honorable Charles Featon's Vendetta."

It was well that those bulging steely eyes were bent over the card or they could not have failed to catch the flicker of amazement that swept across Medenham's sun-browned face when he heard the name of his cousin. He had not been in England a full week as yet, and he happened not to have read a list of probable starters for the Derby. He had glanced at the programme during breakfast that morning, but some remark made by the Earl caused him to lay down the newspaper, and when next he picked it up, he became interested in an article in the Cape to Cairo railway, written by someone who had not the remotest notion of the difficulties to be surmounted before that very desirable line could be constructed.

Cynthia, however, was watching him, and she laughed gleefully.

"Ah, Fitzroy, you hadn't heard of Vendetta before," she cried, "Guffaw now—your faith in Tompkinson is shaken."

"Vendetta certainly does sound like war to the knits," said he, "It is twenty to one," purred Mrs. Devar complacently. "I shall risk the five pounds I won on the first race and it will be very nice if I receive a hundred."

"I stick to Old Glory," announced the valiant Cynthia.

"The King for me," declared Medenham, though he realized, without any knowledge of the merits of the horses engaged, that the Honorable Charles was not the sort of a man to run a three-year-old in the Derby merely for the sake of seeing his racing colors flashing in the sun.

Mrs. Devar kept to her word and handed over the five pounds. Cynthia staked seven, the five she had won and the ten dollars of her original intention; whereas Medenham said that he must cross the course and make these bets in the ring—would the ladies raise any objection to his absence as he could not return until after the race? No, they were quite content to remain in the car so he repacked the luncheon basket and left them.

Vendetta won by three lengths. Medenham had secured twenty-five to one, and the bookmaker who paid him added the genial advice: "Put that little dot where the flies can't get at it." The man could afford to be affable seeing that the bet was only one in his book against the horse's name. The King's horse and Grinalkin were the public favorites, but both were hopelessly shut in at Tattenham Corner, and neither showed in the front rank at any stage of a fast run race. When Medenham climbed the hill again, hot and uncomfortable in his leather clothing, Mrs. Devar actually welcomed him with an expansive smile.

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was intensely surprised that he had given her so much more than she expected, and the first unworthy thought was succeeded by a second—how dared this impudent chauffeur decline her bounty?

Cynthia pointed at him. "Your Tompkinson is a fraud," she said.

"Your Grinalkin was well named," said he.

"That remark is very cutting, I suppose, Fitzroy."

"Oh, no. I merely meant to convey that a cat is not a race-horse."

"Poor fellow," mused Cynthia, "he is vexed because he lost. I must make it up to him somehow, but he is such an extraordinary person, I hardly dare suggest such a thing."

She began to adjust her veil and dust her coat.

"If you are ready, Mrs. Devar," she said, "I think we ought to hit the pike for Brighton."

Mrs. Devar laughed. Fitzroy evidently understood, as he had taken his seat and the engine was humming.

"Americanisms are fascinating," she vowed. "I wish you would use more of them, Cynthia. I love them."

Cynthia was slightly ruffled, though if pressed for a reason she could hardly have given one.

"Shang is useful occasionally, but I am trying to cure myself of the habit," she said tartly.

"A picturesque phrase is always pardonable. Oh, is this quite safe?"

The Mercury, finding an opening, had shot down the hill with a smooth celerity that alarmed the other team. Cynthia leaned back contentedly.

"Fitzroy means to reach the road before the police stop the traffic for the next race," she said. Then, after a pause, she added: "I wish we could keep this car for the rest of our tour, yet I suppose I ought not to interfere in the arrangement father made with Simmonds."

Mrs. Devar frowned. Her involuntary tremor had died, and she had every cause to regard with uneasiness the threatened substitution during the forthcoming ten days of this quite impossible Fitzroy for that very chauffeur-like person, Simmonds. Her acquaintance with Peter Vaurenon and his daughter was sufficiently intimate to warn her that Cynthia's least desire was granted by her indulgent parent; in fact, Cynthia would have been hopelessly spoiled were it not for a combination of these happy chances which seem to compare at times in the creation of the American girl at her best. She was devoted to her father, her nature was bright and cheerful, and she had a heart that bubbled over with kindnesses. Mrs. Devar chose the right line of attack. She resorted to appeal to the girl's sympathies.

"I am afraid it would be a rather cruel thing to deprive Simmonds of his engagement," she said softly. "He has bought a car I understand on the strength of the contract with Mr. Vaurenon."

"That doesn't cut any ice—I mean there would be no ill effect for Simmonds," explained Cynthia hurriedly. "Father will meet us in London at the end of the run, and Simmonds could come to us then."

The steely gray eyes narrowed. Their owner was compelled to decide quickly. As opposition was useless she laughed with the carelessness of one who was in no way concerned.

"Don't you think," she said, "that if your father sees this car Simmonds will be dispensed with somehow?"

Cynthia nodded. The argument was unanswerable.

They were crossing the course at a walking pace; at that point a sort of passage was kept clear by the police for the convenience of those occupants of the stand who wished to visit the paddock. The owner of Vendetta having been congratulated by royalty, was taking some friend to admire the horse during the rubbing down process when his glance suddenly fell on Medenham. Though amazed, he was not rendered speechless.

"Well I'm—" he began.

But the Mercury possessed a singularly loud and clear motor-horn and the voice of the Honorable Charles was drowned. Still

his gestures were eloquent. Quite obviously he was saying to a man whose arm he caught:

"Did you ever in your life see anybody more like George than than chauffeur? Why it is Medenham!"

So Mrs. Devar lost a golden opportunity. She knew Fenton by sight and her shrewd wits must have set her on the right track had she witnessed his bewilderment. Being a pretentious person, however, and not able to afford the upkeep of a motor she was enjoying the surprise of two well-dressed women who recognized her. Then the car leaped forward again, and she scored a dearly won triumph.

At this crisis Medenham's scrutiny of the road map provided by Simmonds, or the tour was well repaid. He turned sharp to the right past the back of the stands, and was fortunate in finding enough clear road to render pursuit by his elderly cousin a vain thing, even if it were thought of. The Mercury had to cross the caravan zone carefully, but reached the way lay open to Reigate.

Through a land of gorse and heath they sped until they came to the famous hill. They ran down in a noiseless flight that caused Cynthia to experience the sensation of being borne on wings.

"I imagine that aeroplaning is something like this," she confided to her companion.

(To be Continued)

## BIRDS: MODEL TENANTS

Feathered Farm Guests Have Many Good Qualities

The motel tenant who makes a place more attractive, pays the rent in advance, works continually, and spreads good cheer throughout the neighborhood, was found by the Liberty Bird Club members who put up birdhouses for the "chickens" of their own province and he is a bird to be proud of.

Dr. Steele then dealt with public health as a social and economic question. At the close of the present war there would be a large influx of immigrants to Canada, and steps must be taken to prevent against the entrance of germs and disease.

Turning next to the question of infant mortality, Dr. Steele stated that 47 per cent of the infants who died under one year of age could be saved and that 67 per cent of all the diseases of children under five years were preventable. Why should so much time be spent on foreign immigration and so little on the preservation of the child life in Canada. Some 26,000 infants under one year died annually in Canada out of 225,000 born; this meant that some 12,000 children died every year who could be saved.

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## Urge Public Health Department

Subject Discussed on Monday in Parliament

Ottawa, Feb. 28.—The House took up Dr. Steele's resolution for the establishment of a public health department. The mover said he was anxious to disburse the minds of certain individuals and newspapers, who seemed suspicious of the object of his resolution. It had no reference whatever to the medical education of teachers or to the beliefs of any school of medicine. In view of the wonderful advances made by science in the matter of health in the last years, no apology was required for it, however.

Dr. Steele then proceeded to argue that the British North America Act, while it had not mentioned public health specifically, had practically left it to the jurisdiction of the Dominion as distinct as the establishment of hospitals, charities and other institutions which were left to the provinces. He traced the gradual establishment of provincial boards of health but argued that they did not relieve the Dominion government of the responsibility of establishing a public health department. The Dominion was as a matter of fact administering many public health services but this distribution of health administration among different departments did not make for efficiency.

After referring to sanitation work in Cuba and in the Panama Canal district, the member for South Perth said that the European war had been a great triumph for medicine, which had successfully fought the bacillus, known as a greater enemy of the soldier than the bullet. Japan had taught the European nations one of their greatest lessons in war sanitation and the British army, for the first time in any war, was now equipped effectively against its greatest enemy. The British soldier had now been rendered typhoid, cholera and tetanus proof. If the world could conquer disease in war why should it not do so in peace?

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