The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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Tires at Before-War Prices

Goodyear Prices

It is Folly Today to Pay More

30 x 3 Plain Tread	"	$11.70
30 x 3½ "	"	15.75
34 x 4 "	"	24.35
36 x 4½ "	"	35.00
37 x 5 "	"	41.95

There exists now a new, compelling reason for buying Goodyear tires. It results from War conditions.

These leading tires—built of extra-fine rubber, in the same way as always—are selling today at June prices.

You will find today a very wide difference between most tire prices and Goodyears.

Due to Quick Action

Early in August—when war began—the world's rubber markets seemed closed to us. Rubber prices doubled almost over night.

Men could see no way to pay for rubber abroad, and no way to bring it in. We, like others—in that panic—were forced to higher prices. But we have since gone back to prices we charged before the war, and this is how we did it:

We had men in London and Singapore when the war broke out. The larger part of the world's rubber supply comes through there. We cabled them to buy up the pick of the rubber. They bought—before the advance—1,500,000 pounds of the finest rubber there.

Nearly all this is now on the way to us. And it means practically all of the extra-grade rubber obtainable abroad.

Today we have our own men in Colombo, Singapore and Para. Those are the world's chief sources of rubber. So we are pretty well assured of a constant supply, and our pick of the best that's produced.

We were first on the ground. We were quickest in action. As a result, we shall soon have in storage an almost record supply of this extra grade of rubber.

And we paid about June prices.

Now Inferior Grades Cost Double

About the only crude rubber available now for many makers is inferior. In ordinary times, the best tire makers refuse it. Much of it had been rejected. But that "off rubber" now sells for much more than we paid for the best.

The results are these:

Tire prices in general are far in advance of Goodyears. And many tire makers, short of supplies, will be forced to use second-grade rubber.

Be Careful Now

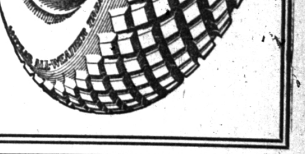
In Goodyears we pledge you the same grade tire as always. And that grade won for Goodyears the top place in Tiredom—the largest sale in the world.

And, for the time being, our prices are the same as before the war. We shall try to keep them there.

We accept no excessive orders, but dealers will be kept supplied. And we charge them, until further notice, only ante-bellum prices.

That means that Goodyears—the best tires built—are selling way below other tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth



SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant estate, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, had failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's brother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valiant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valiant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Valiant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge thinks when she meets Valiant for the first time. Valiant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. His colors and favor, Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the élite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Valiant as queen of beauty. Valiant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo determining not to give up Valiant without a struggle, plots off to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Valiant, who looks so much like his father. Shirley, uncertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victim of Valiant's pistol, breaks the engagement. Major Bristow is fatally wounded by Grief-King, a liberated convict, who he had sent to prison, but before dying Bristow confesses to Mrs. Dandridge that he had kept a letter Valiant had written to her after the duel. Valiant decides to leave Damory court and writes Shirley that he will love her always. Mrs. Dandridge learns from the thirty-year-old letter that Valiant expected her to answer the note if she wanted him to return. For it was Valiant she loved.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

Shirley's breath stopped. She felt her face tingling and a curious weakness came on her limbs. Why, indeed, unless—and the thought was like a wild prayer in her mind—she had been mistaken in her surmise? Thoughts came thronging in panic haste: the fourteenth of May and the cape jessamines—these might portend no less to Valiant than to Sassoon. But her mother's fainting at the sight of the son—the eager interest she had displayed in Shirley's accounts of him, from the episode of the rose and the bulldog to the tournament ball—seemed now to stand out in a new light, throbbing and roseate. Could it be? Had she been stumbling along a blind trail, misled by the cunning dovetailing of circumstance? Her heart was beating stiflingly. If she should be mistaken now! She dashed her hand across her eyes as though to compel their clearness, and looked again.

It was Beauty Valiant's face that lay in the locket, and that could mean but one thing: it was he, not Sassoon, whom her mother loved!

The lamplight seemed to grow and spread to an unbearable radiance. Shirley thought she cried out with a sudden sweet wildness, but she had not moved or uttered a sound. The illumination was all about her, like a splendid cloud. The impossible had happened. The miracle for which she hysterically prayed had been wrought!

When she blew out the light, the shining still remained. That glowing knowledge, like a vitalizing and physical presence, passed with her through the hall to her room. As she stood in the cloth light of her one candle, the poignancy of her joy was as nearly that of her past pain. Later was to come the wonder how that tragedy had bent Beauty Valiant's life to exile and her mother's to unfulfillment, and in time she was to know these things, too. But now the one great knowledge blotted out all else. She need starve her fancy no longer! The hours with her lover might again sweep across her memory undenied. She felt his arms, his kisses, heard his whispers against her cheek and smelled the perfume of Madonna lilies.

She drew the curtain and opened the window noiselessly to the light. Only a few hours ago she had been singing to her harp in what wretchedness! She laughed softly to herself. The quiet night was full of his voice: "I love you! I want nothing but you!" How her pitiful error had tortured and wrung them both! But tomorrow he, too, would know that all was well.

A clear sound chimed across the distance—the bell of the court-house clock, striking midnight. One! . . . Two! . . . How often lately it had run discordantly across her mood; now it seemed a clamant watcher, telling joy. Three! . . . Four! . . . Five! . . . Perhaps he was sleepless, listening, too. Was he in the old library, thinking of her? Six! . . . Seven! . . . Eight! . . . Nine! . . . If she could only send her message to him on the bells! Ten! . . . It swelled more loudly now, more deliberate. Eleven! . . . Another day was almost gone. Twelve! . . . "Joy cometh in the morning"—was the whisper across her thought. It was morning now.

Thirteen!

She caught a sharp breath. Her ear had not deceived her—the vibration still palpitated on the air like a heart of sound. It had struck thirteen! A little eery touch crept along her nerves and a cool dampness broke on her skin, for she seemed to hear, quavering through the wondering silence, the voice of Mad Anthony, as it had quavered to her ear on the door-step of the negro cabin, with the well-sweep throwing its long curved shadow across the group of laughing faces:

"Ah sees yo' gwine ter him. Ah heahs de co'ot-house clock a-strikin' in de night—en yo' gwine! . . . Don' wait, don' wait, 'fi'teen, er de trouble-cloud gwine kyah him erway f'om yo' . . . When de clock strike thutteen—"

She dropped the flowered curtain and drew back. A weird fancy had begun to press on her brain. Had not Mad Anthony foretold truly what had gone before? What if there were some cryptic meaning in this, too? To go to him, at midnight, by a lonely country road—she, a girl? Incredible! Yet her mind had opened to a vague growing fear that was swiftly mounting to a thrilling anxiety. That inner superstition, secretly cherished while derided, which is the heritage of the Southron-born bred from centuries of contact with a mystical race, had her in its grip. Yet all the while her sober actual common-sense was crying out upon her—and crying in vain. Unknown appetences that had lain darkling in her blood, come down to her from long generations, were suddenly compelling her. The curtain began to wave in a little wind that whispered in the silk, and somewhere in the yard below she could hear Selim nipping the clover.

She was to go or the "trouble-cloud" would carry him away!

A strange expression of mingled fright and resolve grew on her face. She ran on tiptoe to her wardrobe and with frantic haste dragged out a rough cloak that fell over her soft house-gown, covering it to the feet. It had a peaked hood falling from its collar and into this she thrust the resentful masses of her hair. Every few seconds she caught her breath in a short gasp, and once she paused with an apprehensive glance over her shoulder and shivered. She scarcely knew what she did, nor did she ask herself what might be the outcome of such an absurd adventure. She neither knew nor cared. She was swept off her feet and whirled away into some outlandish limbo of shadowy fear and crying dread.

Slipping off her shoes, she went swiftly and noiselessly down the stair. She let herself out of the door and, shoes on again, ran across the clover. A hound clambered about her, whining, but she silenced him with a whispered word. Selim lifted his head and she patted the snuffling, inquiring muzzle an instant before, with her hand on his mane, she led him through the hedge to the stable. It was but the work of a moment to throw on a side-saddle and buckle the girth. Then, mounting, she turned him into the lane.

He was thoroughbred, and her tense excitement seemed to communicate itself to him. He blew the breath through his delicate flaring nostrils and flung up his head at her restraining hand on the bridle. Once on the Red Road, she let him have his will. The long vacant highway reeled out behind her to the fierce and lonely hoof-tattoo. She was scarcely conscious of consecutive thought—all was a vague jumble of chaotic impressions threaded by that necessity that called her like an insistent voice.

Copse and hedge flew by, streaks of distemper on the shifting gloom; swarthy farmhouse roofs huddled like giant Indians on the trail, and ponds in sunken hollows glinted back the pale glimmering of stars. The faint mist, tangled in the branches of the trees, made them look like ghosts gathered to see her pass. Was this real or was she dreaming? Was she, Shirley Dandridge, really galloping down an open road at midnight—because of the hare-brained maunderings of a half-mad old negro?

The great iron gate of Damory court hung open, and scarcely slackening her pace, she rode through and up the long drive. The gloaming house-front was blank and silent and the huge porch columns looked like lonely gray monoliths in the wan light. Not a twinkle showed at chink or cranny; the ponderous shutters were closed. There was a sense of desertion, of emptiness about the place that brought her heart into her throat with a sickly horrible feeling of certainty.

She jumped down from the blowing horse and hurried around the house. The door of the kitchen was open and a ladder of dim reddish light fell from it across the grass. She ran swiftly and looked in. A huddled figure sat there, rocking to and fro in the lamplight.

"Aunt Judy," she called, "what is the matter?"

The turbaned head turned sharply toward her. "Dat yo', Miss Shirley?" the old woman said huskily. "Is yo' come ter see Mars' John fo' he gwine away? Yo' too late, honey, too late! He done gone ter de deepo fo' he ketch de th'oo train. En, oh, honey, Ah knows in mah ole ha't dat Mars' John ain' nevah gwine come back ter Dam'ry co't-ac-mo'!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Song of the Nightingale.

Along the dark turnpike John Valiant rode with his chin sunk on his breast. He was wretchedly glad of the darkness, for it covered a thousand familiar sights he had grown to love. Yet through the dark came drifting sounds that caught at him with clutching hands—the bay of a hound from some far-off kennel, the whirring note of frogs, the impatient high whinny of a horse across pasture-bars—and his nostrils widened to the wild braided fragrance of the fields over which the mist was spinning its fairy carded wool.

The preparations for his going had been quickly made. He was leaving behind him all but a single portmanteau. Uncle Jefferson had already taken this—with Chum—to the station. The old man had now gone sorrowfully afoot to the blockhouse, a half-mile up the track, to bespeak the stopping of the express. He would go back on the horse his master was riding.

The lonely little depot flanked a siding beside a dismal stretch of yellow clay-bank gouged by rains. Its windows were dark and the weather-beaten plank platform was illuminated by a single lantern that hung on a nail beside the locked door, its sickly flame showing bruise-like through smoky streakings of lamp-black. At one side, in the shadow, was his bag, and beside it the tethered bulldog—sole spot of white against the melancholy forlornness—lying with one splinted leg, like a swaddled ramrod, sticking straight out before him.

In the saddle, Valiant struck his hand hard against his knee. Surely it was a dream! It could not be that he was leaving Virginia, leaving Damory court, leaving her! But he knew that it was not a dream.

Far away, rounding Powhattan Mountain, he heard the long-drawn hoot of the coming train flinging its sky-warning in a host of scampering echoes. Among them mixed another sound of a horse, galloping fast and hard.

His own fidgeted, flung up-wide nostrils and neighed shrilly. Who was coming along that runnelled highway at such an hour in such breakneck fashion?

The train was nearer now; he could hear its low rumbling hum, rising to a roar, and the click and spring of the rails. But though he lifted a foot from the stirrup, he did not dismount. Something in the whirlwind speed of coming caught and held him motionless. He had a sudden curious feeling that all the world beside did not exist; there were only the sweeping rush of the nearing train—impersonal, unhuman—he, sitting his horse in the gloom, and that unknown rider whose anguish of speed outstripped the steam, riding—to whom?

The road skirted the track as it neared the station, and all at once a white glare from the opened fire-box flung itself blindingly across the dark, illuminating like a flare of summer lightning the patch of highway and the rider. Valiant, staring, had an instant's vision of a streaming cloak, of a girl's face, set in a tawny swirl of loosened hair. With a cry that was lost in the shriek of escaping steam, he dragged his plunging horse around and the white blaze swept him also, as the rider pulled down at his side.

"You!" he cried. He leaned and caught the slim hands gripped on the bridle, shaking now. "You!"

The dazzling brightness had gone by, and the air was full of the groaning of the brakes as the long line of darkened sleepers shuddered to its enforced stop. "John!"—He heard the sweet wild cry pierce through the jumble of noises, and something in it set his blood running molten through his veins. It held an agony of relief, of shame and of appeal. "John . . . John!"

And knowing suddenly, though not how or why, that all barriers were swept away, his arms went out and around her, and in the shadow of the lonely little station, they two, in their saddles, clung and swayed together with clasping hands and broken words, while the train, breathing heavily for a resentful second, shrieked itself away into the night, and left only the fragrance from the misty fields, the crowding silence and the sprinkling stars.

The breeze had risen and was blowing the mist away as they went back along the road. A faint light was lifting, forerunner of the moon. They rode side by side, and to the slow gait of the horses, touching noses in low whinnyings of equine comradeship, by the faint glamour they gazed into each other's faces. The adorable tweedy roughness of his shoulder thrilled her cheek.

"And you were going away. Yes, yes, I know. It was my fault. . . . I misunderstood. Forgive me!"

He kissed her hand. "As if there were anything to forgive! Do you remember in the woods, sweetheart, the day it rained? What a brute I was—to fight so! And all the time I wanted to take you in my arms like a little hurt child. . . ."

She turned toward him. "Oh, I wanted you to fight! Even though it was no use. I had given up, but your strength comforted me. To have you surrender, too—"

"It was your face, in the churchyard," he told her. "How pale and worn you looked! It came to me then for the first time how horribly selfish it would be to stay—how much easier going would make it for you."

And to think that it was Mad Anthony—Did the clock really strike thirteen, do you think? Or did I fancy it?"

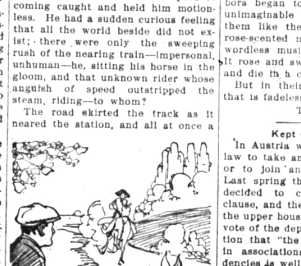
"Why question it?" he said. "I believe in mysteries. The greatest mystery of all is that you should love me. I doubt no miracle hereafter, Dearest, dearest!"

At the entrance of the cherry lane, he fastened his horse to the hedge, and noiselessly let down the pasture-bars for her golden chestnut. When he came back to where she stood waiting on the edge of the lawn, the late moon, golden-textured, was just showing above the rim of the hills, painting the deep soft blueness of the Virginian night with a translucence as pure as prayer. Above the fallen hood of her cloak her hair shone like a nimbus, and the loveliness of her face made him catch his breath for the wonderfulness of it.

As they stood heavened in each other's arms, heart beating against heart, and the whole world throbbing to joy, the nightingale beyond the arbutus began to bubble and thrill its unimaginable melody. It came to them like the voice of the magical rose-scented night itself, set to the wordless music of the silver leaves. It rose and swelled exultant to break and die in a cascade of golden notes.

But in their hearts was the song that is fadeless, immortal.

THE END.



Once on the Red Road, She Let Him Have His Will.

Kept Out of Politics.

In Austria women are forbidden by law to take an active part in politics or to join any political association. Last spring the chamber of deputies decided to cancel the prohibiting clause, and the political committee of the upper house has now indorsed this vote of the deputies, with the explanation that "the part taken by women in associations with political tendencies is well known, and, under the circumstances, can scarcely be prevented." This bill has been sent back to the deputies for further consideration. The women of Austria have been leading an agitation against the rise of prices which they, as housekeepers, feel most acutely. They have been successful in cheapening coal in Vienna and milk in Brunn. The leaders of the movement have been elected to municipal committees, and for the first time a woman has been put on a committee of a town council, viz., that of Housing.

His Tender Spot.

As a certain young artist of New York sat upon his stool on day in the Adirondacks doing a bit of "mountain stuff" there approached him from the rear a native, evidently with ideas of his own touching art.

"Did you ever try photography?" asked the newcomer.

"No," was the curt response of the young artist, who continued his work.

"It's a good deal quicker," suggested the native.

"I suppose it is," surely assented the painter, with another dab of the brush.

"And," the native added, with a dash of malice, "a good deal more like the place."—Lippincott's.

He Knew.

Charles S. Mellen, at a dinner in Boston, said of a bankrupt:

"His bankruptcy was like that which the parent described.

"'Pa, what's a bankruptcy?' a little boy once asked.

"And pa, who had been 'bit' that week, answered bitterly.

"'Bankruptcy, my son, is where you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your wal'—and coat.'"

AIRSHIPS AND SUBMARINES, WASPS OF WAR

Both Are Getting Their First Real Test in This Conflict in Europe.

MAY FIGHT ONE ANOTHER

Each Invention Now Is Prepared to Pull the Other's Sting, But Their Actual Value Is Yet to Be Demonstrated.

Every modern war has been fought with new weapons, and for the last century there have been countless inventions for the carrying on of warfare in a particularly destructive manner, with the philanthropic intent that war was fast becoming so horrible and terrible that it must soon pass away from the face of the earth, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

But it happened that as soon as a particularly horrible contrivance was invented and introduced into armies and navies inventors immediately busied themselves by offsetting and discounting its probable effect. Consequently war not only has not passed away, but we still have it with us. Thus it is that each big war, after being heralded as the world's last conflagration, is found upon examination to be false, and the end of war is not yet arrived.

Trying Out Inventions.

In the present war in Europe there are being tried under the conditions of actual hostilities many improvements and inventions that previously have been tried only under laboratory conditions. Their real worth will only be discovered at the close of the conflict.

No army or navy engaged in the present conflict in Europe but what is possessed of nearly all of the modern improvements made since 1870. The submarine, which was a dream in 1865, is owned by the navy of the smallest power. It is true that single submarines are not expected to accomplish much in a real struggle, so the larger navies of the great powers have fleets of submarines. The aeroplane and the dirigible balloon are to be found in the possession of all armies in Europe today, yet they, too, are only expected to be of real service when they are possessed in large numbers.

The airships and the submarines are the wasps of modern warfare. Like the little insect, while they have a powerful sting, they are very vulnerable, and may be easily crushed and rendered powerless.

Aeroplane and Wireless.

In the recent smaller wars, aeroplans have been used to a limited extent, and this past year have been so much limited that their real efficiency is expected to be finally determined by the present war.

It is much the same with the wireless telegraph. While it was used in the Russo-Japanese war of ten years ago, the apparatus was still rudimentary, and the installations too few, while the range of the apparatus was too limited to show the greatest efficiency. In the intervening decade, however, great advance has been made in wireless. It is now possible and, indeed, is a custom every day, to send and receive messages from a distance of more than 5,000 miles. This, then, is a new and important factor in naval operations, as was seen by the censorship put over the great sending stations on this side of the Atlantic by the United States authorities.

Wireless has also been successfully attached to aeroplanes.

The submarine was in existence in 1904, but it was a very different sea wasp to that which England, France and Germany are using today. Yet its real value is yet to be determined, and it is expected that this demonstration will come during the present conflict.

Rapid Increase of Submarines.

At the time of the Spanish-American war there were only five submarines in all the navies of the world.

The latest edition of Brassey's Naval Annual for this year gives the number of submarines in the various navies, and shows what interest is being taken in the wasp of the sea. Great Britain has 76 built, and is building 20 more; Germany, who only began building a few years ago, already has 27, and is building 12 more; France has 70 and is building 23 additional ones; Russia has 25, and is building 18; while the United States has 29, and is building 21; Austria has 18, and has four under construction, while Italy owns 18, and is building two. Yet the submarine is still an unknown quantity in warfare.

Submarine in War.

Many of the early submarines are small and probably of little efficiency, and France has numerous types about which little is known by the outside world. The German submarines are said to be built along the Holland lines, while the Russian submarines are said to follow one or more of the French types.

The submarine, from a romantic viewpoint, should be a great factor in deciding a naval engagement, but the fact remains that up to the present time it has done nothing to prove its value. It was believed that the moral effect of the submarine would be almost as important as its physical effect upon an enemy's warship, but this belief has not been justified up to the present moment.

There were notions that there would be terrific fights under the seas by submarine meeting submarine and destroying each other. But it has been found that when submerged the submarine is as blind as the traditional bat. Its crew cannot see any object under water, and is compelled to resort to the use of the periscope, which emerges unostentatiously above the water, in order to see its own course.

It is known that the periscope is the eye of the submarine, and naturally attention has been paid to the best way of destroying this vital part of these boats.

Submarine Versus Airships.

The designers of the submarine did not count upon it being seen. It was believed that it would go upon its way, dealing death without observation, although its periscope does make a slight wake and the water, and when submerged there are telltale bubbles. But it has been discovered that from a certain height an observer may trace the course of a submerged submarine with as great accuracy as if it was running on the surface. The dirigible balloon and the aeroplane now can ferret out the sneaking submarine, and they both are supposed to be armed to destroy the warship that moves like a fish.

Physics of the Emotions

The exaltation of victory makes wounded soldiers oblivious of pain, and the depression of defeat increases mortality. If a cat is frightened for ten or fifteen minutes by a barking dog, a sample of its blood will make stripe of certain muscles relax when they are immersed in it, though such a portion of blood had no effect on them before the emotional disturbances. Frightened rabbits show almost complete prostration, and their brain cells, in contrast with those of normal animals, take a deeper stain from certain chemicals, and their size and shape are strikingly altered. Finally, if an individual is placed in circuit with a delicate galvanometer and made to laugh, to feel sad, or is suddenly surprised, there will be movements in the instrument indicating the passage of small electric currents. Such interesting scientific facts as these, and many others, make it clearly evident that emotions are something more than mere states of mind. Fred W. Eastman, in Harper's Magazine.

Too Significant an Appeal.

A retired naval officer became the rector of a country parish. His parishioners, wishing to give him a surprise, subscribed amongst themselves and bought a flag for the church tower. Directly the old gentleman saw it he flew into a violent rage, and ordered it to be taken down at once. One of his parishioners asked him why he did not like it. "Allow that flag to fly on my church tower!" he raved. "Never! It's an insult. Do you know what that particular flag signifies, sir? It means 'In distress; want a pilot.'"

Panama sends about 5,000,000 cocoanuts a year to the United States.

WASTE LAND MADE FERTILE

Remarkable Results Have Followed Experiments Only Recently Undertaken in Egypt.

As an indication of the ultimate outcome in the great delta of Egypt, where 1,500,000 acres of wash salt land awaits development, toward the end of 1912 about 800 acres of absolutely waste land at Biala were taken in hand. The land was so heavily impregnated with salt that for ages nothing had grown on it. A scientific system of irrigation and drainage was laid out, under direction of Lord Kitchener, at a cost of $50 an acre, and it was then handed over to the fellaheen in five-acre plots for cultivation. Last year the land was washed, and a crop of rice was grown, giving a satisfactory yield. After the rice crop the salt distribution was measured, and the percentage was considerably reduced. To the great astonishment of the fellaheen cultivators, a permanent result had been achieved in one year, which under the ordinary system prevailing in the country would have taken three or four years to accomplish. Cotton is now, therefore, being satisfactorily grown on a fair proportion of this area, and it is expected that it will bring from $75 to $100 an acre.

Counting Up Fines.

"Are the running expenses of an automobile very high?"

"Not if the motorcycle cop fails to get your number."

DEFINITE PURPOSE IN LIFE

Something That Should Be Required by Every Woman Who Has Place in the Business World.

It is a fact that many women have no definite desire to get anywhere in the work they are doing. They consider their job as the least important thing in their lives, and rarely have a plan tending toward ultimate expansion and a time when they can feel they have accomplished what they started to do.

Men have quite another point of view. The boy in his teens is already thinking and planning some path in life that will take him somehow to the top. He is perhaps deeply interested in some profession or trade; he means to "be something."

Work toward something fixed. Maybe it is a small place of your own some time in the beyond, out in the green country. Maybe it is the top of the work you are now doing. Maybe it is an independent business of your own. Whatever it may be, keep your mind turned toward it, put your effort into realizing it, into saving for it, into the necessary study and growth that must accompany it.

Your life will be far more interesting and worth while if you do work with some such definite mark. Possibly your ideal may change later, you may decide that there is something else that seems more worth your endeavor. But a head at present toward what you desire.