The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS By LAUREN STOUT

COPYRIGHT BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

To be outside! All that light and color and comfort and pleasure would hum and sparkle on just the same, though he was no longer within the circle of its effulgence—slaving perhaps, he thought with a twisted smile, at some tawdry occupation that called for no experience, to pay for a meal in some second-rate restaurant and a pallet in some shabby-genteel, hall bedroom, till his clothes were replaced by ill-fitting "hand-me-downs"—till by wretched gradations he arrived finally at the status of the dime seat in the gallery and five-cent cigars!

There was one way back. It lay through the hackneyed gateway of marriage. Youth, comeliness and fine linen, in the world he knew, were a fair exchange for wealth any day. "Cutlet for cutlet"—the satiric phrase ran through his mind. Why not? Others did so. And as for himself, it perhaps need be no question of plain and spinstered millions—there was Katharine Fargo!

In his heart John Valiant was aware, by those subtle signs which men and women alike distinguish, that while Katharine Fargo loved first and foremost her own wonderful person, he had been an easy second in her regard.

John Valiant looked down at the bulldog squatted on the floor, his eyes shining in the dimness. A little hot ripple had run over him. "Not on your life, Chum!" he said. "No shameless barter! There must be other things besides money and social position in this doddering old world, after all! We're going to begin something for ourselves, if it's only raising cabbages! And we're going to stand it without any baby-aching—the nurse never held our noses when we took our castor-oil!"

It was folded down, that old bright page. Finis had been written to the rose-colored chapter. And even as he told himself, he was conscious of a new rugged something that had been slowly dawning within him, a sense of courage, even of zest, and a furious hatred of the self-pity that had wrenched him even for a moment.

He turned from the window, picked up his letters, and followed by the dog, went slowly up another flight to his room.

* * * * * * * *

He tore open the letters abstractedly; the usual dinner-card or two, a tailor's spring announcement, a chronic serial from an exclamatory marble-quarrying company, a quarterly statement of a club house-committee. The last two missives bore a nondescript look.

One was small, with the name of a legal firm in its corner. The other was largish, corpulent and heavy, of stout Manila paper, and bore, down one side, a gaudy procession of postage stamps proclaiming that it had been registered.

"What's in that, I wonder?" he said to himself, and then, with a smile at the unmasculine speculation, opened the smaller envelope.

"Dear Sir," began the letter, in the most uncompromisingly conventional of typewriting.

"Dear Sir:

"Enclosed please find, with title-deed, a memorandum opened in your name by the late John Valiant some years before his death. It was his desire that the services indicated in connection with this estate should continue till this date. We hand you herewith our check for $236.20 (two hundred and thirty-six dollars and twenty cents), the balance in your favor, for which please send receipt,

"And oblige,

"Yours very truly,

"Emerson and Ball."

"(Enclosure)"

He turned to the memorandum. It showed a sizable initial deposit against which was entered a series of annual tax payments with minor disbursements credited to "inspection and care." The tax receipts were pinned to the account.

The larger wrapper contained an unsealed envelope, across which was written in faded ink and in an unfamiliar dashing, slanting handwriting, his own name. The envelope contained a creased yellow parchment, from between whose folds there clumped and fluttered down upon the floor a long flattish object wrapped in a paper, a newspaper clipping and a letter.

Puzzled he unfolded the crackling thing in his hands. "Why," he said half aloud, "it's—it's a deed made over to me." He overran it swiftly. "Part of an old Colony grant * * * a plantation in Virginia, twelve hundred odd acres, given under the hand of a vice-regal governor in the sixteenth century. I had no idea titles in the United States went back so far as that!" His eye fled to the end. "It was my father's! What could he have wanted of an estate in Virginia? It must have come into his hands in the course of business."

He picked up the newspaper clipping. It was worn and broken in the folds as if it had been carried for months in a pocketbook.

"It will interest readers of this section of Virginia (the paragraph began) to learn, from a recent transfer received for record at the County Clerk's office, that Damory Court has passed to Mr. John Valiant, minor—"

He turned the paper over and found a date; it had been printed in the year of the transfer to himself, when he was six years old—the year his father had died.

"—John Valiant, minor, the son of the former owner.

"There are few indeed who do not recall the tragedy with which in the public mind the estate is connected. The fact, moreover, that this old homestead has been left in its present state (for, as is well known, the house has remained with all its contents and furnishings untouched) to rest during so long a term of years unoccupied, could not, of course, fail to be commented on, and this circumstance alone has perhaps tended to keep alive a melancholy story which may well be forgotten."

He read the elaborate, rather stilted phraseology in the twenty-year-old paper with a wondering interest. "An old house," he mused, "with a bad name. Probably he couldn't sell it, and maybe nobody would ever live in it. That would explain why it remained so long unoccupied—why there are no records of rentals. Probably the land was starved and run down.

"It's an off-set to the hall-bedroom idea, at any rate," he said to himself humorously. "It holds out an escape from the noble army of rent-payers. When my twenty-eight hundred is gone, I could live down there a landed proprietor, and by the same mark an honorary colonel, and raise the cabbages I was talking about—eh, Chum?—while you stalk rabbits. How does that strike you?"

He laughed whimsically. He, John Valiant, of New York, first-nighter at its theaters, hail-fellow-well-met in its club corridors and welcome diner at any one of a hundred brilliant glass- and silver-twinkling supper tables, en-

For a Long Time John Valiant Sat Motionless, the Opened Letter in His Hand, Staring at Nothing.

tombed on the wreck of a Virginia plantation, a would-be country gentleman, on an automobile and next to nothing a year!

He bethought himself of the fallen letter and possessed himself of it quickly. It lay with the superscription side down. On it was written, in the same hand which had addressed the other envelope:

For my son, John Valiant.
When he reaches the age of twenty-five.

That, then, had been written by his father—and he had died nearly twenty years ago! He broke the seal with a strange feeling as if, walking in some familiar thoroughfare, he had stumbled on a lichened and sunken tombstone.

"When you read this, my son, you will have come to man's estate. It is curious to think that this black, black ink may be faded to gray and this white, white paper yellowed, just from lying waiting so long. But strangest of all is to think that you yourself whose brown head hardly tops this desk, will be as tall (I hope) as I! How I wonder what you will look like then! And shall I—the real, real I, I mean—be peering over your strong broad shoulder as you read? Who knows? Wise men have dreamed such a thing possible—and I am not a bit wise.

"John, you will not have forgotten that you are a Valiant. But you are also a Virginian. Will you have discovered this for yourself? Here is the deed to the land where I and my father, and his father, and many, many more Valiants before them were born. Sometime, perhaps, you will know why you are John Valiant of New York instead of John Valiant of Damory Court. I can not tell you myself, because it is too true a story, and I have forgotten how to tell any but fairy tales, where everything happens right, where the Prince marries the beautiful Princess and they live happily together ever after.

"You may never care to live at Damory Court. Maybe the life you will know so well by the time you read this will have welded you to itself. If so, well and good. Then leave the old place to your son. 'But there is such a thing as racial habit, and the call of blood. And I know there is such a thing, too, as fate. 'Every man carries his fate on a riband about his neck;' so the Moslem put it. It was my fate to go away, and I know now—since distance is not made by miles alone—that I myself shall never see Damory Court again. But life is a strange wheel that goes round and round and comes back to the same point again and again. And it may be your fate to go back. Then perhaps you will cry (but, oh, not on the old white bear's skin rug—never again with me holding your small, small hand!)—

"'Wishing-House! Wishing-House! Where are you?'

"And this old parchment deed will answer—

"'Here I am, Master; here I am!'

"Ah, we are only children, after all, playing out our plays. I have had many toys, but O John, John! The ones I treasure most are all in the Never-Never Land!"

CHAPTER IV.

A Valiant of Virginia.

For a long time John Valiant sat motionless, the opened letter in his hand, staring at nothing. He had the sensation, spiritually, of a traveler awakened with a rude shock amid wholly unfamiliar surroundings.

He was trying to remember—to put two and two together. His father had been Southern-born; yes, he had known that. But he had known nothing whatever of his father's early days, or of his forebears; since he had been old enough to wonder about such things, he had had no one to ask questions of.

Phrases of the letter ran through his mind: "Sometime, perhaps, you will know why you are John Valiant of New York instead of John Valiant of Damory Court * * * I cannot tell you myself." There was some tragedy, then, that had blighted the place, some "melancholy story," as the clipping put it.

He bent over the deed spread out upon the table, following with his finger the long line of transfers: "'To John Valyante,'" he muttered; "what odd spelling! 'Robert Valyant'—without the 'e.' Here, in 1730, the 'y' begins to be 'i.'" There was something strenuous and appealing in the long line of dates. "Valiant. Always a Valiant. How they held on to it! There's never a break."

A curious pride, new-born and self-conscious, was dawning in him. He was descended from ancestors who had been no weaklings. A Valiant had settled on those acres under a royal governor, before the old frontier fighting was over and the Indians had sullenly retired to the westward. The sons of those who had braved sea and savages had bowed their strong bodies and their stronger hearts to raze the forests and turn the primeval jungles into golden plantations.

There stole into his mood an eery suggestion of intention. Why should the date assigned for that deed's delivery have been the very day on which he had elected poverty? Here was a foreordination as pointed as the index-finger of a guide-post. "'Every man carries his fate,'" he repeated, "'on a riband about his neck.' Chum, do you believe in fate?"

For answer the bulldog, cocking an alert eye on his master, discontinued his occupation—a conscientious if unsuccessful mastication of the flattish packet that had fallen from the folded deed—and with much solicitous tail-wagging, brought the sodden thing in his mouth and put it into the outstretched hand.

His master unrolled the pulpy wad and extricated the object it had enclosed—an old-fashioned iron door-key.

* * * * * * * *

After a time Valiant thrust the key into his pocket, and rising, went to a trunk that lay against the wall. Searching in a portfolio, he took out a small old-fashioned photograph, much battered and soiled. It had been cut from a larger group and the name of the photographer had been erased from the back. He set it upright on the desk, and bending forward, looked long at the face it disclosed. It was the only picture he had ever possessed of his father.

He turned and looked into the glass above the dresser. The features were the same, eyes, brow, lips, and strong waving hair. But for its time-stains the photograph might have been one of himself, taken yesterday.

CHAPTER V.

On the Red Road.

The green, mid-May Virginian afternoon was arched with a sky as blue as the tiles of the Temple of Heaven and steeped in a wash of sunlight as yellow as gold. Nothing in all the springy landscape but looked warm and opalescent and inviting—except a tawny bull that from across a barred fence-corner switched a truculent tail in silence and glowered sullenly at the big motor halted motionless at the side of the twisting road.

Curled worm-like in the driver's seat, with his chin on his knees, John Valiant sat with his eyes upon the distance. For an hour he had whirred through that wondrous shimmer of color with a flippant loitering breeze in his face, sweet from the crimson clover that poured and rooted over the roadside.

"Chum, old man," said Valiant, with his arm about the bulldog's neck, "if those color-photograph chaps had shown us this, we simply wouldn't have believed it, would we? Such scenery beats the roads we're used to, what?" He wound his strong fingers in a choking grip in the scruff of the white neck, as a chipmunk chattered by on the low stone wall. "No, you don't you cannibal! He's a jolly little beggar and he doesn't deserve being eaten!"

He filled his briar-wood pipe and drew in great breaths of the fragrant incense. "What a pity you don't smoke, Chum; you miss such a lot!"

After a time he shook himself and knocked the red core from the pipe-bowl against his boot-heel. "I hate to start," he confessed, half to the dog and half to himself. "To leave anything so sheerly beautiful as this! However, on with the dance! By the road map the village can't be far now. So long, Mr. Bull!"

He clutched the self-starter. But there was only a protestant wheeze; the car declined to budge. Climbing down, he cranked vigorously. The motor turned over with a surly grunt of remonstrance and after a tentative throb-throb coughed and stopped dead. Something was wrong. With a sigh he flung off his tweed jacket, donned a smudgy "jumper," opened his tool-box, and, with a glance at his wrist-watch which told him it was three o'clock, threw up the monster's hood and went bitterly to work.

At half past three the investigation had got as far as the lubricator. At four o'clock the bulldog had given it up and gone nosing afield. At half past four John Valiant lay flat on his back, like some disreputable stevedore, alternately tinkering with refractory valves and cursing the obdurate mechanism. A sharp stone gnawed frenziedly into the small of his back and just as he made a final vicious lunge, something gave way and a prickling red-hot stab of pain shot zigzagging from his smitten crazy-bone through every tortured crevice of his impatient frame. Like steel from flint it struck out a crisp oath that brought an answering bovine snort from the fence-corner.

Worming like a lizard to freedom, his eyes puckered shut with the wretched pang, John Valiant sat up and shook his grimy fist in the air. "You silly loafing idiot!" he cried. "Thump your own crazy-bone and see how you like it! You—oh, lord!"

His arm dropped, and a flush spread over his face to the brow. For his eyes had opened. He was gesturing not at the bull but at a girl, who fronted him beside the road, haughtiness in the very hue of her gray-blue linen walking suit and, in the clear-cut cameo face under her felt cavalry hat, myrtle-blue eyes that held a smolder of mingled astonishment and indignation. An instant he gazed, all the muscles of his face tightened with chagrin.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't see you. I really didn't. I was—I was talking to the bull."

The girl had been glancing from the flushed face to the thistly fence-corner, while the startled dignity of her features warred with an unmistakable tendency to mirth. He had struggled to his feet, nursing his bruised elbow, irritably conscious of his resemblance to an emerging chimney-sweep. "I don't habitually swear," he said, "but I'd got to the point when something had to explode."

"Oh," she said, "don't mind me!" Then mirth conquered and she broke forth suddenly into a laugh that seemed to set the whole place aquiver with a musical contagion. They both laughed in concert, while the bull pawed the ground and sent forth a rumbling bellow of affront and challenge.

She was the first to recover. "You did look so funny!" she gasped.

"I can believe it," he agreed, making a vicious dab at his smudged elbow. "The possibilities of a motor for comedy are simply stupendous."

She came closer and looked curiously at the quiescent monster—at the steamer-trunk strapped on the carrier and the bulging portmanteau peeping over the side of the tonneau. "Is it broken?"

"Merely on strike, I imagine. Are we far from the village?"

"About a mile and a half."

"I'll have to have it towed after me. The immediate point is my traps. I wonder if there is likely to be a team passing."

"I'm afraid it's not too certain," answered the girl, and now he noted the liquid modulation, with its slightly questioning accent, charmingly Southern. "There is no livery, but there is a negro who meets the train sometimes. I can send him if you like."

"You're very good," said Valiant as she turned away, "and I'll be enormously obliged. Oh—and if you see a white dog, don't be frightened if he

She Was the First to Recover. "You Did Look So Funny!"

tries to follow you. He's perfectly kind."

She looked back momentarily.

"He—he always follows people he likes, you see—"

"Thank you," she said. The tone had now a hint—small, yet perceptible—of aloofness. "I'm not in the least afraid of dogs." And with a little nod, she swung briskly on up the Red Road.

John Valiant stood staring after her till she had passed from view around a curve. "Oh, glory!" he muttered. "To begin by shaking your fist at her and end by making her wonder if you aren't trying to be fresh! You poor, profane, floundering dolt!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No, Cordelia, you can't settle a doctor's bill by returning his calls.

COST OF WAR DURING 1913

Many Converts Made to Peace Cause by the Fierce Struggle in the Balkans.

The Balkan war has made innumerable converts to the peace cause, declares Frederick Lynch in the Yale Review. It has revolted the twentieth century conscience. It has made thousands ask the question that Life asked under its famous picture: "Must It Always Be?" More men than ever have said: "Surely there must be some better way!" Many are saying: "Is what one gets worth the price paid for it?" This change of heart has been noticeable in the daily press. There has been a distinct progress toward the advocacy of judicial methods during the year. This has not all been due to the exhibition of savage hatred in the Balkans, nor to the inhuman atrocities perpetrated by all concerned, but it was partly come about from the revelation of the futility of it all. Hundreds and thousands of lives have been lost, thousands of homes are fatherless and poverty stricken the nations are bankrupt and without resources for the future; for the next hundred years taxes will be of abnormal proportions; worst of all, there are no young men left to breed a future race. It has all caused many to ask if wars accomplish anything in the long run that could not much better be gained by judicial and peaceable methods. I have a lurking suspicion, from what I heard in Italy last year, that many Italians feel the same way after the war in Tripoli. Everywhere, in England and America, as well as in Germany, many have been asking: "Who starts war scares? Who advocates increase of armaments and big navies?" Yes, "Who originates wars themselves?"

New Industry in Mississippi.

The advent of the Mexican cotton boll weevil has caused at least one new industry to spring up in Pike county, namely, the gathering, drying, grinding and shipping leaves of the sassafras tree to be used as an article of commerce. The product is known as "file," and seven barrels of it, aggregating 750 pounds, were shipped to New Orleans from here recently by F. W. Allen, a progressive farmer, residing seven miles east of Magnolia. Mr. Allen has a mill made specially for grinding "file," and he shipped a small quantity of it last year. While the article is used extensively in the preparation of "gumbo file," the delicious soup which has made French cooking famous, the demand for it is very limited. The leaves are gathered in July and August, and are thoroughly dried in the shade before being carried to the mill. It requires about three hundred pounds of green leaves to make one hundred pounds of meal.—Magnolia News.

Postage Stamps.

The postage stamp first made its appearance in 1839. Its inventor was James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, who died in 1853. England adopted the adhesive stamp in 1839, and issued the first stamps for the use of the public in 1840. A year later stamps were introduced into the United States and Switzerland, and soon afterward made their appearance in France, Belgium and Bavaria.

GET THE PUBLIC INTERESTED

Salesman Who Can Do That, and Has the Right Goods, May Be Sure of Success.

"Attract the attention of the public," is the secret of salesmanship in virtually every line. Next comes the merit of the goods. Upon the latter depends whether the dealer holds his trade. Many ingenious methods are employed in salesmanship. The art becomes closely related to human nature.

An Albany cigar dealer has demonstrated explicitly just how far the eye enters into the question. He discovered he was stocked with a brand of cigarettes that were proving "stickers." Instead of reducing the price and consequently losing money, or barely clearing at cost, he devised a new method. He ranged a half dozen boxes along the top of his show cases. Each was inclosed in a glass case of its own. Naturally the attention of the customer was attracted by their individuality.

Those cigarettes were disposed of at a profit. That Albany cigar dealer discovered something that is making money for him. That little idea of individuality he is applying to every line of his goods that incline to "go slow."

Diplomacy Needed.

Women were holding a market in a Columbus store when the supply of cottage cheese began to run low. The demand for the cheese was so great that the women worried because they had not brought in a larger supply. Finally one of them declared she could present a solution for the trouble. She seized a real egg and broke it. She beat the egg to a frothy mass. Then she worked the beaten egg into the rapidly diminishing supply of cottage cheese and, behold, one quart had grown to three quarts. A merchant bought the whole supply.

"Just leave it here until noon and I will take it home," he said.

When he returned the beaten egg had collapsed and there was only the original amount of cottage cheese in the can. The explanations required diplomacy.—Indianapolis News.

Happy Bake Days

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings.

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

BUILT ON GREAT ORE BANK

Site of Minnesota City Will Be Moved So That Riches Underneath May Be Mined.

One billion dollars of value is concentrated within the six miles square of a single township in the Minnesota iron region. Stunts township, containing the cities of Hibbing and Chisholm, is an almost continuous mass of high-grade ore, about five hundred feet in depth. The value of the score of big properties—including the two greatest iron ore producers in the world—is not less than one billion dollars. But Hibbing, sitting on a mine, is not happy. It has to move. The property was acquired subject to mineral rights (says the World's Work). The mining pits, opened by steam shovels from one to five miles in three directions and converging at the city limits, show that the city's 10,000 inhabitants dwell on a great bank of solid ore. The fee and lease holders express a desire to be liberal and to pay generous damages to property owners, but the city must change its base. It is moving along on the installment plan, and soon a brand-new Hibbing will appear nearby, with schools, churches, banks, parks, and libraries.

MADE USE OF THE SAMPLES

Truthful Traveler Tells Remarkable Story Concerning Doings of the Ostrich in Africa.

"Doubtless," said the professor of natural history, to the returned traveler, "you have picked up many strange bits of information regarding the animals and birds of the countries you have visited."

"A few," answered the traveler. "The most interesting thing I ever heard, however, was a story I got in Africa. It seems that a year or so ago a representative of a rubber stamp house went through there and lost his sample case, containing all kinds of office stamping apparatus. It appears that some ostriches found his sample case, broke it open, and swallowed the samples."

"I see nothing odd about that. Ostriches will eat anything."

"Yes; but now every ostrich egg that is found there is seen to be numbered and dated!"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Pat's Whereabouts.

An English mill manager one day missing one of his workmen who chanced to be an Irishman, searched his yard, but in vain. After some time Pat returned, and, being accused of his absence by the manager, who said he had searched the four corners of the yard for him, Pat replied: "Ah, sir, sure 'twas in the center I was."

Nightly coughing and torturing throat-tickle quickly relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all Druggists.

Scant.

"There's one thing about these new styles."

"Shoot."

"The women have stopped complaining that they haven't much to wear."

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Breakage Not Feared.

"Columbus stood an egg on end to illustrate the shape of the earth."

"Yes. But that was when eggs were cheap enough to take chances with."

The Next Thing.

"Appearances are against you."

"Then tell me quickly what it is that fronts me."

Of One Accord.

Two men who had long been on bad terms with each other met one day and said one to the other, "What's the sense of two intelligent men goin' along month after month like a couple o' wild cats spittin' at each other? It's a burnin' shame that we two be actin' like a couple of boobies. Shake hands and come and have a drink!" The other assenting, they went to the nearest bar. After the drinks had been taken, a silence fell between the two. "What are you thinkin' about?" asked one. "Oi'm thinkin' the same thing that you are," was the reply. "So," said the first, "ye're startin' agin, are ye?"

ITCHING TERRIBLE ON LIMB

R. F. D. No. 3, Clarkfield, Minn.—"My trouble was of long standing. It started with some small red and yellow spots about the size of a pin head on my leg and every morning there was a dry scale on top covering the affected part and when those scales were falling off the itching was more than I could stand at times. The first year I did not mind it so much as it was only itching very badly at times, but the second year it advanced all around my leg and the itching was terrible. I had to be very careful to have my clothing around the affected part very loose. At night time I often happened to scratch the sore in my sleep. Then I had to stand up, get out of bed and walk the floor till the spell was over.

"I bought lots of salves and tried many different kinds of medicine but without any success. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and when I had used them I was nearly over the itching. But I kept on with the Cuticura Soap for six weeks and the cure was complete." (Signed) S. O. Gorden, Nov. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Father," said Robert, "you were awfully good when you were a boy, weren't you?"

"What makes you think so, my son?" asked his father.

"Why, every time I do anything grandma doesn't like, she always says: 'I never knew my George to do things like that.' So I think you must have been good. But, father, you know I can't help but feel sorry for you."

"Why so, Robert?" inquired his father.

"Because you were so good you must have missed a lot of fun."

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED?
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have proved their worth for 75 years. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

The Oldest Ship.

Said to be the oldest ship in the world in active service, the Copenhagen yacht Constance has been sold to a fisherman of Skaw, in Jutland, who will use the ancient craft in his trade. The Constance was built one hundred and ninety-three years ago, and in her long life she has sailed into almost every port in the world. Her timbers are still staunch, and her new owner declares he can see no reason why she should not sail the seas for a century to come.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Have to Stay In.

Yeast—This paper says that the Civic federation in Boston would have rug beating in the back yard stopped.

Crimsonbeak—Too bad. Those Boston husbands won't be able to "beat it" over the back fence at night now.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the easiest to use. Adv.

Diamond production in German southwest Africa is reported unusually large.

TOWN WASHINGTON LOVED

THE RESIDENCE OF LORD FAIRFAX AT ALEXANDRIA VA.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA

THE OLD GRAVEYARD SURROUNDING "CHRIST" WASHINGTON'S CHURCH"

WOMEN have done much at Alexandria, Va., to preserve the relics of the days of George Washington. It is not the capital of the nation, despite its name, that is richest in intimate associations with the life of the first president, but Alexandria, which stands midway between Mount Vernon and the city of Washington.

Alexandria played no small part in the formative years of Washington's youth and early manhood. A representative Virginia town, it stood then and for generations later for all that was best of colonial standards. Its people had much to do with the molding of Washington's character, and Washington richly repaid Alexandria, or Belle Haven as it was first called, by his never failing concern for its welfare and advancement.

Probably no surviving structure in Alexandria harbored Washington within its hospitable walls more frequently than the old Carlyle house, and certainly none was more directly associated with the foundation of the military side of his life. Strange as it may seem, for many years this historical landmark has been hidden away behind the battered front of Alexandria's once noted hotel, the Braddock house, occupying one corner of the inner courtyard, shut away from the public gaze and denied the outlook of the broad approach which it once enjoyed in the days of its well nigh baronial importance. Until a few years ago the Carlyle house was largely used as a storage place by a local dealer in colonial antiques, but a few patriotic Virginia women saved the building from further indignity, though not entirely from danger, as the old furniture found a new abiding place within the still more inflammable Braddock house, adjoining.

In 1752 John S. Carlyle imported from the Isle of Wight the stone of which the house is built, and he absorbed for part of the foundation a portion of an old fort which had been built many years before for the protection of the English traders at Hunting Creek, as the place was then known, against the Indians. The barracks of that ancient defense became the cellar of the Carlyle house, and in those cool, dark, dry retreats were stored in Washington's day the bulging casks, cob-webbed bottles, and delicious old hams for which Virginia has long been noted.

Another part of the old fort forms the plaza at the rear of the house upon which the broad central hallway opens. It was upon this plaza, in the far away days, that the Carlyles and their guests gathered on summer evenings to discuss the questions of the time or to pass the hours chatting over a hearsome glass amid the soothing smoke of the fragrant Oronoko. It was there the young people watched the moon rise over the river and took their pleasures in the decorous manner of those days.

Then, the gardens ran down to the river's bank and overlooked the docks at which the trading craft were moored—trading craft that came from over the seas to barter the silks and riches of the east and the tropic abundance of the West Indies in return for the famous tobacco with which Alexandria's one big warehouse was filled. That was a period of bounteous hospitality and courtly grace.

On the right of the broad hallway is the large drawing room. In Washington's day it was finished in gold and white, and there on many occasions he took an active part in ball and festivity and led many a fair Virginian through the stately steps of the minuet and the less exacting reel. The hallway itself, if tradition be correct, is not without its sentimental interest, for it was at the foot of the beautiful staircase of solid mahogany that Washington awaited the coming of the lovely Sally Fairfax upon a particular evening and while escorting her into the ballroom offered her his heart, which she rejected.

On the opposite side of this same hall is the blue and white room, which was John Carlyle's particular retreat. Within that room Washington received his commission as a member of General Braddock's staff in 1755. What that meant to Washington we can only partly divine, but there is no doubt of its significance to us as a nation because of what it taught him of the fighting ways of the British soldier.

From the broad portico of Mount Vernon Washington saw Braddock arrive with his transports and his regiments of red coated soldiery and pass onward to Alexandria, nine miles above, coming with the splendid traditions of the king's troops and with all the martial fanfare of regulars. As a leader of the local provincial troops Washington had won for himself a creditable renown, but here were soldiers supposedly of sterner stuff and higher military capabilities.

General Braddock promptly accepted the hospitable invitation of John Carlyle and established his headquarters under the roof of that gracious host, the little blue and white room becoming the council chamber in which were planned the preparations for that memorable but ill fated campaign against the Indians, Washington's previous experience as a leader of local troops against the savages made him welcome at those conferences and his keen judgment and practical advice earned for him Braddock's admiration and the invitation to serve upon the British general's staff. It is enough to add that in the trying work that followed the British records testify that "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers," and Washington came out of the strife unscathed and riper for the far more serious task that lay ahead of him.

The architectural student will find much to interest him and to warrant study in the Carlyle house. The old windows, the doorways, the primitive cupboards, chairboards, doorsteps, cornices, molding, etc., are exquisite in taste and rich in quaintness and elegance of detail. There they are as they were in Washington's time, and in common with the rest of the mansion are regarded as among the best specimens of the so-called colonial style.

In February, 1752, a market was instituted in Alexandria and the citizens were justly proud of their enterprise. The market place then lay directly in front of the approach to the Carlyle house and that same mart of country produce was intimately identified with Washington's domestic life at Mount Vernon and was one other means of displaying his common sense. We of today know but little of the hardships of that colonial period, and feasting was not always as abundant as the story book would have it. Rev. Mr. Weems, that chatty chronicler of the times, tells us that Alexandria then boasted more rightly of its beauty than its means of charming the palate.

"The neighborhood of Belle Haven was not a desert; on the contrary it was in many places a garden spot, abounding with luxuries. But its inhabitants, the wealthy, were not wise. By the successful culture of tobacco they had money. And having filled their coach houses with gilt carriages and their dining rooms with gilt glasses they began to look down upon the poorer sort and to talk about families.

"Of course it would never do for such great people to run market carts! Hence the poor Belle Havenites, though embosomed in plenty, were often in danger of gnawing their nails. And unless they could cater a lamb from some good natured 'cracker' or a leash of chickens from the Sunday negroes were obliged to sit down with long faces to a half graced dinner of salt meat and journey cake.

"This was the order of the day, A. D. '53, when Washington, just married to the wealthy young widow Custis, had settled at Mount Vernon, nine miles below Belle Haven. The unpleasant situation of the families at that place soon reached his ears. To a man of his character, with too much spirit to follow a bad example when he had the power to set a good one and too much wit to look for happiness anywhere but in his own bosom, it could not long be questionable what part he had to act.

"A market cart was instantly constructed, and regularly three times a week sent off to Belle Haven filled with nice roasters, kidney covered lamb and veal, green geese, fat ducks and gobblers, chickens by the basket, fresh butter, new laid eggs, vegetables and fruits of all sorts. Country gentlemen dining with their friends in town very soon remarked the welcome change in diet. 'Bless us all,' exclaimed they, 'what's the meaning of this? You invited us to family fare and here you have given us a lord mayor's feast.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'thank God for sending a Colonel Washington into our neighborhood.'"

Cut Off.

The world is well aware that a stern kaiser has forbidden his officers to dance the tango or to go to tango parties. They say that a young lieutenant met a friend in the streets of Berlin the other day and embraced him with fervor.

"I'm dying of loneliness!" said the lieutenant.

"What!" said the friend, "lonely in Berlin!"

"Just that," returned the other. "You can't go to anybody's house any more. They all dance the tango."—New York Evening Post.

HAD THE STAFF GUESSING

New Reporter's Monumental Bluff Almost Deserved to Succeed, But He Overlooked One Point.

The New Reporter (going to the telephone and ostentatiously starting the machinery)—Hello, central! Let me have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You giddy little thing! No, I said twenty-seven. Twen-ty-sev— Hello! Is that 2745 C? Is Mr. Sawgertees Devoy in the office? Will you tell him that Mr. Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.

(The other reporters listen in awe-struck silence.)

The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devoy? My name is— Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday? What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Dinner? You're extremely kind. At Shery's? What? And a bottle? (Surging interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday at eight. But really I—

City Editor (in his everyday voice)—I have some work here, McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning.—Puck.

Dangerous Mistake.

A hobby is all right, as long as you don't mistake it for a principle.

BICYCLE NURSE IS LATEST

So Well Drilled Is This Berlin Corps They Often Beat the Hospital Ambulance.

The bicycle nurse is the most recent addition to the city hospital corps in Germany. The idea originated in Berlin.

In that city women nurses are given bicycles, and now a corps of these highly trained and drilled women is sent to the scene of any accident at a moment's notice. With such speed do they get ready to start that often they arrive on the scene before the hospital ambulance.

Many lives have been saved by this almost instantaneous response to a hurried call for help. There is much that the nurse can do before the ambulance comes, and not infrequently these few moments mean the saving of life.

Each nurse wears a plain dark costume. There is a short skirt, a simple blouse, with white turnover linen collar, and a dark peaked cap with a triangle of stiff white linen in front. The nurse carries her small outfit strapped under the saddle of her bicycle.

Tactless.

I say you with my first husband on the street yesterday, Mr. Singleton."

"Yes, Mrs. Oftwed."

"By the way, did he say anything about me?"

"Not a word. We were just having a pleasant little chat, you know."

HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

INCREASED VALUE OF LANDS

Advance Is Due Essentially to Decreased Cost of Hauling Different Farm Products to Market.

It is a matter of common observation that, when any community has passed from a condition dominated by bad roads to a condition which is characterized by good roads, land values in that community advance. It is plain that no system of good roads can directly improve the soil fertility or the quality of farms. It is equally true that good roads can and do directly improve the site value, or the value which accrues to the farm by

A Southern Road Before Improvement.

virtue of its situation with respect to markets, schools, and towns, and the accessibility of these.

In dealing with this matter of increased farm values from a strictly economic standpoint, it has been pointed out and it is worth remembering, that where farms have advanced in value the advance is due essentially to decreased hauling costs. The advance in farm values, in other words, measures partly the increased value of the farm as a plant for the business of farming. That increment of value which is due to those things that are described as social advantages or improved social conditions has no numerical measure.

When his road is improved the landowner appreciates the improvement and frequently sets an increased value upon his land. It is difficult, however, to analyze the entire increment of value which follows good roads. There is no doubt that the cost of good roads is met by some form of taxation, which, in many instances, causes the land owners to add to the selling price of their land that amount which they estimate the good road has cost them in taxes.

This process is more distinctly observed in city property transfers, where direct assessments for sewers, sidewalks, and pavements are invariably added to the original cost of the property. The important point that is becoming more and more understood by land owners is that good roads require a considerable investment of capital, and furthermore that such an investment is a paying one. Here are a few instances of actual conditions which have been observed in various parts of the country.

In Lee county, Virginia, a farmer owned 100 acres between Ben Hur and Jonesville, which he offered to sell for $1,800. Two or three years ago this road was improved, and although that farmer fought the improvement, he has since refused $3,000 for his farm. Along this same road a tract of 188 acres was supposed to have been sold for $6,000. The purchaser refused the contract and the owner threatened to sue him. After the road improvement, and without any improvements upon the land the same farm was sold to the original purchaser for $9,000.

In Jackson county, Alabama, the people voted a bond issue of $250,000, for road improvement and improved 24 per cent. of the roads. The 1900 census gave the value of all farm lands in Jackson county as $4.90 per acre. The selling price at that time

The Same Road After Improvement.

was from $6 to $15 per acre. The last census gives the value of Jackson county farm lands as $9.79, and the selling price is now from $15 to $25 per acre.

The price of farm land, like that of any other commodity, is ruled by the relation between supply and demand. When the price of farm land advances it measures a readjustment between the supply and the demand. This readjustment, in some cases, is sharp and immediate. One distinct item of increased values is becoming more evident from year to year; that is, immigration into the rural districts where road conditions are favorable. Especially is this true with regard to owners of automobiles. There are repeated instances of this kind in New England and those states which have been active in improving their roads.

Favors Immigration.

Immigration is particularly marked where road conditions are favorable; in fact, the figures of the department seem to indicate that good roads indirectly increase the demand for rural property; and the price of farm land, like that of any commodity, is ruled by the relations between demand and supply.

Saves Time and Money.

A portable wood saw and a little gasoline engine on low wheels will besides sawing all wood for the house, pay for itself and give the boys some spending money besides in a single season.

Harmful Dogs.

Better watch that the dogs do not frighten your sheep. Many a fine lamb has been lost by the ewe being frightened at a dog. An actual bite is not necessary. A bad scare is enough.

You'll wake up with a good taste in your mouth

if you chew this after every meal.

The refreshing digestion aiding mint leaf juice does it.

This clean, pure, healthful gum purifies your mouth—sweetens your breath. It's a pleasant, inexpensive, beneficial pastime. It brightens teeth besides.

BUY IT BY THE BOX
at most dealers
for 85 cents

Each box contains
twenty 5 cent packages

Chew it after every meal
It stays fresh until used

6

Hail to the Chief!

Jones had not wanted to go to the gregarious feast where the speeches strung out endlessly. Circumstances obliged him to stay. The speeches were strung out partly because the chiefest and dullest orator was not expected until late. Finally he came, and there was a rush of committeemen to escort him to his place.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jones' companion, "what is that they are making such pother about?"

"We still follow," answered Jones sourly, "the ancient custom of bringing in the bore's head."

Many School Children Are Sickly.
Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Accommodating Diner.

Patience—What an awful noise that man at the next table makes taking his soup.

Patrice—Yes, dear, but he takes it very slowly, so we can hear the music, you see, between spoonfuls.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

His Finances.

"Say, Jack, lend me an X."

"That's an unknown quantity with me, dear boy."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

Love does not always wait for poverty to enter the door before it flies out of the window.

An expert is any person who is able to impress us with how little we know.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Never apologize for having been born. It wasn't your fault.

The Wretchedness of Constipation
Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

An All Metal Incubator and Brooder Combined [illegible] C. E. Harbach Co., 1644 N. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.

Virginia Farms and Homes
FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS.
R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

EYE ACHES Pettit's Eye Salve

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT

on many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 60 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bus. for flax.

J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about $4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or
W. S. NETHERY,
Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio
Canadian Government Agent

CHILDS' GIANT SUMMER COSMOS

[illegible]
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Men Fight On Their Stomachs
Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery
helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—helps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body.
This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts the liver into activity—oils the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk, behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health.
Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve you and doubtless restore you to your former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send $1 for trial box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.
You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser of 1008 Pages for 31c.

AMBITIOUS MEN
Now doing well but wanting larger earnings will ask about our proposition to wagon salesmen. We want a steady, gentlemanly representative in every county. Hundreds have grown old and prosperous in the service. No experience necessary. "Down and outers" not wanted. Write for particulars.
Dr. Ward's Medical Company
Dept. E. WINONA, MINN.

FREE TO DETROIT, FLORIDA — CLIP THIS AD, appearing but once. Send with letter for information about free trip to Detroit's Celebration, February 20th and 21st. Completion first canal and rock paved road from Detroit, nine miles to Biscayne Bay. See Detroit, the farthest south town, in the semi-tropics. Agents bring buyers, regular commissions. [illegible] Land & Development Co., Detroit, Dade Co., Southeast Florida.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.