"What are you doing, Yvonne?" de-

She whirled about and came toward

"Come with me," she said, ignoring

"He-he thinks I am in love with

"And are you not in love with me?"

He was startled. "Good Lord,

She came quite close to him. He

from her body across the short space

that separated them. The intoxicat-

ing perfume filled his nostrils; he

drew a deep breath, his eyes closing

slowly as his senses prepared to suc-

cumb to the delicious spell that came

over him. When he opened them an

instant later, she was still facing him,

She Watched Until Both Were Out

of Sight.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his

"Are you not in love with me?" she

He put his hands to his eyes to shut

"For God's sake, Yvonne-leave me.

"He cursed your mother! He curses

you! He damns you-as he damned

thing. You owe nothing to him. He

"By heaven, I will break him!

what he has done to me? Listen to

this: he boasts of having reared me

mother did a quarter of a century

mind this thing that he has done to-

an hour ago. I have suffered all these

"Oh. I'm not afraid!" he cried, sav-

death by refusing her the right to

have the child that he swears is no

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, vio-

lently, beating her breast with clinched

hands. "I do know! I know that he

still loves the poor girl who went out

in her ears a score of years ago, and

who died still hearing them. And I

ing him-I was failing-I was weaken

ing. He is a wonderful man. I-I

"But you do love him." cried Fred-

"I have thought-I am always think-

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne."

man you have for a husband-you He would have gone to his grave be-

dark, compelling eyes.

whispered softly

out the alluring vision.

ready to go away with you.'

"The time has come-the time has as straight and fearless as a soldier,

come, thank God," she was saying to and the light of victory was in her

no sign of life there, so she hurried to with a thousand clattering noises.

taken by his master. She watched tongue and drawing still farther away

ure after peering intently about the Let me go my way. Let me-"

he stirred and then half raised himself has killed every-"

I want to talk it over with you. We years in ignorance of-"

broke from her lips with sharp, stac- awakened fury.

once-before he returns." The words alarmed by the vehemence of his re-

don't-"

ation in all of its aspects. Standing of this house with his curses ringing

ceeded to address the image in a voice had almost come to the point of pity-

pierced his armor, haven't I? He will was losing myself. But that is all

creep up here and ask you, his won- over. Three months ago I could have

about it, ai-e? His wits are tangled. was afraid that it would never be pos-

He doubts his senses. And when he sible. Today he makes it easy for me.

comes to you, my friend, and whines He has hurt you beyond all reason, not

whisper to you, for I trust you, too, eric, in stark wonder. "You don't care

you amiable fraud." Standing on tip- the snap of your finger for me. What

toe, she put her lips to the idol's ear is all this you are saying, Yvonne?

tion, rose to his feet and took several ing. I know my own mind well enough.

know what his charming wife is about cried Frederic, aghast. His heart was

to do next." She drew back and pounding so fiercely that the blood

room, roused from his lethargy by the what you are saying."

know everything. You know more am going with you."

loved your mother."

shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror her. You can pay him up for every-

head.

able as a rock, bowed low and moved go away with you. I-"

you." said he, shaking his head.

know before long-before long."

manded Frederic unsteadily

which was bright with the sunlight him, her hands still clasped behind her

back.

Yvonne!"

Find out what he-expects to

She passed swiftly by him as he

started toward the door. In the hall,

from the upper windows, she turned

to face him. To his astonishment, her

with eagerness. She seemed almost

"Yes; it needs breaking, James," she

said, and went up the stairs, leaving

him standing there dumfounded: Near

the top she began to hum a blithe

tune. It came down to him distinctly-

the weird little air that had haunted

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather.

way down the steps again, and, lean-

ing over the railing, spoke to him with

To Brood's surprise, she came half-

"Will you be good enough to call off

"What do you mean?" He had start-

"I think you know," she said, briefly.

"Do you consider me so mean, so

"Nevertheless, I feel happier when

know he is out of the house. Call

He smothered an execration and

then called out harshly to Jones. "Ask

Ranjab to attend me here, Jones. He

is to go out with me," he said to the

butler a moment later. Yvonne was

still leaning over the banister, a

"I shall wait until you are gone. I

intend to see Frederic alone," he said,

with marked emphasis on the final

She crossed the upper hall and dis-

appeared from view down the corridor

leading to her own room. Her lips

were set with decision; a wild, reck-

less light filled her eyes, and the smile

of scorn had given way to one of ex-

altation. Her breath came fast and

tremulously through quivering nos-

trils as she closed her door and hur-

ried across to the little vine-covered

She turned her attention to the win-

dow across the court and two floors

above her-the heavily curtained win-

the front of the house to wait for the

departure of James Brood and his man.

The two were going down the front

steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to

Ranjab and the latter, as imperturb-

off in an opposite direction to that

rapidly mounted the stairs to the top

Frederic was lying on the couch

near the jade-room door. She was

able to distinguish his long, dark fig-

shadowy interior in what seemed at

first to be a vain search for him. She

upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly

on one elbow to stare at the figure

and dropped back with a great sigh on

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed

back to her face. Quickly closing the

door, she advanced into the room, her

tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

alone," she said, stopping to lean

against the table, suddenly faint with

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless,

"Get up Frederic. Be a man! I

know what has happened. Get up!

must plan. We must decide now-at

elsewhere. We will go down to my

allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into

his hands. With his elbows on his

knees he watched her movements in a

state of increasing interest and bewil-

derment. She turned abruptly to the

Buddha, whose placid, smirking coun-

tenance seemed to be alive to the situ-

close, her hands behind her back, her

figure very erect and theatric, she pro-

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have

derful god, to tell him what to do

his secret doubts into your excellent

and trustworthy ear, do me the kind-

ness to keep the secret I shall now

"Your head has been hurt, that's all. and whispered. Frederic, across the You must be mad. Think! Think

strange words and still stranger ac-

than James Brood knows, for you

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely, i

in the doorway.

his lips.

excitement.

snarling laugh.

catolike emphasis.

boudoir.'

full of mockery.

wonder in his heavy eyes.

until both were out of sight. Then she from her.

herself, over and over again.

balcony.

"As you like," said he, coldly.

ed to put on his light overcoat.

infamous as-" he began hotly.

him for years-Feverelli's!

a voice full of irony.

your spy, James?"

off your dog, James."

scornful smile on her lips.

radiant.

cheeks were aglow and her eyes bright his question.

heard her scathing remark. "Some

times I have felt a queer gripping of

the heart when I was harshest toward

him. Sometimes his eyes-her eyes-

have melted the steel that was driven

into my heart long ago, his voice and

the touch of his hand gently have

checked my bitterest thoughts. Are

"You ask what I have done to him.

It is nothing in comparison to what

he would have done to me. It isn't

necessary to explain. You know the

thing he has had in his heart to do. I

have known it from the beginning. It

is the treacherous heart of his mother

that propels that boy's blood along its

craven way. She was an evil thing-

"I loved her as no woman ever was

loved before-or since. I thought she

loved me-God, I believe she did, He-

Frederic had her portrait up there to

flash in my face. She was beautiful-

she was as lovely as- But no more!

I was not the man. She loved another.

Dead silence reigned in the room.

itself. Her hands were clenched

"That was years ago," resumed the

"You-you told him this?" she cried,

"He said she must have loathed me

"You told him because you knew she

pect me than Matilde. She was not

She stood over him like an accusing floor.

"Why do you say these things to

"I am sorry for you, James Brood,"

body swayed against the table, and

He Sprang Forward and Struck the

Photograph From Frederic's Hand.

absolutely asleep. That's why I am

"Asleep!" he murmured, putting his

"I am going up to him. Don't try

to stop me. But first let me ask you

a question. What did Frederic say

when you told him his mother was-

Brood lowered his head. "He said

"And it was then that you began

to feel that you loved him. Ah, I see

You are a great, strong man-a won-

derful man in spite of all this. You

have a heart—a heart that still needs

breaking before you can ever hope to

already been broken," he groaned.

There is a vast difference. Are you

He looked at her in dull amazement.

"Yes. I think you should go to him.

Slowly he began to pull himself to-

He gasped. "As if my heart hasn't

hand to his eyes. "Yes, yes-he was

sorry for you."

was what you claim?"

that I was a cowardly liar."

I-I-"

be happy."

gether.

as no man was ever loathed before.

Her lover was that boy's father."

as evil as God ever put life into."

you listening?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

against her breast.

man, hoarsely,

back, glaring,

aghast.

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, is son, Frederic, tells Lydia Desmond, his son, Frederic, tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, of a message announcing his father's marriage. Brood and his bride father's marriage. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostificy to his son, Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant in his uncanny appearances and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant, in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman," who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Brood. Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, hadly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Lydia goes to beg Brood not to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose. Frederic, at dinner with Dawes and Riggs, is seized with an impulse of filial duty, and under a queer impression that he is influenced by Ranjab's will, hunts up his father, who gives him the cut direct. Brood tells Frederic the story of his dead wife and the music master.

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"It was made in Vienna," interrupted Frederick, not without a strange thrill save for the heavy breathing of the of satisfaction in his soul, "and before man. Yvonne was as still as death you were married, I'd say. On the back of it is written: 'To my own sweetheart'-in Hungarian, Yvonne says. There! Look at her. She was like that when you married her. God, how adorable she must have been. To any own sweetheart! Ho ho!"

A hoarse cry of rage and pain bust from Brood's lips. The world went red Then I told him." before his eyes.

'To my own sweetheart!'" he cried did not loathe you! And you loved out. He sprang forward and struck Matilde-God pity your poor soul! For the photograph from Frederic's hand, no more than I have done you drove It fell to the floor at his feet. Before her out of your house. You accuse me the young man could recover from his in your heart when you vent your rage surprise, Brood's foot was upon the on that poor boy. Oh, I know! You bit of cardboard. "Don't raise your suspect me! And you suspected the hand to me! Don't you dare to strike other one. Before God, I swear to me! Now I shall tell you who that you that you have more cause to sussweetheart was!"

Half an hour later James Brood de- untrue to you. She could not have scended the stairs alone. He went loved anyone else but you. I knowstraight to the library where he knew God help me, I know! Don't come that he could find Yvonne. Ranjab, near me! Not now! I tell you that standing in the hall, peered into his Frederic is your son. I tell you that white, drawn face as he passed, and Matilde loved no one but you. You started forward as if to speak to him. drove her out. You drove Frederic But Brood did not see him. He did out. And you will drive me out." not lift his gaze from the floor. The Hindu went swiftly up the stairs, a langel, her arms extended. He shrank deep dread in his soul.

The shades were down. Brood stopped inside the door and looked me? You cannot know-you have no dully about the library. He was on right to say-" the point of retiring when Yvonne spoke to him out of the shadowy cor- she murmured, suddenly relaxing. Her ner beyond the fireplace.

"Close the door," she said huskiy, then she sank limply into the chair Then she emerged slowly, almost like a specter, from the dark background formed by the huge mahogany bookcases that lined the walls, from floor to ceiling. "You were a long time up there," she went on.

"Why is it so dark in here, Yvonne?" he asked lifelessly.

"So that it would not be possible for me to see the shame in your eyes, James."

He leaned heavily against the long table. She came up and stood across the table from him, and he felt that her eyes were searching his very soul. "I have hurt him beyond all chance for recovery," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, you coward!" she cried, leaning over the table, her eyes blazing "I can understand it in you. You have no soul of your own. . What have you done to your son, James Brood?"

He drew back as if from the impact of a blow. "Coward? If I have crushed his soul, it was done in time. Yvonne. to deprive you of the glory of doing it." "What did he say to you about me?"

"You have had your fears for nothing. He did not put you in jeopardy," he said scornfully.

"I know He is not a coward," she said calmly.

"In your heart you are reviling me. You judge me as one guilty soul alongside. "You will never forget that Sudges another. Suppose that I were you struck a man who was asleep, to confess to you that I left him up there with all the hope, all the life blasted out of his eyes-with a wound in his heart that will never stop bleeding-that I left him because I was asleep! Yvonne, I-I have never been sorry for what I had done and could so near to loving him as I am now. not stand by and look upon the wreck I had created. Suppose-"

"I am still thinking of you as a coward. What is it to me that you are sorry now? What have you done to that wretched, unhappy boy?"

"He will tell you soon enough. Then you will despise me even more than I despise myself. God! He - he looked at me with his mother's eves when I kept on striking blows at his very soul. Her eyes-eyes that were always pleading with me! But, curse them-always scoffing at me! For a moment I faltered. There was a wave of love-yes, love, not pity, for himas I saw him go down before the words I hurled at him. It was as if I had hurt the only thing in all the world that I love. Then it passed. He going out?" was not meant for me to love. He was born for me to despise. He was born to torture me as I have tortured him."

"You poor fool!" she cried, her eyes elittering. "Sometimes I have doubted my own reason," he went on as if he had not

-I gave him an hour to-to-"To get out?"

"Yes. He must go, you see. See

COMERCIAL IDEA IN FICTION | ago, but this dogma, bred in the out the finer, rarer, more sensitive | goodness-it's-over" feeling. That ought | ly accurate and specific, most of the under the control of the brain, the

viduality.-Atlantic. Poor Monday.

Monday, er-m-m-ur-r-h! Wash daysuds and steam-picked-up dinner for

until a scientific commission or a sociologist tells it. Monday has never been a really popular day. It's much worse than that, however. According to the Ohio Industrial Commission, Monday, it is the most unlucky day of eator. the week. More accidents happen on that day than on any other, and fewer people work than on any other day

Causes of Spasms.

him, if you will. I shall not oppose closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will in an ecstasy of triumph. She was convinced that he would go! "La Provence!"

> burying his face in his shaking hands 'What will this mean to Lydia-what will she do-what will become of her?" A quiver of pain crossed the woman's face, her eyelids fell as if to shut cut something that shamed her in spite of all her vainglorious protestations. Then the spirit of exaltation recould feel the warmth that traveled

sumed its swav. "You cannot marry Lydia now," she said, affecting a sharpness of tone that caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It is your duty to write her a letter tonight, explaining all that has happened today. She would sacrifice herself for you today, but there is-tomorrow! A thousand tomorrows, Frederic. Don't forget them, my dear. They would be ugly after all, and she is too good, too fine to be dragged into-'

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet. "It would be the vilest act that a man could perpetrate. Why-why it would be proof of what he says of me-it would stamp me forever the bastard he-No, no, I could never lift my head again if I were to him. do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He said to me here-not an hour agothat he expected me to go ahead and blight that loyal girl's life, that I pose. "Yes, I shall go. I cannot stay would consider it a noble means of here now. I-" She paused and shudself-justification! What do you think dered. of that? He- But wait! What is Give me time to think! Why-why, it all mean? How you must have hated I can't take you away from him, Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I honor? Am I-"

"You are not his son," she said, significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should stoop to a foul trick like this. Dodo you know what you are suggestlook of disgust in his eyes. "No! I'm not that vile! I-'

"Frederic, you must let me-" "I don't want to hear anything more, Yvonne. What manner of woman are you? He is your husband, he does! And you would leave him like

this? You would-" "Hush! Not so loud!" she cried, in great agitation

He fell back stunned beyond the "And let me tell you something dow in Brood's "retreat." There was power of speech. His brain was filled more. Although I can never marry Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to "He has turned you out," she went the end of my life. I will not betray on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very that love. To the end of time she shall well; the time has come for me to exact payment from him for that and know that my love for her is real and true andfor all that has gone before. I shall

Hear what I have to say before you condemn me. I am not the vile creame think!"

He stared at her for a moment in deep perplexity, and then slowly drew near. "I do not believe you mean to do wrong-I do not believe it of you. You have been carried away by some horrible-"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fiercely. "I would have sacrificed you-ay. Frederic straightened up suddenly, it would give me to see James Brood be trusted. That man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient be trusted. That man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan, efficient man is never out of placed under non-partisan man is never out of placed under non-part and with a loud cry of exultation grovel in misery for the rest of his raised his clenched hands above his clenched hands Oh!" She uttered a groan of despair and self-loathing so deep and full of pain that his heart was chilled. will make him pay! Do you know "Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped.

dumfounded "Do not come near me," she cried to manhood, as one might bring up a out, covering her face with her hands. "He has gone out. We are quite prize beast, that he might make me For a full minute she stood before him, pay for the wrong that my poor straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic figure he was never to forget. Sudago. All these years he has had in denly she lowered her hands. To his surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You day. All my life has been spent in would never have gone away with me. preparation for the sacrifice that came I know it now. All these months I have been counting on you for this very hour-this culminating hour-and "Not so loud!" she whispered. now I realize how little hope I have really had, even from the beginning You are honorable. There have been times when my influence over you was He came to a sitting posture slowly, agely. "Can you imagine anything such that you resisted only because all the while staring at her with a dull more diabolical than the scheme he you were loyal to yourself-not to has had in mind all these years? To Lydia, not to my husband-but to "Pull yourself together," she cried, pay out my mother-whom he loved vourself. I came to this house with nurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I and still loves-yes, by heaven, he still but one purpose in mind. I came here am afraid in this room. It has ears, loves her!-he works to this beastly to take you away from the man who I know. That awful Hindu is always end. He made her suffer the agonies has always stood as your father. I here, even though he may seem to be of the damned up to the day of her would not have become your mistress -pah! how loathsome it sounds! But I would have enticed you away, be He slowly shook his head and then child of his. Oh, you don't know the lieving myself to be justified. I would story-you don't know the kind of have struck James Brood that blow.

> for the slaughter, by the blood-" "In God's name, Yvonne, what is this you are saving? What have you

lieving himself to have been paid in

full by the son of the woman he had

degraded, by the boy he had reared

against my-against him?" "What! I shall come to that. did not stop to consider all that I should have to overcome. First, there was your soul, your honor, your integrity to consider. I could see nothing else but triumph over James left him without a pang-yesterday I Brood. To gain my end it was necessary that I should be his wife. I became his wife-I deliberately took that sten in order to make complete my because he hates you but because he triumph over him. I became the wife of the man I hated with all my soul, Frederic. So you can see how far I was willing to go to-ah, it was a hard one and peering out through the other. thing to do! But I did not shrink. I went into it without faltering, without I shall have to go. But we shall not a single thought of the cost to myself. go together. In my room I have kept He was to pay for all that, too, in the end. Look into my eyes, Frederic. I lars, waiting for the day to come when want to ask you a question. Will you I should use it to complete the game steps toward her. "There! Now you It is settled; I am going away and I go away with me? Will you take me?" I have played. I knew that you would He returned her look steadily. "No!"

"That is all I want to hear you say. It means the end. I have done all See if anyone is there? I feel—I feel that could be done and I have failed. regarded the image through half- surged to his head in great waves, al- Thank God, I have failed!" She came

most stunning him with its velocity swiftly to him and, before he was "We go tomorrow," she cried out, aware of her intention, clutched his hand and pressed it to her lips He was shocked to find that a sudden gush of tears was wetting his hand. "Good God in heaven!" he gasped,

"Oh, Yvonne!" he cried miserably dropping suddenly into a chair and

She was sobbing convulsively He looked down upon her dark, bowed head and again felt the mastering desire to crush her slender, beautiful body in his arms. The spell of her was upon him again, but now he realized that the appeal was to his spirit and not to his flesh-as it had been all along, he was beginning to suspect.

"Don't pity me," she choked out. This will pass, as everything else has passed. I am proud of you now, Frederic. You are splendid. Not many men could have resisted in this hour of despair. You have been cast off, despised, degraded, humiliated. You were offered the means to retaliate.

"And I was tempted!" he cried bitterly. "For the moment I was-" "And now what is to become of

me?" she wailed. His heart went cold. "You-you will leave him? You will go back to Paris? Good Lord, Yvonne, it will be a blow to him. He has had one fear-

ful slash in the back. This will break

"At least, I may have that consolation," she cried, straightening up in an effort to revive her waning pur-

"What, in heaven's name, have you this that we are proposing to do? against my-against him? What does him to-" Hated him? Oh, how feeble the word

thinking of? Have I no sense of is! Hate! There should be a word that strikes more terror to the soul than that one. But wait! You shall know everything. You shall have the story from the beginning. There is much to tell and there will be consolation-ay, triumph for you in the story ing?" He drew back from her with a I shall tell. First, let me say this to you: When I came here I did not know that there was a Lydia Desmond I would have hurt that poor girl, but it would not have been a lasting pain. In my plans, after I came to know her, there grew a beautiful alternative loves you, he trusts you-oh, yes, he through which she should know great happiness. Oh, I have planned well and carefully, but I was ruthless. I would have crushed her with him rather than to have failed. But it is all a dream that has passed and ! am awake. It was the most cruel but the most magnificent dream-ah, but I dare not think of it. As I stand here before you now, Frederic, I am shorn of all my power. I could not strike him as I might have done a month ago. Even 'Wait! Give me time to think," she as I was cursing him but a moment pleaded. He shook his head reso- ago I realized that I could not have lutely. "Do not judge me too harshly, gone on with the game. Even as I begged you to take your revenge, I knew that it was not myself who ture you think, Frederic. Wait! Let urged, but the thing that was having its death struggle within me."

> "Go on. Tell me. Why do you stop?

She was glancing fearfully toward the Hindu's door. "There is one man in this house who knows. He reads my every thought. He does not know in America now exceed by 6,000 miles all, but he knows me. He has known the national road system of France. from the beginning that I was not to | To have state highway departments been here I-I believe I should have classification of highway to insure in-



"Ah, It Was a Hard Thing to Do!"

dared anything. I could have taken you away with me, months ago. But he worked his spell and I was afraid. I faltered. He knew that I was afraid, for he spoke to me one day of the beautiful serpents in his land that were cowards in spite of the death they could deal with one flash of their fangs. You were intoxicated. I am a thing of beauty. I can charm as the-

"God knows that is true," he said hoarsely.

"But enough of that! I was stricken with my own poison. Go to the door! See if he is there. I fear-"

"No one is near," said he, after striding swiftly to both doors, listening at "You will have to go away, Frederic.

hidden the sum of ten thousand dolhave no money of your own. I was prepared even for that. Look again! that someone is near us. Look, I say.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXPENSE OF BUILDING ROADS

Over \$200,000,000 Spent on Highways Up to January 1, 1915-31,000 Miles Constructed.

More than \$200,000,000 of state appropriations have been expended to January 1, 1915, and an approximate total of 31,000 miles of surface highway constructed under state supervision since the inauguration of the policy known as "state aid," according to the Good Roads Year Book for 1915. issued by the American Highway association from its Washington office. Only seven states, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas, have no form of state highway department whatever, although Georgia grants aid to the counties for road improvement by lending the services of the entire male state convict force.

Legislatures are devoting much attention to road legislation and unquestionably several new highway depart-



Convicts Building a Good Road.

ments will result. North Carolina will probably establish an independent highway department in lieu of the work now done by the state geological survey relating to highways.

New Jersey in 1891 was the pioneer state in providing state aid for public highways. Massachusetts and Connecticut adopted the policy shortly after, but only during the last ten years has the state-aid policy been in effect on a considerable scale. About 5,000 miles of state highways were completed in 1913 and about 6,000 miles in 1914, so that the last two years have been responsible for more than one-third of the entire state highway mileage. The state highways

telligent distribution of improvements; an adequate provision for maintenance of highways from the day of their completion-these are among the objects for which the American Highway association is waging a vigorous campaign.

PRACTICAL GOOD ROADS TEXT

Probably Three-Fourths of Difficulties Experienced in Season Could Be Eliminated.

How much better to drag the roads n early spring than to let the roads themselves become a "drag" next summer, when heavy teams loaded with produce must be hauled to market. Probably three-fourths of the dirt road difficulties experienced during the season could be eliminated by a

little industry right now. The pleasure later on of hauling over roads free from ruts and gigantic mud puddles after the summer shower, will make up for any extra

work this spring. Here is a practical good roads text that will be carried out by many progressive communities this year.

Making Hard Roadbed.

To make a hard roadbed the soil must contain a fair amount of moisture. The control of the moisture requires that the roadbed be higher in the middle and smooth so that water cannot stand on it but will run off. If water can stand on the road, ruts will result, and when these are ground down, dust forms and finally a loose roadbed results.

The Road Drag.

The road drag is the simplest and east expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining earth roads.

Roadbed Above Water.

Where there is standing water the roadbed should be kept at least a foot above the water surface and 18 inches is better. The nature of the soil and the length of time that the water stands along the road will to a degree determine how high the roadbed must he above the water.

Keeping Roadbed Crowned. Keeping the roadbed well crowned and smooth will hold the moisture in

it so that it will pack hard. Excellent Combination.

Dairying and stock growing form an excellent combination and one that will improve the fertility of the farm. Dairy farming and the growing of potatoes or market crops make another

Improving the Soil.

good combination.

Special attention should be given to improving the quality of the soil. Heavy applications of barnyard manure will increase the humus content. ri they will add some quickly availphie nant food.

America Possibly Too Much Under the influence of the "Best Seller" Tyranny.

American bone seems to have been reenforced by the latter-day tyranny of the commercial ideal. The commercial man who says, "Read this book because it is the best seller," is seeking The dogma persistently put forward to hypnotize the individual's judgin America under innumerable guises ment and taste. If there be a noticethat the thinker and the literary artist must cater to the tastes. ideas and and outlook in latter-day American sentiments, moral and emotional, of fiction, it must be because the indithe great majority, under pain of beignored or ostracized, was noted the insistent pressure of social ideals Tocqueville three generations of conformity which paralyze or crush the men folk, and at night a "thank- except Sunday. And to be scientifical- the action of the jaws are especially other parts of the body.

minor degree by Mrs. Grundy's attempts to boycott or crush novels that offend the taste of "the villa public," but I believe that our social atmosphere favors the writer of true indi-

English writers are not vexed in a the worst about anything is never told o'clock and the afternoon accidents group around three o'clock. Now you know the worst about Monday, until another investigation.

individual talents. I do not say that to be about enough for Monday. But forenoon accidents happen at ten chattering of the teeth is really a spasm caused by chill or fear, and all spasms act independently of the will. The muscles which operate the jaw act in a series of involuntary little We publish these findings for what contractions which pull the jaw up they may be worth, without malice and and permit it to fall of its own weight. which has been making a study of in fairness to poor old Friday.—Delin- This action is quick, and the chattering occurs from frequent repetition. Cold has a similar effect on the jaw muscles to that which some poisons Although the muscles which affect have in causing spasmodic action in