

Learn Auto and Tractor Business



COME to the Rahe School—the world's oldest and greatest Automotive School—and get into a steady, big paying business. Make yourself sure of a steady, big income—just as nearly 40,000 men have already done.

The 9 million Autos, Trucks and Tractors in use have got to be kept up and running. Thousands more of Rahe Trained men are needed for that right now in every section of the country. Prepare yourself here in 6 to 8 weeks, and take your pick out of thousands of high-pay positions now waiting for you. Or open your own business in any one of the 50,000 places now calling for new shops and sales agencies.

Rahe Automobile Tractor Flying School

14th Year 2 Million Dollars Invested—Nearly 40,000 Graduates

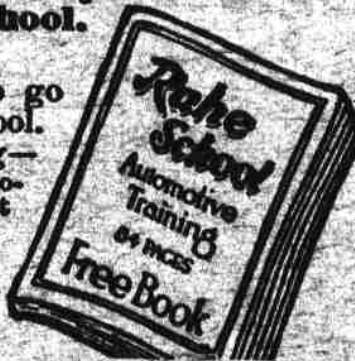
—Your Best Opportunity The thousands of Rahe Trained men now in business for themselves in every State are always sending to me for more Rahe Trained men than I can furnish. By coming here, you get preferred opportunity for a good job, or for a business of your own immediately upon leaving. I always have more calls for men than students.

As a Rahe Trained man, you always have the advantage over all other men not trained here. You learn better here in 6 to 8 weeks than in 2 years in any shop or factory. Thousands of men come here every year who have had 2 to 5 years work in garages and shops. They come here finally to learn right.

Learn by Doing daily work on real Automobiles, Trucks, Tractors and Aviation equipment. Four big buildings (equal to 20-story skyscraper); big tractor farm and big flying field. Complete and thorough training in every branch of the business. **Plenty of opportunity to earn part living expenses while in school.** Hundreds of men are doing this every day.

Free Catalog Before you arrange to go any school, visit this School. If you can't come now, do the next best thing—Send for my 84-page free catalog which shows fully by photographs how you learn best here—how you are sure of the best opportunities now open in the business world.

HENRY J. RAHE, Dept. 2208
Kansas City, Mo., Cincinnati, Ohio



More Profit from Every Field

Every part of your farm represents considerable capital. Are the returns ample? Viewed as a business investment, do some of your fields show a loss? How can you make them produce most profit?

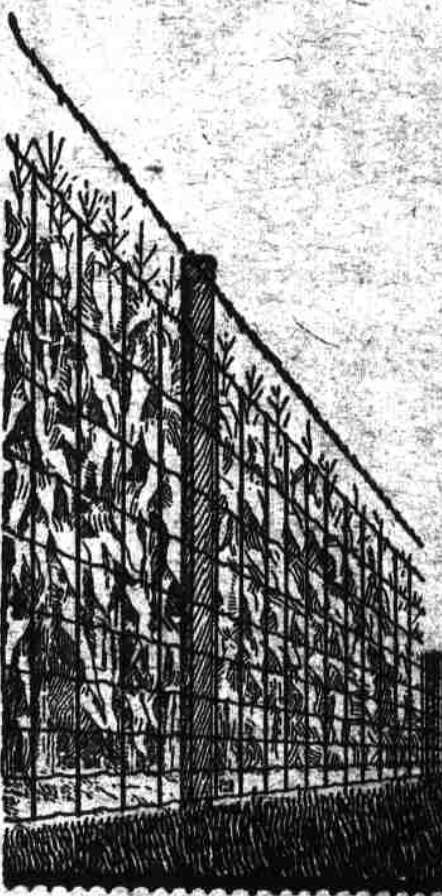
"Pittsburgh Perfect"

Electrically Welded Farm Fences enable you to use every field to the utmost, rotate crops as desired, and pasture with cattle, sheep or hogs.

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Fencing is made of our own Open Hearth steel wire, heavily galvanized. It is strong, durable and economical. Made in several heights and styles. Electrically welded at every joint, thus eliminating surplus weight. A perfected product of uniform quality, and every rod guaranteed. Send for Catalog No. 201, and name of dealer near you.

Pittsburgh Steel Company

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BIG TREMAINE

By MARIE VAN VORST

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SYNOPSIS

FIFTEEN years before the story opens, young John Tremaine, a hot-headed, impetuous youth, was sent to Richmond to cash a check for \$10,000. He sends a letter of farewell to his mother and is heard of no more. His mother and brother make good his shortage with the bank, and through their influence only the family lawyer and the president of the bank know of his disgrace. Bad times come to Riverside, the Tremaine home, and just as it is about to be sold at auction, John Tremaine unexpectedly returns. Coldness from his mother and frigid politeness from his former friends greet him and his plans for restoring his home and developing its resources.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued)

THEY did not, this evening, play chess, but he took a chair at the window, through which what breeze there was came to him, heavy with the smell of honeysuckle. It was

"Isobel tells me that her father will be home next week."

John said to himself: "I dare say it will not be easy to avoid him."

As he spoke, his mother's loyalty was roused for the first time and she resented the fact that there was any one in the world that could give him pain to meet. Neither she herself, nor her husband, nor Judge Tremaine had ever been afraid of any man, and now John dreaded to meet his neighbor. It was bitter. She said slowly:

"Redmond rarely ever comes over. Since he lost his fortune, he has shut himself from us."

After a second, in which she watched acutely his expression, she was surprised to see that he was smiling.

"Malvern is the only man who ever gave me any advice." He knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I remember very well the occasion—as well as though it happened yesterday," he

Send a Christmas Message

Co-operation and Neighborhood Improvement Special, December 25

HOW would you like to send a Christmas message to 200,000 neighbors and have it reach them on Christmas morning? You can. There are no finer Christmas tidings than those of cooperating with neighbors and neighborhood improvement. The Progressive Farmer is going to devote its Christmas issue to this subject, and we want you to send your good word along to the farmers of the Southland.

Coöperation is the big business issue before Southern farmers. Shall we do team work and win?

If you have been working with your neighbor in selling or buying something, tell other farmers about it through the columns of The Progressive Farmer on December

25. That will be a fitting way to show your good will to man.

There is an example of neighborhood improvement in your community. Maybe you have never thought about it as such, but we are willing to predict that it's there. Think it over, and write us briefly of it. If you prefer to combine the two and write us of coöperation and show how it has improved the neighborhood, for it does improve neighborhoods wherever it goes, be sure and get your letter in by December 10.

Our usual cash prizes of \$7.50 for the best letter, \$5 for the second and \$3 for the third will be given. All other letters used will be paid for at space rates.

full moon, and in the warm summer night the lamps had not been lit, and Mrs. Tremaine saw her son plainly in the white light. She could study him, and it was impossible, she thought, that a man such as John should not please the most fastidious woman. On this night he wore white trousers and a dinner coat; his black tie and coat and his dark, sleek head were distinct spots in the moonlit room. He was brown as an Indian. Already his mysterious past was beginning to be indistinct in the mother's mind; John was emphatically connecting himself with Virginia. How glad she would be to wipe away from her remembrance the blot upon his name! She cried to herself mentally a thousand times, looking at him at moments in a way she would never let him see: "Oh, John, how could you do it; how could you do it?" And at those times even his charm spoke against him. She called him weak, blamed him bitterly, and hardened her heart.

This night she was longing to ask him the result of the afternoon's prospecting, but she could not bring herself to put direct questions.

John smoked for a little, then asked abruptly:

"When does Malvern come back?"

He had shown no interest in the neighborhood, had never asked for any one, and she was surprised.

said, still smiling. "Big men don't realize the impression they make on young chaps." He laughed. "Now I am not a big man, of course, but in South Africa I have been rather a figure of a certain kind for the last few years. At all events, no end of people have sought me for one reason or another. Whenever a young fellow came in to ask my advice, I remembered that hot summer morning when I stood before the president of the little bank here."

He saw the keen attention given to him by his listener; he felt the emotion with which his mother heard every word that told of his career.

"I was a hero worshiper, and Malvern was one of my heroes. He had been awfully decent to David and me, but I had never spoken with him in business hours. It is hard to believe that a great big six-footer of a country chap could shake in his boots before the president of a little bank in his own town, but my hands were cold when I handed him the paper he asked me for and waited for further orders."

John smoked. Down in the orchard to the left the nightingales began to sing. Both mother and son listened, and he remembered how often in the heart of Africa he had seemed to hear again that divine music.

He continued: "Malvern, for some curious reason, had done me the honor to observe me, and strangely