

ROADS AND ROAD MAKING

SHOWING THE MISSOURIANS

State Issues New Bulletin Dealing With Road Problem.

The Missouri State Board of Agriculture has issued another bulletin, dealing with the problem of good roads. The subject is exhaustively treated, the bulletin comprising twenty-seven printed pages, and carrying a number of illustrations. It refers to local option as curtailing road revenues, and make the claim that the number of miles traveled with full loads to market is 30 per cent., that the number of miles traveled other than to market is 20 per cent., leaving the total number of miles traveled without roads at 50 per cent., and on this point has this to say:

"Thus only 50 per cent. or a little less than one-third, of the travel over our public highways is with loads for the market. For this one-third of the miles traveled man wants a reliable road and one over which he can haul a fair sized load. Continuing, it insists that 'if the people of this State within the next forty years were to spend as much money and energy and apply themselves as diligently to their own system of highways as they have upon the railroads within the past forty, they would find a very much perfected system of transportation at the end of that time.'

The bulletin quotes from Washington and Hamilton in advocacy of supervision. It says: "Naturally, a haphazard system of road improvement has been ineffective and insufficient, yet, strange to say, some counties are so indifferent that they are willing to continue in the same old way. This ill effect was cited as far back as colonial days, when Washington is quoted as having written to Patrick Henry recommending that road work of Virginia be taken from under the control of the county courts and given to expert supervision. Hamilton's position was that 'road improvement without competent supervision would never be satisfactorily done.' Yet it took a long time to begin the awakening, since it is only within the past ten or twelve years that the states, at the rate of one or two a year, have been making new laws providing for expert supervision of road affairs."

A Word on Roads.

"Mending the roads" is the order of the day. It is an unconscious sarcasm that calls it mending when the old plan is followed of plowing and scraping the dirt into the middle of the road to be trodden into dust or mud. It is the most expensive method we know of "how not to do it." More time and money have been wasted in unsystematic ways of trying to make good roads than would have sufficed if they had been scientifically used to have made hard smooth roads over which at all seasons heavy loads could be easily driven.

But the loss occasioned by waste of time and money by wrong methods of work is small compared with that which the farmer sustains in the hauling of his produce to market. Bad roads mean small loads, and that it means additional cost for wear and tear of animals, vehicles and harness.

Isn't it strange that so many who rightly insist on having the best machinery, implements and stock, and who keep their land up, should be content to travel every day over roads that are good only under the most favorable conditions? The one excuse advanced is the expense. This is some force in this especially in some communities and where good road material is scarce but even then the difficulty is overestimated.

Drain Dirt Roads.

The most important attribute of a dirt road is that it shall be well drained. Keep the water moving away from the road, is a primary rule for the road builder. It is useless to shape up or drag a road if you do not at the same time attend to the drainage; even the most expensive macadam road will go to pieces if undrained. The principal part of the problem of road maintenance is solved if the water is kept away from the road. The ground under a shed is hard and firm when just in front of it may be a sea of mud; the difference is not in the soil but simply that in one case the soil is dry and in the other it is puddle with water. Drainage is naturally divided into two kinds—under-drainage and surface-drainage.

Get Ready to Begin Work Early.

Unfortunately it is impossible to carry on road-building operations in the Northern States during the winter months but the letting of contracts and making of plans for the next season's work can be in a very progress.

In view of the shortness of the season for road-building operations, too much cannot be said in favor of having all plans in readiness to begin work at the earliest practicable moment in the spring. Orders for the necessary machinery tools equipment and supplies should be placed during the fall and winter so that the manufacturer will be able to deliver the goods at the time wanted. Often this effects a saving for machinery and materials can many times be purchased at lower prices in the dull season.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

THE KING OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

International Bible Lesson for April 3, '10—(Matt. 9:18-34).

From the day when the first mother gazed with frantic eyes upon the cold form of her first born son and vainly sought for a heart throbbing in that inanimate clay, the King of Terrors has ravaged the earth.

King of Terrors.

He has conquered every land and there has not been a soul who could stand before him. He has dug a trench across the hemispheres and filled it with the bodies of the slain. If it had not been for the multiplication of the race the world would have been depopulated long ere this. Herod the King slew only the infants in the cradle, but this monster strangles the babe in arms, the youth in the school room, the old man in the chimney corner. Other soldiers sometimes surrender conquered territory, but this king has never yet yielded up a foot of land. Of all the millions of earth's inhabitants since Adam was created only two human beings have escaped his dart—Enoch and Elijah—both of whom sprang through the gates of paradise before the old archer could hurl his javelin.

Even the Son of Man Himself, received the shaft of death through His holy heart and lay down on the battle-field temporarily slain. A bloody tyrant! His palace, a tomb; his flowers, the faded garlands of Collins; his music, the wailings of mothers' weeping for their children; his chalice, a skull; his fountains the falling tears of the world.

Conqueror of Death.

For 4,000 years the reign of this king was uncontested. He ruled absolutely, and he ruled universally. Then suddenly there appeared on this planet the Conqueror of Death and the Grave-Breaker of the Ages. There is only one being in the universe that death fears and He lived and walked in Palestine swaying the scepter of life with infinite ease and with infinite power.

He put His hand on the hot brow of the sufferer and the fever fled. He spoke the word of life and the centurion's servant arose from the gates of death. He met a funeral procession going out through the gates of Nain, bearing the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He halted the funeral cortege, called back the spirit of the departed, and gave the young man in perfect health to the arms of his mother. He was ushered into the room, where a maiden lay, surrounded by a weeping family, all their hopes and prospects blasted, and He said, as He spread out the cold fingers of the child in His hand, "Little Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise," and in a twinkling there was a flutter of the eyelids, a quick heart-beat, a rosy flush in the cheek, a dewy softness in the flesh, and with a glad cry of joy Jarius' daughter sprang into the arms of her mother.

King of Kings.

Yes, this king of the physical world, is king of the world of spirits. Death is the king of terrors, but Christ is the King of Kings. And this King of Kings proposes to chain the king of terrors to His chariot wheels, to unlock every prison of the tyrant's victims, and to lead in triumph a mighty procession of redeemed souls into the Capital of the Universe, shouting, O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!

Death—a Sleep.

How this changes the whole outlook of life. How it plucks the sting from death and delivers them "who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage." Christ called the daughter of Jarius back from the pale realms of death, and yet before He did so He assured the weeping parents that she was only sleeping. Not lost, not annihilated, not shipwrecked, not blotted out of existence, only sleeping. And that means rest, and dreamless repose, and recuperation, and healing, and freedom from care and worry and anxiety, and deliverance from pain—and a glorious awakening—in the morning. So the warrior lies down on the battle-field, and the scholar among his books, and the toiler when his labor is done, and all of us when the shades of evening fall, to awake with His likeness—in the morning. For the King of glory holds the keys of death and when the day dawns He will swing the doors wide open and every sleeping member of His family, and subject of His kingdom will come forth at His word of command, with the dew of youth forever on their brows. We fall, but we rise again. We sleep, but we shall awake when the night is gone.

Beauty Sleep.

In human speech the first sleep of the night is called the "beauty sleep" for it is supposed that the mystic fingers of Morpheus smooth out the wrinkles, and erase the furrows of care during the first hours of repose. But the true beauty sleep is the sleep which men misname death. Bathed in that deep and quiet slumber the "furrows which have been subsided by the ploughshare of sorrow will be eliminated, the scars of many a hard-fought battlefield will be smoothed out and the mutilations of the body, the soul and the spirit will be repaired and rectified. And when the King of the world invisible looks around upon His ransomed subjects in the eternal kingdom, He will behold every soul in His likeness, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Of Interest to Women

Miss Mabel Boardman to Be Unofficial Arbitrator of the White House—With Energy and Tact, She Has Placed the Red Cross Society on a Sound Basis.

Miss Mabel T. Boardman is the unofficial social arbiter of the White House. She has long been a particularly close and intimate friend of both the President and Mrs. Taft. Mrs. Taft, contrary to most of her predecessors, has no social secretary.

Her long residence in Washington, which has covered most of her married life, placed her much more familiarly in touch with society personages and usages peculiar to the social life of the capital than any of the first ladies of the land who have graced the White House in a generation.

Miss Boardman is a sister-in-law of Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman, are wealthy. Their home in Washington has long been renowned as a meeting place for interesting persons and for the warm and boundless hospitality dispensed there.

Mr. Taft, who is president of the National Red Cross Society, interested Miss Boardman in the work several years ago. With energy, intelligence, and tact characteristic of the American girl who starts out to do things, Miss Boardman virtually breathed the breath of life into the Red Cross Society after the confusion into which its affairs fell during the Spanish War. Mainly through her efforts, says Hampton's, the society was reorganized and placed upon a highly efficient and prosperous basis.

When the news of the Messina earthquake reached Washington Miss Boardman within half an hour took prompt action for the relief of the sufferers. In recognition of her work the Italian Government decorated her with a reproduction in gold of an ancient Roman civic crown. It was bestowed through the Italian Ambassador in Washington.

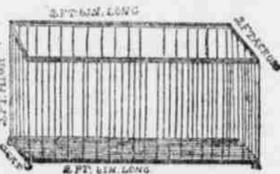
Miss Boardman has a desk in the offices of the Red Cross Society in the War Department in Washington. Except for a few weeks in summer she is there daily from morning until all the work in sight is disposed of.

It was Miss Boardman who got up the white plague Christmas stamps, 25,000,000 of which were sold. Their sale was conducted by the Red Cross.

A Cage for the Baby.

Our baby cage was a home-made one and cost a little over a dollar. It served our three babies and was then given away, as good as ever. I can't begin to tell what a great help it was to me, but any mother who has to do her own housework with a creeping baby around will know how to appreciate it. The "man of the house" could easily make one at home.

Take a board 2 feet 6 inches long by 2 feet wide, for the floor of the cage; nail it onto 2 cleats across the



ends, so as to raise the door above draughts; make a frame of 1 1/2-inch square strips of the same dimensions as floor, bore 1/2-inch holes to correspond in top of floor and the framed get 1/2-inch round spindles 24 inches long and place upright from floor to frame; nine were about 4 inches apart; place casters on bottom; sand-paper the whole cage well and give a coat of cherry stain; when that is dry apply a coat of varnish, and the cage is ornamental as well as useful. I made two pads for bottom of cage of cheese cloth and cotton batting, closely tufted, so if baby fell he would not get hurt, then I had a sofa pillow with wash covers that gave me a change of pads and pillow covers, as both are liable to get wet or soiled. The cage can be moved around easily from room to room or outdoors, yard or piazza, wherever mother may be. Put baby's toys into cage and as soon as he is able to he will begin to pull himself up to a standing position and hold onto the frame, so you see it helps him to walk as well as taking good care of him. Baby is better for less handling and mother can work around without fear of falling over him or hurting him. Ours was made 15 years ago and was as good as ever when we gave it away three years ago.—Mrs. M. C. Webber.

The Boy Suffragist.

A mother in Miles City, Mont., writes to Mrs. Catt. "We were talking about women's rights one day, and my youngest boy started up and said, 'I would like to know who started this foolishness, anyway?' We asked him what he meant. 'Why, the foolishness of not letting women vote. They know as much as men, and sometimes more.'"—Woman's Journal.

Women Want New Bureau.

At the convention of the National Women's Trade Union League in Chicago resolutions were adopted favoring the creation of a federal bureau to collect data in connection with women in industrial pursuits. The women want a woman as head of the bureau.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Caught 'Em At It.

Two policemen picked up a rather well-known actor on Broadway one night after he had been making a night of it.

They toted him into a night court and the judge, who knew the actor, said:

"Well, well! Drunk, eh?"
"Sure, Judge," replied the actor, pushing the policemen forward, "both of them."

Keeping Cupid on the Job.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?"
"Manager? I should say. She got that house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing."
"How did she manage it?"
"She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."

NOT UNANIMOUS.



He—Lydia, I saw a lovely pair of earrings to-day.
She—Oh, where? I'm all ears.

The Ruling Passion.

The editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted: "You're a liar; we have the largest circulation in the country!"

Matched.

"I married my first husband for money, and my second for love."
"Then you are very happy now, I suppose?"
"No. Alas! no. You see, my first husband married me for love, and my second for money."

Caution.

"I don't see why you are dismissing me," said the chauffeur angrily. "Didn't I take you out in your car twice last month?"
"Yes," answered the owner; "but you wouldn't take me where I wanted to go."

Keeps Her Suspicious.

"Mrs. Closepenny has lots of trouble with her laundry."
"Is that right?"
"Yes. If the bills are small she thinks they're keeping her clothes, and if they're big she thinks she's overcharged."

Children of the Rich.

Sunday-School Teacher (impressively).—Of course you all know that Elijah went up to Heaven in the chariot?
Johnny Millyun—Oh, I don't know. That's probably just the story the family gave out!

Playing Ball.



Hey diddle-de-diddle,
A boy up a tree,
Gathering the nuts
That won't fall,
And his chums
Down below
Catch the nuts
He does throw,
So they're playing
A new game of ball.

Unrivaled.

Ferdinand—And do you really love me?
Penelope—Love you, Ferdinand? Why, only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't sooner have a pug-dog, and I refused!

The Egotistical Actor.

Theatrical Manager—I'm sorry, but there's no place for you in this drama; every part has been taken.
Egotistical Actor—Never mind that, I'll create my part.

Impacticable.

"How do you overcome insomnia?"
"Say the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve."
"But I can't get the baby to learn it."

The Story of a Song.

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Doctor Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it. One night in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked him to sing Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story:

"As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on a flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing and I sang the words of that poem."

When he had finished, Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that song. He said it was the most wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping, Mr. Sankey was weeping and the audience was in tears, so great was the impression produced by the song.

"I sang it as God gave it to me," Mr. Sankey replied. He never changed a note of the song from the time it fell from his lips.

An Outside Vegetarian.

"If you are not an outside vegetarian, you are not really a vegetarian at all."

The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray knit gloves, gray aerated hat, gray cloth boots, he continued:

"An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton—not made of the skins of murdered kids. See my boots—woolen—owing nothing to some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden—not made of grisly bones. 'Inside and outside'—so the quaint faddist concluded—"I am a vegetarian, and inside I get along without the murdering of any creature, fish, fowl or fowl. There are many like me."—Philadelphia Press.

Drinks Poison to Reassure a Patient.

Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. John King of Helix swallowed a teaspoonful of acovite by mistake. Realizing that her life was in danger from the deadly poison she ran to Dr. John Griswold, a neighbor, for help.

"Why, I could take a tablespoonful of that and it would not hurt me," said Dr. Griswold. To prove his words he swallowed the drug. Doctor and patient were soon unconscious and it took another physician hours to restore them. They will live, but avoid acovite diet.

EXPERTS BAFFLED BY SAFE.

Unskilled Man Comes Along and Surprises Lock Sharps.

Bellefontaine, Ohio.—Some records of the Logan County Infirmary have been undisturbed for fourteen years because no person seemed able to open the safe containing them. Experts from all parts of the country have worked on it and employees from different safe factories have endeavored to get it open, but all gave up, and it was finally thought that it would be necessary to break it to secure the records it contained.

F. D. Smucker, a Bellefontaine man, offered to try the job. He turned the safe over on its back, and after a short time opened the rusty door, which had not been locked at all.

Had Reached Her Limit.

"Mamma," exclaimed four-year-old Dorothy one day, "I'm so full of happiness that I couldn't be happier unless I was bigger."

The Latest.

Where did the flamingo? Why to see the sunfish.

Roll of Honor

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States

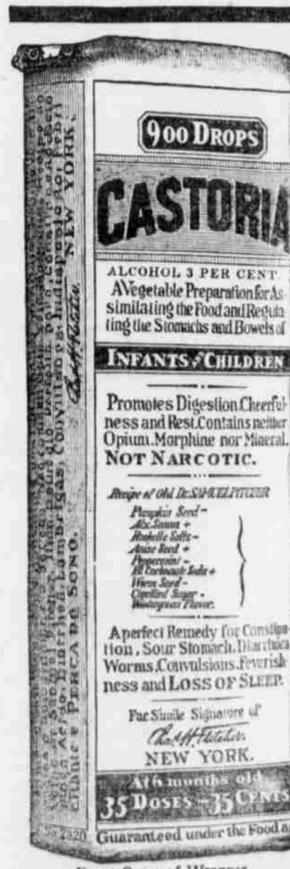
Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.



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