

**ROADS AND ROAD MAKING**

**BUILD TO SUIT TRAFFIC.**  
It is the One Absorbing Problem of Road Construction.

On city boulevards and in parks there are found roadways which have been built for particular kinds of traffic; there are ways especially adapted to equestrian travel, having soft and resilient surface for the comfort of both horse and rider; there are other roads designed for wheeled vehicles. The streets outside of park limits are paved to meet the requirements of the locality; stone blocks for heavy trucking and smoother pavements for lighter loads. The idea of building the road to suit the traffic is already accepted in cities, and is not new.

With country roads, however, the case is different. Special paving materials have been ruled out on account of cost, and the improved highways usually consist of macadam or gravel, or some treatment of the earth practical to the financial resources of the locality.

With State aid more permanent and costly improvement of country highways is possible. With the increased weight of loads induced by better highways, and with the new conditions presented by automobile travel, more durable metalling is required. Thus improved roads in themselves demand further improvement from the increase weight and wear of the traffic that they invite.

The question of building the country roads to suit the traffic is the one great problem relating to highway construction that absorbs the attention of engineers at present. The fact that all methods of traffic must be provided for, including the horse-back rider, which is perhaps the earliest kind of travel, all kinds of horse-drawn vehicles and traction engines and automobiles, has suggested a distribution of traffic to roadways especially adapted for each particular kind.

This idea of special tracks for each kind of traffic, which shall be either parallel in the same road or practically parallel roads, is being suggested first from one quarter then from another, and may, perhaps, prove to be the ultimate solution of this problem.

**Effect of Climate on Macadam.**  
Division Engineer Henry B. Brewster, of Syracuse, N. Y., is accredited with the following statement:

"Macadam pavement can never be successfully made in New York State. Some day the State will come to a realization of this fact and seek a new and permanent road-building material."

"The excessive changes in the temperature experienced in this State, coupled with varying grades of soil that form the sub-base for our highways, renders the building of the macadam road not only inadvisable but impractical."

"This fact has been discovered by the Canadians, who have similar climatic conditions to ours. They have found that macadam will not withstand the varying temperatures. It has been discovered there, too, but we seem to give it less attention than it deserves."

"I think that at this moment, when the State is about to change the form of its highway administration and is laying the foundation for an important system of trunk highways, it should first stop to consider the type of road it is to build. It appears that practically all attention has been given rather to where the roads should be built than what they should be built of."

**Promote Education.**

Good Roads promote education and will do more toward the education of the next generation than all the compulsory education laws in existence. With good roads children can go further to school and can attend with greater regularity. The schools can be enlarged, better equipment can be provided, and better teachers employed.

Bad roads build up the cities and tend to centralize people into small communities, but good roads promote rural life and at the same time add to the prosperity of the cities. Life in the country with such roads in existence is far more desirable, pleasant and healthful than life in the cities.

**Gravel Roads in Danger.**

Recent observation and experiments have shown that automobiles are a serious menace to stone and gravel roadways. In some places, particularly New York, civil engineers and road experts have made an extensive study of the effect of self-propelled vehicles upon the road beds in the country districts, and in reports recently issued by them they unambiguously declare that the damage caused by the rapidly driven cars is far greater than one would surmise at first thought.

**The Majesty of the Law.**

"Pa, what is the majesty of the law?" "A country justice of the peace who sits in a chicken-stealing case and thinks the nations are watching him."

**NEW SHORT STORIES**

**How Williams Helped Allen.**

"When John Allen was running for congress a number of years ago he feared he would not be re-elected, and he called in to help him his old friend John Sharp Williams," said former Representative Joe Sibley of Pennsylvania at the Willard not long ago while the two old friends were swapping stories to a gallery of newspaper men.

"The two mapped out a plan of campaign, and they stumped the district together for a couple of weeks, when Allen was called to another part of the district, leaving Williams to go on and fill his engagements. John Sharp



HE GOT NOTHING BUT THE GLASSY STARE. Williams loved to play tricks on his friends. He had been with Allen on so many of his campaigns that he knew pretty much all of the latter's good stories, and so when Williams hauled up at a small place where Allen was popular he determined to have some fun with his friend. He began by telling what a great man Allen was, and then he told his audience every good story Allen had been telling. The Allen constituency listened and laughed and dismissed Williams with a great sendoff.

"A week later Allen visited the same neighborhood, and once more the crowd was big. He began by thanking the citizens for their attendance and then launched in on some of his stories. He told one, two, three. There was not a ripple visible, not a smile to break the solemnity of the occasion. Allen was dumfounded. He looked around the audience, but in return got nothing but the glassy stare. He imagined that he was addressing a convention of undertakers. Evidently he had lost his grip entirely."

"After the meeting adjourned Allen called one of the men aside and inquired: "Haven't I got a single friend in this section of the state? Here I have talked for an hour and a half, told the very pick of my stories and did not so much as evoke a smile from a single one."

"You are all right personally," responded the fellow. "The next time you come here to speak, however, don't repeat the same speech that was delivered by Mr. Williams over a week ago."

"Didn't I tell the story correctly?" asked Colonel Sibley of "Private" John.

"That's just one of John Sharp's canards," returned "Private" John.—Washington Post.

**The Imagination's Power.**

Robert Herrick, professor of English at the University of Chicago, was talking about the curative power of the imagination, to which the beautiful Vermont chapters of his novel, "Together," were devoted.

"The imagination is wonderful," he said. "I know a Chicago man who went last summer to Asbury Park. He is in a quaint way proved my point."

"He didn't reach Asbury Park till 10 at night, and, very tired, he turned in at once. As he settled his head comfortably on the pillow he said to his wife:

"Listen to the thunder and hiss of the surges, Maria. I haven't heard that glorious sound for forty years. No more insomnia now!"

"And indeed for the first time in three months the man slept like a log. But when he awoke in the morning he found that the uproar which had lulled him to sleep was the uproar of a garage in the rear of the hotel. The sea was over a mile away!"

**A Suggested Raise.**

Harry Thurston Peck was talking at the Century club in New York about the value of suggestion in literature.

"Suggestion is often more effective," he said, "than out and out statement. This is especially true regarding a hero's excellence. A hero's excellence, stated out and out, may win him, you know, the reader's dislike. Suggestion is more artistic, and this is true no less in life than in literature. A business man said one day after borrowing his office boy's knife:

"How is it, Tommy, that you alone of my whole office staff always have your knife with you?"

"I guess," the boy answered, "it's because my wages are so low I can't afford more than one pair of pants."

**THE HORSY MAN.**

He Was Pressed Into Service as an Art Critic.

A London horse dealer fanatic for his expert treatment of "whistling," "roaring," "bucking" and other equestrian ailments had a friend who was a picture buyer. The latter, hearing that one of James MacNeill Whistler's works had been put on sale, was hurrying to New Bond street to have a look at it.

Meeting the horsy man on his way, he stated that he was going to have a look at a Whistler and inquired jocularly if his friend knew anything about Whistlers.

"If I know anything in the world it is what constitutes a genuine whistler," replied the man, greatly to the astonishment of the first, who had never heard of such an infirmity of the horse.

"Come along, then," said he, "and I'll get your opinion on one that's in this neighborhood."

Well, they entered New Bond street, and when they came opposite the print seller's where the picture was hanging the leader of the quest said:

"Here we are. It's inside."

"What's inside?" asked the other.

"The Whistler," said the first.

"It's the queerest place for a stable I ever knew," remarked the horsy man. "Where's the whistler here?"

"It's upstairs," said his friend, entering.

"How the mischief did they get it upstairs?" inquired the other.

"I suppose they carried it up. You didn't fancy it could walk, did you?"

"Is it so far gone as that? It must be a roarer," said the horsy man as they went up to the first floor.

"I don't know any modern painter named Roarer," said the other. "But there's the Whistler, and you may give me your opinion on it. He calls it 'Sauterne in A Flat.'"

The horsy man turned without a word, strode out of the shop, and the two have never spoken since.

**A Clincher.**

An Irishman visited a tuberculosis exhibit, where lungs in both healthy and diseased conditions were displayed preserved in glass jars. After carefully studying one marked "Cured tuberculosis lung" he turned to the physician and said:

"Perhaps it's because Ol'm Irish, but if he cured th' patient how th' devil could ye have his lung in a bottle?"—Lippincott's.

**Overreached Himself.**

A doctor living in a country town near London was notoriously fond of good living. He had accepted an invitation to dine with friends, but as he climbed their steps he smelled venison cooking in the kitchen next door.

The neighbors being also his friends, he resolved to drop in on them unexpectedly to partake of the venison. They pressed him to share their informal dinner, but when he refused both soup and fish his host began to apologize for the simple fare.

The doctor then confessed that he was waiting for the venison, which he had smelled as he came in.

"Oh, that venison," said his entertainer, "we were roasting to oblige our neighbors, who have a dinner party next door."

**Duty.**

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

**The Accommodating Night Clerk.**

Up to the night clerk's desk went Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of pinochle for an hour or two tonight?"

"Why," says the clerk, "I guess so." And he runs his eye over the register.

"Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig."



A GAME IS ARRANGED.

Before long Mr. Gutwillig is found and introduced to the pinochle hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged.

"How did you know I played pinochle?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk.

"Oh, I!"—begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man triple piled with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says: "Shay, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm lookin' fr a scrap!"

Thus the clerk: "Boy, page Mr. Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."—Success Magazine.

**Lucky Jim.**

A tall, gaunt, disappointed looking woman walked into the office of a southeast Missouri county clerk.

"You air the marriage licenser, ain't ye?" she inquired sourly.

"I am," the clerk replied.

"Well, here's one y' kin give back an' sell over. Me an' Jim, jes vuz a goin' to git married, but Jim he kin' of got cold feet an' before I knowed it he ejected."



(These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.)

**BACK LOT HENHOUSES.**

Some persons are awfully particular about other people being clean.

My, no—they wouldn't buy milk from Mr. A. nor bread from Mr. B. nor meat from Mr. C. And why?

"Well, those dealers aren't any too clean. Their shops aren't sanitary."

At the same time a lot of these very fastidious folks will kill and cook a



NO. 1 HENHOUSE.

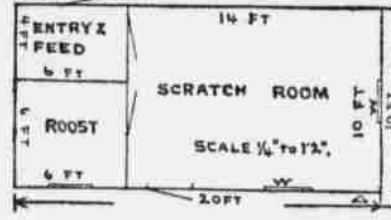
chicken that has been tortured with vermin and housed in filth, and "it just tastes too good for anything."

But people whose chickens live in Bughouse row ought not to throw stones.

The majority of towns and cities have ordinances against hogs in town. Four legged hogs, we mean.

Town councils get awful nightmares about those "insanitary hogpens," but never get the harpoon out after John Bughouse and his numerous relatives, who decorate back lots with shacks, where poultry is penned amid vermin and filth and microbes multiply.

Some people do not see the incongruity of a property half Broadway and the other hunk Slabtown. But



PLAN FOR NO. 1 HENHOUSE.

such are those where a beautiful house adorns the front and a tumble-down the rear.

We present photographs of henneries that stand at the rear of two handsome homes. Both are cheap and practical.

No. 1 is covered with rough boards, sheathed outside with painted sheet



NO. 2 HENHOUSE.

iron. The roof is galvanized iron, door concrete and foundation stone.

The building is eight feet high in front, six in rear and cost \$50. See plan.

No. 2 is twelve feet long, seven wide, seven feet high in front, six feet in rear. The frame is covered with lath boards, stripped; tar paper roof, board floor, foundation stone piers. Building cost \$20. Take your pick.

**DON'TS.**

Don't be effulgently eloquent in trying to make a sale. Just a few true, choice words make a good hen tale.

Don't pack eggs in smeared egg cases. Your customer will think you're a big egg case.

Don't set your mother hen rot in a dirt. Little chicks won't get sick if the cops are nice and slick.

Don't let turkey poultis in the corncrib to eat, and keep them shaded sultry days from the heat.

Don't let ducklings out in heavy rain. You'll have to go and hatch all over again.

Don't let little pheasants run on tainted ground. That's where hungry zapeworms wait around.

Don't snore on when wife tells you the dog is making a big racket. Two or four legged prowlers may be cleaning out your coop.

**THE BEST TONIC TO TAKE.**

I jump into bed with the chickens. An' more like a ball, he all night. I'm crowded out of bed by the roosters. As soon as it gets daylight, light. When the ladies is around, sweetly. An' the roses is gittin' awake. I sweoller a lot of spring water. There's some of the tonic I take.

I sits meself up to the table. There's the hull of us laf an' grow fat. There's smilin' an' jokin' an' lafin'. An' grub—there is plenty of that. There's good homemade bread an' sweet butter.

An' smeamake an' bully ham steak. We sweoller 'er down with nary a frown. There's some of the tonic I take.

The hesses is riddy fur plowin'. I jumps on ole Fan, an' we goes. An' there on the hill in the sunshine. We turn the green sod in long rows. I breathe air that smells of sweet flowers. My thirst at a clear apring I slake.

I get a good sweat drivin' Fan an' ole Pet.

There's some of the tonic I take.

An' thus I'm a child of Dame Nature. An' she is a good mother too.

I get from her health, I git from her wealth, An' I live beneath her sky blue.

It's her religion a-bloomin' about me. It's sung in the hills an' the brake.

In God an' his world an' a life free from strife

I have found the best tonic to take.

C. M. BARNITZ.

**KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS**

Q. Is it not a fact that the fewer the hens with a rooster the more chicks you get? Isn't fertility highest when one hen is kept with the male?

A. When just a few hens are mated the results are not so good, because the hens are always jealous and fight each other and thus few eggs are laid. When one hen is mated the male chases her so much that she often does not lay well at all, and then often soft shelled eggs. When a male has eight to fifteen hens they are more peaceful and there are not so many cockereels hatched.

Q. I have seen carbolic acid recommended for gape treatment. How is it used, internally or how?

A. Drop the acid on a hot brick or stove plate and have the chick inhale the vapor.

Q. To get real early chicks for show I set a hen in my cellar in January, as I was afraid the eggs would freeze. At the end of ten days the hen began to molt, and when her chicks hatched she was almost bare. Will you explain?

A. A sudden change of temperature often has this effect. A change of climate nearly always causes hens to molt, but does not often affect male birds.

Q. A great many eggs that my old hens lay have a thick ridge around the middle, and I note these eggs seldom hatch. What is the cause?

A. Your hens are too fat, and this interferes with the egg organs.

Q. I am thinking of running incubators in the fall and wish you to inform me as to percentage of fertility at that time.

A. If you have vigorous stock, fertility should run from 70 to 90 per cent. As old stock will be molting, you will have to depend on early pullets for eggs, and these should not be set until a pullet has laid her first dozen.

**FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.**

It is claimed that New York speculators lost \$2,000,000 on cold storage eggs the past season, the eggs being bought at a high figure and falling to reach a top notch winter price.

Chicken hawks often appear in a locality for a few seasons and then mysteriously disappear. While many are shot, these chicken fiends appear to change residence, perhaps because chickens are thicker and come easier in another locality.

The shading of a water vessel is so easily and quickly done, and yet some let the water get hot in the sun. This heated water is no relief to thirst and causes bowel trouble.

"Why is it," said a show visitor, "that this fancier wins so often on old birds and seldom gets a ribbon on young stock?" It is because he buys, but can't breed, show specimens. He is simply an exhibitor, which all may be if they put up the cash.

When a beginner sets his first incubator he generally marks every egg and just turns it so far around each day. Later he just scrambles them and gets just as many chicks. That's the old hen's plan, and it's no flimflam.

Rigid rules in feeding are often adopted at the start. Feed is dispensed by the ounce and grain, the hen's breathing space is measured, and protein and carbohydrates are dispensed as scientifically necessary. Thus so called science makes vain man a fool till he discovers he's a fool.

At Pasadena, Cal., the unusual occurred when a negro appeared in court and pleaded for a light sentence for a white man who stole his chickens. He said: "Judge, if you will allow me I will ask you that you will just be as easy as possible with this white man. I just want him out of the way so he will not steal any more of my chickens." The thief got twenty days.

In February, while fresh domestic eggs sold at 30 cents wholesale in New York, eggs shipped from Austria, France and Germany via Hull, England, sold in the same market for 23 cents. At this price foreign shippers made a profit after paying 9 cents duty and freight per dozen.

By feeding white hens rhodamine dye during molt the New York State College of Agriculture has succeeded in changing white feathers to pink and the yolks of eggs red.

In the hot months when you find incubator and brooder heat hard to control trim the corners of the lamp Wick and note the difference.

Attest: George P. Ross, Clerk, Commissioners' Office, Honesdale, Pa., April 4, 1910.

J. E. MANDEVILLE, J. K. HORNBECK, T. C. MADDEN, Commissioners.

Attest: George P. Ross, Clerk, Commissioners' Office, Honesdale, Pa., April 4, 1910.

C. M. Barnitz.

**Is Your Appetite Always Good?**

Why can't you eat as you used to? Simply because your liver doesn't do its work properly. Its business is to take bile out of the blood, which acts as Nature's cathartic, but your liver is sluggish and the bile accumulates too fast, and you feel worn out, tired and lifeless, and each succeeding day brings no relief. The use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will regulate your bowels, stimulate your liver, and promote a healthy, vigorous appetite.

Mr. RAY W. DIXON, of Sanford, Me., writes: "I have gained ten pounds. I can now eat all kinds of food."

Try them and you will be convinced that these little vegetable pills are indeed a tonic and stimulant to the functions of the liver. Then your brain will be active, your mind clear, and health conditions again established and you can eat anything. Get your liver right. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills act gently but surely on the liver. Physicians use and recommend them form no habit! You should always keep them on hand. These little vegetable pills will ward off many ills.

**To Cure Constipation, Bilioousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use**



**SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys**  
BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS  
60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c—All Dealers.

**M. LEE BRAMAN**

**EVERYTHING IN LIVERY**

Buss for Every Train and Town Calls.

**Homes for sale**

Accommodations for armers

Prompt and polite attention at all times.

**ALLEN HOUSE BARN**

**For New Late Novelties**

**JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES**

**SPENCER, The Jeweler.**

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

**NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARIES**

Section 3 of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L., 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State Conventions each party is entitled to elect, names of party offices to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

**SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.**

**REPUBLICAN.**

1 person for Representative in Congress.  
1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.  
2 persons for delegates to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

**DEMOCRATIC.**

1 person for Representative in Congress.  
1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.  
1 person for Delegate to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

**PROHIBITION.**