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By a curious coincidence Czotgosz's
name is a Polish noun meaning "a
creeping, crawling thing, such as a
snake."

Lombroso's cure for Anarchy is
"Symbiosis." Dr. Holmes wittily ex-
pressed the same idea long ago when
he recommended people to "choose
their parents carefully."

Jules Verne, who was at one time
regarded as the most fantastic of
novelists, lived to see many of his
impressions realized. Let the weather
 prophets take heart and persevere.

Professor Zimmer, of Berlin, a spe-
cialist in mental diseases, has been in-
vestigating the cause of insanity
among women, and has concluded that
if women were admitted into competi-
tion with men the result would be a
tremendous increase of insanity among
the women.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark
University, describes in the Forum
"The Ideal School as Based on Child
Study." Incidentally he condemns
the present inefficiency of the high
school, and criticizes the secondary
teachers of America as prone to all
the narrowness and affectation of the
specialist, without his redeeming vir-
tue of productiveness in research.

Tiny insect enemies cause in the
United States an average annual loss
to agriculture of about \$300,000,000,
according to the entomologist of the
Department of Agriculture. This av-
erage of destruction is kept up not
only by the occasional widespread
plagues of locust, chinch bugs, etc.,
but by what might be called a scat-
tered guerrilla warfare which is going
on nearly all the time.

It appears amazing that within a
period of less than forty years three
Presidents of the United States should
have been shot down. But that fact
is no indictment of our institutions.
The natural guarantees of a beneficent
civilization may at any moment prove
a weak defence against the stealthy
assault of an individual inflamed with
a lust for blood as are the artificial
resources of a despotism, exclaims the
New York Tribune.

The Macon Telegraph recommends
the substitution of rice and hominy
for the dear potato. They are palata-
ble and very nutritious. The scarcity
of potatoes appears to have devel-
oped a new fraud. It is said that by
dipping old potatoes into water to which
enough lye has been added to make
the skins curl they are made to take
on the appearance of new ones. The
fraud may be detected by cutting the
tubers open, as the lye turns the inside
yellow.

It is an interesting fact that the
wireless message can be flashed
through fogs and storms, and seems
only to be affected by electrical dis-
turbances of the atmosphere, and not
seriously even by those. The effect of
the earth's curvature is also said not
to materially interfere with its use.
That we shall at some not far dis-
tant date communicate through the
air with Europe from ship-to-ship sta-
tions, so that the breaking of cable
connection will be of no account, is
by no means a wild dream. The great
ocean liners are already being equip-
ped with the necessary apparatus.

Godlike Giving.
God so loved that He gave. That is the
expression, as it is the test of love. Giv-
ing—not receiving, not withholding, not
condemning. We sinners can receive and
withhold and condemn. Can we love?
That is to be Godlike. God is love, and
whosoever loveth is born of God and
knoweth God. God loved, and just be-
cause He loved He gave. Can we measure
that love? Only by His gift. Can we
measure that gift? Only by His love.
Both are measureless. — Northwestern
Christian Advocate.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and
sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging
over,
And scented silence at my head and
feet.

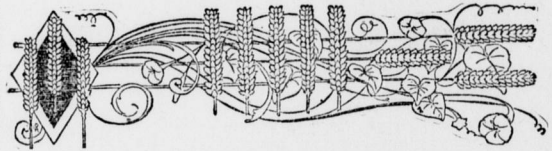
Just for one hour to slip the leash of
worry
In eager haste from thought's impatient
neck,
And watch it coursing—in its heedless
hurry
Disclaiming wisdom's whistles, duty's
beck.

Ah, it were sweet, where clover clumps
are meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady
beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my
breast.

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper
breathing
That comes of listening to a free bird's
song!
Our souls require at times this full un-
sheathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too
long.

And I am tired!—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands first to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free
beauty,
Its loose bands with no straight strings
running through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude
speech,
But women sometimes die of such a
grief,
Die for the small joys held beyond their
reach,
And the assurance they have all they
need.
—Mary A. Townsend, in the Argonaut.



A DANGEROUS RIDE

BY WILL LISENBEE.

I HAD come from the East to seek
my fortune in Colorado. After
spending nearly two years in pros-
pecting in different parts of the
State, I resolved to go to Los Vegas,
New Mexico, and try to get a position
on the railroad, as I always had a
liking for that sort of work.

Well, I only got as far as Trinid-
ad, when I found myself without a dollar
in the world, and of course I had to
stop over and see if I could not get
something to do.

I went to the Sante Fe railroad sta-
tion and applied for work, but failed
to get any encouragement. Then I
went to the different trainmen and
made diligent inquiries, but none of
them knew of any job that was open.

A conductor, who was then running
local freight on this line, promised
to give me a position as brakeman, if
I would remain in Trinidad two
weeks. His head brakeman was go-
ing to quit him, he informed me, and
I could have the place if I chose to
remain there till the vacancy occur-
ed; but two days later he was re-
moved to another division of the road,
and I was left without any prospect of
employment in Trinidad.

I then resolved to go to Los Vegas
at once, but, having no money to pay
my fare, I was at a loss to know what
to do. At last, however, I decided to
go to the railroad station and endeavor
to get some of the brakemen on the
freights to let me ride.

When I arrived at the station I
found that a long freight train had
just pulled up and was standing on
the side track to wait the coming
of the eastern-bound express.

I first approached the conductor,
and, explaining my condition, asked
him to carry me over his division, but
he dismissed me with the curt reply
that his train was a freight train and
he was forbidden to carry passen-
gers.

Discouraged but not despairing, I
went to the head brakeman and
sought to induce him to allow me to
ride on one of the box cars.
"Got any money?" he asked.
"Not a cent," I replied, "but—"
"You'll have to walk then," he said,
and passed on.

I tried the other brakeman with
like result; then I began to feel pre-
tly blue. I walked up the track along
the side of the train, wishing that I
had never seen the State of Colorado.

Presently I stopped to admire a new
locomotive that was in the train near
its centre. It was a beautiful piece
of workmanship, fresh from the
shops, and was being taken south for
the Mexican Central.

While I was standing there the
train was uncoupled just back of the
locomotive, and the lower section
bumped down to another switch.

A few minutes later the express
went by and then the section that
had been run back was brought on to
the main track and went thundering
on its way to Raton. You see the
trains had to be pulled up this long
grade in sections, then, and an engine
was kept at the point to do the work.

As soon as the train had disappeared
up the slope, I heard the bell ring,
and then the other section began to
move forward. Not until that mo-
ment, when the disagreeable sen-
sation of being left behind took possession
of me, did I have the remotest
idea of attempting to steal a ride.
Then it occurred to me that I might
easily ride on the engine at the rear
end of the train, and no one be the
wiser; but I hesitated to do such a
thing, and should have given up the
idea had not the brakeman pointed to
the engine and hinted that if I didn't
have backbone enough to get aboard
I ride, I ought to walk.

Thus encouraged, I ran forward and
leaped aboard the moving engine.
Then I crept into the tender and seated
myself where I would be hid from
the observation of any one who might
pass along the train. I knew that the
brakeman would shield me if he
could, but I must not allow the con-
ductor to discover my presence.

The train was now moving faster
and faster, and the clatter of the
wheels over a joint in the rails told
me that we were passing over the
switch and on to the main track.

We soon struck the long, steep
grade, and moved very slowly. There
is a level space, a quarter of a mile
long, perhaps, just below the last
grade of two miles. We had reached

this, and were starting up the last
grade, when the engine struck.

I heard the loud, rapid puffing of
the locomotive as the wheels slipped on
the track, and then the train gradu-
ally came to a standstill. Then we
began to move backward, and I knew
we were backing on to the level space
to get a new start.

The train moved pretty fast down
the grade, and I rightly guessed that
the engineer was out of humor.

We had crossed the level space and
reached the down grade below it, when
we were brought almost to a stand-
still. The engine gave a loud snort,
then there came a rattling of cars, and
it began to move forward again. Then
I felt a violent jerk, I heard some-
thing break, and the engine on which
I was riding stopped, while the train
moved on up the track.

The violent pull given by the exas-
perated engineer had broken the cou-
pling, and I was being left behind.

I knew that the break would soon
be discovered, and when the conductor
should come back to investigate the
accident, I would be found and put
off the train.

As soon as I realized this, I began
to look hastily about me for some
place in which to conceal myself.
Happening to glance downward, I
discovered the door leading down to
the furnace standing open, and in a
moment I had concealed myself in the
fire box, closing the door behind me.

Scarcely had I gained the shelter of
that rather unusual hiding place when
I felt the engine begin to slowly
move down the track. For a short
time I thought nothing of this, and
momentarily expected to hear the
train back against it, but as the mo-
ments went by and the sound of the
train grew fainter and fainter, I came
to the conclusion that the breaking
loose of the engine had not been dis-
covered.

I now resolved to crawl from my
place of concealment, but as I at-
tempted to open the door I found that
it was latched on the outside, and I
was as securely fastened in as if I
had been locked in the strongest pris-
on.

The engine was now gaining speed at
every turn of the wheels, and would
soon be rushing with frightful rapid-
ity down the steep incline.

With a feeling of horror I realized
my awful peril, for I knew that in
descending the ten-mile grade there
was little hope that the engine would
stay upon the rails. I shouted at the
top of my voice, hoping that some of
the train men had returned to the
engine, but only the sound of the swift-
ly rolling wheels came in answer to
my call. There were several sharp
curves along the route, and some of
these were on the very verge of deep
abysses, making the peril of my de-
scent so great that I was almost be-
side myself with terror.

Glancing downward through the
grate I could see the road running like
a great belt beneath me, while faster
and faster rolled the engine, sending
up a cloud of dust that almost stifled
me.

The engine now rocked violently
from side to side, and every moment
I expected it to leave the track. If I
could only escape from my prison
there might yet be time for me to
jump and save myself. Once more I
took hold of the iron door and shook
it with all my might, but it remained
as solid as the walls of iron about me.

I now despaired of escape, and, al-
most stupefied with the terror of my
situation, I sat there and waited for
whatever might happen. The speed
was growing frightful, and every in-
stant I expected the engine to leap
from the rails and go crashing down
into one of the deep ravines that skirted
the road.

Suddenly I felt the engine lurch
violently from side to side as it rounded
a curve, then, to my joy, I saw that
the furnace door had been thrown
open by the shock. With a cry of deli-
ght I sprang through the opening
and was soon standing in the cab.

A single glance told me that it would
be worse than madness to leap from
that fast flying engine, which was
now moving at a speed of fifty miles
an hour. The high cliffs and patches
of cedars that skirted the road shot by
in a mingled streak of gray and
green.

Far down the track ahead I saw a
gang of section men at work. The

next minute the engine, which seemed
to have leaped the intervening space,
shot by them like a flash. I only
caught a brief glance of their aston-
ished faces as they hurried back from
the track, then they faded from view
for behind.

So bewildered and stupefied was I
by the perils of the situation in which
I found myself that it was several mo-
ments before I recovered my presence
of mind sufficiently to realize the ne-
cessity of some immediate action.

I glanced hurriedly about me, my
eyes falling on the polished levers, use-
less without steam. Then I caught
sight of the brake on the tender, and,
leaping forward, I grasped the lever
and gave it a vigorous turn. There
was a sharp, hissing sound as the iron
brakes came in contact with the swift-
ly rolling wheels, and sparks of fire
shot from each side of the tender, but
there was no visible slackening of the
speed of the engine. Using all the
force I could command I set the
brakes, and then stood helplessly there
in the tender while I was swiftly
whirled down the mountain road.

Full four miles ahead I could now
see the city of Trinidad. I knew that
it would be impossible for me to stop
the engine before I reached that place,
but I still hoped to check its speed
sufficiently to keep it from flying the
track.

This was my only hope. I could see
long lines of cars on the side tracks
and a number of engines switching
about the yards near the station, and
I shuddered as I thought of what
would happen should the main track
not be clear when I reached the place.

Only a few seconds now and I would
be at Trinidad. As one in a dream I
again set the brakes a notch tighter,
and then, grasping the bell cord, I rang
the bell furiously. The engine seemed
to be fairly lifted from the track as it
swept round a curve and went thun-
dering on its way. I cast a fleeting
glance at the station close ahead. I
only saw a confused mass of buildings
and cars; then I dashed by like a me-
teor. Then, as I gained a level stretch
of track the engine began to slacken
its speed, and presently came to a
standstill nearly a mile below the sta-
tion.

I was saved! A mist gathered before
my eyes, and I sank down unconscious
in the bottom of the cab.

When I regained my senses I found
quite a crowd of people collected
about me, among whom was the con-
ductor, who had returned with his
train for the missing engine. When
he asked me how I had come to be on
the engine I told him that I was in-
tending to ride to Los Vegas, but did
not mention the part the brakeman
had played in the matter.

To my surprise he did not seem dis-
pleased at me for my attempt to steal
a ride, but complimented me on my
nerve in staying with the engine at
the risk of my life, and putting on the
brake as I did. I had saved the com-
pany the loss of several thousand dol-
lars, he explained, for which he him-
self might have been blamed.

"You give me more credit than I
deserve," I replied. And then I ex-
plained how I had been shut up in
the fire-box till it was too late to leave
the engine.

He cast a surprised glance at me,
and then said:

"Well, you certainly possess frank-
ness and truthfulness, which is, after
all, more to your credit than the per-
formance of a brave deed would have
been. Come with me to Los Vegas and
I'll see what I can do for you."

He took me with him to Los Vegas,
where he obtained for me work as a
brakeman, and six months ago I was
promoted to the position I now hold.—
Waverley Magazine.

Fair at Forty.
It was Balzac who discovered that
the woman of thirty is more fascinat-
ing than the girl of twenty. Now
the Lady's Pictorial puts the zenith of
feminine charm a decade later, de-
claring that the apple of discord is due
to the woman of forty. It is an inter-
esting profession of faith and one
wonders whether the general accept-
ance of it by mankind has anything to
do with that increasing tendency
to defer marriage till late in life which
modern philosophers have often no-
ticed and sometimes deplored. If the
woman of forty is really the most
charming woman it is only natural
that bachelors should wish to remain
bachelors until they are fit helpmates
for her. There is, however, one re-
flection that should give them pause.
However much more charming than
the girl of twenty the woman of forty
may be, there remains a strong
probability that she may not keep her
charms so long. That fact, also, should
certainly be borne in mind by Coelebs
in search of a wife.—London Daily
Graphic.

He Married 8000 Couples.
For more than twenty years John
Hause, of Jeffersonville, Ind., has been
connected with the business of mar-
rying eloping couples from Kentucky
and Illinois, an industry of which he
is practically the creator. Long before
he was elected a "squire," with power
to tie the matrimonial knots and collect
wedding fees, he was a "runner" for
another justice. He met all incoming
trains and steamboats, and was said
never to make a mistake in picking
out a couple which was looking for a
bargain in the matrimonial line.
Finally, nine years ago, he became
a justice of the peace, and since that
time he has performed more than 8000
marriages. It is said that his income
from wedding fees is more than \$3000
a year. Now "Squire" Hause and the
industry he has built are threatened
with extinction by Attorney-General
Taylor, of the State, who is said to
have found that the marriage laws of
the State have been violated.—Chicago
Tribune.

SCENTS OF THE ANCIENT.

Perfumery as Used by the Nations of
Antiquity.

Among the steadily augmenting rea-
sons for alarm at Germany's commer-
cial aggressiveness, says the Balti-
more Sun, there was recently men-
tioned in English and Continental pa-
pers the fact that German manufac-
turers are even attempting to control
the trade in perfumes. Their chemists
produce from heretofore unthought-
of sources almost any sort of scent
and essence for toilet and table, which
are exported to all parts of the globe.
As especially noteworthy are reported
large shipments of perfumery to the
Orient from German ports. The ladies
of the harems of Constantinople,
Cairo, indeed of the whole Muhamme-
dan world, are said to have been won
for these perfumes "made in Ger-
many," and the Levant, the native
land of fragrant extracts, is being
inundated with eau de cologne and
numberless other scents of flowers or
which can tell what substances.

It is difficult to realize how univer-
sal was the knowledge and use of
scent in ancient time, says Invention.
Greek tradition avers that perfume
came direct from Venus' toilet, and re-
cipes for essences were inscribed on
marble tablets all about the temples
of the goddess of love. Egypt was a
great mart for all kinds of perfumes.
Women made themselves beautiful
through the use of essences, and guests
were received in chambers strewn
with flowers. Even the dead were not
forgotten, for the embalmed mummy
was saturated with perfumes and
spices and sweet scents were burned
before their statues.

The ancients thought certain per-
fume had medicinal value. Pliney men-
tions eight remedies derived from rue,
thirty-two from rose, four from mint,
twenty-one from the lily and seven-
teen from the violet. Thyme has a
tonic quality, and lavender is sooth-
ing. Patchouli is stimulating, jas-
mine is cheering, while heliotrope is
an irritant. There are those in our
day who think sandal a tonic, and its
virtues were known to the Greeks,
who anointed themselves with it for
the Olympian games.

The Jews' love of perfume was so
great that mourning and night they
burned sweet incense of myrrh, and
beds were perfumed with aloe and
cinnamon. So indispensable were
scents considered for the bridal toilet
that one-twelfth of the bridal dowry
was set apart for their purchase. The
famous balm of Gilead was distilled
from a bush which formerly covered
the mountains of Gilead, but this of
late has become so scarce that only the
Sultan can afford to purchase it.

The trade in perfumes was enorm-
ous in Greece. Like the Egyptians,
they understood the fascination of
flowers, and an Athenian not only per-
fumed his house but scented his drink-
ing vessels with myrrh, the gum of a
tree which grows in Arabia. To such
an extent was the love of perfume
carried that each part of the body had
its peculiar unguent; the hair required
sweet marjoram, the neck and knees
wild thyme, the arms balsam, the
cheeks and breast pain oil, and the
feet and legs sweet oilment. Indeed,
the perfumers' shops in Athens were
the rendezvous for the discussion of
politics and intrigues. The love of
perfumery among the Greeks spread
into Rome, and soon the Roman per-
fumers became so famous that a
bunch of sage indicated their shops.
A Roman lady frequently kept one
slave to sprinkle her hair.

The rulers of the earth have, like
many of their subjects, favorite per-
fumes. Kaiser Wilhelm II. writes a
Vienna contemporary, prefers "Gar-
den of the Parish Priest," but occa-
sionally uses Ylang-Ylang, corylopsis
and Iris. The Empress Augusta Vic-
toria's favorite is hayscent, and for
her private room eau de cologne. Both
she and the children use spermaceti
soap. The Czar has a weakness for
scents, but his especial favorite is un-
known. He uses peau d'Espagne
perfume for the handkerchief; her
rooms and corridors are sprinkled with
jougouil and jasmine. Savon a la
peau d'Espagne is her Majesty's favorite
soap, although she uses occasionally
creme duchesse. The Queen Dowager
of Italy, Margherita, prefers Cologne
water and uses Palermo soap. King
Victor Emmanuel's favorite scent is
heliotrope. The Crown Prince of
Roumania is fond of rosewater. King
Oscar II. of Sweden makes use of
chypre, and for his beard brillantane
powder. Sultan Abdul Hamid in-
dulges in a mixture of lilacs and viol-
ets.

Weak On Its Foot.
Jimson in a rash moment undertook
to plant a new clothes post in the
garden, and after much labor he delved
out a hole into which he managed at
length to coax the post to a perpen-
dicular position, and he went indoors
a proud and happy man.
Ten minutes afterward, however,
he went out to feast his eyes again
upon the spectacle of the family
clothes post pointing skyward like a
miniature telegraph pole, when to his
consternation he found the late erec-
tion lying prone across the onion bed.
"You pushed it down, did you?" said
Jimson, wrathfully seizing his youth-
ful son and heir, who was playing
about near.

"That I never, dad," replied the boy
earnestly; "a sparrow perched on it
'till an' overbalanced it. I seed him
do it."—London Spare Moments.

Countries With Few Hous.
Italy and Spain have fewer houses
in proportion to population than any
other country. The Argentine Repub-
lic has most.



Street Railways vs. Good Roads.

A NEW factor that must soon
be taken into consideration in
connection with the good
roads problem is the rapid ex-
tension of the electric traction sys-
tems into the rural districts. Not
content with the immense volume and
earnings of the intramural systems,
the street railway interests have in-
vaded the country with long interur-
ban lines that are already projected
all the way across large States.

These street railways or electric
traction roads are not to be ignored
by the good roads workers. They
must be studied for the purpose of
determining the effect they will have
upon highway travel, whether toward
increasing or decreasing its volume,
or as reducing the length of haul by
horse and wagon, and changing its
direction.

Practically all of these railways par-
allel important public highways be-
tween the principal cities and towns.
Many of them have franchises from
the State, granting the right of con-
struction and operation directly on
the public highways, while others own
part of them in the shape of purchased
rights of way. The cars on these
lines transport passengers from town
to town, or between the points on the
roads, as comfortably, more cheaply,
and almost as quickly as the steam
cars between stations, and far more
quickly and agreeable than the trip,
long or short, can be made by horse
and buggy or wagon. It seems obvi-
ous, therefore, that the electric roads
will tend to reduce the light passenger
travel along the wagon roads which
they parallel.

But the traction companies are not,
by any means, content with passen-
ger business alone. They have al-
ready embarked in the express and
light freight traffic, despite the ther-
ogal obstacles which are being thrown
in their way by the steam railroad
companies, whose contentions have
been defeated in the Supreme Court
of Ohio. This freighting or express
business promises in the near future
to become more profitable to the roads
than the transporting of passengers,
and to grow more rapidly in volume.
It cannot be doubted that this draws
wagon traffic from the parallel high-
ways.

As yet, few, if any, of the electric
roads have attempted to embark in
the heavy freighting business in this
country, though it has been done in
Europe.

We may safely predict, however,
that in time the traction companies
will attempt to secure much of this
business also, unless legal restrictions
debar them, for they can operate as
cheaply as the steam roads, and in
many cases they have advantages over
the latter in facilities for handling
such freight.

However, if the interurban roads re-
duce the travel between towns on the
highways which they parallel, they
will surely increase the travel on the
cross roads leading from the farms
to the railways, and which act as
feeders to the steel ways. This will
also undoubtedly increase the volume
of travel on the roads reaching from
the villages off the lines of the electric
and steam roads to those through
which these lines extend.

Good road advocates have no reason
for becoming apprehensive that the
extension of the interurban electric
railways will cause any of the wagon
roads to be abandoned and to fall into
decay. While they seem likely to
reduce traffic on some of the main
thoroughfares connecting towns, their
effect will be to increase the number
of short hauls in the aggregate on
others. It is, at any rate, a factor in
the highway improvement movement
that may be studied to advantage.

The progress being made here and
abroad in the manufacture of practi-
cal and economical steam and gaso-
line trucks and "lorries," as well as
passenger coaches, for the transporta-
tion of freight and passengers on the
public highways offers the good roads
enthusiast sufficient guarantee for a
countervailing influence tending to
give the interurban wagon way a new
importance. It will probably then
come to a struggle between the opera-
tor of the motor stage and the elec-
tric traction companies to decide
which of them can reduce the cost
of operation to the lowest point.—H.
W. Perry, in the Good Roads Maga-
zine.

Opposed at First.
When the New Jersey hard road law
was passed there it was bitterly op-
posed by the farmers, and to put in
operation in some cases where farm-
ers were the officials to the initiatory
steps, it was necessary to compel
them to act by mandamus proceedings.
During the first year only thirty
miles of hard roads were built; last
year 114 miles were constructed, and
the present year over five hundred
miles are petitioned for by the farm-
ers of New Jersey.

The Greatest Drawback.
It must then be admitted that from
end to end of our beautiful progres-
sive country the greatest drawback
to thorough education, the greatest
drag on spiritual, mental and moral
development is the hindrance of free
social intercourse between the city
and the country through bad and, at
times, impassable roads.