

CONSTRUCTING GOOD ROADS IN WISCONSIN



Piece of Heavy Grading Approaching Hill. New Grade, 8 Per Cent.; Old Grade, 16 Per Cent. Near Sparta, Wis.

GOOD ROADS



CONCRETE FOR GOOD ROADS
Chicago City Officials Impressed With Construction of Pavements in Michigan Township.

In its publication, Chicago Commerce, the Chicago Association of Commerce thus presents details of an inspection of concrete pavements and roads in Michigan:

A party of 30 Chicago aldermen, the president, chief engineer and members of the board of local improvements and the engineer of the committee on downtown streets of the association of commerce inspected the concrete roads and pavements in Wayne county, Michigan. The trip was given in the effort to make city officials and others interested in good paving construction realize the ever-increasing importance of concrete.

Arriving in Ann Arbor the party made a trip of inspection in autos over the concrete pavements of that city, accompanied by the city engineer, E. W. Groves. The concrete pavements in Ann Arbor are laid six inches in thickness in two courses, one a 4 1/2-inch base course of gravel concrete upon which is laid a 1 1/2-inch wearing surface of a 1 to 2 mixture of cement and coarse sand. Over this wearing surface is spread a thin coating of refined pitch, which is dusted over with sand. Expansion joints filled with pitch are provided every 25 feet. This wearing surface has much the same appearance as an asphalt pavement. Mr. Groves states that with the traffic in Ann Arbor, which is light, the protective coating of pitch will last three years. The pavement cost about \$1 per square. It is claimed that the low first cost, sanitary qualities, wearing quality and ease of repair should recommend this pavement for light residence streets.

At Wayne, Mich., with Edward N. Hines, road commissioner of Wayne county, an inspection was begun of the county's 40 miles of concrete roads. These roads vary in width from 12 to 18 feet. They are built of about 6 1/2 inches of a rich concrete mixture 1 to 1 1/2 to 3 applied in one course. Expansion joints are provided every 25 feet. To prevent the wear which usually takes place at the expansion joint in concrete pavements a plate of soft steel flush with the surface is provided in the newer roads. No surface covering is used, it being the belief of the road commissioners that for country roads the concrete wearing surface will prove so durable as not to justify any increase in the first cost. The roads built in the last four years have varied in cost from \$1.25 to \$1.71 per square yard. Mr. Hines states that practically nothing has been spent upon any of these roads for maintenance. In appearance the roads are remarkable for their cleanliness, although they are never cleaned except by the falling rain.

A defective bridge which made necessary a detour of several miles over unimproved clay roads upon which a hard rain had just fallen, together with an exciting slide down a hill covered with soft clay in autos, served to give a striking example of the condition of Wayne county roads before improvement and the value of such improvements.

The general opinion seemed to be that for the conditions existing in Wayne county the road commissioners had made no mistake in adopting concrete as their standard of construction for country roads. Chicago's city officials agreed that the concrete road or pavement, properly constructed and used under right conditions, has its place and expressed their willingness to give concrete a trial in Chicago.

Cost of Transportation.
There are 2,000,000 miles of unimproved roads in this country, and it costs an average of two cents per bushel more to haul wheat nine miles to a station than it does to ship the same bushel from New York to Liverpool, 2,200 miles away.

Use Beet Sugar Sirup.
In Montana road experts have found that crude sugar beet sirup sprinkled over dirt roads that were dusty makes the surface impervious to rain and two coats a year will keep the road in first-class condition and at very low cost.

Treatment of the Fields.
Resolve to prevent weeds from going to seed on your place, so far as in your power. By example you will induce the owners of adjoining places to do likewise.

BAD ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Much Money Expended in Next Ten Years for Needed Improvement of Public Thoroughfares.

(By HOWARD H. GROSS.)
It is remarkable that so few people in any community are willing to profit by the experiences of other people in other localities where the problem of good roads has been taken up and solved. The dread of taxes is the bug bear; the reason this is so probably lies in the fact that we usually see so little benefit for what we pay out; so far as road taxes go it is safe to say that fully one-half is wasted because of lack of skill, doing perhaps the wrong thing, or doing the right thing in the wrong way. If we had the county as a road unit instead of the township, we could afford to hire a first class man to give his whole time to road supervision, and by this means we could get approximately at least a dollar of benefit for the dollar expended. By this plan, Illinois alone would save at least \$5,000 a day for every day in the year. A pro rata saving could be made in the majority of the other states.

It is well within the truth to say that the money wasted in road administration would pay the interest and provide a sinking fund upon a bond issue large enough to permanently improve all the main highways in the land.

Good roads cost money, surely they do, but bad roads cost more. Good roads greatly increase farm values, and bad roads depreciate them. Wherever any community has had the experience of having had both kinds, they always and unanimously go in for good roads. About the latest objection to good roads the writer has ever heard was made by a round-headed farmer who is the standing joke of his community. He said: "Good roads will make my farm worth more, sure it will, but if it is worth more they will tax me more for it." One of the bystanders said: "Bill, s'pose you trade your farm for the Smith place, it's as good as yours, but the taxes won't be half so much." Bill took another look, and said he allowed he would keep the farm he had.

Good roads are a relative term. When any community is used to very bad roads, they appreciate a road that is not quite so bad, but far from being a good one. Really, a good road should be one that is hard and smooth every day in the year. A road that is often good, but many times bad is like a balky horse, not to be depended upon. The writer was told of a woman driving a span of mules over one of the worst roads in Arkansas; the mud was a foot deep, and both she and the mules were plastered with it. She finally came to a half-mile of corduroy road through the bottoms. As she bumped along over the logs that composed it, she remarked: "I do enjoy a good road, I don't see why they don't build more on 'em."

The indications are that more money will be expended for good roads in the next ten years than has been spent in the last twenty-five years. Ohio is soon to vote on a constitutional amendment to authorize an issue of \$50,000,000 of bonds to build a system of state roads reaching every county. The federal government is considering the plan of aiding in the construction. The matter will be given a hearing before the house committee within the next few days. The indications are that something will be done along this line. Sentiment is running strong in that direction.

Good Roads in New York.

New Jersey was the pioneer in the good road movement, but New York has \$9,000 miles of road with a 7 1/2 mileage of improved highways. An all the other eastern states put together, New York will this year spend \$21,000,000 on roads.

Progress of Community.

According as your road machinery is being worn out or being rusted out your community is advancing or retreating in the battle against poverty.

Engineer is Essential.

There is no more sense in trying to build a good road without a highway engineer than there is in going into a lawsuit without a lawyer.

What Opposition Does.

The farmer who opposes good roads doesn't exactly kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—he merely prevents the gosling from being hatched.

Searching for Material.

Twelve types of road construction are being tried out in the suburbs of Washington in a search for the most durable.

Impriator of Progress.

A worn-out road drag is the impiator of progress on the countryside.

Caponize Cockerels.

Not too late to caponize those cockerels. If you don't want to do that sell them quick.

The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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CHAPTER I.

The roaring reports of the motor fell into abrupt silence, as the driver brought his car to a halt.

"You signaled?" he called across the grind of set brakes.

In the blending glare of the searchlights from the two machines, the gray one arriving and the limousine drawn to the roadside, the young girl stood, her hand still extended in the gesture which had stopped the man who now leaned across his wheel.

"Oh, please," she appealed again.

On either side stretched away the Long Island meadows, dark, soundless, apparently uninhabited. Only this spot of light broke the monotony of dreariness. A keen, chill, October wind sighed past, stirring the girl's delicate gown as its folds lay unheeded in the dust, fluttering her fur-lined cloak and shaking two or three childish curls from the bondage of her velvet hood. The driver swung himself down and came toward her with the unhesitating swiftness of one trained to the unexpected.

"I beg pardon—can I be of some use?" he asked.

"We are lost," she confessed hurriedly. "If you could set us right, I should be grateful. I—we must get home soon. I have been a guest at a house somewhere here, and started to return to New York this afternoon. The chauffeur does not know Long Island; we cannot seem to find any place. And now we have lost a tire. I was afraid—"

She broke off abruptly, as her companion descended from the limousine.

"We only want to know the way; we're all right," he explained. "This is my cousin; I came out after her, you see. Don't get so worried, Emily—we'll go straight on as soon as Anderson changes the tire."

He huddled his words slightly and spoke too rapidly, the round, good-natured face he turned to the white light was too flushed; otherwise there was nothing unusual in his appearance. And his caste was evident and unquestionable in spite of any circumstance. There was no anger in girl's dark eyes as she gazed

name was ignored, except for a slight lift of the hearer's eyebrows.

"How long does it take you to change a tire?"

"About half an hour; it's night, of course."

An odd, choking gurgle sounded from the gray machine, where a dark figure had sat until now in quietest muteness.

"Half an hour!" echoed the gray machine's driver, and faced toward the chaffeur. "Rupert, it isn't in your contract, but do you want to come over and change this tire?"

"I'll do it for you, Darling," was the sweet response; the small figure rolled over the edge of the car with a cat-like celerity. "Where are your tools, you chauffeur? Quick!"

The bewildered chaffeur mechanically reached for a box on the running-board, as the young assistant came up, grinning all over his malign dark face.

"Oh, quicker! What's the matter, rheumatism? They wouldn't have you in a training camp for motor trucks on Sunday. Hustle, please."

There never had been anything done to that sedan limousine quite as this was done. Even the preoccupied girl looked on in fascination at a rapidity of unwasted movement suggesting a conjuring feat.

"By George!" exclaimed her escort. "A splendid man you've got there! Really, a splendid chauffeur, you know."

The driver smiled with a gleam of irony, but disregarded the comment.

"Would you like to get into your car?" he asked the girl. "You will be able to start very soon."

"I see that," she acknowledged gratefully. "Thank you; I would rather wait here."

"Is your chauffeur trustworthy?"

"Oh, yes; he has been in my uncle's employ for three years. But he was never before out here, in this place."

There was a pause, filled by the soft monotone of insults drifting from the side of the limousine, for Rupert talked while he worked and his fellow-worker did not please him.

"Wrench, baby hippo! Oh, look behind you where you put it—you need



"The Journey Will Be Short Now."

straight before her, only pity and helplessness.

"I can tell your chauffeur the road," the driver of the gray car quietly said. "Have you far to go?"

"To the St. Royal," she answered, looking at him. "My uncle is there. Is that far?"

"No; you can reach there by ten o'clock. I will speak to your chauffeur."

"Do, like a good fellow," the other man interposed. "Awfully obliged. You're not angry, Emily," he added, lowering his voice, and moving near her. "Since we're engaged, why should you get frightened simply because I proposed we get married to-night instead of waiting for a big wedding? I thought it was a good idea, you know. It isn't my fault Anderson got lost instead of getting us home for dinner, is it?"

"Hush, Dick," she rebuked, hot color sweeping her face. "You, you are not well. And we are not engaged; you forget. Just because people want us to be—"

Too proud to let her steadiness quiver, she broke the sentence.

If the driver had heard, and it was scarcely possible that he had not, he made no sign. By the acetylene light he produced an envelope and pencil, and proceeded to sketch a map showing the route to the limousine's chauffeur.

"Understand it?" he queried, concluding. He had a certain decision of manner, not in the least arrogant, but the result of a serene self-surety that somehow accorded with his lithe, trained grace of movement. A judge of men would have read him an athlete, perhaps in an unusual line.

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll get Miss Ffrench home in no time after I get the tire on."

The indiscretion of the spokes

He closed the door.

"Take your mistress home," he bade the chaffeur. "Crank for him, Rupert."

"Why, why?" stammered the limousine's other passenger, turning as the motor started.

No one heeded him.

"By-by, don't break any records," Rupert called after the chaffeur. "Hold yourself in, do. If you shed any more tires, telegraph for me, and if I'm within a day's run I'll come out them on for you and save you time."

Silence closed in again, as the red tail light vanished around a bend. The gray car's driver nodded curtly to the striped youth in the middle of the road.

"Unless you want to stay here all night, you'd better get in the machine," he suggested. "My name's Lestrange—I suppose yours is Ffrench?"

"Dick Ffrench. But, see here, you mean well, but I'm going with my cousin. I'd like a drive with you, but I'm busy."

"You're not fit to go with your cousin?"

"Fit," completed Lestrange definitely. "Can you hang on somewhere, Rupert?"

"I can," Rupert assured, with an inflection of his own. "Get your friend aboard."

Lestrange was already in his seat, waiting.

"What's that for?" asked the dazed guest, as, on taking his place, a strap was slipped around his waist, securing him to the seat.

"So you won't fall out," soothed the grinning Rupert. "You ain't well, you know. Not that I'd care if you did, but somebody might blame Darling."

The car leaped forward, gathering speed to an extent that was a revelation in motoring to Ffrench. The keen air, the giddy rush through the dark, were a sobering tonic. After a while he spoke to the man beside him, nervously embarrassed by a situation he was beginning to appreciate.

"This is a racing car?"

"It is."

"Isn't it now?"

"If I were going to race it day after to-morrow, I wouldn't be risking it over a country road to-night. A racing machine is pitted like a race horse until it is wanted."

"And then?"

"It takes its chances. If you are connected with the Ffrenchs who manufacture the Mercury car, you should know something of automobile racing yourself. I noticed your limousine was of that make."

"Yes, that is my uncle's company. I did see a race once at Coney Island. A car turned over and killed its driver and made a nasty mess. I—I didn't fancy it."

A wheel slipped off a stone, giving the car a swerving lurch which was as instantly corrected—with a second lurch—by its pilot. The effect was not tranquilizing; the shock swept the last confusion from Ffrench's brain.

"Where are you taking me?" he presently asked.

"Where do you want to go? I will set you down at the next village we come to; you can stay there to-night or you can get a trolley to the city."

The question remained unanswered. Several times Ffrench glanced, rather diffidently, at his companion's clear, firm profile, and looked away again without speaking.

"I went out to get my cousin to-day, and my host gave me a couple of highballs," he volunteered, at last. "I don't know what you thought—"

Lestrange twisted his car around a belated farm wagon.

"How old are you?" he inquired calmly.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm nearly twenty-seven. That's what I thought."

The simpler mind considered this for a space.

"Some men are born awake, some awake themselves, and some are shaken into awakening," paraphrased Lestrange, in addition. "If I were you, I'd wake up; it comes easier and it's sure to arrive anyhow. There is the village ahead—shall I stop?"

"It looks terribly dull," was the doleful verdict.

"Then come with me," flashed the other unexpectedly, for a fractional instant his eyes left the road and turned to his companion's face. "Did you ever see race practice at dawn? Come try a night in a training camp."

"You'd bother with me?"

"Yes."

A head bobbed up by Ffrench's knee, where Rupert was clinging in some inexplicable fashion.

"Once I rode eight miles out there by the hood, head downward, holding in a pin," he imparted, by way of entertainment.

Ffrench stared at the reeling perch indicated, and gasped.

"What for?" he asked.

"So we could keep on to our control instead of being put out of the running, of course. Did you guess I was curing a headache?"

"But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Ffrench.

Even by the semi-light of the lamps there was visible the mechanic's droll twist of lip and brow.

"I'd drive to hell with Lestrange," he explained sweetly, and settled back in his place.

Ffrench drew a long breath. After a moment he again looked at the driver.

"I'll come," he accepted. "And, thank you."

It was Lestrange who smiled this time, with a sudden and enchanting warmth of mirth.

"We'll try to amuse you," he promised.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Perfect Saw."

"To say nothing and saw wood" seems to be one of the most sagacious phrases passed down by our hard-working forebears. Like most sayings which have emanated from manual labor, this is blunt, homely, and to the loquaciously inclined, painfully accurate. Show me a man bent Jack-knife fashion over a sawhorse, with a short log under his back, and I will point out a man who is minding his own business with admirable zeal. If he speaks, he ceases to saw. While he saws he is necessarily mute. Hence this shrewd phrase, which is, punning aside, a perfect saw.—Atlantic Monthly

FOR A JAPANESE LUNCHEON

Abundance of Flowers a Necessity, and They Should Be in Their Appropriate Season.

The first requisite for a Japanese affair is an abundance of flowers. Of course, cherry blossoms are the favorite, or wisteria, both of which are cleverly imitated by using tissue paper. There is not a month in Japan that does not have its own special flower. In August the lotus is in bloom. In this country the water or pond lily makes a good substitute. Use delicate paper napkins of Japanese import. They are much softer in texture than the ones of American manufacture.

Of course rice, tea and fish must figure in the menu. A delicious combination is creamed chicken in rice cups with mushrooms, a sandwich of anchovy or some fish relish and a salad of radishes and cucumbers (both of which the Japs are very fond) would be a fine combination. Have a fruit ice, preferably cherry, with candied ginger. Another good dessert is rice jelly frozen, served with whipped cream and a fruit sauce. If practical it would be typically Japanese to serve each guest individually on a small tray.

BRING ULSTER UP TO DATE

If Winter Garment is Again to Be Used These Suggestions Are in Order.

If you are going to have your ulster repaired why not see if you cannot bring it up to date by copying a detail which is a distinguishing feature of the latest English ulster in fur. This model, made very similarly to the American coat differs from it saliently because of its collar which is a deep square extending to or a trifle below the waist in the back and in front is simply two narrow tabs which cross below the chin. The collar on a cloth ulster might be of velvet, plush or moire unless Hudson Bay seal, musquash, squirrel or some short-haired pelt were preferred. But if anything save fur is used the edges of the collar must be weighted with leads. Otherwise they will roll up and the neck finishing promptly lose its shape and style.

Fresh Tomatoes All Winter.

Gather smooth, ripe tomatoes with the skin unbroken; put in stone jars; melt lard, let cool and pour over tomatoes and cover two inches above them; set in cellar; when taking them out for use, save lard, melt and pour back over the remaining ones, keeping them always covered with the lard. This is a housekeeper's suggestion well worth trying. It has not been tested by the Heart of the House.

To keep both ripe and green tomatoes for a limited time, pull the vines before the first frost, hang them in a dark cool place and use the ripe ones as needed. Some of the more mature green ones will ripen.

To Hold the Color of Wash Cottons.

Most colored cottons are wash proof, even when in unusual colors. If they are to be used on an elaborate piece it is safer, however, to set the color first. This is particularly necessary if some of the shades are of unripe or unripe shades. To hold the color of wash cottons, wash in cold water, then in a solution of one part of alum to ten parts of water. Rinse in clear water. This will make three quarts of bouillon.

Almond Bouillon.

Make stock of two pounds of beef and three pounds of veal. Cut meat into small pieces and boil three or four hours. When partly cooked add celery or celery seeds, one-half of a small onion, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste. When done strain and add two cups of fresh, buttered and salted almonds, ground quite fine. Boil three minutes, then remove from fire; add one cup of cream and one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper. Put sprig of parsley in each cup. This will make three quarts of bouillon.

Spice Cake.

Cream one and one-half cups of butter, add two cups of fine granulated sugar and beat light; add one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, four well-beaten eggs, and last, five cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of cloves, one and one-half teaspoons of cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg grated, and six level teaspoons of baking powder and, last, two cups of seeded and cut raisins. Bake slowly.

Bathtub Stains.

Stains of an enamel bathtub may frequently be removed by rubbing on vinegar and salt. They should remain for a moment and then be washed off. Any sort of rough sand soap is bad for a tub and none but a good laundry variety should be used. Once a week the enamel should be gone over with kerosene and then thoroughly washed.

Cheese Biscuit.

Make a biscuit dough, roll out half an inch thick. Sprinkle with grated cheese, season with salt and pepper and bits of butter; roll up jelly cake fashion, cut slices from end and bake in quick oven. Serve hot.

Baked Bluefish.

Have the fish cut into thick pieces, stand each piece upon end and lay a slice of fat pork on each piece. Place in pan and put a little pepper, salt and sprinkle a little flour over all, add a little water and bake.

Useful in Kitchen.

Take an old suitcase, line neatly with white cloth, use tacks to hold in place. This may be used for keeping meat from dust or flies. Salt or dried meat will not become stale or dried out.

Mint Sauce Substitute.

If fresh or dried mint leaves are not on hand, a few drops of essence of peppermint, with a pinch of sugar and one of salt, added to pure elder vinegar, make a good substitute for mint sauce.

Cough, Cold, Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF.
Mrs. A. B. F. writes: "I have used Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and sneezing almost instantly."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

RELIEVED SORE THROAT.
Mrs. I. B. writes: "I bought one bottle of Sloan's Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP.
Mrs. W. H. writes: "I have used Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and sneezing almost instantly."



Make Little of Life's Ills.
To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is to be ashamed, but being discontented with a lot.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Unfortunate English.
The general impression that the Englishman's life is rather prosy is supported by the statement of a Londoner who visited at Clay City. He said he never had tasted fried chicken or strawberry shortcake, the two being unknown to the culinary art of his country.—Kansas City Star.

Apology.
Confuser—"Now, sir, you admit that the card you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the queen of clubs, yet the card you chose and secretly told me—namely, the ace of spades—I now produce from this hat." "I'm Volunteered—So sorry—my mistake!"—Punch.

The Current Craze.
"A great many old plays are being fitted out with alleged melodies and sent out as operettas." "That's right, but they're going too far. I know of one actress who is going to star in a musical version of the multiplication table."

Somewhat Contradictory.
In America, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, a school teacher works, upon the average, for about half as much as a bricklayer, and has to tell the boys that education is a necessity if they would get on in life.

From His Point of View.
"Stop that! Hands off! How do you know I'm the passenger that stepped on your foot?" "I don't know it absolutely, but (biff) I'm giving you (biff) the benefit of the (biff) hand!"—Punch.

The Average Man.
The average man will hurry to a veterinary when his pet dog gets sick, but he is willing to rely on almost any kind of "dope" when he isn't feeling well himself.

All Have a Duty.
Every man or woman is one of man kind's dear possessions, to his or her best brain, and kind heart and active hands, mankind intrusts some of its hopes for the future.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Where She Went.
Mater (at the Alpine resort)—"We've back again, count; we've had a splendid day; we've been up the mountain, you know. Count—Ah, you English mothers, you are always as young as your daughters. Mater—You father me, count; it was only my girls who climbed. I went up in the veranda!"—Punch.

For the Hair

Are you so fortunate as to be well satisfied with your hair? Is it long enough, thick enough, rich enough? And your hair does not fall out? Well, well, that is good. But you may know of some not so fortunate. Then just tell them about Ayer's Hair Vigor. They will surely thank you after using it, if not before. Remember, it does not color the hair. Show the list of ingredients to your doctor. Let him decide their value. He knows.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.