

ROAD IMPROVEMENT

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED IN RHODE ISLAND.

Pine Highways Have Been Built In Every Section of the State With Good Results—The Repair and Care of Roads.

Much has been done in Rhode Island to improve the highways during the past four years, and there has been a popular demand of the people of the state that there should be built a network of thoroughly up to date and substantial roads, not extravagant, not cheap, but a system where at a minimum of expenditure, yet conserving every qualification of utility and wearing quality, there should be a service for every part of the state.

In describing the work done the fourth annual report of the state board of public roads of Rhode Island says: From every side there goes up the plea for better highways and improved roads, and it is being answered not in the spirit of mere enthusiasm, but out of cold hard sense, for men are coming to see the real value of such roads to the ordinary business and commercial life of the day.

The popular movement for good roads, according to the very nature of the problem, cannot be localized. Therefore the question of a bond issue is one that touches the whole state and one on which the whole state should be heard. There is no question of the expenditure of public money which is more vital than this, and none where a greater number are benefited.

The repair of the roads is of vital importance. It means the saving of the time, money and engineering skill which have already been invested. It is a question of waste against that of economy. It is a mistaken idea that a macadam road, once laid, needs no further attention.

The engineering force can make the necessary repairs to better advantage while at work upon the section being extended than should they be obliged to return to it. Repairs should not be left to outside control, which at best would be irregular, spasmodic and unsatisfactory.

During the year 1905 contracts were awarded for the construction of 22.68 miles of macadam road, to be built upon the highways included in the plan of improvement as adopted by the general assembly, making a total of fifty-seven miles of macadam road completed since the present plan of improvement.

Now that the electors of the state have voted to authorize the expenditure for this public improvement it is but reasonable to presume that they desire and expect to have the use of these improved roads as soon as they can be judiciously and economically built.

Advertisement for ROBERTINE, a skin cream. It features an illustration of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for complexion and skin care.

Adam and Eve in the Orchard

By EVELYN WELLS.

IT WAS the fault of the agents who sold the property twice over. A rambling ruin, surrounded by a paradise in the Italian style, with terraced gardens and a flight of stone steps, the bowers over which the roses threw their long caressing arms; a place sun-flooded by day, but at night a dim shadowland, inhabited by spirits that flew about in the guise of strange, misshapen birds—a garden full of incongruities, for right in the heart of it was planted an orchard.

Fate must have looked on, smiling grimly at the feat, when both proprietors arrived simultaneously at the village inn, full of the intention of restoring their newly-acquired property. He had caught a glimpse of the lady (the widow of a rich landowner) the morning after his arrival, and from the first moment his artist soul had fallen worshipping before the flame of her red hair.

But her first glimpse of him had been in the garden when he came across her standing beneath the apple tree, one arm outstretched to pluck the rosy fruit which from time immemorial had held an attraction for her sex. The glorious head, devoid of covering, was thrown back; one long, rich strand of hair had flown like a thin flame across the dim purple of her cotton gown.

He merely repeated the final syllable of his new-found name, maybe by way of not forgetting it. On the morrow they met again. This time by the old white wall that faced the south, covered, vine-like, with tomato foliage.

"Apples again. Apples of love," he said by way of greeting, as he pointed to the half-ripe fruit that nestled hid in its wall of leaves. She cast a curious glance at them, smiling at his use of the homely name.

"Green as yet," was the somewhat chilly comment as she gathered up her purple gown. "Ah! but they will ripen. All they want is time," he called after her. On the third day she discovered him with earth-stained hands busy in the garden. She stood a while unperceived, a spectral spectator. Youth sat lightly upon him, strength manifested itself in every movement; the whole was pleasing even to her fastidious soul.

"Curiosity struggled with conventionality. The woman in her encouraged the former, so that its victory was an easy one. The serpent hid its bruised head and slumbered. Then: "Are you the gardener?" she interrogated.

"He scarcely noticed the insolence of the query; all he was conscious of was—Eve had come, the garden suddenly was glorified. "Adam delving amongst the soil," he quoted, flinging his tool aside and sinking on the grass at her feet.

"The aptness of the quotation pleased her; his audacity disarmed her; she let as if she were standing on the brink of the precipice called Excitement. The serpent slept. "Let it sleep on," said Eve, with youth racing through her veins. After all, what is the goal of being in Eden if one does not taste the sweetness of forbidden fruits?

"The bank was a tempting resting place, hunting in the orchard and by the south wall had been tiring work; she sank with all the gracefulness of a tall woman on the grass and let her gaze wander lazily across the garden; his view was not nearly so far-reaching. The oval of her colorless face, with its flaming halo against the background of autumnal leaves, was a picture enough for any man.

"You love the garden," she hazarded, bringing her wandering gaze back to him. "And everything in it," was his supplemented answer, as he made a mental note that many skins blush nearer perfection than any other complexion seen. "I love my privacy," she commented, pointedly. "And I love trespassers."

"They must make the most of their opportunities while it remains open, then, but when will it be shut?" "When the apples ripen." "May the harvest be a late one," was the hospitable rejoinder. It amused him to see this interloper so entirely at her ease in his domain. Her quick ear detected a shade of unconscious patronage in his tone.

She could not stand that; on her own ground it was insufferable. Her thoughts flew to the serpent. She blamed herself for ever having let it slumber. Hastily she roused it up and took her leave with it. He eyed her retreat with dismay. Its abruptness perplexed him till he recognized the trail of the serpent. "I hat your pets," he called after her; "they leave a sting behind."

Her quick wit marked the play upon the word, and brought to birth a smile that bore her company upon her homeward way. The fourth day found them under the apple tree talking glibly of the fruit. She knew little more of it than its name began with a "K," and ended with an "E."

He might have told her of its origin had he felt so inclined; also something of its true translation. The circumstances were favorable to discussion; by the end of the morning Eve was alive to the fact that forbidden fruit had a taste that was easily acquired, while Adam felt it was fit for the table of an epicure. The evening's post brought twin explanations and apologies from the rival agents.

Once more the garden was the scene of meeting; this time Greek met Greek. She retreated, not beaten, but firmly convinced of the failure of fireworks as illuminations for Eden. He left her, swearing that every red-haired woman had a spice of the devil, but he did not forget to add the remainder of the quotation that put that spice down as being worth all the prettiness in the world.

"The garden was given first to Adam," she had penned in her generosity. "Yours is the prior claim—I leave it to you. Guard it well. Farewell. Farewell." Her note came to hand on the evening of the sixth day; all desire to visit the garden now that she had gone was dead.

Its emptiness mocked him; unlit by her bright hair, it lay in lonely shadow, under a cloak of silence drear as death. But on the morrow a melancholy attraction drew him thither. He chose high noon, and hastened to the apple tree where first they met, possessed of a hope that she might come to him. But disappointment ruled his day. Sadly he plucked the perfect fruit that, alas! had ripened all to late.

"The fruit of knowledge!" he said, bitterly surveying the golden ball; that he tossed it from him with an impetuous motion, as he rounded the corner of the south wall, now a mass of tender green and blood-red fruit. But beauty of the picture was lost upon him; all his eyes saw was a slender patch of purple. Viewed from a distance, it might easily have been mistaken for a mass of elements.

"The fruit he had hung from him was checked by the folds of her gown. She stooped to pick it up, and rising met his glance, her own full of inquiry. "The fruit of the tree of knowledge," he said, answering her unspoken query. "Is it sweet?" she faltered. "It tasted to me of the bitterness of death a while ago," he said.

Once more she raised her arm above his shining head, and plucked a generous branch of the passion-painted fruit. Scarcely she held them out as an offering to him. A whisper broke the silence of the garden. "Apples of love." The words floated from her to him; it broke the spell. A gentle love wind rose, and, whispering to the garden, woke the flowers. And the lost Eden was restored to them.—Chicago Tribune.

Within a Hospital. "There was a witty fellow out in a Michigan hospital," said Representative William Alden Smith yesterday, who had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and cherry. His physician asked him how he liked it. "It would be all right, doctor," he said, "if the egg was as new as the cherry, and the cherry as old as the egg."—Washington Post.

New Cure for Epilepsy. J. B. Waterman, of Watertown, O., Rural free delivery, writes: "My daughter, afflicted for years with epilepsy, was cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills. She has not had an attack for over two years." Best body cleanser and life giving tonic pills on earth. 35c at all drug stores.

Job work at Portland prices at the Courier office. A Guaranteed Cure for Piles. Hiding, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 10 to 14 days. 50 cents. Legal blanks at the Courier office.

WASTE PAPER FOES.

HOW BOYS KEEP STREETS OF BROOKLINE, MASS., CLEAN.

Good Work Done by Club of Lads Who Carry Long Sticks With Pointed Wire at the Ends—In a Week One Boy Picked Up 1,250 Papers.

If you are a stranger in those precincts of Brookline, Mass., which comprise the district of the Henry L. Pierce Grammar school and hence unfamiliar with the up to date methods in vogue there, just happen through that section of the town some morning or afternoon as the pupils are on their way to and from studies, drop a piece of paper in the street and then await developments, says the Boston Globe.

Looking back over your shoulder, it is ten chances to one that you will see approaching at top speed a small boy, brandishing a long round stick with a pointed wire at the end. It will be needless for you to run. The lad intends you no bodily injury for your apparent carelessness. He is a member of the Good Citizens' club, recently formed in the Pierce school, and it is the piece of paper you dropped that he is after, not you. Down he swoops on the offending paper, and in a trice he has it jabbed on the stick with the wire end.

As you pass on your way from the district you are very apt to meet many other small boys, all carrying similar sticks and engaged in a like occupation. Ask what it is all about, and you receive the prompt reply to the effect that the lads are all members of the above named club, and to back up their assertions they show you a shining white button bearing an American flag in the center and the following inscription around the edge: "Good Citizens' Club, Pierce School."

The club was quite recently organized by the principal, Miss Mary McSkimmon, for the purpose of keeping the streets in the vicinity of the school free from the scraps of waste paper which despite the vigilance of the local street department employees find their way into the public highways, seriously affecting their otherwise tidy appearance. During its short existence the club has accomplished a great deal of good and as a reward has been showered with favorable comments from the residents in the neighborhood on the spotless appearance of the surrounding streets.

The club comprises fifty-two members, or four boys elected by ballot from each of the grammar grades from four to nine. Each grade elected its own four representatives. John Taggart was elected president and Oscar Nissen secretary at the first meeting held in the assembly hall of the school. The club holds sessions once a week, when each member reads his report of work accomplished for the past week.

Considerable rivalry exists among the boys as to who shall make the record collection of the week, and in this connection it might be mentioned that nine-year-old Carl Pree, an energetic youngster, recently held the club record, he having a total of 1,250 papers picked up in one week.

To stimulate interest in this enterprising organization it is so arranged that the club's officers and members shall be changed perhaps every two months, so that others may have an opportunity of taking part in the important work of keeping the streets free from refuse. The results of the club's work have been far reaching, since it has extended to the communities in which the various pupils live. Each pupil of the Pierce Grammar school has constituted himself or herself a foe to waste paper lying about in the public streets, and it is now a common sight to see children picking up papers in almost any section of the town.

The pupils of the Pierce school and, in fact, all other schools in the town are given regular talks by Superintendent Aldrich relative to the throwing of waste paper into the streets instead of the barrels provided for their reception, but it was soon discovered that in order to accomplish any good result there must be organization; hence the Good Citizens' club, which, set in motion by Miss McSkimmon, has served to infuse into the minds of the pupils at large a proper realization of a civic duty. To make this latter thought more pronounced Miss McSkimmon had the American flag placed on the badges to indicate that in fulfilling the obligations of the Good Citizens' club the boys were also serving their country.

Ministers as Street Cleaners. Three ministers of the gospel played the role of "white wings" at Newcomerstown, O., one day recently by helping clean the streets, says the Boston Herald. They were put on the pavement with shovels and hoes and worked for dear life. Some of the people gazed them, but they didn't care. They worked all the harder. Others were very angry that such an indignity should be heaped upon the clergy. The ministers were pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and St. Paul's Lutheran churches, and their action was due to the policy of the town administration which is to have every abandoned male resident of the town work at least two days on the streets, thus saving expenses.

Kansas City's Improvement Scheme. The Kansas City council has created a municipal art commission which is to outline plans for a systematic beautification of the city.

We Told You So!

Again have our predictions been verified to the letter and on thousands of clients throughout the country have reaped handsome profits by following our leadership.

If you have our MARKET LETTER of a week ago you will note that our Mr. Cox, in commenting on the market conditions, urged immediate purchase of Goldfield stock in the following terms: "In the Goldfield District COMBINATION FRACTION CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELD, ST. IVES, JUMBO EXTENSION, BOOTH, COLUMBIA MOUNTAIN, GREAT BEND AND DAISY all seem to be selling at much below their true worth, and they should now be bought and held for handsome advances. Rumors of an important strike on the DIAMOND-FIELD TRIANGLE sent that stock up from 33 cents to around 40 cents, around which figure it is being traded extensively. A few months ago this stock was not held in such esteem, and could readily be had at 6 to 8 cents. The latest developments would indicate that Triangle should be selling at 75 cents to \$1.00 or more within a reasonable time. "SKYLARK, located in the immediate neighborhood of Triangle, Daisy and Great Bend, should also be purchased at the before listing price of 15 cents. The history of the eminently successful neighboring properties indicates equally as splendid a future for SKYLARK."

Comparison

The following statements of prices at time of publication and yesterday will be found interesting:

Table with 5 columns: Stock Name, Jan. 5, Jan. 12, Advance, Profit. Rows include Combination Fraction, Goldfield Consolidated, St. Ives, Jumbo Extension, Booth, Columbia Mountain, Great Bend, Daisy, and Triangle.

Time, ONE WEEK. Average increase, 40% on each stock. It will be noted that all of the above mentioned listed stocks have risen in value from 30 to 70 per cent within the short period of ONE WEEK, and we are proud to say that we have been the means of securing some very fancy profits for our many clients.

Now, about SKYLARK, we have this to say: If you followed our advice in the past you made big money. If you want big money follow our advice in this instance and

BUY SKYLARK NOW AT 15C A SHARE

SKYLARK is neighbored by such established and proven mines as Daisy, Great Bend and Triangle, whose shares are selling at from four to 20 times the before-listing and present price of SKYLARK. This is, in all probability, your LAST OPPORTUNITY of dealing in this stock at 15 cents a share, and we advise all prospective buyers to lose no time whatever in getting their reservations forward. At the rate the stock has been selling through the week it will only be a matter of days before the allotment is over-subscribed.

We can place the whole of this stock with speculators on the ground within 24 hours. The actual sale, however, is not our object. We are looking more to the future than to the present, and we want to build up our business with an investing clientele. We think the best way to do so is to let bona-fide investors in on a money maker at the start; and in order that the stock may be distributed among as many clients as possible we have decided not to allot more than 3000 shares on any one application.

Have you got our FREE MARKET LETTER?

Advertisement for W.C. COX & COMPANY, Inc. Members San Francisco and Tonopah Mining Exchange. Suit 243-244 Monadnock Building.

A Real Estate Bargain

Located in Josephine County. The E 1/2 of the NE 1/4 and the NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 and the E 1/2 of the SW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of section 17, Township 37, South Range 7 West of the Willamette Meridian, being 140 acres more or less, Located sixteen miles from Grants Pass, on the Crescent City road. Also one good wholesale and retail drug business for sale in growing town, doing splendid business. One good Hotel with 30 lodging rooms, good business, practically no competition.

FOR PARTICULARS AND TERMS ADDRESS W. M. GILBERT, Mesa, Ariz.



THE STRUGGLE FOR A 1 MEAL

will be ended when you make a City Meat Market. "The Only" is our motto and it is left to buyers of months, even years, to say whether or not we live up to the high standard we set up for ourselves when we opened our doors. Cleanliness, courteous service, pricing—all prompt us to invite you here.

City Meat Market J. H. AHLF, Prop.

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