

# ONE MAN'S WORK FOR GOOD ROADS

Doctor Showed People Benefits of Dragging.

## FARMERS CO-OPERATED IN PLAN

McCaskay's Work So Surprising In Its Effectiveness That Road Dragging Has Become a Steady Fixture in Lancaster County, Pa.—Culverts Used For Drainage.

In East Lampeter township, Lancaster county, Pa., the use of the road drag has been more general perhaps than in any other township in Pennsylvania, says the National Stockman and Farmer. Several years ago Dr. Donald McCaskay heard Hon. Ralph Gibson of Williamsport, Pa., tell about the merits of the drag. Mr. Gibson having heard D. W. Wald, the drag enthusiast, lecture on this subject and having followed Mr. King's advice, Dr. McCaskay began to drag a road in his neighborhood which was practically impassable.

Although he had the consent of a majority of the supervising board he was later forbidden to continue the



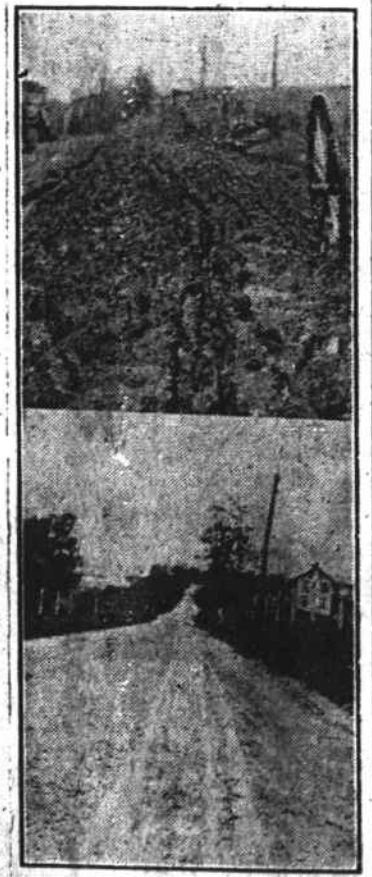
DR. DONALD McCASKAY.

work, but he carried the case to court and had the copy of the proceedings published and circulated all over the township. This stimulated a great deal of interest in dragged roads.

Dr. McCaskay became a candidate for supervisor and was elected. With the co-operation of farmers in his locality he began a systematic use of the road drag on the roads under his jurisdiction. Farmers were employed to drag the roads contiguous to their own land, payment being made at the rate of 40 cents per hour.

The result of this effort is that East Lampeter township has some of the best dirt roads in the country. Residents described roads which now appear to be in fine condition as formerly practically impassable a part of the year. Corrugated iron culverts are used for drainage, stones have been removed from the roads, and the gutters are kept clear of obstructions. All the roads are apparently in good condition, well crowned and consequently well drained.

The surface is hard and readily sheds water where the road has been



LANCASTER COUNTY ROAD BEFORE AND AFTER USING DRAG.

dragged for any length of time. A few of the roads lack a solid surface, this having been their first year under the drag. A road scraper is used at the beginning of operations to shape up the road, but is never used to work it. All the dirt that is moved toward the middle of the road is put there little by little by the use of the King drag.

After two years of road dragging East Lampeter township finds that it has roads infinitely superior to the best it could produce under the old system, at an estimated cost of \$12 1/2 miles a year for dragging. The average cost of maintaining dirt roads in Lancaster county is about \$40 a mile.

# THE WRECK

A Story of Kidnaping

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Alice Lovett had come out of the east, where she had been for a year's visit, Percie Card succumbed at once to her loveliness and charm. It was by no means his first love affair, but it was without doubt his most serious one.

The beautiful Miss Lovett, however, looked with indifference upon the young millionaire—upon his extreme slenderness, his narrow face with the close-placed eyes, sleek hair and rosebud mouth, like a girl's. She disliked his overdefiant manner, the touch of his white spatulate finger tips and, above all, his effeminacy. Mentally she wore a picture of a tall, brown-faced man, with strong hands, keen blue eyes and a shock of chestnut hair. There was also the memory of a bitter, blissful betrothal—a quarrel and the long ache after the parting. He, the artist, had sailed for unknown seas with sketch book and pencil, while she had fled home to Alabama as being farthest from the scene of her heart disaster.

It was at the suggestion of his social sponsor, Mrs. Arlington, that Percie Card planned a cruise on the Harlequin. It required heroic resolve to do this, but the opportunity offered by long, delightful days on the Pacific with Alice Lovett, followed by dreamful, moonlit, tropical nights, was not to be denied, and so it was that one fine September morning the long black hull of the Harlequin slipped through the Golden Gate and disappeared into the enchanted west.

"Can you do it?" asked Card for the third time.

Captain Alveiro scowled. "I must think," he said sullenly. "I must plan it all out and consider it. There is a risk."

"Bah!" scoffed Card. "If you're afraid, say so! I thought you fellows were fire eaters. When it comes right down to turning off a job—well, say, you've got a kindergarten beaten to a standstill."

"Ah, you think so?" The captain's slim brown fingers caressed an ugly looking knife produced from his tightly gripped waist. "Just the same, sir, I'll take my time and think about it."

Card shifted uneasily in his seat.

"All right, take your time, old sport," he said, with a sickly grin. "And as for you, Colton, keep your mouth shut—save!" He glared savagely at the old seaman.

Colton observed a respectful silence, and Alveiro, who had sheathed his knife, turned his somber face to the young millionaire. "Give yourself no uneasiness, Mr. Card. It will happen as you wish—about tomorrow evening or very early the following day." His voice dropped to a hissing whisper. "And the payment of the money—I may be assured of that, sir?"

"Sure thing," nodded Card carelessly, "and if you make a pretty job of it I'll make it twenty-five hundred."

All that night and the next day the Harlequin labored in the teeth of a gale. At nightfall Percie Card reported that the men were exhausted, a propeller shaft was broken and that the yacht was drifting helplessly at the mercy of the storm. There was a spare shaft aboard, but under present conditions no repairs could be made. He made this announcement to the three men in the smoking room after the women had retired.

"Then there is danger?" said Manning coolly.

Card laughed nervously. "Of course," he said abruptly. "If the wind changes Alveiro says we'll come out all right."

Alice Lovett slept little that night. She as well as the rest of the women was a good sailor, but the pitching and lurching of the yacht prevented repose of body, while her mind was painfully active in its restive unhappiness. That day she had refused Percie Card's offer of marriage for the third time, and his open resentment was unpleasant.

She sank into a doze, to be awakened by an insistent rapping at her door. Some one was speaking hoarsely. "Miss Lovett, get up and dress at once! We are in great danger! Hurry!"

There were hoarse shouts from the boat that had been lowered, and Alice found herself hurried over the side and passed from one strong arm to another until she was seated in the pitching dory. There was a little delay while the boat rose and sank on the great rollers. Another boat was being lowered.

Once she raised her voice and called, "Mrs. Arlington, are you safe?" but the words died out on the gale. She reached out a hand and felt nothing save the rough flannel shirt of a seaman. Her friends were probably following in another boat.

Before she could think further the roar of the breakers drowned even her thoughts, and for a few moments it seemed as though animation was suspended while the dory burst through a booming mountain of water. She was drenched to the skin and panting for breath when, with a suddenness that was startling, they glided down the mountain of water and descended with a rush into infinite calm, and except for the long swell left by the rushing combers the boat glided evenly

under the impetus of the stout armed oarsmen.

All this while not a sound had been uttered by her companions. Presently the keel grounded on soft, yielding sand, and Percie Card's voice broke the long silence.

"Safe on shore, Miss Lovett," he said briskly, and Alice was too cold and weary to reject the clammy hand that sought hers in the darkness.

Day was dawning. She looked at the jungle covered shore, sloping upward into a high crested hill topped by feathery palms. There was a smell of cassia and jasmine, while myriads of bright hued birds flickered among the tall, tufted cocoanuts.

"Where are the others?" she asked as Card helped her over the gunwale.

"Coming in the next boat," he answered evasively, and then, turning to the men, "All ready—cast off!" and in an instant the dory was manned and shot out into the gray mist.

"Where is the Harlequin?" asked Alice, straining her eyes after the departing boat.

"Beyond the reef," replied Card laconically.

"And—why are you here?" she asked with growing wonderment in her wide gray eyes. "You came in the first boat—and left the women behind?"

"Because I wanted you and I said I would win you, my lady!" he retorted hotly.

"Am I to understand that the Harlequin has not been in danger—that it is a trick?"

"Not in the least danger," he laughed rudely. "Alveiro knows this island and the cove like a book, and the shipwreck part, the landing of the boat, I may as well tell you, was part of the game."

"And—now? Is it your intention to detain me here?" she asked angrily.

"Well, until you promise to marry me," he admitted.

"And if I do not?"

"You'll have to stay until you do!"

"And if I consent?"

"Why, there's a settlement on the other side of the island, and the clergyman there"—he stopped abruptly.

"A settlement!" she exclaimed joyously. "Thank you for the information, Percie Card!" She turned and ran swiftly along the curving beach toward a point of land that jutted into the little bay.

For a moment he watched her wrathfully. Then he followed. She ran like a deer, but he was lithe of form and like a cat up his feet.

With long, sweeping bounds he gained on her and, reaching her, placed one hand on her shoulder. She uttered a sharp cry, and in that instant there was a scuffle of feet, the shout of a gruff voice, and some dark body hurried itself upon Percie Card and bore him to the sand.

The dark body resolved itself into the leather countenance and stocky figure of Simon Colton. He sat upon the recumbent form of his late employer and addressed the trembling girl:

"Don't you be afraid of this here little piper, miss. He couldn't hurt a flea. If you'd slapped his face good and hard he'd 'a' run away. But you did the runnin', and he, bein' the kind that ain't afraid of nobody that's afraid of him, why, he just nat'ally followed after."

"How did you get here, Simon?" asked Alice eagerly. "How can we get away? And is it true that the Harlequin has gone?"

Simon tucked a generous bit of tobacco in his mouth and nodded solemnly. "I heard them a-ayin' plans in the wheelhouse yest'dy. They expected me to jine in, and I did as fur as I wanted to. I knew if I opened my jaw 'obuddy'd believe me and they'd clap me below. So I keeps my trap shut and thinks I'll be on deck to take care o' miss when we lands. They loses me overboard while they were bringin' you here, miss, and devil a prayer did one of them dagoes say when I slipped over. I lays in wait here, and blast me if I didn't go asleep on duty. But I'm wide awake now." He arose and aimed a kick at the recumbent form of Mr. Card.

The little millionaire jumped to his feet, ashen with anger and despairing humiliation. He stared from the forbidding countenance of the sailor to the haughty, scornful one of the girl he had attempted to seduce. She turned away and looked beyond him. Her face softened, and a glad light came into her eyes. Amazement and recognition flushed her cheeks. She looked like a vision of the morning with her shining hair and sweet, gray eyes.

"Oh!" she cried rapturously. "Who is that?"

They turned and followed her glance. A figure was advancing down the beach toward them—a tall man with bared head. He carried an easel in one hand and a small camp chair in the other. A painting kit was slung from his shoulders. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and saw the little group. Alice started forward with a loud, glad cry that rang in Percie Card's ears for many a day. Such a revelation of love that it was!

"Ralph, Ralph, Ralph!" she called.

Ralph Boston dropped his burden and came to meet her with incredulous eyes. He gathered her into his willing arms without further explanation.

"Oh, I have wanted you so badly!" she sobbed into his shoulder.

He tightened his grasp on her form as he drew back her head and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

Simon Colton spat reflectively upon the sand and turned his back on the reunited lovers.

"Seems to me, young feller," he said, fixing the miserable Percie with a humorous eye, "that you've brought that there young miss to a place where she's mighty glad to be."

# GOOD ROADS ESSENTIAL, SAY TWO GOVERNORS.

Patrol System and National Legislation Favored by Bass and Crothers.

Governor Bass of New Hampshire is taking a verbal interest in road improvement throughout that state and in a recent interview expressed himself as being strongly in favor of the improvement and extension of the New Hampshire highways.



GOVERNOR BASS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This is the first time that Governor Bass has come out so forcibly in favor of better roads. In addition, the governor also said that he favored a road commission which shall not change under different administrations.

"Another feature that should be adopted," said Governor Bass, "is the system of patrols. By this I mean that all the roads should be divided into sections of five miles and each section placed in charge of a competent man, who will see that it is kept in good condition."

"I not only indorse national legislation for good roads," says Governor Austin L. Crothers of Maryland, "but I believe that before the present Democratic congress adjourns it should enact laws giving most liberal financial and moral support that will result in the building of four great national highways from ocean to ocean and from the Canadian line to the gulf of Mexico and the Mexican borders."

"Every rural route should be made a post road or branch to the national highways and thus not only save the federal government millions of money in the quick and safe delivery of the mails, but the immediate and cheap transportation of our farm products to the railroad stations. To accomplish this the unemployed labor in America could be utilized and clean, respectable employment given millions of men."

"Government aid in public highways improvement today overshadows any and all other measures before congress. The city man and the citizen of the country should and will demand it."

# A GOOD ROADS "CRANK."

Highway Bill Passed Through Efforts of Minnesota Enthusiast.

The legislature of Minnesota has passed a road law that places that rocky, ice-bound state far in the van of the progressive states of the union, and this great forward step is the direct result of the labor of Robert C. Dunn, a fighting Irishman, familiarly known throughout the state as "Bald-headed Bob." He is a character of the unique and unusual sort, and because of his undying devotion to the good roads idea the following appreciation of him, which appeared recently in a Minnesota paper, is here given:

Robert C. Dunn's good roads bill has passed without opposition. If this bill becomes a law, and there is every prospect that it will, "Baldheaded Bob" will have accomplished more to establish himself as a public benefactor for all time to come than he would have had he been fortunate enough to have been elected governor for life and served out his full term.

If this measure is enacted Minnesota will have put herself on record as the first state to adopt a sensible, feasible system of establishing permanent and uniform highways within her borders.

The bill had many other able, earnest advocates and supporters, but to Bob must be accorded the lion's share of credit for this achievement.

Bob began talking good roads before he left the "old sod," and he has been talking them ever since, in season and out of season, in three different languages, Irish, lumberjack and profanity. He talked good roads when he had to talk to himself, for he could get nobody to listen to him. He has worked for good roads in the daytime and dreamed about them through all the night long, and now that he has achieved the desire of his heart surely no one will begrudge the grizzly, grouchy old warrior his hour of triumph.

# BRICK FOR WEIGHT.

Makes Good Road Material For Heavy Traffic.

Eric county is the most important in the state in the matter of road maintenance, according to H. K. Bishop, first deputy highway commissioner. Westchester county, with its roads leading into New York, is the next, but it does not concern the commission so much because the city takes care of the main roads. Eric county has nearly 200 miles of state roads, a considerable portion of which have been paved with brick. Mr. Bishop considers that brick paving is peculiarly adapted to the roads about Buffalo because of the heavy traffic. While the initial cost is greater than macadam or asphalt macadam, Mr. Bishop believes it will be economical in the long run. Macadam roads, he explains, will stand up well under light usage, but it is another proposition where heavy wagon and automobile traffic is concerned. The automobile stone would not wear macadam greatly. In fact, by applying an oil coating they tend to pack the road, but when the wheels of wagons and the calks of horse shoes loosen the covering the auto traffic tends to whip off the surface.



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