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GOOD ROADS WITHOUT MONEY

How to Have Good Roads without Money or a Road Law

The following article, taken from the Saturday Evening Post, will be of interest to the farmers and citizens of Henderson County, where the roads have disappeared:

There is something startling in the statement that a drag made of a split log and costing only the price of a pocket-knife is the implement that is going to revolutionize the wagon roads of this country and save many millions of dollars to the rural population of the United States—yet I make this statement and put upon it all the emphasis of which I am capable.

So much by way of suggesting the size of the problem which the split-log drag has come to solve. What has already been accomplished, so far as the spread of the movement is concerned, may be put in few words: It has been backed and pushed by the Missouri Board of Agriculture; one railroad, the Northwestern, has sent out a "Good Roads Special" for the purpose of evangelizing the farmers of its territory; other roads are eager to install the same kind of a broad-gauge, public-spirited campaign; thousands of miles of wagon roads have been permanently reclaimed from bad to good, and hundreds of meetings have been held in the nine states in which this gospel has been disseminated by means of practical demonstration. At these meetings thousands of persons have pledged themselves to make and to use a split-log drag; hundreds of newspapers have taken up this movement, giving it generous space and a square deal; hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars have been raised and offered in prizes for the best miles or half-miles of drag roads, and most important of all, perhaps, the public sentiment of scores of communities has been stirred to self-respecting hopefulness and energy by this new gospel of "good roads without money."

Eight years ago I was devoting almost my entire time to my farm, three miles north from the little town of Maitland, Missouri. My interests demanded frequent travel over the road between my farmhouse and the village, and I always felt a keen resentment when bad roads made it difficult or impossible to drive to town—a state of things that was altogether too frequent.

A little investigation and experience demonstrated to me that this was by no means the result of indifference or inactivity on the part of our road commissioners. Then I reached the conviction that it was the fate of the farmer to spend \$1500 to \$3000 a mile for macadamized road or else travel in the mud in all periods of continued wet weather—which is to say a very large proportion of the year. This conviction is almost universal among farmers who have really wrestled with the road problem and know from experience its difficulties.

However, this state of doubt and discouragement did not long continue, and I began to investigate and experiment in an irregular sort of a way. Acting under this persistent impulse to experiment, I one day hitched my team to a drag made of a frost-spilled wooden pumpstock and an old oak post, held parallel to each other by three pieces of fence boards about three feet long. Smooth wire served in place of a chain, and a strip of plank laid between the post and the pump stock gave me a rough platform upon which to stand.

The horses were attached at such a point of the wire as to give the drag a slant of about forty-five degrees in the direction required to force the earth that it would gather from the side of the road up into the center. We had just had a soaking rain and the earth was in a plastic condition. I had driven this drag but a few rods when I was fully aware that it was serving at least the initial purpose for which it was intended—that of leveling down the wheel rut and pushing the surplus dirt into the center of the road.

At my neighbor's gate, toward town, I turned around and took the other side of the road back to my home. The result was simply astonishing. More rain fell upon this road, but it "ran off like water from a duck's back." From that time forward, after every rain or wet spell, I dragged the half-mile of the road covered by my original experiment.

At the end of three months the road was better than when it had been

dragged for three weeks, and at the end of three years it was immensely improved over its condition at the end of the first year's work. I studied the result of each step in my experiment and finally learned that three elements are required to make a perfect earth road and that the lack of any one of them is fatal to the result. To be perfect an earth road must be at one and the same time oval, hard and smooth. All of these indispensables are acquired by the use of the split-log drag in any soil that I have ever come in contact with—and I have worked in the various kinds of clay soil, in the gumbo of the swampy lowlands and in the black mud of the prairies.

Observation of my experiment taught me that two weeks of rain would not put this bit of road in bad condition at a time when the highway at either end of it was impassable for a wagon. Of course, it was plain that the reason the road was not bad was that there was no mud in it. But why mud would not collect in it was not clear to me until I was taught my lesson by the very humble means of the hog wallow. One day I chanced to notice that water was standing in one of these wallows long after the ground all about it had become dry. Probably I had many times before observed this fact, but not until now had it occurred to me to inquire into its cause. Examining the edges of the wallow, I was impressed with the fact that it was almost as hard as a piece of earthenware. Clearly this was because the wallowing of the hogs had mixed or "puddled" the earth and the water together, forming a kind of cement which dried into a hard and practically waterproof surface.

The next important lesson in my understanding of the real elements of road-making was taught me by studying what we farmers call "a spouty spot" in the side of a clay hill. All who live in a clay country know the unspeakable stickiness of one of these spouty places, and are familiar with the fact that, after ten days or two weeks of bright, hot sunshine, you can take an axe and break from one of these spots a cloud so hard that with it you can almost drive a ten-penny nail into a plank. Naturally, it occurred to me that, if this puddled clay soil would stay hard for the months when left in a rough condition, it would surely stay longer if moulded into the form of a smooth roof, so that the water which fell upon it would easily run off.

This original half-mile of road was dragged steadily for four years before I had a single active recruit in my new crusade. At first my neighbors poked good-natured fun at me, probably because the thing was new and so absurdly simple—and, perhaps, also, because I did the work without pay or any expectation of it. Road-making in the country, it may be well to explain, is not generally followed as a fashionable philanthropy or a popular diversion.

From the outset of this work, so many questions have poured in upon me indicating points concerning which the public is prone to go astray in its understanding of how to build and use the split-log drag that I have prepared the following road dragging "catechism" as covering, with fair completeness, the main working facts in the problem:

Would it not be better to plow the road before dragging?

No. Plowing gives a soft foundation. Plowing the middle of the road is a relic of the old dump-scraper days.

What do you do when there are deep ruts in the road?

Drag them. If you drag when the surface is quite loose and soft, you will be surprised how soon the ruts disappear.

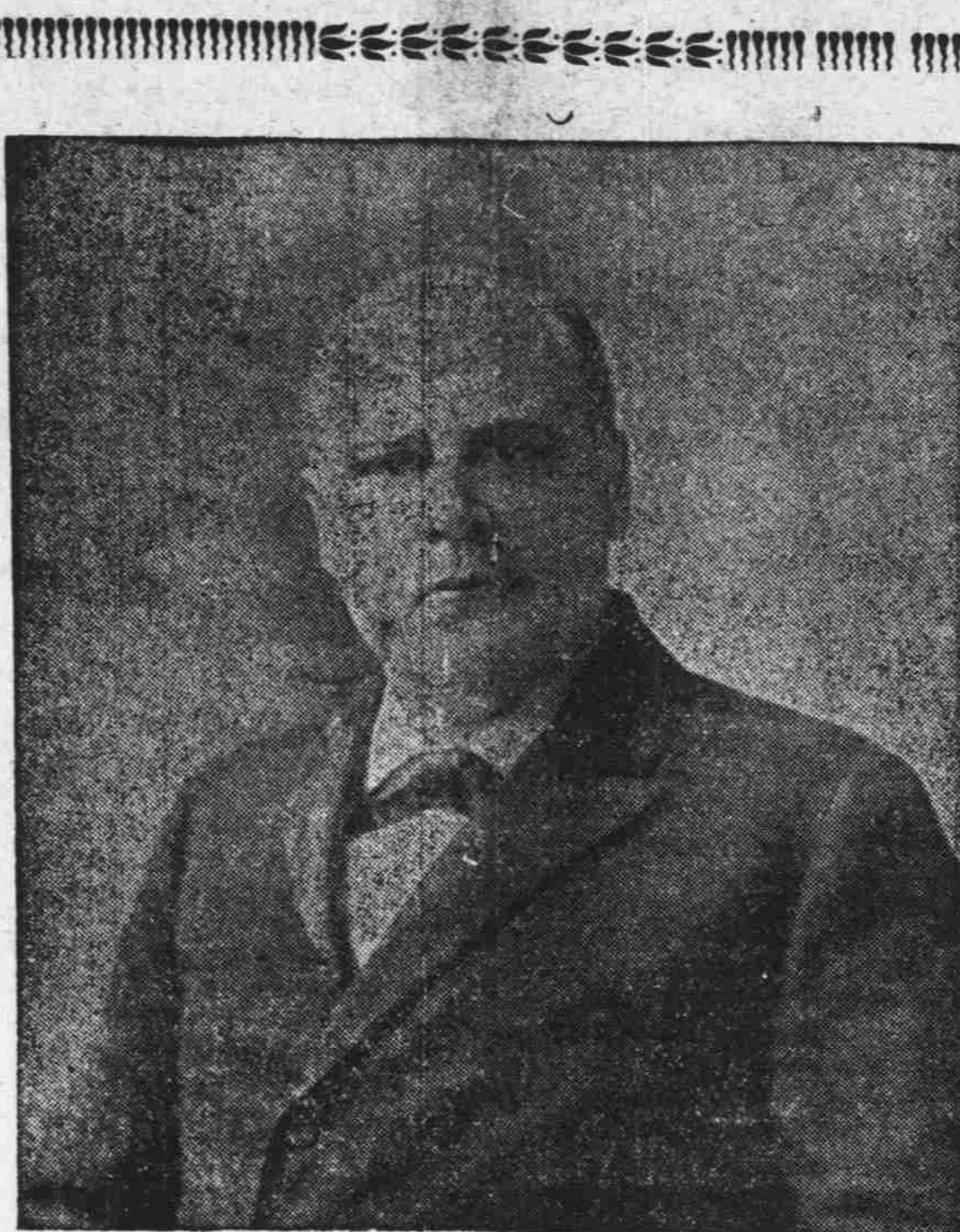
How do you get the dirt to the middle of the road?

By hauling the drag slantwise with the end that is toward the center of the road a little to the rear of the other end.

But suppose the road is too narrow?

First drop the wheel tracks. After three or four rains or wet spells, plow a shallow furrow just outside the dragged part. Spread this over the road with a

Continued on Page 8



GOV. GLENN Who will speak in Hendersonville Oct. 12

Congressional Campaign

Messrs. Britt and Crawford after speaking at Franklin took two carriages and went through the mountains in their campaign to the lofty Highlands, the highest town this side of the Rockies, not even excepting Boone. En route to Highlands we saw magnificent falls, cascades amid the lofty mountains and racing, deep, wide and swift rivers. Forging in the rain the swollen Buck creek, we had a narrow escape. As Mr. Crawford had to speak in two hours at Highlands, we had to ford to reach the appointment and rush into the swollen stream, whose waters reached above the seats of the carriage and we three were wet men. I told Mr. Crawford that he had two seats—a wet seat and a seat in congress in the future. At Highlands, a beautiful summer resort perched 3,828 ft. on the mountain top, and with a summer population of 1100, and 350 people in the cold winter. The building was crowded with voters, tourists, male and female, in charming contrast, the audience had a metropolitan appearance. Would like to describe some of the grand water-falls in the narrow defiles, scenery, lofty columnar rocks where eagles cry in their peerless, wonderous mountain land, which frames its beauty in rock, cascade, rhododendron, fir and balsam, but my mission, which is political, forbids.

The mountain roads were sometimes good along the swiftly racing rivers and streams up to the gap where lovely clouds, like islands, gathered amid the crags; other roads were rough and perilous climbing, three miles an hour. The people of the mountains, noted for their proud independence of character, and individuality, were kind and hospitable; some of their homes isolated in the mountain fastnesses were stylish, costly and large, interspersed with mountain cabins beside the spring cool as ice and surrounded by ferns and mountain flowers.

Then we climb, following the streams, superb surveyors for roads and railroads, view the mountains of Cullowhee, view with rapture Tuckaseages, the grand Tuckaseages River Falls with about 200 ft. descent, then down the mountain to Glensville. At Cullowhee is a fine \$11,500 building built by the State and a Normal and Industrial School of about 100 pupils under the presidency of J. A. Monroe, a great-great nephew of President Monroe. At Cullowhee the house was crowded by voters and students; cheer and the incense of flowers from fair hands animated Messrs. Britt and Crawford.

Crawford is an aggressive and able campaigner and is an adept in the use of ridicule and sarcasm, two formidable weapons in debate. He is one of the people, a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic mountaineer with black hair, black mustache, ruddy complexion, slightly bronzed, and stands six feet high, weighing 190 pounds. His age is fifty years, has a wife and four children. He is a better and more incisive talker than his more scholarly opponent, Britt, who is very respectful to Crawford, and seeks by his soft words to catch demo-

cratic votes in this race, for he knows there is no chance for him without democratic aid.

Mr. Britt is a pleasant and forceful speaker, lacking in magnetism and often fails to enthuse his crowd like Crawford, but democrats must remember that he is no man of straw and think that democratic work is unnecessary. He is 44 years of age; has a wife and seven children. He looks like a preacher in his clerical black suit, standing collar and gold spectacles.

Mr. Britt was born in Tennessee and moved to North Carolina 22 year ago, where he has taught school about a dozen years, and has been in the internal revenue department hunting blockaders for 5 years and then disbursing officer for 3 more years at Asheville. Neither one uses tobacco or intoxicants in any form and are honored members of the Baptist church. Each "wears without reproach the grand old name of gentlemen."

The campaign has been able and aggressive, yet innocent of mud-slinging and personal abuse. They fight nobly under their respective banners, yet after debate they remain good friends, while striving for supremacy. Each is a superb representation of his party, and bravely holds aloft their party's achievements for the voter's approval.

The Webster court house was crowded to hear the two opposing candidates ably discuss the issues of the day in a debate free from strife. The debate began at Robbinsville two weeks ago and terminated for the present at Webster in Jackson county and no quarrel marred the amity of two friends, while the crowds were respectful and generally orderly. In this county there is a local issue injected by the republicans to catch democratic votes. The question is not now the removal of the court house from Webster to more progressive, Sylva on the railroad that is now impossible, but to discuss and allow the right of the people of Jackson to vote on the removal, provided the majority of voters so petition the legislature. This is a local issue and cuts no ice in the congressional race. Crawford will carry Jackson by the usual majority—about 100.

Mr. Crawford opened the ball at Webster in his usual able, aggressive and incisive manner, and held his crowd which frequently cheered him. With sledgehammer blows he dealt in arguments and answers to his opponents fallacies, and his speech was interlarded with anecdotes that pleased and amused republicans and democrats.

He began with the three oft repeated charges against Britt and his republican party in North Carolina. He told about Britt's resignation of his office at Asheville, which office he may again hold after his defeat in November. He read from the ponderous Secretary Taft's speech at the republican convention a Greensboro, where he said in thundering tones, "It is best for the republican party in North Carolina that all federal officers should be held by the democrats of this state!"

Then he read from Judge Bynum's republican and caustic criticism of hi

own party when he said, "George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen: the republican party are 'always in war, never in peace, and always in the pockets of their countrymen!'"

Remember, republicans, this is what your own men have said of your own party, not my words.

The republican convention at Greensboro, where rows and police were present, was also exposed, for it was a struggle between Judge Adams and Congressman Blackburn for control of party machinery and to determine which faction should control the distribution of "pie" to hungry office-seekers.

Britt for Adams' Faction.

Mr. Britt says he favors the Adams faction; he has been an internal revenue officer for 5 years. Then he was a faithful disbursing officer for three years. Although a young lawyer of less than one year's practice, he admits he was appointed assistant district attorney to help prosecute Congressman Blackburn, the only republican congressman in North Carolina and the last one for the next ten years, yet Blackburn was acquitted, notwithstanding Britt's efforts and speech. Britt tried to send the only republican congressman to jail for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Thus I have shown without malice the misdeeds of this party that Britt defends, and ask you to vote for honest, good government. The republican party is in favor of Protection that protects the rich manufacturer, upholds trusts and monopolies and robs the masses to enrich the classes; the democratic party is the friend of the masses; helps the agricultural south and fights against unjust taxation, monopolies and the hydra-headed trusts.

Then the tedious, and generally uninteresting Dingley Tariff on 4,200 articles of trade, was discussed at length—too long for this paper to give all his arguments against Protection that protects the manufacturer, and robs the Southern farmers, whose products are not helped by Protection, but the farmer has to pay a high tax on what he buys.

This Dingley tariff is a tax, a heavy burden, and no tax can make a nation rich and prosperous, yet this is what Britt claims. The idea of a tax making a nation prosperous is ridiculous. Here is the Ding-dang Dingley law that I hold in my hand, and this little pamphlet of about sixty pages made you rich and bought you all your property, so Britt claims. Why, Britt, are you not ashamed to attempt to fool intelligent voters this way?

Prosperity is world-wide, and nations in Europe and Asia are prosperous, tariff or no tariff. A hundred things, as varied as the intonations of our Southern mocking bird, natural causes, the blessings of Providence, the wealth of our mines and forests, our agricultural resources, increase of gold output and increase of money in circulation, our exports of 1,400 millions to foreign markets, the toil and sweat of millions of laborers, all these have combined to make this grand country rich and

prosperous in spite of the tariff. The cotton crop exports from the South, besides what was used by our own mills in this country, amounted to 400 millions total, or more than a million dollars for every day in this year.

The toil of the laboring man, upon whose grave no costly marble shaft is ever reared, helped to make us rich, yet Britt puts a stain on the brow of toil when he says Protection did it all.

Mr. Britt Replies

Mr. Britt was introduced by Mr. Zeb Vance Watson, and replied in an able and forceful manner that evoked applause from his side. He had no apologies to offer for his eight years' service in the internal revenue department, that he did his duty fearlessly and faithfully, and disbursed \$13,000,000 at Asheville and the balance was correctly kept, and of that record I am proud. I also admit that I as a lawyer with scarcely one year's practice helped to prosecute my friend, Congressman Blackburn, who was acquitted; he and I are still good friend.

Then he claimed that Mr. Crawford's charges and indictment against the republican party in this state were general not specific, dealt in glittering generalities without specifications. A lawyer as you all know, and I see some lawyers here today must present in court charges and specifications in his indictment. Tom Taggart, once a democratic chairman, was indicted and evicted for keeping a gambling saloon at his hotel at French Lick Springs.

Then from a different view point he discussed Protection that under republican rule had added wealth and brought prosperity to this country. Then he dwelt at length on the panic under democratic policy of "Free Trade" that had brought ruin to this land. Protection and republican rule are synonymous; panic and democracy are in unison and go together.

The price of farm products from the government report of Secretary Cortelyou was read differently from Mr. Crawford's statistics as Mr. Crawford had read these prices to show that under some periods of democratic rule, corn, wheat, oats and cotton were higher than under republican rule. Under the high prices of these farm products I ask you to vote for the republican party and prosperity. W. H. MILLER.

When a horse is so overworked it lies down and in other ways declares its inability to go further, you would consider it criminal to use force. Many a man of humane impulses, who would not willingly harm a kitten, is guilty of cruelty where his own stomach is concerned. Overdriven, overworked, when what it needs is something that will digest the food eaten and help the stomach to recuperate. Something like Kodol For Dyspepsia that is sold by F. V. Hunter.

After a woman gets to be about so old she doesn't waste so many pins.

A cold is much more easily cured when the bowels are open. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar opens the bowels and drives the cold out the system of young or old. Sold by F. V. Hunter.

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