



Notes. Calvert, Texas, has voted in favor of a cash road tax.

San Antonio, Texas, has a civic association, the object of which is the improvement and embellishment of the street by the planting of trees.

The Eastern Ontario G. A. R. has reason to believe that the efforts that it has been making for some time to secure the establishment of a provincial division for good roads will be crowned with success.

Schenectady County, N. Y., has successfully tried the experiment of placing the prisoners confined in the county jail upon the roads in working out a contract for road improvement which was awarded to the county. One result of this is the avoidance of Schenectady County by tramps.

Stone, brick and steel tracks have not yet received the attention that they deserve on account of their comparative cheapness and durability. In this connection it is worthy to note that between Albany and Schenectady is a stone track road which is said to be fully as perfect as when it was built some fifty years ago.

That Florida will soon be among the States that lead in the mileage of good roads is indicated by the fact that there is now over \$300,000 available in the internal improvement fund and that there is a reserve of 5,000,000 acres of swamp and overflowed lands, worth from \$1 to \$5 an acre. By a recent act of the Legislature this was made available for the building of hard roads.

Arkansas does not intend to allow the interest in the good roads movement to flag. The Executive Committee of the State G. A. R. has requested the county judges to call county conventions for this summer and fall and appoint delegates for the State convention to be held next January. If other States would work in this systematic way much more would be accomplished than is the case where spasmodic efforts are made to interest people in the good roads movement.

In Scott County, Iowa, the farmers along a certain road, finding that the ordinary road tax was only sufficient to keep the road in its normally bad condition, voluntarily entered into an agreement to tax themselves an amount that would make it possible to permanently improve the road. Land owners were to pay twenty-five cents per acre for all the land within one mile of the road, fifteen cents for land within one or two miles away, and ten cents for land between two and three miles away. This is a straightforward, self-helpful American way of dealing with the problem.—Good Roads Magazine.

The Money Value of Good Roads.

There are at least five ways in which good roads will put money in the farmer's pocket or prevent its being spent wastefully; for a good road will

- 1. Economize time and force in transportation between farm and market.
2. Enable farmers to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling.
3. Permit transportation of farm products and purchased commodities during times of comparative leisure.
4. Reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles.
5. Enhance the market value of real estate.

Colonel Hepburn's View.

In a recent review Hon. William P. Hepburn, member of Congress from Iowa, expressed himself as follows: "My idea of a comprehensive scheme for the permanent betterment of the roads in the United States involves an equalizing of the expense. I would be in favor of appropriating one-third of the cost of any particular stretch of highway out of the treasury, the State to pay an equal proportion, and the township the remaining one-third. In this way the weight of expense would be so distributed as not to be oppressive to any of the contributors, and in the course of ten years the mud hole and the bottomless pit of the spring season, when the frost emerges from the ground, will have disappeared, and a macadamized road will pass every farmer's home. "It has taken the farmers a long time to come to a realization of the value and importance to themselves of good roads. They are now thoroughly awake to the fact, however, and are ready to press their sturdy shoulders against the wheel of progress which leads to the elimination of the bottomless road. The movement has already begun in Iowa, and many towns are reached by farmers traveling over macadamized roads. These farmers have discovered that the hard, dry, always passable road pays big divi-

dends in more ways than one. They have found that it has put from \$5 to \$10 per acre upon the valuation of their land. Incidentally these facts are becoming generally known, and Iowa farmers are ready to grasp any comprehensive scheme that will give them permanent highways, and they are willing to pay for them.

"I find many representatives in Congress who are deeply interested in the good roads proposition, and they have indicated a willingness to take the matter up from the viewpoint of national co-operation under proper conditions. I believe the subject will receive attention at the hands of the fifty-eighth Congress and that some practical results will very soon follow."

WELL-DRESSED MEN.

More Rational Attention is Being Given to Appearance.

Older men of the city note with gratification the better dressing and general air of gentility carried by this generation than was common with that of twenty years ago. These sartorial accuracies are not the signs that betoken a fresh epidemic of dudsism. They do not portend an era of fresh Beau Brummels, Beau Nashes and Berry Walls. They do not mean that an old adage has been changed to read: "Clothes make a man and want of them a fellow."

On the contrary, they indicate that there is a wholesome revival of that personal care for one's appearance that reveals the man as neither a sloven or a sloth. Perhaps the advent of "clothing made to measure" at custom trade prices and, even more, the facilities of the "pressing clubs" have been most responsible for this commendable pride of apparel. But whatever is the honorable reason for it needs to be encouraged and applauded.

The days of the "old codger" who thought it a signal of independence to go around in public in an unvested and collarless shirt are passed. To put on any old thing in any old way and call one's self "dressed," even for ordinary business intercourse, is to become a person apart from the crowd called gentlemen and to announce one's self as a crank. It used to be the other way. The man who dressed in accordance with the best modes of the day was called "a dude" and "a dandy." Those were terms of common reproach hurled at any one who dared to be neat, clean and clothed as the most perfect form God Himself could make.

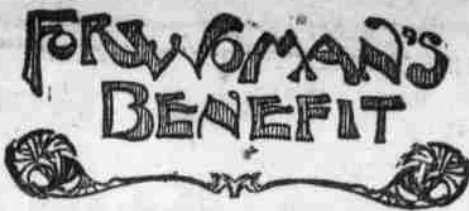
There is a physical, hygienic value in good dressing. Put a slouch in a soldier's uniform and he transforms himself with erect carriage, head erect and a quick step that altogether makes his mother doubt his identity. And in the really elegant mode for men of the present day there is dignity given to one's carriage and distinction imparted to his personality. Certainly, a man may yet make a guy of himself by loud and outre self-decoration, but we are commending the quiet, genteel, fashionable dresser, and he deserves it.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Beggars in Finland.

"Beggings doesn't go in my native land," said A. F. Watch, in speaking of the famine in Finland. "If a man asks for bread he is given the opportunity to earn it, never the money to buy it. It is this policy, generation after generation, that has made the Finnish people prefer death to begging, as it is understood here. The farmers begin to sow in June and seed potatoes and rye and barley and oats are their greatest need. What little rye was raised last year was not properly ripened before being taken to the kilns. It was unusually dark and lacking in nutriment. In a letter from my sister she speaks of a friend who had traveled north establishing free lodgings in ten balliwicks. In these lodgings warmth and food could be had; the women and children were taught cookery and earned their food by sewing, spinning, knitting and weaving, and the men were provided with work. It is work, work, work, there being hardly a millionaire in Finland's 2,555,000 inhabitants. The fish famine was as great as the bread famine, as the constant rains last summer flooded the country, the myriads of lakes spread over the meadows, making the usual catch impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Brick Industry.

The largest brick-making region in the country is the Hudson River valley in New York State, where nearly a billion bricks are made annually. Pennsylvania leads in the production of pressed brick. Most of the terra cotta comes from New York, New Jersey and Illinois. Although West Virginia was the cradle of the paving-brick industry, Ohio now leads in the production of vitrified brick. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan are the most important producers of drain tile, and Ohio is the main producer also of sewer pipe. Pennsylvania produced over four and a half million dollars' worth of fire brick, about one-half the total production, in both 1900 and 1901. Ohio, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, in the order named, are the greatest producers of pottery, East Liverpool, Ohio and Trenton, N. J., being the chief centres of production.—American Cultivator.



THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.

She Sometimes Makes a Man of a Ne'er-Do-Well.

He is the most sociable soul on Main street, and he beamed on the girl in the white shoes who pattered toward him as he stood in the doorway of his little shop.

His stock in trade in sea shells with "Souvenir of Seacrest" inscribed on them, pocketbooks made of mussels, mirrors framed in shells (like the one in David's bedroom when he went to visit the Peggottys), and other more or less marine articles of bigotry and virtue.

The summer girl stood idly gazing at the fanciful wares in the sweetgrass basket at the door while the shopkeeper took leave of a customer. As the latter went down the village street the communicative shopkeeper said to the summer girl, "A powerful smart man, that!" The girl looked after the retreating figure of the "smart" man. He didn't look the part. She smiled inquiringly at the shopkeeper and thus encouraged the worthy seller of shells continued:

"Why, I can remember when he was a poor boy—not so many years ago either. He was no 'count whatever—absolutely. One day he had the nerve to get married. We all kind o' pitied the girl. But—" and he made a gesture that might mean horror, astonishment or joy, or all three. "How she pulled him up! She made him work; and when he did work he was smart. He wrote and he lawyered and he clerked, and she kept a-tuggin' away at him all the time and saved his money and sent the children to school and dressed herself neat and made his home a very pleasant place."

"A wonderful woman," said the summer girl, with a glance into the gloomy little shop.

"Yes, she was. He was lucky. Most women couldn't do a thing with a no 'count fellow like him, but he got a treasure out of Providence's grab-bag, didn't he?"

"It seems so."

"And I tell you that a man's fortune is his wife. She makes him or breaks him."

"She usually tries to break him," said said the summer girl unsmilingly.

"Many a fellow that starts out of some use in the world is dragged down and out by a silly, airy woman. But a good, economical wife is as good as parties and savings banks."

"Parties?"

"Why, she keeps a man home and leads him out of dissipations such as shows and theatres and circuses and balloon ascensions. But I tell you it's better to have any wife—even a silly one—than to have none at all. Plunge in and trust to luck, say I."

"Yes, I think so, too. There's something pathetic about a dried up, selfish bachelor. How about your wife?" asked the summer girl interestedly.

The seller of seashells' round, rubicund face took on lines of wistfulness. He dropped his jocular tone and said gently: "Well, you see, it was a long while ago. She was very young and gay. I suppose people would say—did say—that she was not the kind to help a man in business, but she made me very happy. She only lived a year. But I never forgot that happy year. That's why I advise young men to 'plunge in,' and he smiled a little mistily.

And as the summer girl's white shoes went tripping down the street, she looked back at the rotund proportions and bald head of the prosaic figure in the doorway and told herself that one can never tell where romance will choose to take up its abode.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Three-Hole Blucher.

The flattest of soles is seen on some walking boots, both buttoned and laced, and on the popular oxford or low-cut shoe except the "three-hole blucher." From the ball of the foot, beneath the instep and to the heel, there is a heavy curved support to the foot, with unusual "spring" to it. The heel is high, and for some reason called a military heel. This blucher has three holes on each side, no more, and, therefore, is truly a low shoe.

It has no tip across the toes, neither pointed nor square, and the sole lies flat and square on the ground, not in the least turning up at the toes, as older style boots and shoes are wont to do. By these marks you may know the "three-hole blucher."



Plated boleros are wonderfully becoming to slender forms. Some sashes are broad enough to cover the back of the skirt. Embroidered sashes of satin Liberty are rounded off at the ends.

Mohair is one of the smartest fabrics, because it hangs well.

Summer evening fans are airy fairy weapons to match the dress.

Cape collars finish various jackets and broaden narrow shoulders.

Shaped clasps for the back of the belt should be correctly shaped.

La Valliere necklaces adorn the neck of the woman in the low or half-low gown.

A rose wreath is a lovely garniture for a décollete dress of softly rosy pink.

Heavy chatelaine pins have a way of disagreeably sagging on very thin goods.

The cut and fit of underwear is important if one desires perfect-fitting clothes.

Some handsome dresses boast made sashes that have ends not over a foot in length.

Some stitches in modish embroidery can only be appreciated through a magnifying glass.

Heavy sashes to match the dress, such as velvet, are effectively finished at the scallop-shaped ends with heavy fringe.

A veiling novelty is on the order of thin crepe de chine furnished with a border in fancy cat-stitch forming diamonds. This veiling comes in all colors.

Lilacs are among the fashionable flowers for hat decoration. White, blue and purple blossoms are combined in large wreaths and placed around the brim of straw hats.

MODERNIZING THE HOLY LAND.

Invasion of American Mechanical Inventions Into Syria.

"A peaceful revolution is now going on in the Holy Land," writes an American correspondent to the London Sphere. "Where plows of antique types are hauled by camels, oxen and donkeys the steam plow is seen. In harvest time, instead of the patient, antique methods, huge harvesting machines, reapers and threshers are operated by steam. The standard-gauge railway has already penetrated inland to Homs, the 'Manchester of Syria,' where, on its arrival, a mob demanded its surrender. Victorias and landaus are running between Homs and Palmyra, where the ruins were once a sealed book. Automobile lines are preparing to cross the desert and succeed the mail lines of fleet dromedaries. When the American steam thresher arrived in Syria from Indiana the plant was promptly bought by Najib Sursock Bey, the progressive millionaire, owning great areas of Syria and Egypt, who vows to buy anything the Americans invent. The success of the plant was complete. The straw crusher attached to the separator has opened a new dawn of plenty for starving animals of the Holy Land. Syrian straw is hard and stiff, and hence it was supposed for ages to be valueless. The crusher, a steel cylinder with twelve rows of corrugated teeth making 1200 revolutions a minute, now makes the straw fit for the animals to eat. The Koran," adds our correspondent, "will surely retreat before American machinery and methods introduced simultaneously with American schools. This may be said to be the first death-blow struck at Mahomedanism. The Arabs are accustomed to work, and court it. All the wars heretofore waged have never wielded the slightest influence on the religious fanaticism of these people. Machinery and modern methods and enlightened education, however, bringing the Arabs new and cheerful labor, better pay and rewards, will expose them constantly to the weaknesses of their creed and end in their complete metamorphosis from their forms of dress, foods, thoughts and conduct."

How West Point Sets the Pace.

West Point sets the pace for military instruction in about sixty public and chartered military schools in the United States, and more than a hundred private institutions. When it is stated that from 10,000 to 15,000 young Americans are graduated at these preparatory schools each year to enter business and the professions, it will be seen how far reaching is the influence of West Point rules and West Point traditions, even outside the department of governmental service for which it was principally established. In its own peculiar field West Point stands without a rival, for its history is the history of all the great victories won by American arms since the war of the revolution. Nearly all the famous American generals since that time have been sons of West Point—Logan and Miles are famous exceptions who rose from the ranks—and nearly every commissioned officer of high rank in the army to-day received his first commission on the day when he was graduated at West Point.—National Magazine.

"Silence is Golden."

A thoughtful looking man was eating his lunch in a restaurant. Suddenly he said musingly, "I wonder who invented the phrase, 'Silence is golden?'" "Probably some poor fellow who had a wife, a parrot, a seven-year-old boy, a phonograph and a barber," said his companion with the bitterness of one who knows whereof he speaketh.

Wise is the man who can distinguish flattery from honest praise.

AT DUSK.

I follow, through the garden dim, The winding way that Lydia passed. I follow, led by trusty guides, Confident of success at last— To be rewarded for my quest When Lydia's lips to mine are pressed!

The blades of grass they help my search; A leaf upon the garden walk, The imprint of a little heel, Are all endowed with power to talk. They tell me, soft, a secret sweet: "This way—and this—went Lydia's feet!"

The stars leaned down to watch her pass, The boughs they kissed her as she went, (They caught their white bloom from her gown), And all these messengers are lent To guide my heart, by whispering low, "This way—and this—did Lydia go!"

—Harper's Bazar.



"Was she happily married?" "Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over six thousand dollars."—Judge.

"I dislike that Miss Jones. She seems double-faced." "Impossible, or she'd be wearing the other one."—Chaparral.

Stella—"Did he get down on his knees when he proposed?" Bella—"Yes; but papa won't set him on his feet."—Puck.

Mrs. Sharp—"What is a great, stout, healthy man like you begging for?" Bulky Butters—"Only two cents, mum."—Chicago News.

"I fell into—the swimming-hole." The mother gasped, "How did you keep your clothes so dry?" "Why, ma, I took them off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Edith—"I dreamed last night that I was going to be married." Kitty—"Funny, what absurd things come to us in dreams, isn't it, dear?"—Boston Transcript.

She—"There goes General Chutney, with his daughter." He—"So I see—and they say that the daughter has been through more engagements than her father."—Tit-Bits.

Wife (in her latest dress from Paris)—"Harry, what's the difference between a 'gown' and a 'creation'?" Harry—"I can't give the exact figures, but it's a small fortune."—Punch.

She wears the smile that won't come off. Ah, me, it is perfection. I only wish that I could say As much for her complexion. —Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Newrocks—"Yes, Tessie, your uncle made his money before you were born." Her Niece—"Did he? Well, it's a good thing to have somebody in the family who was born rich, isn't it, auntie?"—Puck.

Kutten—"You'll excuse me, old chap, for not introducing my wife. The fact is, you know, she's—she's so infernally particular." Dryde—"In everything but her choice of a husband, perhaps, I see."—Chicago Tribune.

Daughter (pleadingly)—"I am sure you will like George. He is the most conscientious young man I ever knew." Father (a business man)—"Then don't you dare to marry him! You'll starve to death!"—New York Weekly.

Towne—"He seems to think he's quite an orator." Browne—"Huh! Why, whenever he attempts to make a speech he really makes a monkey of himself." Towne—"Sort of harangue-ouang, eh."—Philadelphia Press.

Johnnie—"Mother, say, that is all nonsense with the life insurance, isn't it?" Mother—"My, what an idea, Johnnie. What makes you think so?" Johnnie—"Well, didn't Mr. Brown tell you the other day that he had his life insured, and now he is dead all the same."—Brooklyn Life.

"Soda Dispensers."

In a lower Broadway store, New York City, where "soda dispensers" are not required to work on Sundays, the manager says he is able, virtually, to take his pick of men employed in this kind of work. The time has gone by when one boy and the "boss" took care of the soda water fountain in a large drug store and considered it merely an incident to the day's business. Twelve or fifteen clerks are kept busy from 9 a. m. until 8 p. m. in many of the downtown establishments that make a specialty of soda water trade. Many uptown stores employ a large number, but when the hours are longer they work in shifts. Their wages range from \$12 to \$19 a week. They are young men, not boys, and this year they refuse to take a position with Sunday work included if they can get along without it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Freak Building in Gotham.

The fight for light in New York City is becoming interesting. William F. Havemeyer has planned to erect an office building on a plot 23 by 16 feet that is to cost \$200,000. It will be eighteen stories high.

It will be impossible to rob this tower of light, for its small area will permit of but one office on each floor, thus securing all the light needed, even on the ground floors, while the man on floor 18 will be flooded with light, like the wick of a candle.

In case of an earthquake visitation the occupants of the sky parlor will probably find it convenient to be out until the shakes are over. How many years is such a tower calculated to stand?—Boston Globe.