

GOOD ROADS

Purely a Business Proposition.

NATIONAL aid to highway construction as a plain, practical business proposition is, in my opinion, paramount to any question that now presents or that can possibly be suggested, because good roads would do more for the country than any other one thing that can be named, or any dozen or more things combined, writes W. P. Brownlow.

The question is outside of and above party politics, its entire constitutionality is now almost universally admitted, and the necessity for it is present in every household in the land. It is important to every calling and condition; to every trade and profession; to every toiler in whatever field of human endeavor; to every manufacturing interest and industrial concern; to every church and school, and to the stability of the Government itself.

I am aware that many people in cities and towns regard the road question as one affecting the farming interests alone. If this were true, it would yet be simple justice and only a recognition of the existence of reciprocal obligation between the Government and the people for the general Government to extend its aid, for the reason that all wealth and all prosperity depend upon agriculture. The farmers are the only real producers; all others are consumers.

The farmers preserve the balance of trade in American favor year by year. Strike down agriculture and chaos would quickly follow; cripple agriculture, and every interest in the land would suffer. But it is not true that the farmers alone are interested in this great question. It is present with interest to the entire population of towns and cities, and to railroads, manufacturers and tradesmen as well. Furthermore, church and school interests must inevitably be retarded while road conditions remain as they are today.

The rural schools are the schools of the masses, in which are laid the deep and lasting foundations for coming lives of usefulness and for the betterment of mankind. The rural church is the birthplace of good character, of high ideals of life, and of patriotic purpose. Neither rural church nor school can flourish where impassable roads abound, and if these can not prosper the American home can not long survive, because the American home can only be perpetuated in its present glory through the unintermitted progress of civilization and the wholesome growth of Christianity and the spread of education in the land.

There is a feature of this question which persons accustomed to thoroughness in every other line of thought seem to entirely overlook, especially dwellers in towns and cities. It is the universal interest involved, and upon this I desire to speak with special emphasis. Aside from church, school, and social economy, there is now in the question for every man to digest. If the common roads of the country were brought to a condition that would enable farmers to market their products at all seasons of the year, the cost of living in town and city would be greatly lessened, and discontent among working people and the operatives of industrial concerns would largely decrease, if it did not entirely disappear.—Collier's Weekly.

Paper as Road Material.

The impetus recently given to highway improvement has been accompanied by many interesting experiments conducted with a view to ascertaining the most desirable material to employ in roadmaking. A great deal of useful knowledge has been attained in this way, and ultimately the public in general and the taxpayer in particular will be the gainer, as the result must lead toward economy and efficiency. In the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., the road builders have been testing the virtues of gravel, used in a manner differing from old methods and suggested by engineers who have carefully studied the matter. Formerly gravel was found unsatisfactory as a roadmaking material, and its use has been largely condemned. The engineers in question say it has not been fairly treated, and they are attempting to demonstrate the truth of their statement. But the engineers go still farther, states the Troy Times, and assert that good roads can be made by proper use of any of the materials found in the vicinity of highways, thus obviating the procurement of the right substances at a distance. For instance, they produce a mixture the basis of which is the sand, clay or loam found at any roadside, and by mixing it in a certain way produce what they affirm to be satisfactory results. But, while sand, clay or loam may be the base, in reality a far more novel substance is brought into play—nothing more or less, in short, than paper pulp. The account says the other materials are "mixed with the cheapest kind of wood pulp taken from the mills, just as it was ready to go to the paper machines." The earthy substances thus amalgamated make a dressing for roads which, the engineers say, is incomparable for smoothness and durability, and which can be applied at moderate cost. Wonderful things have been done with paper of late, but even with this experience in mind the making of paper roads comes as a rather startling innovation.

The use of perfumes is as old as civilization.

GOOD ADVICE.

Resolutions Worth Following by All Married Couples, Young or Old.

We are resolved to return from our honeymoon full of high hopes and bright anticipations of the unknown future, but stretches fair before us. Remembering that, though at times dark clouds may momentarily obscure our happiness, the sun will soon shine through the gloom, and all will be radiant again.

To live well within our income, and every year save something for the rainy days which, sooner or later, are bound to come.

To try to correct our own individual faults, instead of wondering at the size and number of each other's.

To be perfectly frank and loyal in all our thoughts, words and deeds, and let nothing have power to breed mischief between us.

To never have a second quarrel, for the very good reason that we never had, nor intend to have a first.

To treat our respective mothers-in-law with due propriety, and try our best to get on well with all our new relations.

To take for our motto that golden rule of married life—to bear and forbear.

To resolutely resolve to always stand shoulder to shoulder to fight the battle of life, for union is strength.

To never do things, however much we would like to, that we know are against the wishes of the other; and, above all, never try to deceive or have secrets from each other.

To keep a sharp lookout for the little gift within the lute which will change the music of the domestic duet from the glorious major to the minor mournful key.

To, if our marriage is a failure, let nobody but ourselves be aware of the sorrowful fact.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No life costs the community more than a worthless one.

The binding does not make the book though it may mar it.

It's a good deal better to mark moral time than it is to march to it.

When your title to the skies seems clouded look out for fogs of doubt.

A man never blows his own horn until the silence has become more than he can bear.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that. It is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that—and it is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.—Henry van Dyke.

I can wish for you the things I hold good things, a deep, intense love for one higher and stronger than yourself, or that peace and joy which come, one sees, to some elect natures who have got rid of the aches and yearnings of self, and live in the life of others.—George S. Merriam.

"Unsettling, Unsettling." Secretary Shaw told a story on Representative Smith of Iowa when the latter was a fledgling attorney and anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the Criminal Court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the Judge who presided.

"I have none," answered the prisoner.

"Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money to pay a lawyer."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"There is Mr. Walter I. Smith; John Brown, George Green," said the Judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the court room and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said: "Well, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

An Indian's Love For His Dog. Colonel Holden, of the Fort Gibson Post, who sympathizes with everybody in hard luck, printed this letter from Richard Benge, a Cherokee, whose pack of trail hounds has often made music among the Fort Gibson hills: "Will you please let me have a small space in your paper? I won't write much. I just want to tell you old 'Drum,' my good old dog, is dead. He died of I don't know what—only he just sick and died. Poor old Drum is dead and gone where all good dogs go. I feel sorter lonesome since old Drum died, for I've only old Spot and Mues left. Old Drum was the best. When he barked, you knowed it was a possum or a coon. Old Spot is all right, but he won't bark, just wags his tail."—Kansas City Journal.

Many a Slip. "Politics is extremely uncertain," remarked the man who makes trite remarks.

"Yes," answered the discouraged-looking citizen; "you read the papers in the hopes of deciding on the best candidate, and then start out for the polls. And maybe you'll be allowed to get to the polls. Then, perhaps, you'll be allowed to deposit a ballot, which in your excitement you may or may not have marked correctly. And if you do mark it correctly there is a chance of its not being counted, anyhow. As you say, it's extremely uncertain."—Washington Star.

One of Lord Rosebery's hobbies is the collection of books. He is something of a poet when in the mood.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS

Total Depravity. Refute the statement if you can—Give vent to it if you must—There's no one meaner than the man who forms a turkey trust.

Causes Many Fractures. "First Chauffeur—"There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby." "Second Chauffeur—"So do I. Them driving bottles raise Cain with tires."—Puck.

What He Worked. "Smoothboy got his new minding scheme on its feet in a week." "Worked wonders, ah?" "No; worked suckers."

Never. Goodfrit—"Conceded? Oh! I don't know. I've often heard him say that he has the greatest respect for the man who knows more than he does, and—" "Wise—"Yes, but how often have you heard him admit that there is such a man?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Cause For Wrath. "A soft answer turneth away wrath sometimes," remarked the observer of Events and Things; "but it doesn't make any difference how soft the answer is, it doesn't have that effect if the answer happens to be, 'Line's busy.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Problem Solved.



She—"Do you have any trouble keeping your servant?"

He—"No, I'm married to her."—Ailly Sloper.

Same as Now. Robinson Crusoe was talking to the parrot.

"Polly want a cracker?" he asked.

"I refuse to answer," replied the bird, "on advice of counsel."

Thus we see that the parrot was not as green as he looked.—New York World.

Reassuring. "Well, Tommy," said Spawinger, who had just called, "hope I haven't disturbed your pa and ma at dinner?"

"No," replied Tommy, "we were just going to set down, but pa seen you at the window, and he told me not to have dinner till you went."—Philadelphia Press.

A Thoughtful Kid. "Harry, did you not hear your mother calling you?"

"Course I did."

"Then why don't you go to her?"

"She's nervous. If I should go too quick she'd drop dead," and Harry went on with his playing as if nothing disturbed his mind.—Bany Journal.

Saving Himself. Jenks—"Why on earth did you laugh so heartily at that ancient jest of Borren's?"

Wise—"In self-defense."

Jenks—"In self-defense?"

Wise—"Yes; if I hadn't laughed some would have repeated the thing, thinking I hadn't seen the point."—Catholic Standard and Times.

At The Tea Table. Bobby—"Is God everywhere?"

Mother (patiently)—"Yes, Bobby."

Bobby—"Is He in the tea pot?"

Mother (embarrassed)—"Why—why, yes."

Bobby—"Is He in the sugar bowl?"

Mother (dramatically)—"Yes! I told you God was everywhere."

Bobby (triumphantly, placing his hand over the top of the sugar bowl)—"Hurrah! I've got Him!"—Judge.

Early Training. "He is certainly a bouncing baby boy."

"Yes, and his mother hopes some day he may go to college and make a name for himself on the gridiron."

"You don't say. Is she teaching him to stand hard knocks already?"

"Yes, she grabs him by the wrist and pulls him through every bargain rush they have downtown."—Detroit Tribune.

A Brute of a Husband! "No, mamma," said the fair but irate young matron, "I really feel that I cannot live with August any longer."

"What makes you say such a shocking thing?"

"He is just shamefully suspicious."

"Why, what has he said?"

"Accused me of flirting with that young Lobson."

"Why don't you tell him to prove it?"

"I—I—well, I'm afraid that he would."—San Francisco Call.

FUEL FOR WORK.

Food That Muscle and Brain Respect.

Considering the powers of the body of the average man at the average manual labor, the showing of some of the simpler foods as fuel for the work is unusually interesting. Based upon the complete combustion of these foods in the system the following table is full of startling comparisons:

| One Pound. | Raises Tons |
|------------------|---------------|
| Beef fat..... | One Ft. High. |
| Oatmeal..... | 3,659 |
| Lean beef..... | 2,270 |
| Potatoes..... | 885 |
| Milk..... | 330 |
| Ground rice..... | 2,330 |

Indicating the difference in prescribed meals for the man who labors with his hands and the man who works with his brain at sedentary pursuits, two tables are presented in comparison:

| Ideal ration for manual worker: | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| | Foot Tons |
| | Ounces of Energy. |
| Bread..... | 1,802 |
| Meat..... | 305 |
| Oysters..... | 105 |
| Breakfast cocoa..... | 114 |
| Milk..... | 114 |
| Broth..... | 16 |
| Sugar..... | 170 |
| Butter..... | 177 |
| Total..... | 3,323 |

These two tables serve to point out some of the differences that should exist between the diets of the active and the sedentary classes.

With the brain worker meat should be eaten but once a day, unless the possible raiser of bacon at breakfast be expected, says the Chicago Tribune. Milk, eggs, fish, fruit in abundance, with light, dry porous bread should be staples.

Men working as stokers, furnace men in rolling mills, foundrymen and the like are subject to tremendous heat. Thirst is aroused and too often beer is used to quench it instead of water, or, preferably, oatmeal. Any form of alcohol used under these circumstances means the shortening of the life of the drinker.

In many cases where a person eating meats and vegetables at the same meal suffers from the combination, he may find relief from stomach disorders by making his meal of meat one day and the next meal of vegetables wholly.

New York Evening World.

The Value of Eye-Teeth.

It is a mighty nice thing to have your eye-teeth cut to be "on to the ropes" to be "wise." About a year ago the editor of this paper felt in a "Jocular mood" and answered an investment broker's advertisement in an Eastern magazine. We expected some bond or manufacturing proposition, and felt hurt and indignant upon learning that we were expected to put money into a gold mine. They had evidently mistaken us for a fresh one. For several weeks letters continued coming, urging us to take a little stock in the Bank Mining Company "Bound to be one of the best money-making propositions in the United States," etc. Circulars with cuts showing the ore in huge stacks and millions "in sight" never failed us. We remember incidentally figuring on the money we could make by investing \$1000 in the fifteen-cent stock, if the increase in valuation which the producers "knew" was coming materialized—but we only figured. We felt that what money we had to throw away should be shied at preachers and orphans. And the investment brokers finally caught on that we were "next," and quit sending us their literature, and in the rush of money-making, friends and a reputation we forgot the whole business. But how strange things do turn out. By some hook or crook gold was struck in the Blank diggins, and the price of stock advanced from fifteen cents to \$14 per share. It is a little painful to think that if we had invested that \$1000 instead of just figuring it, we would have been some \$90,000 ahead. But, really, what could a man who is "wise" need with that much money?—Granite (Okla.) Enterprise.

The Independent Shaver.

Two barbers were disengaged when the customer came in. Both got their chairs ready, but the newcomer dodged them.

"I need a shave all right," he said to the proprietor, "but I want to shave myself. Can you accommodate me here?"

"Certainly," said the proprietor, "but I'll charge you the same as if one of my men shaved you."

"That's all right," said the man. "I'm not kicking about the price. All I want is a chance to do my own barbering."

A tontorial outfit was speedily produced and the self-sufficient individual set to work.

"Isn't that a new wrinkle?" asked another man who had been with an interested observer of the proceedings.

"Not at all," returned the proprietor. "Every once in a while we run up against a fellow who prefers to shave himself, but hasn't the apparatus at hand. We keep a lot of extra razors in stock for the accommodation of just such independent customers."—New York Press.

WOMAN'S REALM

A Velvet Tea Gown.

Velvet as a material for a tea gown seems extravagant. Yet one can do a great deal with the aid of a seamstress. A pale pink velvet tea gown, cut in princess shape, trailing yet not very long, and trimmed with lace was the distinctive feature of a very handsome wardrobe.

For Young Girls.

Young girls' skirts are made short; gowns are not allowed until a girl is old enough to wear her hair high on her head, and to be nearly grown up. The skirts can touch the ground, but must be an even length all around, and the walking skirts must be really short. Sleeves are small, but larger above the elbow. For the evening the elbow sleeves are allowed, and the puff trimmed with narrow ruchings of net, chiffon or taffeta are quite the prettiest, although the narrow pleatings of lace must not be forgotten, for they are also fashionable.—Harper's Bazar.

Scrapbook For Fancy Work.

A fancy work scrapbook is a new idea. In a blank book are pasted newspaper and magazine clippings and descriptions of useful and ornamental articles, with the illustrated designs for them. These designs include all kinds of odd and pretty sofa pillows, pin cushions, work bags and aprons, raffia articles, quaint pieces of fancy work for dens or invalid use, hand-painted centrepieces, bead articles or crepe paper bats, or bureau furnishings, either in paper or linen. The stock of fancy work recipes is arranged and classified so that the owner can easily turn to just what she desires when wishing to get up a Christmas, birthday, silver, tin or linen and cotton wedding gift.—Washington Times.

Some Winter Fashions.

For the morning and general service the short strictly tailor made costumes in serge or rough cloth are the smartest, but for afternoon quite a different fashion of gown is demanded. Trimmings of lace, braid and fur, with facings of silk or satin, are demanded, and in fact all the details of the costume are on quite a different scale.

Fur is tremendously in demand, and not only for separate garments and different styles of neckwear, but for trimming as well. A most charming and already most popular model in dark blue cloth is trimmed with black ermine. A band of fur is around the edge of the skirt, and a bolero jacket with long, shaggy ends of the fur is a decidedly novel idea, while the white snuffe waistcoat with the touches of white snuffe around the cuffs and lapels is a new and original idea.—Harper's Bazar.

Did He Take It?

During the last three weeks much has been written and said on the selfishness of mankind when it comes to a question of sacrificing his seat in a street car. It must be admitted that some of the men have put up a good defense, but of course the final word on the subject was said by a woman. It happened in a Woodward car the other morning, says the Detroit News. Several women, evidently girls on their way to work, were dangling from the straps quite unnoticed by the well dressed men who lined the seats at either side. The one woman who was seated took in the situation, but not until a broad shouldered young fellow entered did she allow her contempt to make her sarcastic. She rose to her feet and smiling slightly aimed floor the man by saying politely, "Take my seat, please." History does not say whether he did or not.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Make Happy Marriage.

Marriage is an institution of the State; therefore she should put it out of the bounds of possibility that people can marry each other in two days or a week. How many marriages would be broken off if the State required a three years' engagement before people are married? After all, if a woman wants to become a nun in two months, no convent in the world will accept her. She must be a novice for two or three years; during that time she has to make an examination of her conscience every day and to find out if she has a vocation for a nun. But women and men marry without the slightest thought of the future, while Dame Nature laughs at her most odd pairings. She wants her world peopled; that is her part. The men and women who are ill suited to each other are not her affair.

Girls and boys at school should be taught to look upon marriage as the most beautiful, the happiest, the most desirable and the most possible thing in the world. Boys should be taught to keep their minds and their bodies pure for the state which they will probably enter, and to have a sense of protection and loyalty to girls; and girls should be taught industry, self-sacrifice and responsibility for the married state.—Black and White.

A Character Party.

A hostess noted for her originality has just issued invitations for a "character party." The guests will be limited to twenty-four, and each one has been requested to wear some article indicative of a country or city, or to come costumed in pieces of costume characteristic of town or country. Clear instance, the hostess is going to represent "Columbia," and will wear a skirt of white, a bodice of blue, with a scarlet girdle, a tiara of gilt stars on a

WOMAN'S REALM

filet of blue, with a tiny star on the side. Her husband's case is typical "Uncle Sam," so that it needs no description. From Cuba is going as a Spanish princess shape, trailing yet not very long, and trimmed with lace was the distinctive feature of a very handsome wardrobe.

Women Poultry Keepers.

A number of years ago there had a hired man who was one energetic fellows ambitious for himself. He married a girl from Cuba and moved to a town to go into the milk trade. About an acre and a half was his town home, on which were some vegetables. His wife was a poultry, as there was a constant demand for fowls and for eggs the milk customers. The man agreed, and before his wife had had some considerable money she was a wise wife, however gained his consent to have the work turned over to her. She invited a nearby fancier to call on her stock of fancy birds, and he sold him one-half of them at what had cost her husband.

With the money she soon country and looked up some birds of the utility kind, bought of the stock and some of the egg stock. This was in the spring of this fall she takes into winter of 125 of the finest Leghorn pullets have seen in a long time. In addition to this, she raised in incubator brooders for the local trade more than a hundred common fowls, which readily sold as broilers during summer. The Leghorns were too in carcass to be profitable for a purpose. The woman told me a since that, taking her investment everything and putting against investment of her husband in the business, the poultry business was fifty per cent. more on the cost than she gets good prices for poultry eggs, but as her husband gets cents a quart for milk, the comparison is a fair one. Give the women a family a chance at the poultry, they are interested, and they will money in it nine times out of ten.—Indianapolis News.

The Panted Skirt is one of the facts of fashion for the year.

The most graceful walking skirt clears the ground when the woman is in motion.

Practically all skirts are short, some of the new walking skirts rather exaggeratedly so.

Lace for the house is the fact of this winter. In gathings, remarkable how lace robes predominate.

Skirts must be full, and they are not so bulky about the hips, accounts in a measure for the prevalence for pleatings.

Shoulder collars of lace are not so deep as they were. The new are run with little traceries of thread outlining the design.

There is a general demand just for taffeta petticoats, and the elegant taffeta in three distinct shades or tones is becoming increasingly popular.

Ribbon is put to many uses in new wear. A white lace stock with a pair of delicate flowered ribbon laid pleats and finished on the ends with chiffon ruffles is suggestive.

A dainty idea in neckwear is the on a turndown collar of embroidered linen fastened up the front with the little pink bows, the top one of pale hue, the next deep and the low of deepest rose.

The day of mitis is returning and their popularity is due to the Ma Antoinette sleeves, says the Herald Eagle. This is a little sleeve which is tight to the elbow, where it is fastened by a wide ruffle of lace which falls off the arm. The sleeve is used for dinner gowns and evening dresses.

Here's the dearest little new collar just out—meant for a light silk blouse. It's not more than two or three inches deep and fits just around the neck of the throat. But the way it's made refuses to be set down in cold blue and white letters. It is frills and frills and tiny hints of roses and bits the sheerest laces joined together in a fairy work.

FRILLS OF FASHION