

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

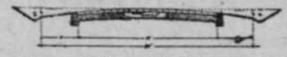
ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

BUILDING GOOD ROADS.

How It is Being Worked Out in Ohio, Especially in Muskingum County.

There has been considerable agitation throughout Ohio over the good roads question for a number of years, writes D. Y. Geddes to Country Gentleman. The result was that a few years ago the state legislature authorized the organization of a state highway department principally for educational purposes, but the work soon became so great and the demands so insistent that the educational view has largely been lost sight of in the practical side of the question. This department is still in its infancy and is composed of a state highway commissioner and two assistants, together with resident engineers in various sections of the state. The state legislature, at its last session, authorized an appropriation of \$5,000 per county, or a total of \$440,000 for the 88 counties of the state. This amount is distributed pro rata to the counties, the state paying for 50 per cent. of the work done, the county for 25 per cent., the township for 15 per cent., and the property owners along the line of the improved highway for ten per cent. of the cost of the work in the given township.

These conditions have been taken advantage of in Muskingum county for the past two years toward obtaining a mile of brick road each year, the writer having had charge of all such work as resident engineer. One of the primary conditions in the application for a brick road is that the road must at one end join on a brick paved



Sectional View of the Brick Road.

ment already laid, thus giving a long stretch of the paving instead of scattered patches over the country. The paving is of vitrified paving brick, and is retained in place by rectangular concrete curbing five inches wide by 16 inches deep, set with its top flush with the brick. In this state, the maximum width of brick highway allowed by state law is 16 feet, with a minimum width of ten feet. This county applied for the maximum width, and two roads have been constructed in accordance with this 16-foot width.

Outside of each curbing is an earthen berm three feet wide, also flush with the curb, so that a vehicle may drive from the brick pavement out over the curbing to the earth if occasion requires, as it seldom does. Drainage is provided by means of a ditch on either side of the road, with a minimum depth of 18 inches below the crown of the pavement. The paving between curbing has a crown of five inches, and is constructed on an arc of a circle or on a parabola as occasion requires.

The accurate cross section here given shows these figures in plan. The excavation for the subgrade of the paving is first made with a true crown parallel to the finished surface of the road; this is then thoroughly rolled and compacted with a not less than sixteen steam roller. On this subgrade a bed of foundation of gravel is placed to a depth of three inches, and the surface of this is constructed to a true crown and thoroughly rolled. On this is placed an inch of sand for a cushion on which the brick are laid. The brick are then rolled and sanded, after which the pavement is ready for use. The specifications for this class of work are very rigid and the work when completed is not only durable but pleasing to the eye. On the work done in this county, all horizontal angles are turned with regular degree curves and all vertical angles are replaced by vertical curves.

The cost of this work varies, but on the first piece of road paving, a stretch of 5,250 feet, known as the South river road, the total cost was \$10,334, while the Frazeyburg road improvement, a stretch of 5,850 feet, was completed at a cost of \$12,923.

This work has not been completed long enough for a severe trial, but after over a year of heavy service the South river road is in as good a condition as on the day it was finished.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

Look to the drain outlets. Do not let this month go by without rolling your meadows. The grass roots need to be pressed down into the earth now if you hope to save them.

Use a piece of an old grain sack to wipe the earth off the plow when leaving the field. Then if you follow this by a rubbing with paper, you will have a share that will shine like a glass bottle.

Go over your new seeding this spring, and, if it has winter-killed, sow on it a liberal amount of timothy and clover. We have sometimes thus saved a field, so that it did not have to be plowed up again.

LIKE DOG, LIKE MAN.

Do you like the dog that growls
And slinks aside,
As if expecting kicks?
The dog whose hide
Shows the marks of bricks
And flying sticks?
The dog that skulks along
As you go on your way,
And snarls, as if to say:
"Things are goin' wrong;
I haven't a friend,
And I hate you and your kind!
Life's a weary grind,
From beginning to end;
There's nothin' that's right,
We're all in a fog."
If the question is fair,
Do you honestly care
For such a dog?

ALFALFA BEST FARM CROP.

Western Farmer Who Has Made the Crop Pay Well.

I farmed 150 acres for three years, since then have added some 1,100 acres to the original ranch, and usually winter 100 head of stock on dry raised alfalfa. This crop is one of the best for the dry farmer, and supplies a large amount of feed for little more than the cutting, writes a Colorado farmer in the Orange Judd Farmer.

The fall of 1908 was the driest in 25 years, and this winter finds us with a foot of snow all over the pastures, but with plenty of hay and grain to carry all our stock through in good condition. I thoroughly believe in combination farming. A farmer may just as well feed his own produce and secure the profits as allow some other man to do it. But it is more sensible in every way to get your feed first, then buy the stock.

Alfalfa will grow almost anywhere. The failures come from shallow plowing and planting other crops with it, which, of course, use up the moisture and kill it out. Ten pounds to the acre is sufficient. April is the best month. Harrow after cutting; disk when thoroughly established. Alfalfa, fall rye, winter wheat and corn are the best crops for the beginner. For spring grain the land should always be plowed deep and fallowed at least from the fall until spring or longer. Where the precipitation falls below ten inches I believe in following a whole year, a proceeding which has been adopted by the foremost dry farmers of Utah. In the matter of plowing, it is more practical to do a good job at the start than to try and supplement poor plowing by harrowing and cultivating crops all summer.

YIELDS ON SMALL FARMS.

They Average Better Than Upon the Large Section.

The man who spoke was an old-time thrasher. It was at Columbus, in Ward county, N. D., that he gave his opinion. The size for the farms was being discussed at the time. He said: "I have noticed this, that when I am threshing on a quarter section farm I get more bushels to a bushel than when I thresh on a half section farm. In fact," he said, "the larger the farm the less the bushels per acre." Doubtless this man was right. The more acres the average grain grower has the more he wants. He skims over his work, he has no many acres to cover. He does that work so poorly that low yields result.

The season is blamed, when the fault lies with the farmer, declares the Orange Judd Farmer. He says the seasons are changing, when the change is with himself. It is a change from reasonably good to inferior farming. Such is the story of farming in several of the states beyond the Mississippi. Man in his reaching out for acres lets slip from his grasp the idea of good farming. The country suffers in consequence.

GOOD FARM BOOKS.

Farmers Should Invest More in a Home Library.

The small investment made by farmers in agricultural books is one of the surprising things about the farmer's life. It would seem correct to say that not one farmer in a score adds one book a year to his library by purchase. His library is made up of books in the nature of reports. They are issued by the state or some such source. The enterprising mechanic has the best that has been issued in his line. The farmer goes on from year to year in much the same old fashion.

If good books could not be obtained this would not be matter for surprise, but books of this class are now being written. Not a few of them present information systematically arranged and easily understood. The cost compared to the worth of the book is not to be mentioned, says the Orange Judd Farmer, and yet the farmer reads them not, nor does he purchase them for his boy. He gives his calf every chance for highest development, but denies the same to his boy.

PULLING FENCE POSTS.

Frame Which Will Make the Task an Easy One.

I use a frame as shown in the cut. Take two two by four inch pieces 36 inches long for up rights and one 32 inches long for the bottom crosspiece, and spike it securely to the up rights three inches from the ends so that the ends will settle in the ground when the team begins to pull, thereby preventing slipping. Nail a one by six inch board on either side of the up rights at the top end. Loop a chain around the post near the ground, says the Farm and Home, throw it over the top of the frame and hitch the team to it. I like this device better than a straight board, as some use, because it will not fall down in case the team takes a swinging pull or pulls in a circle.

The Fortunate Farmer.

Lively plans for the future now occupy the time of the wideawake farmer. The principle trouble is obtaining farm help. Some are contemplating selling out, on account of their inability to obtain help to run their business, writes an Indiana farmer. The farmer that has help within his own family is fortunate and is doing well.

Woman's Way. He asked her if she loved him. And she, laughing, said, "Not I!" Then she blushed and nestled closer. And he blessed her for the lie.

Do you like the dog that comes
And wags his tail
With a purpose you can't mistake?
The dog that says to you: "Shake!"
In a way that you cannot fail
To understand.
No matter what your speech may be?
The dog that doesn't demand
Your sympathy
Or ask for pity, but just seems glad
That you came his way and that he has
led.
The luck to meet you; the dog that
seems
To say as he looks you in the face:
"Isn't this world a glorious place,
And isn't it grand, whether one is a
man
Or merely a dog, to be here
Doing the best one can
To add to the general cheer?"
We shrink from the growling dog in
dread:
We pass with hate and with lack of
trust:
For the friendly dog a pat on the head
And a shake of the paw that is upward
thrust.
Who is one of the snarling kind
When you might be one of the genial
few?
Give the world good cheer and you'll
be quickly
found.
That the world is giving it back to you.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

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His Observation.
They were looking at the paintings
in the art gallery.
"Alfred," said the young bride, "do
you think angels really have wings?"
"No, Elfedra," answered the young
husband. "The sweetest angel I
know of isn't disfigured with a pair
of wings, I am happy to say."
In ecstatic silence they continued
to look at the paintings.—Chicago
Tribune.

So Taking.
A lady with a camera.
Once met a bull—ah, me!
She did not take his picture, but
Instead, she took a tree. Judge.

FEMINE FINANCE.
He—So you got the hat out of your
weekly household fund? How did you
manage?
She—Why, it was awfully easy—
just had the groceries charged.—
Pilegenda Blaetter.

Not What You Expected.
Press me closer, closer still.
With what fervor you can muster!
All my nerves responsive thrill.
Press me closer—mustard plaster! Judge.

Scholarly Ignorance.
Prof. McGoozle (stopping in front
of a shop window)—My dear, that is
the most remarkable collection of
unique waste baskets I ever saw.
Mrs. McGoozle—Waste baskets!
You helpless ninny! Those are the
new styles of spring hats!—Chicago
Tribune.

Wilder Still.
Bill—Oysters are sometimes re-
garded as dangerous, but they are not
usually considered savage. A Queens-
land judge, however, has decided that
they are wild beasts.
Jill—Gee! I pity the lobster that
gets up before that judge!—Yonkers
Statesman.

Her Specification.
He—So you think married life ought
to be one grand, sweet song?
She—Yes.
He—What air would you prefer for
this matrimonial song?
She—I think a millionaire.—Balti-
more American.

The Answer.
The Lady—What's your trade?
The Hobo—Lady, I'm a captain of
industry.
The Lady—In those clothes?
The Hobo—Dis is me fatigue uni-
form.—Cleveland Leader.

Not the Same.
Old Gentleman—How is your wife,
Uncle Rastus—convalscent?
Uncle Rastus—No, sah, she ain't
nuffin like dat, but de doctah done
said dis maw'nin' dat she am gettin'
bettah.—Chicago Daily News.

Words and Deeds.
"You have said some remarkably
sensible things," remarked the encour-
aging friend.
"Yes," answered the youthful states-
man, "it's easy to say 'em, but I don't
always manage to do 'em."

Reverence.
"Why did you lift your hat to that
man? He didn't look like a preacher,
and I haven't heard anything about a
great statesman or a renowned philo-
sopher living in this town."
"Gee, didn't you know who that
was? That was old man McEweney.
He's the father of one of the greatest
pitchers in this part of the country."

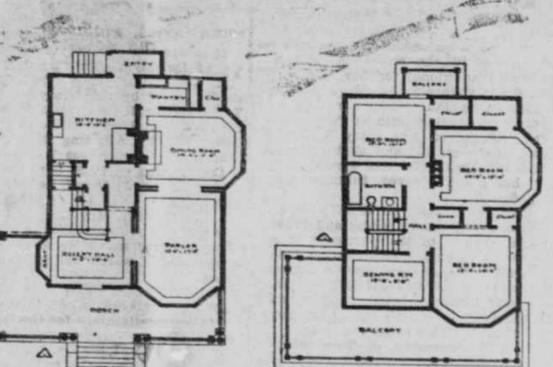
A Stately Colonial.

Interior Pleasing and Well Laid Out—Estimated Cost, About \$5,000.

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PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This design makes an exceptionally fine colonial home, rich and effective in appearance. The interior arrangement is well laid out, both for comfort as well as pleasing effect. There is a grandeur about this house not always found in more costly houses. Note the reception hall with its nook, seat and fine staircase. First floor is trimmed in local hard wood and finished natural, except the parlor, which is enameled. Second floor trimmed in soft wood and finished natural. Two rooms finished in artie. First story ten feet high; second nine feet high; cellar seven feet high, with laundry under kitchen. The stairs to the laundry are under the main stairs, but lead from the lobby between hall and kitchen. Full modern plumbing throughout. The house is heated with steam, and all walls and ceilings are plastered with three coats of plaster. Cost about \$3,000. Size 28 by 36 and ten foot porch.

P. T. MAC LAGAN, Architect.

THE OPTIMISTS.

Here's to the girl with a laugh in her
eye,
A smile always in its brightness, or,
Who reads far in to laugh than to cry,
Who takes not life's weight, but its
lightness;
Who dances across care, a sunshiny ray,
When worry would make sorrow dou-
ble,
Who has a great mission in unconscious
way
By singing away toil and trouble.
Here's to the lad with a laugh on his
lip,
And a cheery smile to his fellows,
Who has a spirit of hope never trouble can
crip,
Whose buoyancy every heart mellow,
Who turns from the dark side a bright,
care-free face,
To take more persistent the bright one,
Who shakes off of gloom every possible
trace,
And the gospel of cheer holds the right
one.

Here's to the man and woman of hope,
The people who keep it best and cheer,
Who into our lives with their own happy
scope
Put a saving and strengthening flavor,
And if nothing more of the world's work
they did,
None else their wide usefulness smother.
For they keep alive faith, and hope
might be hid—
We could better spare lots of the oth-
ers.
—Josh Wink.

CANDID.

Reporter—What do you mean by
saying that I use "paradoxical expres-
sions?"
Editor—I mean that you say impos-
sible things. This story of yours, for
instance, contains the phrase "bagpipe
music."

Natural Obstacles.
Artist—I will guarantee, sir, to
paint you a speaking likeness of your
wife.
Customer—You can't do that.
Artist—Why can't I?
Customer—Because she's dumb.

Money's Worth.
Mamma—I gave you a nickel yester-
day to be good, and to-day you are
just as bad as you can be.
Bobby—I know, but I'm trying to
show you that you got your money's
worth yesterday.

A Question.
Tokojama—No, honorable sir, our
Japanese tongue contains no swear
words.
Thompson—Gee! Can't you even
think swear thoughts?

Naturally So.
"I wonder what man on record
called the biggest bluff?"
"I think it was the man who named
Gibraltar."

Matter of Shape.
Mrs. Youngwood—I want three
pounds of steak, please.
Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Round steak?
Mrs. Youngwood—Oh, I don't care
whether it's round or square, just so
it's nice and tender.

Travel Up-to-Date.
"Travel is awfully expensive, isn't
it?"
"Oh, I don't know. I saved a lot
on my last trip."
"How's that?"
"Oh, I collected enough soap and
towels to furnish my house for two
years, and besides, I took my camera
along and forgot to take any films,
and I've got enough of that writing pa-
per for the baby to sprawl on till he's
grown up."—Yale Record.

Draw the Line.
Baron Murchisson had just told
one of his stories and somebody in
the crowd had questioned the truth of
it.

"That's all right," said the baron;
"I know I'm a liar. But I lie merely
for fun. I don't lie either for spite or
for profit. I'm not a member of any
Anan's club."
Thus, while contributing to the in-
calculable of unveracity, he escaped the
imputation conveyed by the short
and ugly word.

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er have you noticed that some peo-
ple have a hard time to get along,
no matter how they toil, while oth-
ers have success. Many wealthy
men and women owe their success to
this wonderful man.
He will tell you whom you will
marry. Will you be happy? He
will tell you who your friends and
enemies are. Can you tell? Don't
take a leap in the dark, but be ad-
vised by this wonderful man. Great-
est Prophet in existence.
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fail. This is the chance of a life
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