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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908.

NUMBER 30.

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## GRAVEL ROADMAKING.

How the Material Should Be Applied and Selected.

### UNDERDRAINING IMPORTANT.

With Proper Grading, Gravel Rightly Used Will Make Most Excellent Highways—The Advantage of a Flat Roadway.

Even where gravel employed has been applied in road construction in Maryland owing to its method of application the roads do not always maintain their form as they should in wet weather. This fault is not usually due to the material employed so much as to an entire lack of proper grading and underdraining. Merely to throw some gravel over a wet or spongy place without raising the level of the roadbed or making any provision for the drawing off of the water can never make a road which will not cut through and become muddy whenever the frost comes out of the ground. The water sinks through the gravel covering into the clayey foundation and renders the latter yielding to the overlying road, which pushes the wheels through the gravel into the clay or if the covering is thin causes the clay to be pushed up between the pebbles.

With proper attention toward grading, underdraining and the shaping of



SHOWING HOW GRAVEL IS SOON DEPOSITED AT FOOT OF A HILL WHEN PLACED ON STEEP GRADES.

the road before the gravel is placed upon it considerable improvement may be made on almost any of the roads where gravel is obtainable, as it makes an even, hard and firm roadbed when supported by proper foundations. An example of the better constructed gravel roads is that extending from Marlboro to Washington, which was built originally as a toll road.

An economical form of construction is to use the gravel as a support for a macadam surface where the travel over any particular thoroughfare would warrant such an improvement. The crown or transverse slope of a road should only be sufficient to carry the surface water to the gutters. On dirt roads where ruts are easily formed the slope needs to be more than on a macadamized surface, but never sufficient to cause inconvenience to travel. One inch to the foot or seven and a half inches on a fifteen foot road will be found about right. A good macadam road does not ordinarily need so much crown, depending on the grades. On grades up to and including four feet per hundred one-half inch to the foot is sufficient; from four to and including six feet per hundred three-quarters of an inch should be allowed. A transverse slope of more than one inch per foot gives too much list to a wagon when at one side. The advantage of a flat road as possible is the lessening of the tendency for the travel to keep to the center of the road and the consequent avoidance of the formation of ruts and a horse path.

There are many counties in Maryland where gravel of excellent quality is abundant and where at the same time there is very little stone that is fit for road construction. The gravel, however, properly applied will make most excellent roads, far superior to any earth road, and, while not possessing the wearing qualities of hard, broken stone, will answer sufficiently well for those country roads that have comparatively light traffic. On roads having very heavy traffic it will be found in the long run to be cheaper even at a very much greater first cost to use a macadam construction owing to the rapid wearing of the gravel road under such circumstances and the consequent large expense for maintenance.

A good gravel can always be told when inspected, as it stands in place in the pit. Whenever it is hard and compact in the bank and requires the use of the pick to loosen it, it will form a hard and compact road. Gravel which contains a small amount of ferruginous clay and has angular, rough fragments of stone is the best that can be obtained. Gravel mixed with sand or composed of smooth, rounded fragments of stone does not compact and form a hard, smooth road surface and is of little use except for general filling. To get the best results from gravel which is formed of various sized fragments it should be screened, all pieces two inches in size being thrown to one side. There are found in many places gravel deposits which contain few fragments over two inches. Such gravel does not need to be screened, but could be spread upon the road directly from the pit unless too sandy.

The two inch gravel is spread upon the roadbed to such a depth that when rolled it will have a thickness of three to four inches. Over this first course is spread the second course, composed of the smaller gravel, with fragments one inch or less in size. The second

course is treated similarly to the first. The rolling is continued until any depressions cease to be formed. Whenever depressions are noticed during the rolling materials should immediately be spread upon such places and the rolling continued until the surface is brought up to true grade. The gravel should not be dry when rolled. If furnished dry, it may be sprinkled or the rolling put off until after a rain. The top course should be about three inches thick after rolling.

Usually a gravel road does not become firm and hard until after a considerable time, during which it needs constant attention. Each year, however, the roadbed becomes firmer and ultimately nearly as solid as macadam.

### HINTS FROM MISSOURI.

How to Use the King Drag and Have an Ideal Road.

In Missouri the roads are really bad, and improvement by the King road drag has been taken up systematically. The following suggestions are from a bulletin by the Missouri board of agriculture.

Don't drive too fast. Don't walk. Get on the drag and ride. Don't wait for your neighbors to take hold. They may be waiting on you.

Don't wait for the big grader to come and shape up your road. All you can do first will help to make the work of the grader permanent.

Don't try to drag with one piece; use two. One will scoop out the hollows in the road and deepen them. When two are used the one keeps the other up, and soon the hollows will have filled and become level like the balance of the road.

Don't wait for good roads until the city folks begin to talk about macadam at public expense. This will cost from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a mile, and for country purposes, where there is no heavy hauling, it is no better than, not as easily maintained as, a road properly made with the drag. Five dollars a mile will keep the ordinary country road that is properly drained, graded and bridged or culverted in first class condition nine months in the year and make it a fairly decent road the other three months. But this cannot be done in one year or two. The longer the drag is used intelligently the better the road will become until finally it is oval and smooth and hard and elastic. This is the ideal road, and nothing but a road properly made with the drag or an asphalt road meets all these requirements.

### AN ASPHALT ROAD.

New Jersey to Experiment With Mixture of That Product With Dirt.

The New Jersey state department of highways is to construct in Mercer county an experimental mile of a new automobile road, the plans for which State Road Supervisor Robert A. Meeker recently obtained in Kansas City. Mr. Meeker says the new method of construction is simple and cheap, that it is self healing when broken and therefore practically indestructible, that it improves with age, that it is mudless, noiseless and almost dustless and that it is not slippery even when coated with ice.

In the building of the road the original soil is finely pulverized, and then into this there is worked a mixture of hot asphalt, the whole mass being firmly rolled in the finishing. Breaks are quickly repaired by traffic, the weight of wheels cementing them together. The base yields slightly to heavy traffic, and then regains its original shape. It is equally good for horses and automobiles.

If the experiment proves a success, it is likely that the result will be a radical change in the road building methods of the state of New Jersey, with the substitution of asphalt for the macadam process now used.

### Million a Year For Roads.

Connecticut still leads in the good roads movement as a state. She was the third to get into it, New Jersey being the first, four years before her, and Massachusetts the second, in 1893. Now Connecticut spends \$1,000,000 a year, while the first spends but \$673,000 and the second but \$100,000 less than that. Connecticut spends the largest amount per capita for good roads by far, the only other states whose total annual appropriations are larger being New York, with \$5,000,000, and Pennsylvania, with \$1,500,000, but both states are vastly larger than little Connecticut.

### Bad Roads, Indeed.

It is no wonder that the grangers are speaking pieces in favor of better roads, as the mud is something formidable on the country roads. At East Longmeadow, Mass., one of the Longmeadows was closed on a recent Sunday on account of the muddy condition of the roads, says the Hartford Times.

A Hartford funeral party, driving to Cromwell, found the roads impassable in some places, rendering it necessary to take to the fields. The milkmen and teamsters declare that they "never saw the beat of it," and the chauffeur who gets off the macadam is entitled to a premium.

### The Cheapest Roadmaker.

The "good roads without money" movement that has by means of King's split log road drag converted the slough holes of the "corn belt" roads into model turnpikes is extending to the eastern states, where most roads are either very good or very bad, says Garden Magazine. Mr. King is arranging with the various state boards of agriculture to give a series of practical demonstrations of the use of his device on eastern roads where the success of road dragging is more doubtful because of sand and rock.

## THE RUBAIYAT OF A SCOTCH HIGHLANDER

By O. HENRY.

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THIS document is intended to strike somewhere between a temperance lecture and the "Bartenders' Guide." Relative to the latter, drink shall swell the theme and be set forth in abundance. "Agreeably to the former, not an elbow shall be crooked.

Bob Babbitt was "off the stuff," which means, as you will discover by referring to the unabridged dictionary of Bohemia, that he had "cut out the booze;" that he was "on the water wagon." The reason for Bob's sudden attitude of hostility toward the "demon rum," as the white ribbons miscall whisky (see the "Bartenders' Guide"), should be of interest to reformers and saloon keepers.

There is always hope for a man who when sober will not concede or acknowledge that he was ever drunk. But when a man will say, in the apt words of the phrase distiller, "I had a beautiful skate on last night," you will have to put stuff in his coffee as well as pray for him.

One evening on his way home Babbitt dropped in at the Broadway bar that he liked best. Always there were three or four fellows there from the downtown offices who he knew. And then there would be highballs and stories, and he would hurry home to dinner a little late, but feeling good and a little sorry for the poor Standard Oil company. On this evening as he entered he heard some one say, "Babbitt was in last night as full as a boiled owl."

Babbitt walked to the bar and saw in the mirror that his face was as white as chalk. For the first time he had looked Truth in the eyes. Others had lied to him; he had dissembled with himself. He was a drunkard and had not known it. What he had fondly imagined was a pleasant exhilaration had been maudlin intoxication. His fancied wit had been drivel, his gay humors nothing but the noisy vagaries of a sot. But never again!

"A glass of seltzer," he said to the bartender.

A little silence fell upon the group of his cronies, who had been expecting him to join them.

"Going off the stuff, Bob?" one of them asked politely and with more formality than the highballs ever called forth.

"Yes," said Babbitt.

Some one of the group took up the unwashed thread of a story he had



"A glass of seltzer," he said to the bartender.

been telling, the bartender shoved over a dime and a nickel change from the quarter, ungraciously, and Babbitt walked out.

Now, Babbitt had a home and a wife, but that is another story. And I will tell you that story, which will show you a better habit and a worse story than you could find in the man who invented the phrase.

It began away up in Sullivan county, where so many rivers and so much trouble begins—or begin. How would you say that? It was July, and Jessie was a summer boarder at the Mountain Squirt hotel, and Bob, who was just out of college, saw her one day, and they were married in September. That's the tabloid novel—one swallow of water and it's gone.

But those July days! Let the exclamation point expound it, for I shall not. For particulars you might read up on "Romeo and Juliet" and Abraham Lincoln's thrilling sonnet about "You can fool some of the people, etc., and Darwin's works.

But one thing I must tell you about. Both of them were mad over Ouar's "Rubaiyat." They knew every verse of the old bluffer by heart—not consecutively, but picking 'em out here and there as you fork the mushrooms in a fifty cent steak at a bordelaise. Sullivan county is full of rocks and trees, and Jessie used to sit on them, and please be good; used to sit on the rocks—and Bob had a way of standing behind her with his hands over her shoulders holding her hands and his face close to hers, and they would repeat over and over their favorite verses of the old teatmaker. They saw only the poetry and philosophy of the lines then—indeed, they agreed that the wine was only an image and that what was meant to be celebrated was some divinity or maybe love or life. However, at that time neither of them had tasted the stuff that goes with a sixty cent table d'ote.

Where was I? Oh, they married and came to New York. Bob showed his

college diploma and accepted a position filling in a lawyer's office at \$15 a week. At the end of two years he had worked up to \$50 and got his first taste of Bohemia, the kind that won't stand the borax and formaldehyde tests.

They had two furnished rooms and a little kitchen. To Jess, accustomed to the mild but beautiful savor of a country town, the dreggy Bohemia was sugar and spice. She hung fish seines on the walls of her rooms and bought a rakish looking sideboard and learned to play the banjo. Twice or thrice a week they dined at French or Italian tables d'ote in a cloud of smoke and drag and unshorn hair. Jess learned to drink a cocktail in order to get the cherry. At home she smoked a cigarette after dinner. She learned to pronounce Chianti and leave her olive stones for the waiter to pick up. Once she essayed to say la, la, la in a crowd, but got only as far as the second one. They met one or two couples while dining out and became friendly with them. The sideboard was stocked with Scotch and rye and a liqueur. They had their new friends in to dinner, and all were laughing at nothing by 1 a. m. Some plastering fell in the room below them, for which Bob had to pay \$4.50. Thus they footed it merrily on the ragged frontiers of the country that has no boundary lines or government.

And soon Bob fell in with his cronies and learned to keep his foot on the little rail six inches above the floor for an hour or so every afternoon before he went home. Drink always rubbed him the right way, and he would reach his rooms as jolly as a sandboy. Jessie would meet him at the door, and generally they would dance some insane kind of a rigadon about the floor by way of greeting. Once when Bob's feet became confused and he tumbled leading over a footstool Jessie laughed so heartily and long that he had to throw all the couch pillows at her to make her hush.

In such wise life was speeding for them on the day when Bob Babbitt first felt the power that the giftie g'ied him.

But let us get back to our lamb and mint sauce.

When Bob got home that evening he found Jessie in a long apron cutting up a lobster for the newburg. Usually when Bob came in mellow from his hour at the bar his welcome was hilarious, though somewhat tintured with Scotch smoke.

By screams and snatches of song and certain audible testimonials to domestic felicity was his advent proclaimed. When she heard his foot on the stairs the old maid in the hall room always stuffed cotton into her ears. At first Jessie had shrunk from the rudeness and flavor of these spiritual greetings, but as the fog of the false Bohemia gradually encompassed her she came to accept them as love's true and proper greeting.

Bob came in without a word, smiled, kissed her neatly, but noiselessly, took up a paper and sat down. In the hall room the old maid held her two plugs of cotton poised, filled with anxiety.

Jessie dropped lobster and knife and ran to him with frightened eyes.

"What's the matter, Bob? Are you ill?"

"Not at all, dear."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

Hearken, brethren. When She-who-has-a-right-to-ask interrogates you concerning a change she finds in your mood answer her thus: Tell her that you in a sudden rage have murdered your grandmother; tell her that you have robbed orphans and that remorse has stricken you; tell her your fortune is swept away; that you are beset by enemies; by dunces; by any kind of unenviable fate, but do not, if peace and happiness are worth as much as a grain of mustard seed to you—do not answer her "Nothing."

Jessie went back to the lobster in silence. She cast looks of darkest suspicion at Bob. He had never acted that way before.

When dinner was on the table she set out the bottle of Scotch and the glasses. Bob declined.

"Tell you the truth, Jess," he said, "I've cut out the drink. Help yourself, of course. If you don't mind I'll try some of the seltzer straight."

"You've stopped drinking?" she said, looking at him steadily and unsmilingly.

"What for?"

"It wasn't doing me any good," said Bob. "Don't you approve of the idea?"

Jessie raised her eyebrows and one shoulder slightly.

"Entirely," she said, with a sculptured smile. "I could not conscientiously advise any one to drink or smoke or whistle on Sunday."

The meal was finished almost in silence. Bob tried to make talk, but his efforts lacked the stimulus of previous evenings. He felt miserable, and once or twice his eye wandered toward the bottle, but each time the scathing words of his bibulous friend sounded in his ear and his mouth set with determination.

Jessie felt the change deeply. The essence of their lives seemed to have departed suddenly. The restless fever, the false gaiety, the unnatural excitement of the shoddy Bohemia in which they had lived had dropped away in the space of the popping of a cork. She stole curious and forlorn glances at the dejected Bob, who bore the guilty look of at least a wife beater or a family tyrant.

After dinner the colored maid who came in daily to perform such chores cleared away the things. Jessie, with an unreadable countenance, brought back the bottle of Scotch and the glasses and a bowl of cracked ice and set them on the table.

"May I ask," she said, with some of the ice in her tones, "whether I am to be included in your sudden spasm of goodness? If not, I'll make one for myself. It's rather chilly this evening for some reason."

"Oh, come now, Jess," said Bob good naturedly, "don't be too rough on me. Help yourself by all means. There's no danger of your overdoing it. But I thought there was with me, and that's why I quit. Have yours, and then let's get out the banjo and try over that new quickstep."

"I've heard," said Jessie in the tones of the oracle, "that drinking alone is



The walls of the scene hung room was

pernicious habit. No; I don't think I feel like playing this evening. If we are going to reform we may as well abandon the evil habit of banjo playing too."

She took up a book and sat in her little willow rocker on the other side of the table. Neither of them spoke for half an hour.

And then Bob laid down his paper and got up with a strange, absent look on his face and went behind her chair and reached over her shoulders, taking her hands in his, and laid his face close to hers.

In a moment to Jessie the walls of the scene hung room vanished, and she saw the Sullivan county hills and hills. Bob felt her hands quiver in his as he began the verse from old Ouar:

"Come, fill the cup and in the fire of spring  
The winter garment of repentance fling  
The bird of time has but a little way  
To fly—and lo, the bird is on the wing!"

And then he walked to the table and poured a stiff drink of Scotch into a glass.

But in that moment a mountain breeze had somehow found its way in and blown away the mist of the false Bohemia.

Jessie leaped and with one fierce sweep of her hand sent the bottle and glasses crashing to the floor. The same motion of her arm carried it around Bob's neck, where it met its mate and fastened tight.

"Oh, my God, Bobbie, not that verse—I see now. I wasn't always such a fool, was I? The other one, Jess, the one that says, 'Remold it to the heart's desire.' Say that one—to the heart's desire."

"I know that one," said Bob. "It goes: 'Ah, love, could you and I with him conspire To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire Would not we—'"

"Let me finish it," said Jessie.

"Would not we shatter it to bits and then Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"

"It's shattered all right," said Bob, crunching some glass under his heel.

In some dungeon below the accurate ear of Mrs. Pickens, the landlady, located the smash.

"It's that wild Mr. Babbitt coming home soused again," she said. "And he's got such a nice little wife too!"

On ice.

"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple of covv punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Buckey's yesterday."

"It's wonderful how cool those fellows keep under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.

"Yaas; they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe, for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple of days yet."—Philadelphia Press.

Certainly Would.  
City Man (to villager)—Wouldn't it open your eyes to look across at it lot there and see one of our city sky-scraper covering it? Village Man—Waal, I guess I would, seem' as I've got twenty head o' cottle grazin' there.—Bohemian.

One cannot talk constantly without saying foolish things.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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