

Better Roads

BETTER TO BUILD UP ROADS

Continuous Care Has Been Largely Responsible for Improved Highways in Maryland.

It is better to build a cheap road and keep it in good condition by adequate maintenance than to build the most expensive highway and permit it to deteriorate for want of care.

Maryland, which has one of the finest systems of improved highways in the United States, is not the best.



Patching a Macadamized Road in Maryland.

has consistently followed this practice. The originally improved roads in Maryland were comparatively inexpensive, costing only what the taxpayers were willing to pay for.

Generally the roads built at that time were macadam, 12 feet wide and six inches thick. Soon the width was increased to 14 feet. Later many were widened still further, some very successfully, by adding concrete shoulders on each side of the existing macadam.

The macadam roads in Maryland have given very good satisfaction, but continuous care has been largely responsible for their success. The roads are constantly patrolled and no hole of any size is allowed to go unrepaid.

KEEP ROADS OPEN IN WINTER

Federal Highway Commission Suggests That Special Efforts Be Made by State Officials.

It is suggested by the federal highway council that state and county highway departments make a special effort to keep the roads clear of snow during the winter months and thus permit of uninterrupted traffic.

BENEFIT TO SUBURBAN LAND

One Advantage of Road Improvement Would Be to Open Up Territory for Homesteads.

Another change in the use of land which may result from road improvement, especially near towns and cities, is to make it available for suburban development.

Roadside Tree Planting.

Roadside tree planting had best not be in formal rows, but in groups or as a specimen tree at irregular intervals.

Profit in Winter Eggs.

The profit is made on winter eggs. Almost any hen will lay in the spring, but prices are usually lowest then.

Humoresque.

English scientists are trying to develop a walking fish, says an exchange.

"Humoresque"—Strand next week advertisement.

HOW

WORLD-FAMOUS TOLEDO SWORDS ARE PERFECTED. —In the famous sword factory at Toledo, in Spain, absolute secrecy surrounds some of the processes employed in the making of these celebrated blades.

In the first room there may be seen a curious large round shield fastened against the wall, where the last test of a finished sword is made. It is thrown against this target as an arrow is thrown from a bow; if its point is perfect, well and good; it does not turn a fraction of the finest hair's breadth.

At one table a man, working by aid of wax and a sharp-pointed needle-like instrument is busily engaged in the lettering of a blade. At another table is an artisan pounding with a tiny sharp-edged sort of hammer, working out a handle pattern.

BARTERED MILLIONS FOR DOG

How Representative of British Capitalists Made Big Fortune for His Employers.

There is a copper mountain on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, worth millions of dollars and is said to be one of the largest single bodies of copper ore in the world, that was "bought for a yellow dog."

Years ago a representative of British capitalists was stabled for the winter at Fort Yukon and there met an old Alaskan prospector, who was seeking a grubstake and particularly a dog.

When this prospector learned that the representative of British capitalists was looking for iron and copper he bargained to show him a great mountain of ore in consideration for one good dog.

The prospector got the desired dog, but lost his life while hunting for game. The British representative, however, did not forget the story and later induced his backers to invest sufficient money to pay the expense of finding it.

How Pebbles Travel.

The pebbles on the beach, in their relations with the sea, afford endless subjects of observation and interest, says William Howells, writing in St. Nicholas. By what simple magic the waves breaking on the beach transform them from dull stones to sparkling gems?

The distance traveled by a pebble, back and forth, as the result of one wave stroke, Professor Stanley of Harvard placed at an average of ten feet—taking all kinds of summer weather together, 60 feet every minute. Multiply this by 60, and then by 24, and what is the aggregate of the daily promenade of one of these little fellow summer idlers of ours? Over 15 miles!

How Uncle Horace Knew.

"Tell me, Uncle Horace," pleaded Amelia, "do you think Henry will make a good husband?" "I think he will," replied Uncle Horace without hesitation.

How Arabs Eat Cucumber Rind.

The cucumber is grown in great quantities in Palestine. A traveler visiting an Arab school in Jerusalem writes that the dinner the children brought with them to school "consisted of a piece of barley cake and a raw cucumber, which they ate, rind and all."

Why He Didn't.

"He knows all the best people in town." "Then why doesn't he associate with them?" "They know him."—Boston Transcript.

No Question.

"Hats," says the Times fashion correspondent, "are worn well on the head." We have always regarded this as the best place to wear a hat on.—London Punch.

Making Believe

By A. W. PEACH

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To meet him there seemed to Alice Young almost complete humiliation. She was dusty from the long ride to the village; the old buggy was indeed almost on its "last legs," and, of course, Prince, ancient as he was, had to make believe he was mortally frightened at a big, red and yellow roadster that swung by.

The little group of summer visitors stood on the corner and he was in their midst, standing tall and straight in his summer flannels. They viewed her with polite amusement, and she could not blame them. She knew she flushed under the tan on her cheeks. She had never been more uncomfortable in her life.

Then Prince reared, and with swift strides the tall figure had swung to Prince's head. Alice saw in the gray eyes lifted to hers the same amusement, mixed with an intensity that she did not try to analyze.

"I don't wonder your horse was frightened at that car; its colors are a bit loud," his pleasant voice said.

She found tongue enough to say that old Prince was merely making believe, and drove on, knowing that she was cutting anything but a graceful and impressive figure.

"I just wish I could get a chance to show him," she said to herself with a little anger. "I suppose he thinks I am just a country girl—a rube-ess."

On her way home, with the memory of his amused glance in her mind, she planned what she would do to him if she got the chance. She had given up her training as a nurse to help her father and mother on the old home place. She thought she



Then Prince Reared.

knew enough of life to understand most men, and she reasoned that she would have a little amusement on her own behalf if the chance came.

The next day the chance did come. She was busy in her mother's beloved flower garden when she saw the tall figure in fishing togs come strolling up the path. Her heart jumped with a little creeping trear.

"Hello, Maid of the Flowers," he said in greeting. "I saw you from the brook and thought I would ask permission to hide a weed."

She was embarrassed a bit, for again he had caught her in a plain gingham, working gown; but she planned rapidly. She was determined to show him that she was not to be laughed at.

She welcomed him, and his supper time was near at hand she induced him to stay.

She almost forgot in that enchanted hour what her dire purpose was; for he chatted so pleasantly with her father and gave her mother the quiet courtesy that is born of the finest breeding.

Afterward she hurried to her room and changed to a gown that she knew set off her dark hair and eyes, the rose of her cheeks and the bronze of her skin. He, on the other hand, was garbed in the rough togs of a fisherman. He would suffer this time.

In the cozy summer house, while the loom evening twilight lagged, they talked. She made up her mind she would flirt with him outrageously. His pleasant eyes and voice betrayed his quiet enjoyment of her mood and manner, but the irritating amusement that he had shown in her appeared again.

Only when he left her did his attitude change; then as he held her hand in farewell he said, quietly, "I want you to ask me to come again; and just to please me, will you wear the gingham gown you wore among the flowers?"

Too surprised to question him, puzzled, too, she assented.

She watched him as he disappeared into the dusk, and she stood a little while in silence. She knew, then, that of all men she had ever met he appeared to her most.

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"But is he using me just to entertain himself? Why is he so amused? Why does he want to see me again—and in that homely gingham?" she questioned herself, but vainly.

He came not once, but twice, and the last time he told her he could come but once more. The information sobered her, for in her heart there was a yearning for him that had grown and grown in the mysterious way that heart finds heart.

His amused attitude had continued, except in rare moments. She had tried to meet it in every way, but failed. For his last visit, she made up her mind she would be herself.

She dressed for his visit with no deliberate aim at effect, and after the quietly enjoyable supper walked with him to the summer house.

She busied herself while the light lasted with her sewing; then when the afterglow faded on the western mountains she laid the work down. With a little ache in her heart over the memories that were hers, she asked him quietly:

"Will you tell me, Landon,"—she had used his name for some time in the easy familiarity of summer friends—"just why I have amused you so? Please tell me. I know I am a country girl and uncouth."

"Hush!" he said quietly. Then he came suddenly and sat down beside her, leaning slightly toward her. "I am sorry if you have seen any sign of my amusement; I hardly know that it existed. It has pleased me to see you trying to be something that the Lord never intended you to be."

She rose, her cheeks flaming. Then all the time he had known she was making believe!

He caught her hand. He drew her down close to him.

"Don't be angry," he said gently. "I ought not to be," she answered, submitting.

There was a little silence; then he said: "I know how you felt that first meeting, but when I saw you I knew something more. Because of it I came this way fishing. Because of that I am here now."

She tried to hush the trembling that went over her lest he know. Was he playing still?

"You played at making believe except tonight; you have been your own sweet, true self. But I have not played at making believe. Don't you think you ought to reward me?" his tender voice said.

"What do you want?" she asked breathlessly. On his answer hung all. Firm and strong, his arm went about her. Startled, she turned, but hesitated the breath of a second—and remained. For his answer was all sufficient:

FLAT OBJECTS FALL SLOWLY

Quite Simple Explanation of What No Doubt Everybody "As Frequently Notices."

If there were no air, a leap of lead and a tiny feather when dropped from the hand together would reach the ground at precisely the same time. The earth has the same attraction for all things, but this is not apparent owing to the disturbing effects of the surrounding air. You can counteract the effect of the air and prove this statement to your own satisfaction in an exceptionally simple manner.

Trees and Honey.

The forest holds a place of twofold importance in the honey industry, writes Hu Maxwell in the American Forestry Magazine. First, the bloom of the trees constitutes a valuable pasture whence bees collect honey; and, second, the wood derived from the forest supplies most of the material of which hives, frames, stands, boxes, houses and other appurtenances are made.

Prayer for Hens.

Lindsay had the little hen fast and was trying to bring her head close to the ground.

"What might you be trying to do?" exclaimed her father, coming upon the small girl in the yard.

"I'm trying to make this hen say her prayers."

"Well," said the parent sadly, "I hope she'll say 'Now I lay me.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Valued Assistance.

"Is your boy Josh a help to you?" "A big help," admitted Farmer Corn-trassel. "When I go to town I wouldn't know what moving pictures I'd better see if it wasn't for Josh."

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