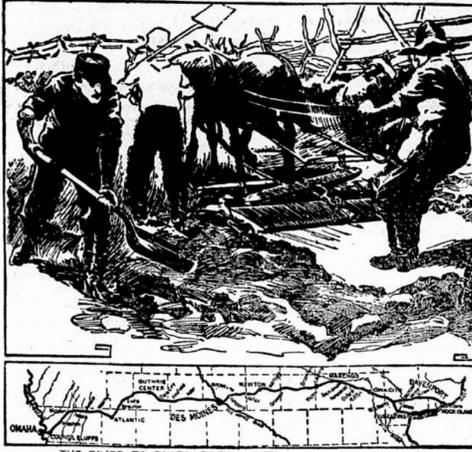


Build a Road Across Iowa in an Hour



THE RIVER TO RIVER ROAD

To build an automobile road 350 miles long, stretching from the Mississippi to the Missouri rivers, across the state of Iowa, in a single hour, might seem a proposition fit only for the land of fairies and hobgoblins. But this has actually been accomplished as the result of organization and co-operation by thousands of farmers along the route.

There had been much agitation for a river-to-river road. A proposed route had been mapped out and the 12 counties through which it was to pass organized.

The Glidden tour, however, was the immediate cause of its existence. When it was learned there was a possibility of getting this tour to pass through Iowa, plans were made. After the agreement was perfected it was arranged through county officers, down to the farmers living along the route, that at ten o'clock on the given day all should start dragging the road for an hour.

The work was so well organized that every mile was prepared for. So in a single hour an automobile road, level as pavement, stretching from river to river, was dragged, and the Glidden tourists sped over it with the compliment that it was the best they had found. It is estimated that 10,000 men were engaged in the work simultaneously.

Ever since that day the work has been continued. After every rain the farmers drag their allotted road. The continual dragging and grading has placed the road in an excellent condition.

Probably the greatest thing in connection with the construction and maintenance of this great dirt thoroughfare was the interest shown by the farmers who did the greatest share of the work. Their interests have been stimulated until they are the greatest enthusiasts.

When the Glidden tour passed through the state its route was hung with American flags across the state. Shortly afterwards the governor of the state and the state highway commission made trips across this road.

Good will has been greatly developed by consideration shown the farmers by the automobile people. It is their watchword to be courteous to the farmers. When they meet a farmer who is frightened they stop, get out and help him get the animal safely past the machine.

They wave their hands to the children along the way and a general good feeling has been aroused. On this road there is no "automobile prejudice."

Iowa's river-to-river road stretches across the state from Davenport, on the eastern border to Council Bluffs, on the western. It crosses Iowa in practically a straight line.

It passes through Des Moines, the state capital, and a dozen bright, bustling little cities ranging from 5,000 to 25,000 inhabitants and some 30 small towns and villages. There are over 500 farmhouses fronting on the road and more than 1,500 that stand within one mile of the road.

Lafayette Young, recently appointed United States senator by Gov. B. F. Carroll to succeed J. P. Dolliver, deceased, is given credit for the original idea. After determining that to get sufficient money appropriated by the legislature to build a permanent highway would be impossible, he conceived the idea that by organization and uniform work a dirt road could be maintained that would serve all purposes.

The plan was taken up by newspapers all along the proposed route and boosted. The plan was originally designed as an example of what good road dragging meant to the state, and it has been one.

In the fall of 1909 the highways of the state were the worst they had been for many years. "The bottom simply dropped out all over the state." No one could more readily notice this condition than the state editor on a newspaper, whose mail commenced to come to him a week late because rural deliveries were mired.

So the river-to-river plan was sprung. The plan was to have the road maintained by people living along the route.

This plan was based on the road of officers of an unbroken line of townships from one side of the state to the other improving and maintaining the section of the road lying inside their township borders. This idea took root and a general good roads sentiment sprang up over the whole state. Governor Carroll issued a call for a good roads convention in Des Moines. In response to this call, 2,000 delegates from all parts of the state gathered in Des Moines.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Sad-Faced Swindler Haunts Funerals



I have a personal interest in your dear husband's death. As a matter of fact, I bear his very name. He was my namesake.

In the course of the next half hour he managed, in answering the kind questions that were put to him, to disclose the fact that he had only recently come from Germany, bringing his wife and several children with him, and that both he and they were at present badly stranded and without more than a few cents for the next meal.

Just then a woman among the assembled friends who had been trying to place him looked up with a glance of sudden recognition.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," she said, tapping the sympathetic young man on the shoulder. "I am a little hard of hearing. What did you say your name was?"

The man of infinite pity gently repeated the name of the dead man.

"Go!" exclaimed the woman in a voice of high pitch, foregoing a hysterical scream. "And you are the namesake of my dear sainted husband, too, who died last year. Yes?"

"I don't understand you, my good friend," protested the watery-eyed young man, edging toward the door.

"You ate your fill at my house when we were sitting 'Shiva' for my poor husband!" cried the woman.

"And you knew how to be his namesake and swindle us out of a memorable gift at that time, didn't you?"

"I am so sorry, dear madam," he said, with a slight German accent, to the widow. "I read about your dear husband's death in the newspapers. It may seem strange to you that I have come here, for you probably do not know me, but I feel almost as if

matter that otherwise would be lost lands where it should.

"For explanation we will say that a railway postal clerk find a letter addressed to John Smith, Chestnut street, Illinois. That letter, income tax addressed, is thrown into a 'nixie' pile in the postal mail car and finds its way to the 'nixie' department, in this case, say, in Chicago. The 'nixie' clerk consults a tabulation, which lists the various Chestnut streets in Illinois and tells in what towns they will be found. He then consults the directory of each of those towns—a supply of directories is kept on hand—and finds a John Smith living in Chestnut street. Then the letter is reread and sent. Should this chance to be the wrong John Smith and the letter is returned a similar process is followed. Before every method is exhausted you may feel reasonably sure that the right person has received the letter.

"Yes, sir," laughed Mr. Mallory, the fellow who called the 'nixie' department a haven for wayward epistles struck it about right.

"Approximately how many 'nixies' do you receive in Chicago a day?" Mr. Mallory was asked.

"Oh, from 200 to 400, I should say," was the reply.

Stray Letters Puzzle "Nixie" Clerk



CHICAGO—Working away like the proverbial trooper, the "nixie" clerk was discovered behind a battlement of pigeon holes, in the Chicago postoffice. He was playing his trade of finding the destination of misdirected letters, and of letters whose addresses other clerks had been unable to decipher. He was too busy to talk.

"The 'nixie' clerks run a haven for wayward epistles," explained a self-appointed guide. "When a misdirected letter is discovered it is sent to 'nixie,' where the clerks give it the proper treatment and send it on its way."

That more information regarding the "nixie" department might be gained, C. A. Mallory, assistant superintendent of the city delivery, was sought his office.

"The 'nixie' clerks," explained Mr. Mallory, "form an important part of Uncle Sam's postal service. They work out puzzle after puzzle in hieroglyphics and erroneous addressing and through their efforts much mail

matter that otherwise would be lost lands where it should.

matter that otherwise would be lost lands where it should.

Gigantic Smuggling Scheme Exposed



LOS ANGELES, CAL.—A plot to defeat the immigration laws of the United States more far-reaching than any similar scheme ever before unfolded in the southwest has just been brought to light by the federal authorities. Innocent and guileless as the Chinese appear in contrast with white persons when brought in contact with them, the government agents give to which suffers from rheumatism from all over the world come, it now has one of the finest summer hotels in America.

At Mitchellville is located the Iowa State Girls' Industrial school.

Des Moines is the state capital, where is located the capitol, the state historical building, Drake university, Des Moines college, Highland Park college, United States army post, etc.

At Council Bluffs are the high bluffs from which the city derives its name. In these bluffs are the deep trails made in former years by buffaloes. It is located on the Missouri river, just across from Omaha.

Two of these alleged smugglers, who were in charge of the last bunch on the "underground railway," are awaiting trials in the United States district court. Two of their tools, Mexicans, are in jail here.

At the head of the band of smugglers are Chinese of high caste who reside in Hong Kong. They are said to be enjoying royal revenues from the traffic and the pleasant feature of their occupation is that they are immune from arrest. Others members of the gang rely on protection from American laws on the soil of Mexico.

The coolies are procured from the interior of China. They are gathered easily there and shipped across the Pacific to Mazatlan, Mexico, where they are unloaded. They are marched through Mexico to Mexicali, just across the border from Calexico. Here Nug Fun and Wong Chin Dock have pretended to carry on a store, but it has really been a resort for contraband Chinese, the point at which they were sneaked into the United States.

Fun was taken in custody several months ago while in company with several coolies. He did not take heed from the fate of his partner, for he was recently taken in custody in Imperial valley.

Judge Decrees That Wives Must Obey



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—In granting a decree of divorce to Samuel C. McGee, a policeman, against Mrs. Louisa S. McGee, Judge T. A. Frank Jones, in the Circuit Court, arraigned wives, who have shown themselves to usurp the authority of their husbands. He dwelt upon the relationship that should exist between husband and wife, and traced this relationship from the day of the cave man through the ancient common law of the Anglo-Saxons. He declared that the law of today has made little change in the fundamentals of this relationship as it was in the times of Holy Writ, when the command, "Wives, obey your husbands," was made. The husband alleged general indignities, which the wife denied. The judge said:

Woman, and she must submit to her husband's authority. She agrees to submit to his dictation and she must submit to it so long as it is not arbitrary and tyrannical.

"Whenever a wife works for money, she is bound to give part of it to help support the family. So long as she does not work for money, she has a right to demand that her husband support her properly. But when she does work outside her own household for gain, she forfeits that right and, help pay the way of the family."

"It makes no difference if her husband stays at home, does the cooking and the housework and she makes the living. Under the law, the husband is still the master of that household and she must submit to his authority."

"The evidence shows that one time Mrs. McGee went to her husband's superior and asked that a certain division of her husband's salary be made. She had no right to do that. That was none of her business. A wife has no right to say how much of his money a husband shall give to her and how much she shall spend for herself. Although he is compelled to support her by law, the law makes him the judge as to what part of his income shall go for that purpose."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Senatorial Trifles Cost Much Money



WASHINGTON.—The vanities, follies and eccentricities of statesmen are brought a trifle further into the limelight through the secretary of the senate's annual report, made public in congress. It discloses the little odds and ends of luxury and comfort near a senator's heart, when it can be obtained at government expense.

From May 1 to June 28 there were 232 cases of apollinaris splits furnished the senate, costing \$1,856. Taxicabs for one who has a lurking suspicion that senators don't imbibe water freely should glance at the record of \$1,824 spent for apollinaris water. More than \$3,000 was expended for other mineral waters.

Four dozen whisk brooms aggregated \$50.

One bag of ground alum salt cost \$1; two ounces of quince seed, 25 cents; one quart of cast oil, 45 cents; one dram oil rose, \$1; and two bottles of salphate, 90 cents. Two thousand quinine pills were bought. The small items of the pharmacy and toilet cost \$215.47. One pound of snuff, to replenish the two boxes just within the senate chamber cost 80 cents.

When a senator wants to look really dressed up he must have a pair of white gloves, and ten dozen of these, costing \$21.50, is one senatorial expense item. Some senators like their offices to look nice and cozy for old home visitors, so twenty-three velvet sofa pillows figure in the list.

The items in the report, printed in fine type, cover over more than 700 pages. Any one who has a lurking suspicion that senators don't imbibe water freely should glance at the record of \$1,824 spent for apollinaris water. More than \$3,000 was expended for other mineral waters.

A number of senators drew practically nothing against their annual allowance of \$125 for stationery, and they are given a refund of the amount. Others were heavy stationery users, the amount of their commutation account being small.

Crop of Capital Rumors Is Abundant



THE legislative season is dull, the rumor crop is very large, and it has been what might be called a season of denials in the capital. Recently whispirings of changes in the president's cabinet were afloat, and they multiplied so rapidly and assumed such distorted shapes that they led to vigorous denials from the white house authorities. The two in particular that were whispered around were the resignation of the secretary of the Treasury MacVogel and the elevation of Mr. Taft's secretary, Charles D. Norton, to the place, and the elevation of Congressman James A. Tawney to the position now occupied by Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger. Both called forth the most vigorous denials.

Asid from denying rumors, President Taft's chief work has been along the lines of the Panama canal zone, which he intends bringing to the attention of congress very soon. The president has recommended and is preparing to urge legislation appropriating large sums for the fortification of both entrances to the canal zone, and this in itself will cause a struggle. In addition there is pending before the senate a bill, already passed by the house, replacing the canal commission by a director general at the head of a civil government, the details of which are being worked out by the president.

Moreover, there is the question of canal tolls, which on the recommendation of the president, is being worked out in a bill by Chairman Mann of the house committee on inter-state commerce. He is also anxious that the tolls to be charged be decided on at this session, so that there will be time for the world's commerce to adjust itself to the proposed rates.

In order to embody some of the president's recommendations in the pending bill Senator Flint has secured the recommitment of the bill in the senate, so that the committee can insert such changes as the president decides. It is likely that at every stage of the legislation bearing on the canal there will be opposition. The transcontinental railroads opposed the canal at the outset, and they are expected to fight vigorously against tolls so low as to make the ocean liners real competitors of the railroads.

On the subject of fortifying the canal there has already developed opposition, and though both houses can be counted on to vote for fortifications, many long speeches will be made on the other side either by peace advocates or by congressmen generally hostile to the expenditure of money on the canal. The election of United States senators by popular vote is also looming up.

Postal Thieves Reported Plentiful



NUMEROUS complaints are coming daily to the postoffice department at Washington caused by the losses of packages and money. Mails are easy to rob, but few postal thieves ever escape detection. They are sure to be caught and punished in the end. No thief is harder to catch than are those who rob the government's mail. Their methods are skillful and the plunder is easily hidden or destroyed. Postoffice thieves are not arrested every day, although valuable letters and other articles are stolen almost daily on the watch. Positive proof of guilt must be in the possession of the inspector before an arrest is made. Circumstantial evidence does not go at all times. In almost every case an arrest means conviction.

The postoffice employee never knows when he is being shadowed. Outside of business hours, even, he may be watched, when not under suspicion of theft, to see if he is spending more money than his salary will allow.

It is wonderful that there are as few thieves among the many thousands of clerks who handle the mails, for great temptations surround them, as they handle millions of valuable parcels. These clerks soon learn to tell by the very touch of a letter whether it contains money. It would be an easy matter for the dishonest clerk to slip letters into his pocket and open them in some private place. But the cases of dishonesty are comparatively few.

There are but two successful ways to catch a postoffice thief and these are by constant watch and by decoy letters. With these and a large supply of patience the game will be caught. It often requires months and sometimes years to accomplish this. It is one of the most annoying and difficult lines of detective work a man ever engaged in and requires the most earnest labor. Not a single thing must be overlooked.

But few arrests have been made in Washington where there is a powerful army of postoffice employees. They seldom go wrong, yet inspectors are no more numerous there than in other cities.

Living Expense Doesn't Effect Army



SOLDIERS of the regular army read of the high cost of living and smile. It is not a matter of particular interest to them, for the commissary is bound to issue the regular ration at regular intervals, regardless of what the cost may be.

In the war department the situation causes some concern, for it means going before congress with a plea for more money for the army, incidentally for funds to make up a large and growing deficiency now amounting to \$1,125,000.

sale of commodities not used, sufficient to keep the mess table supplied with luxuries.

A few years ago at western posts the commissary could easily contract for beef at 5 cents a pound, half the price now demanded. The skyward tendency of life's necessities is of merely passing interest to the enlisted men, though it is a real tragedy to the young officers. Those of the junior grades draw very low pay considering the incidental expenses their position requires. For a second lieutenant the salary of \$116 a month, particularly if he be stationed at some eastern post, is forever falling short. These young officers live in a meager real mess—these days when the cost of living is twice as much as it used to be, and it never did fit the salary.

Friends of young army officers sometimes exert themselves to have them detailed for duty in Washington. If he has money outside his pay account this may not ruin him. If he is dependent on his pay, such a detail is a tragedy.

Uncle Sam's are the best-fed soldiers in the world. The ration provided for them insures plenty of the best of food three times a day and the army ration intelligently handed soon produces a company fund, from the

Life's Varied Interests.

"The weather's rather bad, isn't it?" said the young woman.

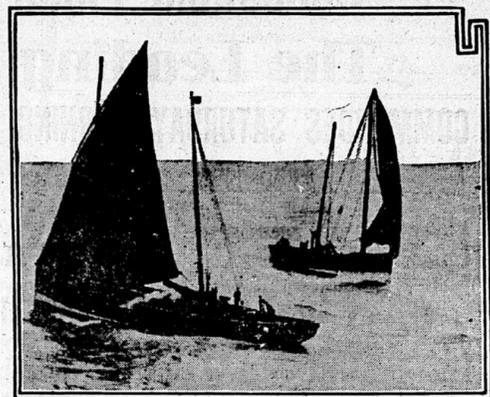
"Yes," replied the nonchalant youth. "Lucky thing it is. Helps conversation. It would be a deadly bore to go on forever saying 'It's a pleasant day.'"

Always Busy.

"And you are really settlement workers?" interrogated the housewife as she handed each of the wanderers a wedge of pie.

"Yes, mum," responded the dusty spokesman, with a low bow, "we work every settlement we come to."

THE SCOTCH FISHER-GIRL



THE FISHER-GIRLS

IT is a very great privilege to know a Scotch fisher-girl, and only a very special introduction at Yarmouth will open the gate to a somewhat exclusive land. Thoughtful journalists and zealous photographers have tried in vain to enter. "We're not wild beasts to be stared at," sent the photographer sorrowfully away, and the journalist lost caste for ever.

Both the intruders mistook the people with whom they had to deal. They did not know—how could they?—that not merely girls who can get fish are here, but a whole community is represented with all its intellect its talent and its pride. The Moray villages go to the fishing from the Moray Firth. But they are the fisher-people, and each member of the family takes a part in the industry. As naturally as a duck takes to the water do the children turn to the fishing. It is a tradition, the mantle falling from Elizabeth's shoulders. In the winter the girls are engaged in mending the nets which have been destroyed at the fishings during the year. Each man may have half a mile of nets to repair, and the girls are experts at the work. They join heart and soul with their fathers or brothers in the task of preparing for the fishing. That is what they live for. The talk in the winter is of what has been at the fishing, to be presently replaced by what may be at the next.

Meanwhile their hands are busy, if not with the nets, then with knitting, for fathers and brothers and husbands want thick hose and new jerseys; their themselves have soft, thick stockings to replace, and probably new jerseys for the fishing. Some of the girls go to service, but not many. And then it is only for the winter months. At the call of the fishing, tradition reasserts itself; the fisher-girl is born again. She may bind herself to domestic service for a while, but blood is thicker than water. Her "ain folk" are going, and nothing short of a prison would keep her back.

There is a story of a Highland girl who was brought to London to service. It was hoped that she would adapt herself to circumstances. In the morning a crowd gathered round the door. The Highland lassie was adapting circumstances to herself. Clad in short gown and petticoat, with bare feet, she was swilling the steps. A leopard cannot change its spots. Associated with the Scotch fisher-people are those from Shetland. Meeting at the Shetland fishing, which is the first great fishing of the year, the Shetland men go forth with the boats to earn a living for the winter; the girls follow the herring, and they, too, may provide for the barren months. In the Shetland isles there is nothing else for the people to do; they have no other means of making money. During the winter they live on the earnings of the summer, with the help of the farm produce which each cottar can call his own. He possesses half



Off Duty.

the fisher-girl that wherever she goes she takes her individuality with her. From the Shetland fishing she may pass to Aberdeen, to Fraserburgh, to Scarborough and to Grimsby, then on to Farnmouth and Lowestoft. But always she is the Scotch fisher-girl, pride of race is in her blood, the grace of forefathers in her heart. One can never forget that they are a people, these fisher-folk who go from fishing to fishing, making food for the winter; they do not change color in the different dyes in which they dip. The diamond comes up, dimmed, it may be, but still a diamond.

How to Be Happy.

There are as many ways to be happy as there are people in the world. And the duration of human happiness is as long and as short as human life. But the best and most enduring happiness of all is that which is wedded to some sort of philosophy, and the key to all the philosophies is the humor sense. It is the humor sense that saves us from ourselves by revealing to us how little we are, and of what small account in the cosmos scheme, however big we may seem to ourselves or to one another. So we learn our own limitations and are content to abide within them; so we learn the limitations of others, and are fair to be tolerant and charitable toward them. So we learn that it is not in art, or literature, or politics, in wealth, or fame, or power, in the lust of the eye or the delight of the mind or in any other of those sounding abstractions, that we shall find the best gerudon of life, but in the hearts of other men and women, like unto ourselves.—Edwin Pugh, in London T. P.'s Weekly.



Lassies Packing Herrings.

an acre or more of land, a cow, some sheep and a few hens, and he makes the most of them. Butter and milk and eggs keep the family from want, and the wool from the sheep's back provides the clothing.

All this means work for the woman, and right willingly do they go about it. When they are not digging up the peat to dry for fuel, they are on the potato field. Early morning finds them milking the cow or feeding the hens; at night-fall they are bending over the spinning wheel. In between times they are knitting. . . . knitting—you never see a Shetland girl without her knitting. All the world knows her beautiful work—scarves and sweaters and soft Shetland shawls. But not all the world knows of the labor entailed, of the washing and spinning and winding and knitting. For one moment come to Shetland and see the fisher-girl at home on the peat fele. It is quiet and dull and very cold. But the air is beautifully clear, and the Shetland girl's cheeks reflect the transparency; her figure responds to the healthy glow. Very poor are the people

Dr. Johnson's Electioneering.

Southwark was once the scene of Dr. Johnson's electioneering energies. This was in 1780, when Johnson's friend, Ralph Thrale, was candidate for the division. Dr. Johnson wrote Thrale's address to the electors and on several occasions went canvassing in company with Mr. Thrale.

One night, as Boswell records, an excited burgher seized the doctor's hand, slapping him on the back, and exclaimed: "Ah, Master Johnson, this is no time to be talking about hats!" "No, no, sir," returned Johnson, "hats are of no use now, as you say, except to throw up in the air and huzza with."

And seizing his own hat again he showed how the thing should be done.—Westminster Gazette.

Alarming.

"Were you very ill?"

"Pretty sick, my boy."

"Have a consultation of doctors?"

"Worse than that. There was a consultation of my creditors."

Literal Satisfaction.

"Jane, is the dessert in nice order to put on the table?"

"Yes, ma; in apple pie order."