

# PUBLIC ROADS

## FEASIBLE WIDTH OF ROADS

First Deputy Highway Commissioner of New York Tells of Troubles Encountered by Him.

Most of the roads built in New York by the state are 16 feet wide. When money was voted for the highway system it was on the basis of approximately \$13,000 per mile. This was in 1912, and \$13,000 was a low figure even for that date. Under present conditions it is obviously impossible to complete the system as planned then, and extra width is a serious expense. H. Eitinge Breed, first deputy highway commissioner of New York, recently stated that only by the strictest economy, by substituting different classes of pavement within certain limits of cost, and by using federal aid, will it be practicable to have all the important roads brought together into a good highway system. It would be far better, he says, if there were sufficient funds to build them 18 feet wide for two lines of traffic and 24 feet for three lines. The use of motor vehicles is steadily increasing and they are being constructed wider. Hence they require pavements where vehicles at least 90 inches wide can pass one another comfortably and frequently. Eighteen feet is probably the narrowest width that permits this, according to Mr. Breed. Especially is this true, he says, in the case of concrete roads, because the transition from the hard concrete surface to the earth shoulder and back again becomes really dangerous in some soils on account of the rut that traffic usually wears along the joining line.

## MILEAGE OF CONCRETE ROADS

There Were 19,000,000 Square Yards of It in 1914 and Only 364,000 Yards in 1909.

The mileage of concrete pavements in the United States has increased rapidly, and it is likely to continue to increase. There were 19,000,000 square yards of it in 1914 and only 364,000 square yards in 1909. The principal advantages of concrete pavements are said to be durability under ordinary conditions; a smooth, even surface; absence of dust; comparatively low cost of maintenance until re-



concrete Road in New York.

are necessary; availability as for another type of surface if desirable; attractive appearance. Durability of concrete roads has been fully proved because these old pavements in existence. The one of those which have under several years' service indicates their durability. Disadvantages of concrete as a surface are its noise under horse traffic, the wearing of the necessary reinforcement in the pavement, and the tendency to crack, with its consequent deterioration; the difficulty of repair when these become necessary.

## MOTOR VACUUM CLEANER

Municipal Development Makes Appearance in Los Angeles—Method Is Practical.

The latest municipal development to appear in the western country is the motor vacuum cleaning apparatus, which has been adopted by the city of Los Angeles, says Power Wagon. For this newest of street cleaning had been under discussion, as not until a short time ago was really put into practice. The new cleaning method is practical has been proved by actual demonstration.

**Walking Crane Needed.** The new method of making good roads is to plow them with a center and decorate them with sod. This provides a surface which can be traveled only by walking crane.

**Growth of Good Roads.** The improvement of public roads in the United States is now very rapid, and an enormous amount of money is to be done, the highway is no longer a reproach to the

# After the Years

By George Elmer Cobb

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"Crack!" There was a flash at the open window, a sharp, snappy report, and the man who was lurking in the shadow of a high lilac bush turned and ran like a whitehead.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Netta Deane, springing to her feet and seizing and drawing back the trembling old hand that held a smoking revolver. "I didn't hit him, whoever he was," announced Gideon Deane, "I just scared him. Prowlers—burglars? Why, they stole our new buckskin last week, and as you know some of the washing of Mr. Rodney and his children disappeared from the line last night."

"It must be those tramps," suggested Netta. Then, restless and disturbed by the exciting episode of the moment, she passed from the room out of the house and walked around the garden.

Just at the edge of the big lilac bush Netta stooped to pick up a handkerchief. It was of large size, clean and folded except where one edge had been crushed into the yielding loam by a human foot. Doubtless the lurker had dropped it in his flight. Netta opened it and held it in the focus of the lamplight that streamed through the open window.

She uttered a sudden but half-suppressed cry. Her face paled and her lips quivered. In one corner of the handkerchief two initials were interwoven: "L. D." And well she knew they stood for Leslie Dayton, and surer still, for her own busy hands had six months previous embroidered those initials on half-a-dozen handkerchiefs presented to Leslie Dayton on his twenty-second birthday.

Her breath came fast, she thought rapidly. The sequence to her discovery was patent. Leslie Dayton was the prowler who had escaped the marksmanship of her suspicious-minded, excitable uncle.

Then the tears rushed to her eyes. In retrospect she went over the weary months since Dayton had gone



There Was a Flash at the Open Window.

to the city to seek his fortune. No word of love had passed between them, but they had mutually shared a companionship that had made of half a dozen brief weeks in their lives a period of delight for both.

"I expect to make something of myself in the city," Leslie had told Netta at parting. "I expect to return at the end of a year. I hope you will think of me once in a while," and an earnest glance in return for his own made him believe that he would be welcome on his return.

In his heart was the full ardor of love. To his lips there almost came the words that Netta would have been glad to hear. They were repressed, however. Netta lived wretchedly with her old uncle, who was poor. Netta had many suitors. Dayton had nothing but his hopes. He was in no position to marry. He determined to make his way in the world. Then he would return and ask Netta to become his wife, able also to care for the helpless relative whom Netta would not desert.

And now he had come back—alas! what a sad return of the wanderer, for he had brought with him neither money nor promise, nor prospect for the future. He had invested the few hundred dollars he had in a little business with a partner who had not only robbed him, but had defrauded their creditors. Then he had decamped, leaving Dayton to bear the burden of the hour, accused of fraud, almost threatened with prosecution, a pauper.

After that there was no place for him amid the sneers and suspicions of the community that ruthlessly degraded an innocent man. Like a thief in the night Leslie stole back to the little town that held the only woman he loved. He met an old friend secretly, who fed his half-famished soul with news of Netta. The Deanes were as poor as ever. Netta was the sole support of the house. An invalid, a wid-

ower, Mr. Rodney, with two little children, had become boarders at the Deane home and Netta was working harder than ever.

Then came the impulse to Dayton to see Netta once more, if only a distant glimpse, and then to go away to some remote place where he was not known and forget her if he could. And now he was speeding away like a hunted fugitive. He quickly left the town and bade farewell to all hopes of ever seeing Netta again.

A month later, in a home newspaper which he happened to run across, Dayton read an item which told that Miss Netta Deane was married to Mr. James Rodney, the invalid guest of the Deane home. With only a shattered romance and bitter memories of his blighted business career, Dayton roved here and there for a year and finally settled down on an island off the coast of Maine, having charge of a salting plant.

His one pleasure when off duty was to row along the shore, feeling alone and rested to be away from the city rush and men. Two years passed by. He had saved up some money. At times a powerful impulse influenced him to go back to his former village home and see his old-time friends, but the thought that Netta was surely lost to him stood always in the way of carrying out that plan.

There was a summer resort a few miles down the shore from the saltery. One blustery afternoon Dayton was walking down the shore near to the great beach hotel, when he halted as he noticed quite in the distance a woman rushing in his direction, her manner evidencing the most intense excitement and distress. Her eyes were fixed seawards. A glance thitherward apprised Dayton of the source of her perturbation. A frail shore boat was drifting beyond the great breakers and inside of it, clinging to the rail, were two little children.

Apparently they had been playing in the boat inside the beach breakwater and the craft had floated away with them. Momentarily the furious waves were driving them further and further out to sea. In an instant Dayton tore off his coat and plunged into the surf.

A wild, frenzied scream rang from the lips of the running woman as the boat gave a swing, turned over and its two helpless occupants were flung into the boiling surf. A superb swimmer, although battling tremendous difficulties, Dayton reached first one and then the other of the imperiled children. He struck out for shore, one clinging about his neck as he directed, the other, quite insensible, sustained on one arm.

He was well-nigh exhausted as he staggered up the beach. His eyes half-blinded with the salt sea water did not clearly make out the frantic woman, who rushed toward the two little girls and took the one overcome cherishingly in her arms. Totally collapsed, Dayton took to a sand hummock, all but insensible of his surroundings for the moment. People came rushing down the beach and there was an uproar and turmoil. The lady and the children were whisked away in an automobile. The proprietor of the hotel assisted Dayton to his feet.

"You'll come with me and get off those wet togs," he declared authoritatively. "Mr. Dayton, you are a brave, genuine man! Outside of saving two little children, you have saved the reputation of my place here."

Dayton was too weak and unnerved to resist the kindly interventions of his grateful host. His rehabilitation was solicitously looked to. He was provided with dry apparel, it was ordered that an auto should take him back home and he was leaving the hotel, when its proprietor came rushing after him.

"You—you!" fluttered a vibrating voice, as Dayton was ushered into an apartment where stood the lady of the sands, and he stared in wonder at his old love. "Oh!" she cried, taking both his hands in her own, "where have you been these long many months?"

"Hiding myself, I fancy," rejoined Dayton, with a hard bitter laugh.

"And I—I have found you!" cried Netta.

"Your children are safe," began Dayton.

"Not my children, but dear to me as if they were," said Netta. "I married Mr. Rodney one hour before his death, because he implored me to be a mother to the dear little ones. He left me quite a fortune and uncle was thus made comfortable until he passed away. And now—"

And now they had met, and her eyes clearly showed the earnest, longing love of the years, and within an hour those two were reunited, heart and soul.

### A Tribute.

When Julia Ward Howe died memorial services in her honor were held at San Francisco, and the local literary colony attended practically en masse to pay by their presence a tribute to the writer.

A municipal officer was asked to preside. Dressed in his long frock coat and his broad white tie, he advanced to the edge of the platform to launch the exercises and introduce the principal eulogist. He bowed low and spoke as follows:

"Your attendance here, ladies and gents, in such great numbers shows San Francisco's appreciation of good literature. This meeting is a great testimonial to the immortal author of Uncle Tom's cabin—the late Julia Ward Howard!"—Saturday Evening Post.

### Close Quarters.

"During the thunderstorms our milk turned; did yours?"  
"No; our refrigerator is so small the milk didn't have room to turn."



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## The KITCHEN CABINET

To be honest, to be fearless, to be just, joyous, kind. To get up immediately when we stumble, face again to the light and travel on without wasting even a moment in regret.—R. W. Trine.

### GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

The following dish is a good one for a hot dish, as a large number may be served at slight cost.



**Hot Chicken Sandwich.**—Cook the chicken until very tender in plenty of water, which will be used in making the gravy. Cool and

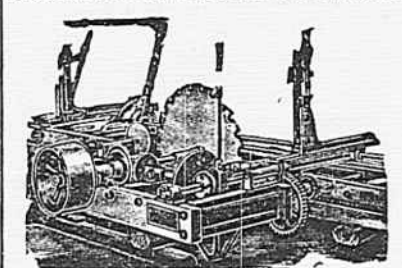
remove the meat from the bones and cut it into cubes with the scissors. Put the skin and giblets, omitting the liver, through the meat chopper and mix the chicken with enough stock to make the mixture moist; season well with salt and pepper. Thicken the remaining stock with one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with cold water, using this amount for every cupful of stock. Let it boil and season well. When serving, allow two slices of bread cut thin; place one slice on a hot plate, spread a spoonful of the chicken mixture over it and cover with a second slice, then dip a ladle of gravy over it. Serve with a generous portion of well-cooked rice or mashed potatoes. One chicken cooked and served in this manner will serve 15 people.

**Boiled Russian Dressing.**—Take two-thirds of a cupful of any kind of boiled salad dressing, four tablespoonfuls of strained chill sauce, two tablespoonfuls of diced pimentos, a half tablespoonful of chives cut in half-inch lengths, and a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Mix all the ingredients and chill well; then serve on lettuce.

**Egg Dish.**—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a baking dish, cover with crumbs and pour over a half a can of mock turtle soup diluted with a third of a cupful of hot water. Break five eggs very carefully over the top. Sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and a third of a teaspoonful of curry powder well mixed. Dot with bits of butter and bake from 12 to 15 minutes.

**Green Pea Omelet.**—A few left-over green peas may be stirred into an omelet just before putting to cook and served with a circle of them around the platter.

Nellie Maxwell



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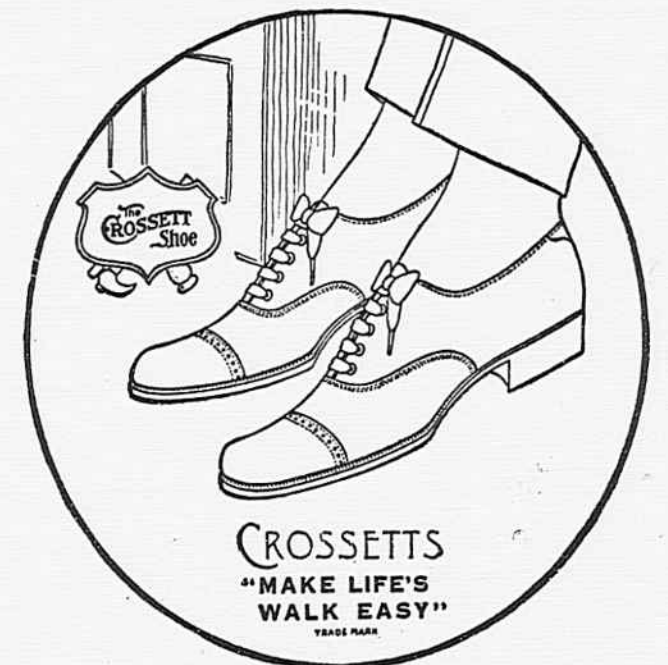
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