

# THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. X.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1899.

NO. 9.

## CITY DIRECTORY.

**MAYOR**—W. T. Hamilton.  
**TOWN'S COMMISSIONERS**—By Committees:  
Finance—W. E. Davis, Wm. G. Gilman and C. L. Probst.  
Public Works—J. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and C. L. Probst.  
Police—J. E. Wall, S. L. Morris and W. E. Davis.  
**CLERKS**—W. P. Gilman, A. E. Crute and E. L. Morris.  
**DEPUTY CLERKS**—J. E. Wall, E. L. Morris and W. E. Davis.  
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**DEPUTY CLERKS**—J. E. Wall, E. L. Morris and W. E. Davis.

## PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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**CLERKS**—J. E. Wall, Clerk of Circuit Court, W. H. Thackston, Clerk of County Court.  
**DEPUTY CLERKS**—J. E. Wall, Deputy Clerk of Circuit Court, W. H. Thackston, Deputy Clerk of County Court.  
**COMMISSIONERS OF REVENUE**—W. H. Thackston, Commissioner of Revenue, R. H. Watkins, Deputy Commissioner of Revenue.  
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**COMMISSIONERS OF REVENUE**—W. H. Thackston, Commissioner of Revenue, R. H. Watkins, Deputy Commissioner of Revenue.

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## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

### Industrial Problem the Theme of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Tells How the Continual War Between Them May Be Ended—Lessons Derived From Recent Strikes.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopoch.)  
Washington, Aug. 13.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage suggests how the everlasting war between capital and labor may be brought to a happy end. The text is I. Corinthians 12:21: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago ceased work in one day, Brooklyn stopped by the attempt to halt its railroad cars, Cleveland the throes of a labor agitation and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery, with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys, all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of machinery controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery and you harm all parts. All professions, independent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. Devils cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace get their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say: I love you, the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body. If there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or what if the hand should say: I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy. I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye, seated under the dome of the forehead, doing nothing but look.

I come in, and I wave the flag of truce between the two contestants, and I say: "I have no need of thee." That belongs me to the first suggestion, and that is, that labor and capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society will be good for all, and that which is bad for one class will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that labor makes against capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that capital makes against labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When capital maligns labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When labor maligns capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders or type-setters or small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops.

While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men working on wages who once employed 100 or 500 hands. The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge. It is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks? No. In the railroads? No. Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness copper and silver and cotton factory and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again, there is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through cooperative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 812 cooperative associations. They have a capital of \$15,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollar, and they do a business of \$100,000,000. Thomas in the British Parliament, on the subject says: "Cooperation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand to the mouth style of living to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in cooperative institutions. The cooperative institution formed in Tern, N. Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might

some of such an institution if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into cooperative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers in this country are struggling for their daily bread and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish cooperative associations in all parts of the land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over \$100,000,000 a year for rum and tobacco. We spend over \$1,000,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past years and then suppose that that money was put into a cooperative association and then suppose he should have all his friends in and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring masses, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work, they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and flag and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work, let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them. They took stimulant and I took none."

I know a gentleman very well who has over 1,600 hands in his employ. I said to him some years ago when there was great trouble in the labor market: "How are you getting on with your men?" "Oh," he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "have not you had any strikes?" "Oh, no," he said, "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said: "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every little while I call them together and say: 'Now, boys, last year I made so much; this year I made less; so you see I cannot pay as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous. There never has been an exception. When we prosper, we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me." Now, let all employers be frank with their employees. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common sense in the world. It is always safe to appeal to it.

I remark, again, great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the religious rectification of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a pen-

ny, while in China it takes a half dozen pieces of coin or a dozen to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it with the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in the establishment—made by the same God, to lie in the same dust and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of Heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart you will enter Heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this gospel, and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in.

Let me say a word to all capitalists: Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employees with a supercilious air or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smeared hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are none of your yone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world before you leave it. Do not get out of the world like that man who died in New York leaving in his will \$4,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God, how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well, but in all this will of \$4,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving \$4,000,000 and not one cent to God! It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or, as illustrated in a letter which I have concerning a man who departed this life leaving between \$5,000,000 and \$8,000,000. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stilled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follows such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. O capitalists of the United States, be your own executors! Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward. Discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work.

I congratulate you also on your opportunities for information. Plato paid \$1,200 for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of "Origen." What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children! A workman goes along by the show window of some great publishing house, and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says: "I wish I could have that information. I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on, and he gets the value of that book for 25 cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is also prelatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth. He told Himself, and He knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get His grace in your heart, and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired? He will rest you. Are you sick? He will give you help. Are you cold? He will wrap you in the mantle of His love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah," you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil!" Yes, they were. You say: "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were, but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian workman and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of eternal glory.

Hash affords us an example of an end without means.—Chicago Daily News.



## DID HE HAVE ANY SPUNK?

Young Man Who Was Afraid of Wine But Not Afraid to Imperil His Life for Others.

"He won't take it, father."  
"Not take the wine I offered him, or that you offered for me, Fanny?"  
"No, father, he would not take it. I don't like his manners."  
"His—what?"  
"Why, he has not had much of a bringing-up by people polite, refined."  
"Not refined?"  
This young waiter, a college lad of 18, earning at a seashore hotel a little money in summer to help pay his bills at college in winter, not refined? The features, almost classic in their evenness and expression, indicated a coarse descent, did they not?  
John Inghram, the young student waiter, had increased the displeasure of Banker Brigham because he would not drink the wine sent to him through the hands of his daughter Mabel.

"Prize little P'rtain and coward, too!" I hate those small temperance fanatics. What did he say when you handed him the glass I gave you?"  
"No, I thank you, Miss Brigham."  
"Are you sick?" I said. "Oh, not by any means," he told me. "Well, I say to him, 'are you not a little out of your mind to refuse this? It will not hurt you.' His reply was: 'I think I am fully in my mind, in possession of my best powers because I do refuse the wine.' That was all he said."  
"Said enough, I should say. Now that is feenat fecentism."  
"Oh, he did say one thing more. He said: 'I once had an experience, and I found that wine had a power over me. It fascinated me. I—I—knew I could



"NO, I THANK YOU, MISS BRIGHAM." not stand that, and so I gave it up.' I told him I hoped he could show self-control."  
"Self what?"  
"Self control."  
"I should hope so. You had him there, the lunatic."  
"Then he said: 'I hope I have self-control in many things, but not before this power that I must take a second, and I would be likely to want a third. So I won't take any.'"  
"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated the father. "He has no courage, no spunk. He must take some risk. He'll never amount to anything."  
He and his daughter rose from the table and left the hall.

This was after dinner. Two or three hours after it was understood among the guests that Alice Brigham had gone off in the yacht Sybil, and might be absent one day, two days or even three. She was the guest of her Uncle Peter.

"I don't like the looks of the sky," muttered the landlord, as he watched the yacht receding from the shore. "Peter Brigham said he would come back early to-morrow if everything were not right."  
The next day arrived, bringing the lunch hour at noon and bringin'—also a roughening sea and an ugly wind. Suddenly in the midst of the lunch somebody, dressed roughly like a fisherman in stormy weather, rushed up to the door of the dining hall and asked: "What's the landlort? Vessel's ashore!" The table was deserted at once, and out of the hall thronged diners and waiters. Seeking hats, cloaks, shawls, they soon hurried down the hotel steps and sought the stretcher sands. Did anyone notice that a young fellow left the company and ran toward a lifeboat station? There was no life-saving crew at that time employed by the government, but the boat belonged to a humane society, was sheltered in a boathouse near the sands and in case of rescue work was manned by a volunteer company organized out of materials like the fishermen living in the neighborhood.

This band had now gathered, and to its captain the young man from the hotel applied for a chance to help. "I can row, cap'n, and one of your men says you need another hand."  
"All right!" said the cap'n, looking at him closely, "though you don't look very heavy."  
"I can row, cap'n."  
"Jump in!"  
The boat was soon rising and falling on the uneasy sea, and no oar was pulled rower promptly than that of the new boatman.

"There she is, boys, there she is!" cried the cap'n. "Caught on Squall Ledge! Pull harder on your starboard oars!" Again he cried: "Easy, easy there! I see a man, a gal, a— pull,

pull all! Harder! give her all she's wuth, boys! That! Hun—hun—hun—now!"  
This spurt took the boat to the wreck. "Ship-p-oars!"  
The young woman was first to be received. Willing hands lowered her and willing hands were held out to take her into the boat.

"Got her all right?" asked the cap'n.  
"Aye, aye!" responded the young fellow newly shipped that day.  
"Now for the rest of ye!" cried the cap'n to those on the wreck. One by one the crew of the vessel scrambled down quickly. The reputed "owner" was there, too, and a heavy man. He seemed to have a positive determination to tumble overboard, but the firm grip of the new hand prevented it.

The life boat was loaded at last, and slowly, carefully, made its way to land. There was a big throng of shore folk and summer boarders waiting to receive the boat.  
"Why, my dear daughter Alice!" exclaimed Father Brigham, as the rescued young woman stepped out upon the sands. "This is like a return, a rescue, from the grave."  
"And Uncle Peter, father!" said Alice, as the heavy owner of the yacht waddled out upon the sands.  
"Yes, brother!" said Peter. "I feel like one just returned from the grave, as you say, I can assure you. And if it had not been for this plucky young chap I guess I'd gone and stayed there, sure."

As he spoke he laid his hand on the hand lately shipped—John Inghram.  
—Rev. F. A. Rand, in National Advocate.

## WHAT IS RUINING FRANCE.

Claimed that It Is Not Wine But Alcoholic Liquors—But the Wine Has Paved the Way.

In a letter to the Christian Register from Paris, Hon. Samuel J. Barrows gives a highly interesting resume of the proceedings of the International Temperance congress recently held in that city. Referring to the statement of a French writer that it is not wine, but alcoholic liquors that is ruining France, Mr. Barrows says: "But the writer does not meet fairly the facts of the present situation. If the fathers drink wine, the sons are drinking something worse. The transition from drinks containing a small percentage of alcohol to those containing it in larger and more dangerous quantities is easily made; and the multiplication of liquors of all sorts in France, badly adulterated and highly charged with alcohol, has been going on at a rapid and dangerous rate. M. Thomas Grimm, in an article in the Petit Journal, points out that, though immoderate drinking in France does not date from yesterday and is an old habit, the kind of drunkenness observed to-day is not the same as formerly, when wine consumed in the cities was simply and naturally diluted with water. Drunkenness was then gay, exuberant and inoffensive. Now it is brutal and aggressive. One sad mother, speaking to Dr. Motet, who has made a profound study of alcoholism, said: 'When my husband became drunk, he was simply wearisome, never dangerous. When my son drinks, he becomes crazy, and I am afraid of him.' And this difference M. Grimm attributes, not to the consumption of wine or even of pure alcohol, but to the absorption of alcohol charged with toxic substances. Legislators and others in France have given much attention to this subject of adulteration, but without success. The majority of the members of the congress being French, much attention was given to what can be done to moderate and reduce the evils of intoxication in France. The press almost unanimously agrees that prohibition could not possibly succeed here. Legislators are seeking rather to reduce the number of saloons through some scheme of high license. In Belgium the number of saloons has been greatly reduced by this means. M. Algrave, the eminent professor of finance in the Law Faculty of Paris, proposes to establish a monopoly of alcohol by the state; and it is proposed to monopolize not only the sale of alcohol, but also its manufacture. But this would mean the driving out of this industry of a vast amount of capital; and there is no reason to suppose that the manufacture by the state would reduce the consumption, though it might reduce some of its pernicious effects."

Machine Road Mender.  
In spite of the constant advance in mechanical contrivances there are certain occupations which must still depend upon handiwork. Such we assume to be the business of picking up with the pickaxe the stones of a macadamized road before fresh metal could be laid and rolled upon it. But a machine called Kutty's patent macadam road scarifier may now be seen at work in London, and possibly elsewhere, tearing up the street roadway in the most satisfactory manner. It is of the nature of a plow, the plowshare being represented by thick spikes of chilled iron, which, set at an angle, tear up the roadway as the machine is dragged behind a steam roller.—Chambers' Journal.

A Wall from Louisville.  
The undertakers of Louisville, Ky., are protesting against the awful roads that lead to some of the cemeteries. Unless the roads are repaired, everyone is advised to put off dying till the summer sun dries up the mud.



## THE ROAD MOVEMENT.

There Are Several Agencies at Work Which May Make It a Great Political Issue.

Readers who see mentions of the "good roads movement" do not realize that in this there may be one of the great national issues of our politics at some time in the future, possibly within a comparatively short time. This movement was started by the wheelmen through their national organization, the League of American Wheelmen, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by it in the agitation.

The principle of the movement, as advocated by the wheelmen, is that the common roads of the country are as important as the railway systems, the statement being made by them, and being easily understood, that there is not an ounce of any commodity hauled over the railroads that is not first transported by wagons over country roads or city streets. It does not matter if the commodity is manufactured articles



DO BAD ROADS PAY?

that are loaded on cars at the factory; the raw material has first to be hauled to the factory. But the greatest hauling is done in the farming districts and there it is that good highways are most needed.

The subject has not been given the attention and support it deserves, as yet, for the simple reason that private capital cannot become interested in the building of common roads since there would be no income from the investment such as there is in railways. Municipal, county, state and the national government have not had the issue brought directly before them in its full significance because it is necessary to first educate the people to the necessities of the movement. This is what is being done by the wheelmen at the present time, and it must be said to their credit that they have enlisted the sympathy and support of all the prominent farmers' organizations in the movement. With the two classes working together it is only a question of time until the movement will be made a political issue and then will come the desired improvements.

The argument offered in favor of the improved roads is, that they lessen the cost of repairs, make it possible to haul the largest amount of goods with the smallest animal power, save time and increase property valuations. No railroad company would expect to do business if its tracks and roadbeds were in such condition as to make it either impossible to use the tracks at long seasons of the year, or in using them have to lose a great deal of time and have immense repairs to make; and yet that is what the farmers and others using the common roads are doing in a comparative way every day in the year.

They make the most impracticable attempts at road building and repairing, and then wonder why there is no profit in their products, which have been hauled over bad roads at the greatest expense. It has been estimated that the amount lost in the different ways mentioned will more than pay for the building and repairs of these roads on the annual assessments made for them, or that it costs no more each year to have good roads than it does to have bad ones.

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