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GOOD ROADS DAY ADVOCATED

"ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS FOR GOOD ROADS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE STATE BUT NOT A BUFFALO NICKEL FOR LAKE PLACID" — POLITICIANS RESPONSIBLE — COMMUNITY SPIRIT SHOULD BE AROUSED TO "START SOMETHING" — CONTINUED DELAY A BIG LOSS TO LAKE PLACID AND VICINITY

At last we are beginning to get action! After years of patient and impatient waiting the people of Lake Placid will be rewarded by the construction of seven and sixteen hundredths miles of road from here to High Falls. That is, the job has been thrown open to bids; but what will really happen, judging by past experiences, will be the nonchalant perusal of bids by the powers-that-be, the palavering, and caucusing and parleying of politicians and the introduction of new elements into the situation which will befog the issue and benumb the minds of simple folk who want the road and don't give a hang what the railroads and all the petty politicians from Kokoma to Timbuctoo are after.

Just wait and see if that isn't what will happen! Why didn't the State road go through Cascade, the most direct and beautiful route, as was originally planned? Why after it was changed didn't the matter end there with the construction of the road? Why was it again changed by Mr. Kenyon when no good to the community was accomplished, but only delay? The trouble is there is too much politics mixed with the sand and gravel of this roadway and it's high time something were done about it. If this road had gone through when it should it would have meant a gain of thousands upon thousands of dollars every summer to the business men, hotel men, and property holders of Lake Placid.

Don't you believe it? Then listen!! Every Saturday in the tourist season from two to four hundred automobiles pass through AuSable Forks. Last Saturday there were two hundred seventy six. How many of these travel up this way although the distance would be insignificant if the road were half way decent? What would happen to the hotel man down that way who would suggest to a guest that there is more natural beauty in Lake Placid than in all the rest of the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the White Mountains all bunched together? Why, he'd be tarred and feathered by irate automobilists and ridden out of the country on a rail! Yet the fact is true and Lake Placid needs no handicap in a beautiful scenery contest.

Besides this procession of machines I have it on incontrovertible authority that every week-end the Hotel Champlain has two and a half pages of automobile registrations from Montreal alone. Think of it and then try to recall the last time you saw a Canadian car number in Lake Placid! And the same is true all the way from Montreal along the lake route to Albany. One hotel has accommodations for 150 cars; another has a larger garage than hotel. And in the meantime Lake Placid sleeps and wakes not, nor stretches out her hand to touch the stream of gold that is flowing into the railroad-owned Hotel Champlain and other resorts which really can't hold a candle to what we have here. Beneath it all here is some pretty slippery work being done. To a man up a tree it looks like a conspiracy between the railroad puppets at Albany and the various interests concerned to nightstick the Adirondacks. But the wily politician is like the devil fish: When the latter scents trouble he emits an inky fluid which covers up his actions and insures the accomplishment of his getaway. The politician does likewise so that it is most difficult to put one's finger on a shady transaction and say "Get busy and explain that, or—"

There may be some deluded souls in the community who have been laboring under the impression that the road is as good as it ought to be and not any worse than it might be. Such persons should have talked to a stray automobilist from Montreal who ventured up this way not long ago. He liked the place

They have learned that you cannot have panics unless there is "tight money"—unless the reserve is tied up, as it was for the past 50 years—tied up when it was most needed. This business depression we have been through has been valuable, then, in that it has demonstrated to all the people the wisdom of the present system of a flexible currency. The old conditions have disappeared forever. Panics need not be feared.

As Mr. A. W. Douglas of St. Louis said at the Economic Club a few nights ago, there has been a curious psychological phenomenon during this business depression—the people—the common people—have been optimistic through it all. They left their money in the banks. The common people had more confidence than the so-called financiers, and when the common people have confidence you can't have panics.

So now that the lesson has been learned, and that the great-

first rate and when he was ready to leave he asked a hotel man,

"Isn't there any way I can get out of here without going back over that God-forsaken Plattsburgh road?"

"No," was the reply, "that road is as good as any hereabouts."

"Then by ——— I'll freight my car home."

And he did freight it. Imagine the black eye he will deal Lake Placid when he gets back home and someone asks him how he enjoyed his trip.

But I am not speaking entirely from hearsay. I went over the road myself with Mr. Marshall of the Grand View Hotel last week and found that from Lake Placid to its junction with the state road at Upper Jay the way is, to paraphrase a popular remark concerning life, one d— bump after another. Talk about the rocky road to Dublin! Why, the Dublin road is a primrose path to the one we jolted over! We came up behind a woman driving a cow and heaven only knows how far we had to drive before the woman had room enough to manoeuvre the cow so that we could get by! And yet two weeks ago that road was in good enough shape to accommodate machines traveling thirty miles an hour!

After reaching the state highway we breathed a sigh of relief. Here at last, we thought, is a road on which we can make up for lost time. To do justice we must say that that road was good — in places. Here and there some contractor had forgotten himself and done work creditable to any construction firm and any state. Our satisfaction was short lived, however. We hadn't gone very far before we were confronted by three or four barrels stretched across the road and a sign "Detour." We detoured and plowed through five or six miles of sand. Again we struck the state road and again we detoured through a stump littered field and over a railroad track. And the funny part about this detour was that it was unnecessary. The road surfacing had been finished and no harm in the world would have been done it by a machine driven carefully. As I said before, there are some funny aspects to this situation. Improvements to the road are made when the road should be in shape to bear its heaviest traffic and improvements are desultorily made all summer. Why is it?

There is a proverb which other states have taken to heart, reading "God helps those who help themselves." In Missouri and other western states the people have followed it to the extent of devoting a day once a month to fixing roads. On those occasions governors, mayors, business men, professional men, and

day laborers have taken off their coats and with shovels and picks have set about filling ruts, repairing bridges, draining the road bed, and putting the highways in good shape generally. In the Delaware Water Gap district in Pennsylvania 5000 men of all occupations do the same thing once a month in summer. Those who can't do the work themselves contribute anything from a quarter to a century bill. Why can't we do likewise? We have given our political leaders a chance and they have been found wanting so let's get out and do the work ourselves!

The High Falls road could be put in passable shape by simply filling the "chuck-holes" with gravel and throwing the dirt from the sides of the road to the center. A few score men giving a day to the job occasionally would be able to do wonders. And a steam roller would put the road in such shape that it would no longer be the bugaboo to moneyed tourists that it always has been.

A "Good Roads Day" committee should be appointed to attend to this matter. Get a live wire from the automobile club and the board of trade and some hotel man and let them handle it. The Lake Placid News will be glad to give all publicity possible to a movement which is a last resort to develop the commercial activities of the community. In the meantime pressure might be brought to bear on the state road people to get busy or get out so that if more delay is in store we can take elaborate measures ourselves. The primaries come in September, a fact which might have some potency in bringing recalcitrant politicians to terms.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a 36 inch gun is sverer than either. Not a clothier dhas dared to advertise asbestos suits, though we may never know what a day may bring forth.

A HOPEFUL BUSINESS OUTLOOK

(Uncle Dudley's Editorial in Boston Globe May 19th, 1914)

It is the consensus of opinion of some of the keenest and most far-sighted men that the United States is entering on an era of prosperity that will completely overshadow even the greatest periods of business prosperity that have already come to this country since the Civil War. They assign many sound reasons for this prediction.

The first—and the one which is the most significant to many of them is that we have gone through a season of business depression for the first time in our history without a panic. The old-time speculators who could always scent a panic and make money out of it are completely confused. They have seen a financial state of affairs never before known. They have seen the banks full of money during a business depression and no particular call for the money on any side.

They have seen Europe throw back into this country from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 worth of securities and have seen these securities absorbed and the gold sent to Europe without any particular fuss. That would have meant a panic in the Stock Market at least a few years ago.

They have seen a tariff enacted lower than the Wilson tariff, and yet they have seen raw wool one of the best tariff barometers there is, sell higher than before.

They have seen a delicate rail road situation, that would have created a financial panic at any time in the past, studied and pondered over in a way that has simply taken the breath from speculators. The people have refused to become excited over it. They want it settled everywhere, but they want it settled right.

Why? Because the railroad industry is not the one dominating industry of the country any longer. While financiers have been juggling railroads the past 25 years business men have been building up other great industrial enterprises all over this land.

This is a bigger country than it ever was before. Its potential possibilities are being more and more realized in every direction. The farmers have become scientists, and the arid lands and the swamp lands are being reclaimed everywhere and being made to yield in such abundance as was never known before in the history of farming.

In the South malaria has been conquered and the rich swamp lands are no longer the terror they were. Irrigation and dry farming have brought new prosperity to the West and Southwest. Water power is being conducted over wires hundreds of miles where formerly it was all but wasted. The oil lands and the mineral wealth have burst the bounds of former monopolies and opened up vaster possibilities than ever before, and the inventive genius of the American has never been idle. New miracles are daily being wrought by invention.

Why, then, have we had a business depression in the face of these things?

Simply because a great many people thought we ought to have it; we should have it; and must have it; it was due.

It was largely a mental state. There was no real need of it, or for it. Business men see that more clearly now. But many of them are more satisfied apparently because we have had it. And they have learned something.

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