

EASY MONEY IN TOLL BRIDGES Over the Tip of New England Is Land of Sights and Sports

Movement Is Started to Control Evil of Private Franchises for Bridges on Federal Aid Roads

By RODNEY DUTCHER NEA Service Writer.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—By all appearances, congress may be expected to pass a law permitting its friends to make their own \$10 and \$20 bills, since it seems to have given away almost everything but that privilege.

One example is that of granting toll bridge franchises. These bridge tolls are far from the worst assistance of public mulcting through federal grant, but they are an excellent example because nearly everyone has been held up at a toll bridge. Some profits as a result are so exorbitant that the bridge is all paid for after a couple of years of operation.

"But what we're trying to head off is a menace of the future rather than an existing intolerable situation," explains Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, who has become a leader in the movement to control toll bridges.

The franchise-grabbers, MacDonald points out, have mushroomed into activity within the last three years. The bureau mapped out a system of federal aid highways comprising not more than 7 per cent of the total highway mileage. The government appropriated \$75,000,000 to help the states complete this system, of which there will be some 180,000 miles.

Many Streams to Cross Wherever these highways cross a stream, a strategic position in franchises for bridges over navigated, Congress alone can grant franchises and the granting has always been a "personal privilege." The franchise-grabber has a sure thing because he knows that traffic will be concentrated on the federal artery.

Thus, these franchises become so valuable that one shoeing them was found amounting of a company 51 per cent of the bridge stock merely in return for the



This is the kind of bridge that Thomas H. MacDonald, shown in inset, wants maintained over the streams crossed by federal aid roads. It's a toll bridge, but it will remain so only until its cost of construction is defrayed. It is the 10-mile Cochrane bridge over Mobile Bay.

donated franchise. Another man had a franchise and when he failed to build a bridge the state made plans to build it. The franchise holder tried to make the state pay a large sum to buy him out. "The only benefit that can possibly be conferred by private franchise is derived from the use of capital which the state can't raise

panies demand charges that run the cost high. State governments can borrow much cheaper. Often the work is let non-competitively and the public pays three or four exorbitant profits. Yet, franchises are granted almost as often as they are asked for."

MacDonald cites numerous instances of exorbitant profit which puts a tax on traffic and often works out to local detriment. He believes all toll bridges could easily be handled by his bureau and the states. One trouble is, however, that the states must initiate all such bridges even though the federal government is empowered to pay 50 per cent of the cost.

Meanwhile, owing to competition of localities, many towns and cities have been led into the thing by promoters. States with many or large rivers often can't begin to finance the bridges projected, however, and bridges using federal funds must be free of tolls.

"One solution," he says, "if for the public to appropriate or borrow money to build its own bridge, free if possible, or get the option to build as federal aid bridges and raise half the cost by tolls. Or, let private companies build them subject to reasonable limits, fix the tolls, provide for inspection of earnings and operations and provide a fund to retire the bonds and eventually free the bridge.

"We may have to have some toll bridges, but we mustn't have perpetual tolls and the terms should be fair to the public."

MOTORCYCLES INCREASE

Although the use of motorcycles in the United States is decreasing, their use throughout the world is increasing. The world census until January 1 was 1,758,241, with the United Kingdom ranking first, Germany second, France third and the United States fourth.



Canoes take many summer visitors over streams that lead through adventuresome country.

By NEA Service.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 21.—Tourists visiting upper New England have but a short jump to make into the historic and beautiful land of Acadia.

Here, for those interested in French, English and American lore, is the country of the first Canadian settlers. Here the loyalist refugees from the United States established their homes in 1783, when it was assured that the colonies would be permanently separated from England.

Nova Scotia, that long stretch of land to the northeast of the Maine coast, is the original Acadia, where the people of Evangeline lived until they were forced out by the



Map showing the main highways in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

travelers within short distances of splendid fishing and hunting grounds.

Coming up from New England, the motorist may enter by one of three routes. He may go directly into the province along the Atlantic highway through Portland and Bangor, Maine, striking St. Stephen as the first city. From here he may go on to St. John, by the same southerly route, and then further on toward Prince Edward Island, at the very eastern edge, or directly across by ferry to Nova Scotia.

Another route into New Brunswick is by way of Edmundston on the northern edge of Maine. This city can be reached by way of Quebec and along the St. Lawrence by the trans-Canada highway. From Edmundston, the route is southward along the winding and picturesque St. John River, through Fredericton, the capital of the province, and farther on to St. John.

Down Along the Coast Instead of entering by way of

Edmundston, the traveler may continue along the southern shore of the St. Lawrence as far up as Metis and then come down along the eastern coast of New Brunswick into Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island. The most important town on Prince Edward Island is Charlottetown, and the famous city of Halifax, center of shipping and fishing, lies on the southern edge of Nova Scotia.

From almost every point along any highway, trips may be made into the wilds of the province, for fishing and hunting. The laws are liberal and American tourists require no special license, except those they ordinarily obtain in the states.

Thousands of American tourists have already availed themselves of the advantages this country affords. Thousands more are expected before the tourist season is over. The government authorities are helpful and courteous, so that a journey into this country is altogether a pleasure.

How Estelle Taylor Solves the "Marriage-vs-Career" Problem-- SHE PUTS MARRIAGE FIRST

By ALLENE SUMNER NEA Service Writer

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc. CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—"Now please, just reach for the rolls and olives and things if I rattle on so fast about Jack that I forget my manners, and I'll tell you everything."

So admonished the curly-headed wife of the world's most famous man, with whom I dined a night or so ago. Mrs. Jack Dempsey, at least, is very sure that her husband is the outstanding man of the world.

Lots of Talking. Over the lamb chops and spinach and bean muffins especially ordered by the nurse in constant attendance upon the fighter's wife, we talked for hours about—

Well, about the one dissension the Dempsey home knows—Estelle's refusal to spend Jack's money.

About her job in handling a sensitive husband, who at 32, almost believes he is "a veteran."

About how annoying it sometimes is to be the wife of so famous a man when you want to buy dollar pearl beads—

About the rumored Dempsey baby that isn't to be, and about their hurt because anyone would think they would deny the coming of the child they both hope for—

About Jack's "perfectly wonderful" way of firing the cook, and how Estelle can hardly wait to get back home and have Jack fire one who hasn't the nerve to fire herself—

About how annoying it sometimes is to be a feminine woman, and how he never wants her to smoke or drink or swear or wear her hair short—

About this thing called marriage, especially marriages of two "careerists," how it works and all that.

This was the theme that prolonged the chops and kept the lead melon and the swallow-tailed head waiter waiting longest. "Isn't it dangerous," I asked Mrs. Jack Dempsey, "to be almost as good in your own profession as your husband is in his? Aren't you too-pooing all the marriage advisers who say a husband must tower over his wife or he's restless?"

Estelle shook her curly brown head and laid down the chop fork to seize the question with her restless analytic mind. "When Estelle Dempsey gets an idea in her head and paws and mausis it over, one understands perfectly why Jack Dempsey 'listens to his wife,' as some of his ring critics claim; why, moreover, he says to his carpenter, 'why shouldn't I listen to Estelle?' She learned how to make \$2500 a week for herself and some of you birds who laugh at me for listening make \$50. Beat it."

"But you see," said Estelle, "you see, Jack is so big in his line, which is a line that more people know

HE MEANS MORE TO HER—THAN HER CAREER DOES



Jack Dempsey poses with Tex Rickard's baby in his arms.



Estelle Taylor... "when I retire and we have a family."

and appreciate than any other line, that no matter how famous I might become I could never be his equal. Mary Pickford herself is not so well known as Jack Dempsey. He is so supreme that my biggest efforts would never make him look smaller.

"That's the secret of happiness in a marriage between two professional people—to have the man's job the biggest; at least, in a field considered bigger by more people than those who hold the wife's job. Jack's has always been put first. That's why I'm here in Chicago right now, instead of out in Holly-

wood plugging for a contract. That's why I've refused contracts that would tie me up for more years than any married woman has a right to promise herself to any institution other than her husband. "Jack has always assumed that when he needed me I would be ready to go with him or wherever he was. He isn't interested in the details of how I manage this. He wants the results. And he's always had them."

Estelle Taylor Dempsey's huge brown eyes snapped. "A Costly Marriage. Many people have said that I

used Jack as a stepping stone for my own ambitions—that I wanted the publicity he could give me. But on the contrary, my marriage has cost me more professionally than it ever gave me. It cost me a contract at the time of my marriage. It has handicapped me in making them since.

"When I was just Estelle Taylor, responsible to no one but myself, I could play a little role that came me rent and grocery store money. Now that I'm Mrs. Jack Dempsey I can only take worth while roles. I can't have people who know Jack laughing at some

scrubby little part they see me play.

"I'm a born bargainer. I adore shopping—so does Jack. But if we stop to look in a window the crowds collect to see what it is! And if I ask the price of anything they seem to think I'm crazy!"

(Here at this point we have some inside dope on the Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey finances.)

"Jack sometimes says I take all the heart out of him and make it hard for him to see any point in making big money because I won't spend it. Perhaps it's because I've earned my own way ever since I

was a child, but I've never been able to spend his money. "I let him keep up the house, but that's all. Except presents, of course. Some day, when I'm working and he has our family, he'll have all the spending on me he wants."

"But Estelle's grumblings at the lot of being Mrs. Jack Dempsey are happy ones. One just knows that the crowds which hail "the champion" thrill her to death.

She's worried these days—so much so that the pounds are dropping off, and she says she wakes in the night praying that Jack will win.

"He wants it so! I try to tell him that, after all, it's not so terribly important, because if he keeps on taking it as hard as he does he'll be so tense and keyed up in the ring he can't do anything!

"He's so sensitive to what they say. He'll hear himself called a 'veteran,' or read something about his legs being gone, and he'll say, 'They're right, Estelle, I'm getting to be an old man.' And he looks so gloomy I nearly die laughing at the old man of 32."

Mrs. Jack Dempsey took me on a privately conducted tour of the spot where she'll be shortly after 8 p. m. on the evening of Sept. 22, 1927. She'll be under a peach silk coverlet on a green jacquet bed, with her ears covered up until someone calls to tell her Jack's the winner.

Estelle Dempsey is listing jobs for Mr. William Harrison Dempsey to do when they get home—the servants that must be fired, her contract, the animals to add to the home menagerie, the special dishes he must cook, and the clothes he must help her buy.

The phone rang. Series of "yes, dears" and "no dears" and "don't forget your sauerkraut cocktail deer. Goodnight."

"Can't See Him. "This is the hard part," said Mrs. Jack. "To have him only 50 miles away and yet not see him. But as it gets nearer the fight he has to get mentally toughened—get into the fighter's mood, and they don't want him to see anyone out of the camp spirit."

"There's another thing Mrs. Estelle Dempsey wants set right—that house and car given her mother in Wilmington were given by herself and not by Jack.

"I hate this idea that he married a nobody and must support her folks," says Estelle. "That was my party. I look after my people just as he looks after his, only he gave his mother a \$75,000 home and I gave mine a \$10,000 one—but I did it myself—that's the point."

Mrs. Jack Dempsey may or may not be the Dempsey family boss, as some critics have said, but I'm inclined to think any man, even a champion, could do worse than keep in step with a mind like hers. She knows her onions and her Jack!

PREACHERS MAY

A motorist in Hartford, Conn., is arrested for driving without a windshield wiper, where this appliance is demanded by law. But the policeman who made the arrest had no windshield wiper on his car, neither did most of the other police cars in the city.

However, the motorist was fined and thus converted to the ever-growing doctrine that "preachers may, all others may not."

That this applies to the traffic police in practically all cities of the country may be ascertained by merely watching them in their daily rounds.

A traffic policeman in a speedy roadster scoots out of a side street, where any other driver has to stop first. A motorcycle cop rushes through traffic, winding in and out of lanes recklessly, where any other motorist would soon be apprehended for reckless driving.

Acts like these are unnecessary, even in the case of the high and mighty police, except when they are rushing to a fire, to a hospital or after a prospective victim. Reckless driving and inattention to the motor laws they are assigned to respect not only add to the dangers of motoring but set a poor example to the citizenry.

The preacher, above all, must be stigma-proof. The traffic policeman is the preacher of the highways. He cannot gain respect while he himself shows no respect for the traffic laws.

OL' TRUSTY By Wotton

