

## STANDARDIZATION CUTS FLEET COST

Ships Built Cheaper Than War Believed Possible Before the War.

## ADDS WEALTH TO NATION

Great Saving in Cost and Maintenance of Ships by Adopting Standard Sizes and Patterns—Long Hauls Cut.

Washington.—An item which eventually will appear in tremendous figures on the credit side of the great war ledger to help offset some of the staggering figures of the debit side will be the added wealth to the nation of the huge American merchant fleet which the demands of the war have brought into existence and which, pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding, will not pass with the passing of hostilities.

The United States is turning out at this time not only many more ships than ever before in the history of the nation, but many more than any other nation ever turned out in the same space of time. And, too, they are being built cheaper than before the war it was believed within the range of possibilities. And the great secret of this rapidity of construction and economy of cost is summed up in one word—standardization.

In times of peace the building of merchant ships in the United States was not quite a lost art, but it certainly was far from being one of the great and important industries here. The United States government was keeping hands off and there was little encouragement for private capital to go into the enterprise. But when the war came all was changed. A great fleet of merchant ships became necessary for the successful prosecution of the war, for the conveyance of troops and supplies to the countries overseas. The United States government undertook the task. Time became an important factor and then it was discovered that lack of standardization was a serious handicap and must be overcome if rapid progress and economy in cost were to be considered. Standardization was necessary and standardization was put into practice.

**Benefits of Standardization.**  
The manufacture of clothing, hats and shoes is largely standardized as to sizes and patterns. For this reason a standardized suit of clothes or a pair of shoes costs much less than so-called made to order apparel. It is because standardization permits of the use of labor-saving machinery, plus quantity of production. Other familiar examples of successful standardization are found in the dollar watch and the corresponding thing in automobiles.

America's problem, then, is to make a dollar ship, so to speak, or, if you prefer it, a seagoing "flivver," something easily replaced in whole or in part, but at the same time a thoroughly sound proposition from the standpoint of utility and economy. This means standardization all along the line. The more nearly the fabricated shapes for hulls and all ship machinery and ship equipment conform to standard sizes or patterns, the greater will be the saving in initial cost and maintenance of ships.

It is the purpose of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet corporation to effect this, something it has already accomplished with respect to many things. The fact that no such thing existed when emergency shipbuilding began made early progress slow. There were not only the problems of organization, but the further complications always attending large construction enterprises before materials and methods have become fully standardized.

**Long Hauls Eliminated.**  
Under standardization it is possible to let contracts on a geographical as well as cost basis, thus eliminating long distance hauls. Under the old plan it was sometimes necessary to ship boats and rafts from Vancouver, Wash., to Bristol, Pa. This meant high transportation cost.

In the early days blocks came in 200 different sizes. Blocks and fittings have been so cut in size as to increase plant facilities about 35 per cent. Manufacturers are now concentrating on production where formerly a large part of the business included the making of new dies with attending increase in cost.

In the case of costly machinery, such as boilers and engines, standardization has eliminated many intermediate sizes. Nautical instruments, plumbing fixtures, winches, windlasses—in fact, all of the thousand and one things that go to make a fully equipped ship—will be entirely standardized whenever it is possible to accomplish it. Standardization has invaded even the galley and is being applied to stewards' outfits. There will be no longer miscellaneous sets of equipment that may meet the requirements of one ship but not those of another. Linen, bedding and furniture are being standardized.

**Serves His King Though 80.**  
London.—Although a veteran of both the Indian and Crimean wars, Lord Kitchener joined up the day war was declared and has been serving since as an extra king's messenger and assistant provost marshal in London. He is eighty years old.

## TAKE THEIR REST ON FLOOR

Russian Peasants Have Beds That Are Costly, but They Do Not Slumber on Them.

In the home of a Russian peasant Denis Garstin discovered the great bed, according to the Youth's Companion.

The room, says Mr. Garstin, was small, scrupulously tidy and covered with ornaments. The walls were entirely hidden with ikons—some 30 of them—sacred pictures, cheap lithographs of the czar, esarina and their children, calendars decorated with saints and lovers, and crude photographs of their own family taken at a fair. But by far the most imposing article, dominating over all in the room and insisting on all observation, was the bed.

It was a massive creation in itself, made still more imposing by layer on layer of bedding and mattresses and pillows reaching high up the wall and covered with black and red embroidered counterpanes. It was a monument of Russian peasant respectability rather than a suggestion of any repose.

I was marveling at it when the baba returned, laden with thick potato pasties and wine and fruit. We sat down to eat and my companion explained who we were and gave the messages. The old woman nearly embraced us in her effusive welcoming. A boy was sent to call in the husband, who was out on the hillside gathering fagots. A little girl went toddling down the village to round up all the relatives she could find, and soon we were the center of a crowd of rough peasants, who tried to cover their shyness by pressing us continually to eat.

The husband, a shock-headed old peasant, came last. His wife poured out all the news to him, referring every moment to us for confirmation of each detail, and whenever we said "truly" to her remarks he turned his hat round in his hands and said: "Thank God, but eat and drink some more."

"You have a very fine house," I said to him. He stared at me, puzzled by unusual "you."

"Yes," he said finally, struggling into the plural, "we have. Tell Lukyan he must come to visit us with every one. There is much room."

"But only one bed?" I said.

Again I puzzled him. "Yes," he said, "there is a bed, of course."

My companion nudged me. "No one sleeps in a bed," he whispered.

The baba, glad of any reference to that piece of furniture, had stripped off the covering. "See," she said, "one, two, three, four—15 mattresses. That is enough for every one, is it not?"

"They all sleep on the floor," said my companion. "My grandfather used to, too, when he was staying in the country."

## Thought Curb a Pantomime.

Two English officers, accompanied by an American lieutenant, were out sight-seeing the other afternoon, and as they wended their way down Broad street were amazed at the crowds standing in front of the substation, where the glee club of the police department was giving a concert as a part of an effort to sell tickets for the police field day, the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch writes. A little farther down was an orator selling War stamps, while over on Broadway the party was entertained by a man climbing up the side of a building. Then they came to the curb market and naturally thought this was further entertainment. "I say," remarked the elder of the Englishmen, "I can understand the chap going up the building and the 'bobbin' singing, but I can't get the idea of this pantomime." The American officer hastened to assure his guests that this was not an entertainment, but the serious business of trading in stocks. "Now stop your spoofing," said the Englishman. "Don't I see a chap made up like Henry Irving?" He had seen Percy Guard, dean of the curb brokers, in the crowd.

## Columbus' Name Perpetuated.

Cristobal-Colon, the joint city of Colon in the republic of Panama, and Cristobal in the canal zone, is the Spanish name for Christopher Columbus, the first man who sought an all-water route across the isthmus, in his quest for a new path to Asia. But history shows that Columbus never bore that name while living. He was born of a family known as "Colombo" and when he entered the Spanish service he changed his name to "Cristobal Colon," yet we insist on calling him "Columbus." The Panamanian and American cities of Colon and Cristobal, situated at the Atlantic entrance to the Panama canal, are so named in recognition of the great explorer, and a massive bronze statue representing Columbus presenting before the court of Spain one of the native Indians of the new land he had discovered was erected many years ago on the sea front of Cristobal-Colon, and still stands as a monument to the memory of one of the world's most intrepid explorers.

## Sheep and Wool for Japan.

It is interesting to note that after a thorough investigation in this country regarding the plan of campaign for more sheep and more wool for Issa Tanimura, commissioner of live stock for Japan, that it is the purpose of the leading Japanese live stock men to create a bureau, consisting of seven expert wool men, together with a score of assistants and secretaries. The plan of action outlined will require ten years to work out, but it is the intention to make Japan self-supporting as far as the country's wool requirements are concerned.

## LOSE DUKHOBORS

Peculiar Sect in Canada Going Back to Russia.

Their Departure a Few Years Ago Would Have Been Hailed With Delight, but Sentiment Has Undergone a Change.

The announcement that Peter Verigin, the leader of the 10,000 to 11,000 Russian Dukhobors, or Dukhoborsky, has declared his intention of returning to Russia with his followers has caused a mild sensation in Canada. Fifteen years ago a similar announcement would have been received by the people of western Canada with expressions of devout gratitude. The illiterate peasant "spirit-erectors," as their name implies, were despised as religious fanatics, who herded together in community houses, and though peaceable and industrious peasants, refused to conform to Canadian laws and regulations or to accept nationality. But now everywhere in western Canada they are recognized as remarkable colonists, even if had citizens, while Peter Verigin is acknowledged to be a genuine leader of men.

The Dukhobor has never been a wanderer of his own free will. He has moved from place to place in Europe as the result of consistent persecution. Church and state went for him "hammer and tongs," the one telling him that all religious sects must be brought into conformity with established Greek Catholicism, the other that he must become a soldier under the conscription act of 1887. At first he complied with the military law and went off to battle, but with the distinct understanding between him and the elders that if he were compelled to discharge his rifle he would fire it in the air. For he has always been a consistent nonresistant, and so consistent an opponent of war of all kinds that, in exile in the Caucasus, the communal threw away the weapons that had been considered necessary to protect its members from wild animals.

In the first year of their settlement in Canada, the men scattered in order to earn wages on farms, on railways, and sawmills. Meanwhile, the women built the future residences and, lacking horses, plowed the land by harnessing themselves, 12 pairs of women to a plow with one plowman to drive them!

Brilliant, in British Columbia, is one of the great Dukhobor centers and the socialist's Utopia. Here the community is wholly self-contained and has realized something of that equality of its component citizens for which there is so much striving in the world today. In contrast to the modern city, there are no anxieties concerning the source of the next day's needs. There are evidently no divisions between "mine" and "thine" no jealousies or envies over the possessions of another, for no man is richer than his fellow. No money is in circulation. One member of the executive does all the outside selling and buying, and all moneys received are turned over to the treasury. Money, in fact, has no purchasing value within the community. All the necessities of life are doled out without it by the various departments in charge. Everybody has the wherewithal, which is not of silver and gold, and there is no theft, any more than there is visible machinery of government. The government is the people. Once a week they crowd into the large assembly hall and discuss the affairs of the community, and the managers of the several departments are given their instructions according to popular sentiment. The Dukhobors possess the system of initiative, referendum and recall in an admirably simplified form; their officials and temporal representatives hold office as long as they do their work well.

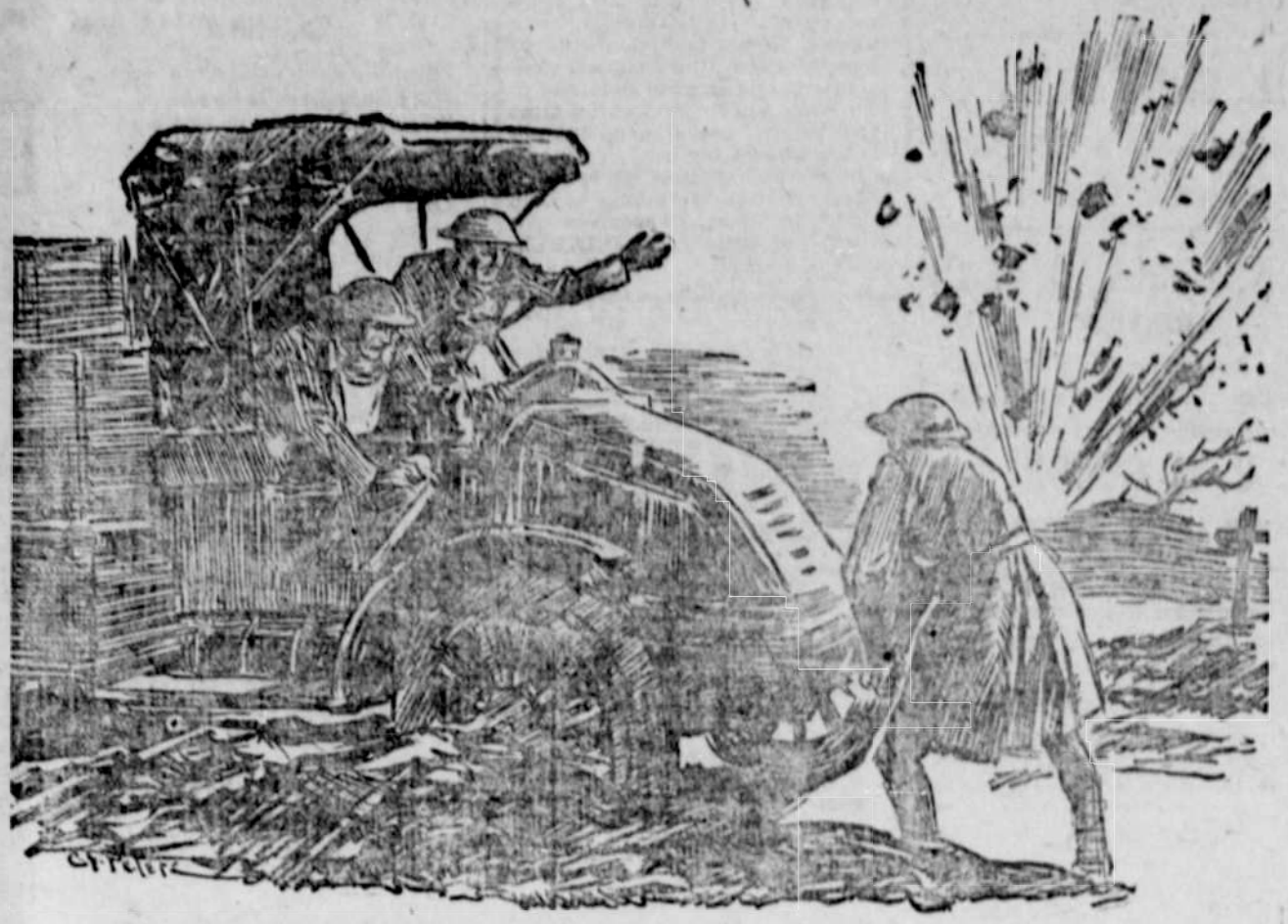
What is the explanation of these peculiar people who live so simply on a farm or ranch which may stretch for miles along the road and stately Columbia river? And can Canada afford to lose the "sisters" and "brothers" of a community who have builded better than they knew, who have created a unique state in the midst of the wild?—Christian Science Monitor.

## Last of Kin of Great Novelist Dies.

William Dickens, the last link of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, died recently at his home in Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Dickens was born in Braunstone, England, where his father, George Adams Dickens, kept the Admiral Nelson, an old public house. William Dickens came to this country about ten years ago, accompanied by his wife, Emily Steanes, and his youngest daughter. Mr. Dickens was seventy-five years of age, and possessed a most interesting character, resembling in some ways his great cousin. When Charles Dickens was passing through the little town of Braunstone he stopped at his cousin's inn, and, noting the little bright-eyed boy, patted him on the back and faintly told him to grow up to be a better man than his father. Mr. Dickens treasured that incident among the fondest memories of his life.

## Air Speeds.

Every airplane has a minimum air speed at which it must be thrust through the air if it is to be maintained aloft, and a maximum air speed beyond which it cannot safely be carried, for the various components will not stand the strain beyond a certain given point.



## When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

THEY climb aboard their loaded truck at sundown, fifteen miles behind the lines. They rumble through the winding streets, out on the white road that leads to Germany!

The man at the wheel used to be a broker in Philadelphia. Beside him sits an accountant from Chicago. A newspaper man from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps round a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "Attention! L'Ennemi Vous Voit! The Enemy Sees You!"

They glance far up ahead and there, suspended in the evening light, they see a Hun balloon.

"Say, we can see him plain tonight!" murmurs the accountant from Chicago.

"And don't forget," replies the Philadelphia broker, "that he can see us just as plain."

The packing cases creak and groan, the truck plods on—straight toward that hanging menace.

They reach another village—where heaps of stone stand under crumpled walls.

Then up they go, through the strange silence broken only when a great projectile inscribes its arc of sound far overhead.

They reach a turn. They take it. They face a heavy incline. For half a mile it stretches and they know the Germans have the range of every inch of it. The mountain over there is where the big Boches' guns are fired. This incline is their target.

The three men on the truck bring up their gas masks to the alert, settle their steel helmets closer on their heads.

At first the camion holds its speed. Then it slackens off. The driver grabs his gear-shift, kicks out his clutch. The engine heaves—and heaves—and stalls!

"Quick! Spin it!" calls the driver. The California journalist has jumped. He tugs at the big crank.

"Wh-r-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

The shell breaks fifty yards behind. Another digs a hole beside the road just on ahead.

And then the engine comes to life. It crunches, groans and answers. Slowly, with maddening lack of haste, it rumbles on.

"Wh-r-r-room!" That one was close behind. The fragments of the shell are rattling on the truck.

Now shells are falling, further back along the road. And the driver feels the summit as his wheels begin to pick up speed.

Straight down a village street in which the buildings are only skeletons of buildings. He wheels into the courtyard of a great shell-torn chateau.

"Well, you made it again I see!" says a smiling face under a tin hat—a face that used to look out over a congregation in Rochester.

"Yep!" says the driver glancing at his watch. "And we came up Dead Man's Curve in less than three minutes—including one stall!"

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Later that night two American boys, fresh from the trenches bordering that shattered town, stumble up the stairs of the chateau, into a sandbagged room where the Rochester minister has his canteen.

"Get any supplies tonight?" they ask.

"You bet I did!" is the answer, "What will you have?"

"What's those? Canned peaches? Gimme some. Package of American cigarettes—let's see—an' a cake of chocolate—an' some of them cookies!"

"Gosh!" says the other youngster when his wants are filled. "What would we do without you?"

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You hear that up and down the front, a dozen times a night—"What would we do without them?"

Men and women in these organizations are risking their lives tonight to carry up supplies to the soldiers. Trucks and camionettes are creeping up as close as any transportation is permitted.

From there these people are carrying up to the gun-nests, through woods, across open fields, into the trenches. The boys are being served wherever they go. Things to eat, things to read, things to smoke, are being carried up everywhere along the line.

With new troops pouring into France, new supplies must be sent, more men and women by the hundreds must be enlisted. They are ready to give everything. Will you give your dollars to help them help our men?

## UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

