

MANY AUTOMOBILES

NOW SPIN IN PORTLAND

THEY say that automobiles are becoming in so great demand in this country that the manufacturers are hardly able to keep pace with the demand. Certainly if the rest of the country is buying at the rate that Portland people have set, there will be a famine in the auto market before the Spring is well under way. Every day a new machine appears on the street, usually of the tonneau style, holding four people and costing a great deal of money. The automobile fad has struck Portland with greater force than at any previous time, and everybody is getting one.

This fact gladdens not only the hearts of the automobile agents, but the owners of horses as well; that is, the owners who do not wish to sell. For with the automobile come good roads.

There is already a good road movement being agitated now, though the new and enthusiastic motorists are yet content to run their machines over the few leading roads out of the city. The movement is to have the motorists club together on their own account and put up the cash to make one or two roads perfect for their purpose, and good to drive upon as well.

There are now two or three good roads leading out on the East Side, having only one drawback, that the approaches to them through portions of the East Side are not very good. There are good hill roads on the West Side and there are two river roads on the West Side which once upon a time were very good, and have since degenerated. These two roads the motorists wish to experiment upon with, all as a road-maker and see what can be done with them.

Lewis Russell, who has recently had a pleasant experience with the oil roads of California, is the chief instigator of the movement and he believes that enough money can be raised among the motorists alone to put both these roads in perfect condition, so that they will be as smooth as asphalt this Summer and will be available for both horses and automobiles.

"While on my trip through California," said Mr. Russell the other day, "I found a great many people who were anxious to come to Portland to the Fair this year and as most of these I met were automobilists like myself, they were anxious to bring their machines with them. They asked me what good roads we had and I mentioned the East Side roads, explaining the kind of country they ran through."

"Have not you any river roads?" they would always ask. They seemed particularly to desire an outlook over water. I told them that we had such in fair condition and that I thought they would be in much better condition by Summer.

"They would then advocate the use of oil or kerosene, which is a by-product in the manufacture of oil and said to be

the cause and a number of other men immediately said they would do the same.

"To oil a 60-foot road will cost about \$100 a mile. In many places in California it was difficult to tell roads oiled from those oiled with asphalt. The oil in many places contains as high as 60 per cent asphalt. The process of making the road is simple. The surface is ploughed four to six inches deep and the oil is sprinkled and rolled. In many places gravel and crushed rock are also used in the construction, making a firm, hard road.

"The roads made after this fashion are not injured by rains. In fact, they are much improved. If the rains of Winter were very long there would undoubtedly be a certain amount of temporary injury, but even at that the roads would be better than now, and in Summer they would be free from dust and smooth as pavement.

"I believe the St. Helens road would be the best to begin on, not only as it saves the Fair grounds, but because it gives a distance of 15 or 20 miles. We should have a 60-foot road all the way, so that there would be plenty of room both for automobilists and drivers of horses. The road is wide enough as far as Linnton but from there to Holbrook we should have to ask the county to widen the road, which I think it would be willing to do."

"Not only automobilists, but drivers as well, have already expressed interest in this project of oiling roads and I believe we shall be able to accomplish our end. It certainly would be a good thing for the town to have a long smooth road down the river. It would be fully patronized and would come to be known as one of the chief attractions of Portland. I believe the White House road should be treated in the same manner. Those two roads would do very well as an experiment."

"Inside of an hour," concluded Mr. Russell, "I could go out on the street and find men interested enough to supply the money for oiling 20 miles of road."

That Mr. Russell is not alone in his enthusiasm is shown by the interest displayed in the scheme by other automobilists. One of the oldest of Portland's enthusiasts, J. C. Ainsworth, has said that he will subscribe \$50 to the fund and others have also expressed a willingness to assist.



better than the crude oil itself. I had found myself that oil made a wonderfully good road, not only for automobiles, but for driving, and when I returned home I spoke to several other automobilists, asking them what they thought of oiling the St. Helens and the White House roads. Several of them were very favorable to the project. I offered to put up \$100 to aid



THE VERY LATEST TO TAKE UP THE FAD IS ROBERT L. STEVENS WHO HAS THE NEWEST THING IN AUTOMOBILES

MADAME'S BEST BED AT MONTE CARLO

HOW IT WAS LOST THROUGH THE STARE OF A FAT MAN

THE floors of the gaming-room of the Casino at Monte Carlo were open, and a throng of visitors at once rushed in. Among them were old ladies with halting steps, young women with eager, feverish eyes, and handsome men, showily dressed, wearing too many diamonds. All passed hastily through the spacious corridors, and were soon lost to sight.

And what splendid and sumptuousness were displayed on every side. M. and Mme. Bonnet, ribbon merchants from Paris, on their first tour after 15 years of marriage, were quite overwhelmed by it all. It seemed to them that the floors were inlaid with gold and precious stones. They stepped carefully as if afraid of damaging them.

The red-coated ushers on the thresholds were most imposing in their eyes, and they were covered by the majesty of the person presiding in state over the long baize-covered table, in the center of which a roulette wheel was turning. How severely he eyed each newcomer! M. Bonnet was about to introduce himself as a merchant of some importance, member of the Board of Trade, and so on. Before he had time to do this, however, the majestic glance fell elsewhere.

Mme. Bonnet sat down at the table, staked a louis, and won. This was a good beginning. Somewhat reassured, monsieur walked away to look on at another table. After a time he began

to wonder how Victorine was getting along. She was always so lucky that she ought to be winning. He finally succeeded in reaching her side, which was no easy matter as the spectators were four ranks deep.

"Is it all right, Victorine?" he asked in an undertone.

"Yes, it's all right. Go away, you'll bring me bad luck; but give me three hundred francs first; I'd rather see more money in front of me."

"Here it is, but be prudent. If you lose, I shan't save much left."

"Go way, please, and don't worry me."

M. Bonnet obeyed. He went outside, for the room was stifling. He sat down on a terrace in the garden, which sloped gently down to the sea. At his feet was a beautiful bed of scarlet geraniums. It seemed to him that those on his own veranda were not half so red, and he was certain that the sky of Paris was not so profoundly, spotlessly blue.

It was growing late and the mountains had taken on violet hues. M. Bonnet, who was decidedly hungry, went back to remind his wife that the dinner hour had passed by. He found her so excited and absorbed that he stood meekly contemplating her, afraid to speak.

"She looks discouraged," he thought. "I wonder if she can be losing."

At this thought, he boldly approached her.

"Well, my dear," he ventured, discreetly.

"Oh, I'm losing," she replied curtly. "My luck will come back, though, for I've discovered a trick. I'm going to stake on certain numbers—the day of the month, the age of the Prince of Monaco, and so on. I'll be sure to win."

M. Bonnet waited. Why should he not be confident since his wife was so certain? And, yet—in his anxiety, he leaned over her until he touched her shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You've brought me bad luck. There are five louis gone. Give me all the money you have."

"But, Victorine, I have only two hundred francs."

"Well, that's enough to help me to win back all I have lost and more, too. I'm going to stake on two numbers a cheval, then I'll get seventeen times my stake if I win. See, I'm putting five louis on the age of you and your brother, Jules—34 and 25."

The wheel turned and the croupier called out, "No. 2 wins!"

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M. Bonnet meekly hid as he was bidding, but he was dreadfully anxious. If 23 should win—that was Victorine's age—she would have 7000 francs. That would be a pretty sum. Enough to buy the little villa he so coveted.

"Thirty-three wins!" cried the croupier.

"Great heavens! She has won!" and the worthy man was so violently shaken that he had to press his hand over his heart to still its wild beating. He turned around, expecting to find Victorine radiant. But, no; she was fairly crimson with rage. She rose from her chair, without gathering up any money, he noticed, and started toward the door. As she passed a corpulent gentleman, she shook her umbrellas at him fiercely, hissing between her set teeth: "You wretch! It was you that made me lose!"

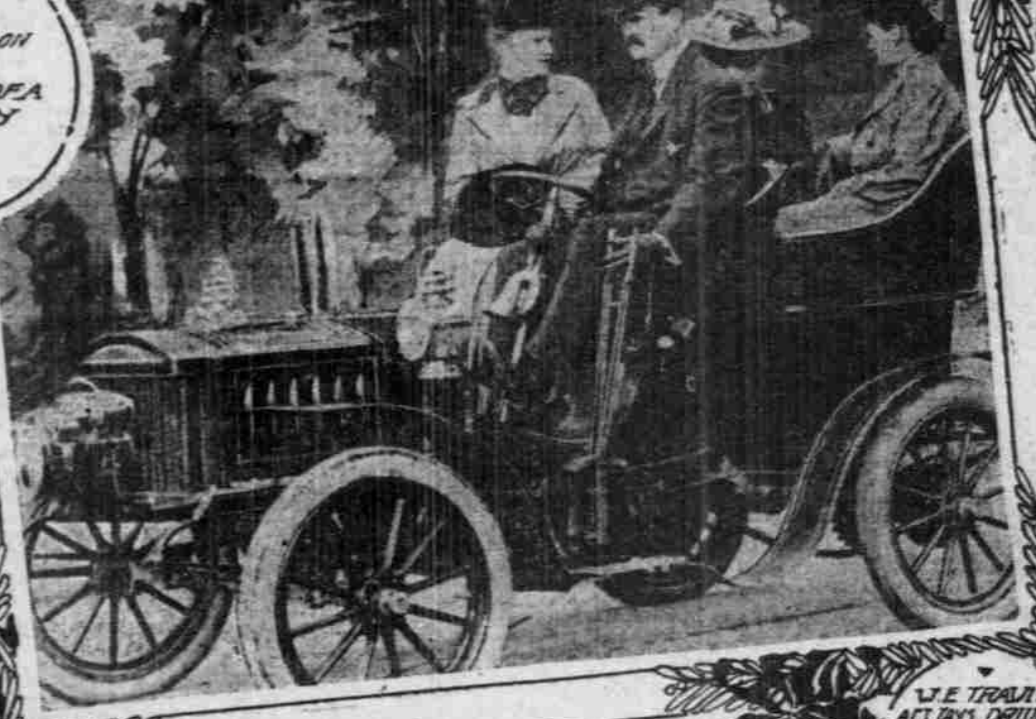
"It!" exclaimed the astonished man.

"Yes, you! You stared like an idiot when I said I was going to stake my money on my age. Is my age any affair of yours, I'd like to know? Is it any of his affairs, Victor?"

"Certainly not," replied Victor, meekly. "What makes you ask?"

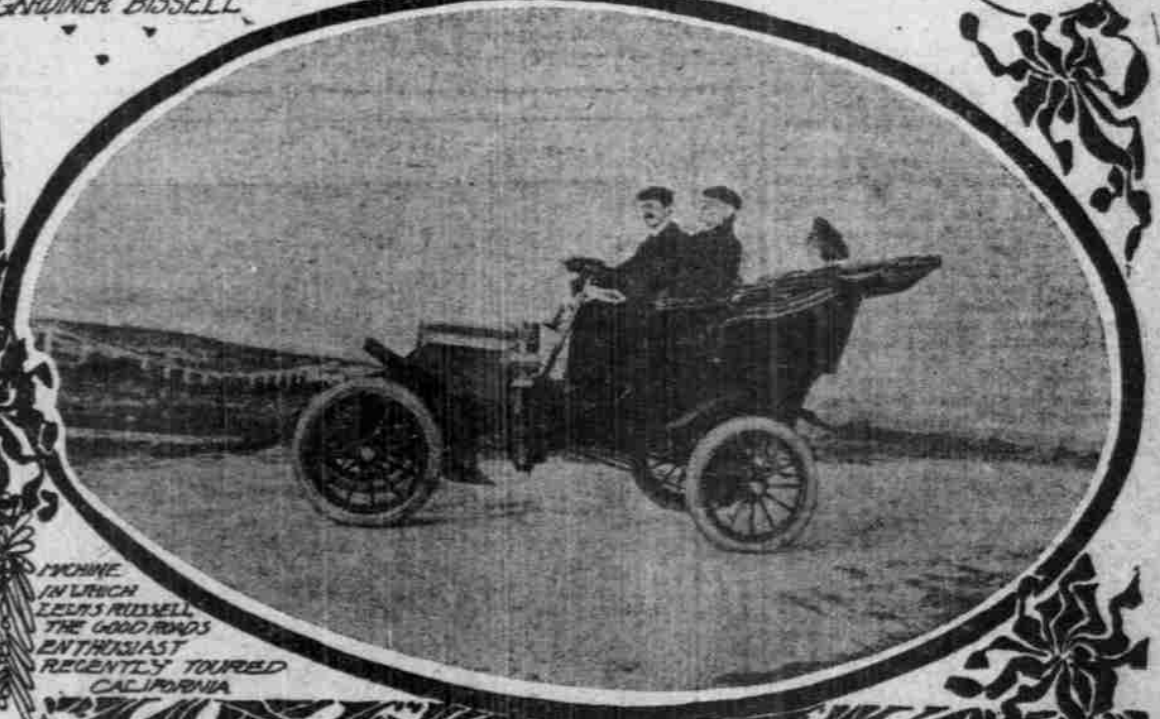
"Well, when I saw him looking to see where I placed my stake," explained Mme. Bonnet, sobbing now, "when I saw that he wanted to see how old I was, instead of staking on 22, I staked on 27"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Madame Foraster by H. Twitckell.

CARL H. JACKSON TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A SPRING DAY



J.E. TRAVIS ALWAYS DRIVES WITH TONNEAU FILLED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARDINER BUSSELL



MACHINE IN WHICH LEWIS RUSSELL ENTHUSIAST RECENTLY TOURED CALIFORNIA



FOUR SEATED AUTOMOBILE BUILT IN PORTLAND TO RUN FROM SEASIDE TO BEND IN CENTRAL OREGON