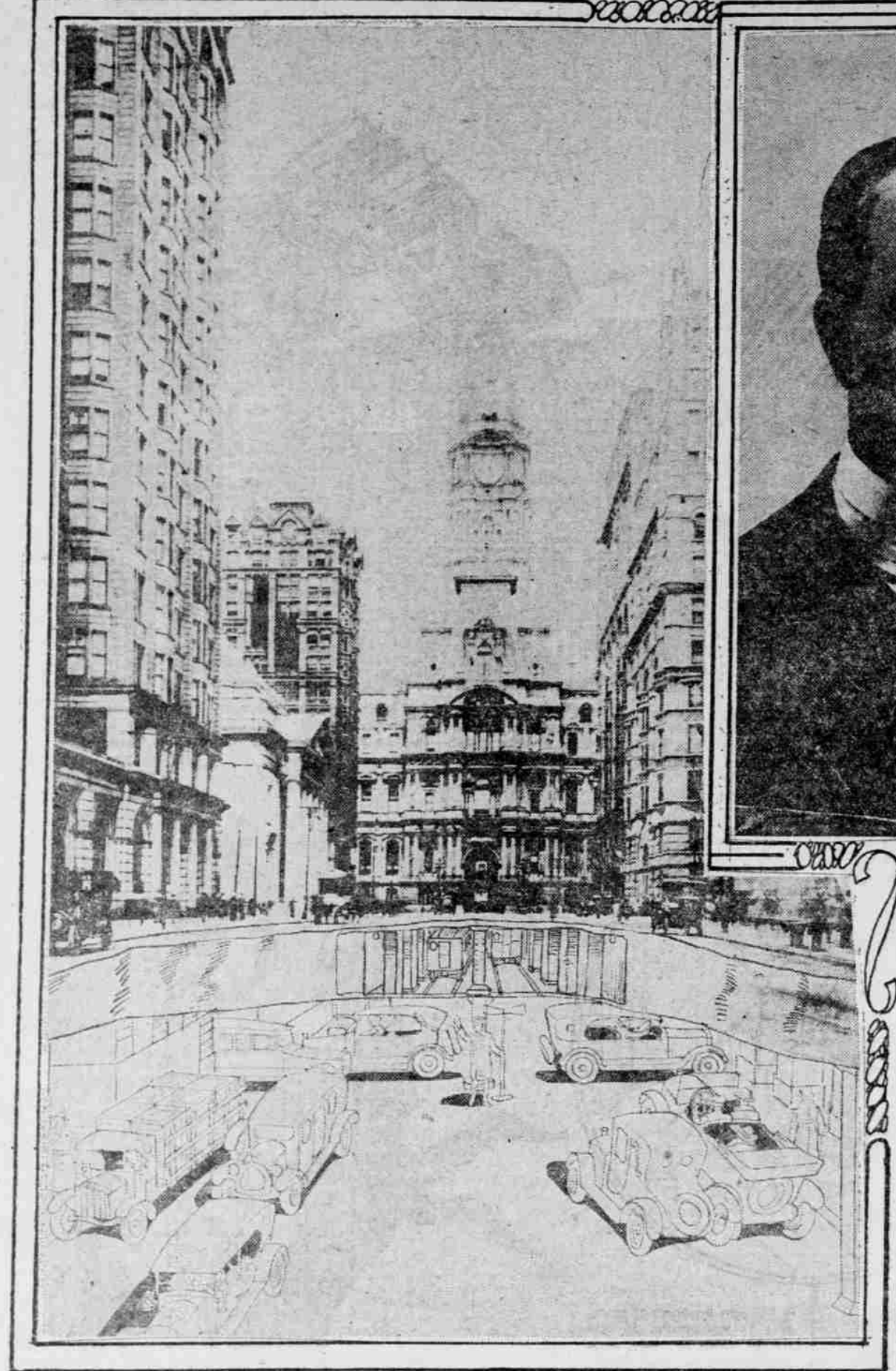


SUBWAYS FOR MOTORCARS NEXT, LORD ASHFIELD BELIEVES

We Have Gone Starward as Far as We May, So We Must Start Downward, Says American-Born English Peer Discussing Our Complex Traffic Problems.



Lord Ashfield Believes We Must Now Burrow Deep to Solve Our Traffic Problems.



the ancients of Rome ever knew. It is an age of hustle when men and women must get there regardless of impediments; and it is inevitable that ere long the traffic problem will be solved in a thoroughly practical and satisfactory manner.

"Digging through to China" offers such a practical answer to the question of where we are to put all the traffic there are none who will scoff at Lord Ashfield and his plan for the comprehensive system of subway boulevards exclusively for motor vehicles, these subways to connect the outer districts of a large city with the heart of the metropolis and make it possible for persons in motor cars to get about town with expedition and dispatch. Any engineer will point out that it is a thoroughly feasible proposition. In Philadelphia, as an example of what engineering skill can do, they have dug not only deep down under the ponderous pile of city hall with its massive granite blocks weighing tons upon tons, but underneath a complete subway system—down under all to lay out another subway system. One has only to go into the New York, Chicago or Boston subterranean railway passageways to realize what may be done in this connection. It is a long way through to China. There is plenty of space to lay out underground highways through which traffic may proceed uninterrupted at virtually express train speed.

London, said Lord Ashfield, is the greatest riding city in the world. In 1914 the average number of journeys taken in the year per head of population was 302. He estimated the number now to have been increased to 393. There are 375,000 motor vehicles in London today.

But if the English metropolis, the largest city in the world, has its problems, so has America. In the city of Philadelphia, for instance, not counting the thousands of motor cars (the state of Pennsylvania has close to half a million motor cars, of which the great bulk are divided between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh), the traction people report a remarkable growth. In 1910 the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company hauled 415,000,000 passengers. Ten years ago the population of Philadelphia averaged 288 rides per person, while for the year 1919 it averaged more than 400

rides per person. Now the city is rushing work on new elevated and subway lines to relieve the situation.

It is evident that the traction companies—the subways and the surface lines—soon will have reached their limit. Take the little island of Manhattan. How much room remains with which to riddle the cellar of New York with rail carriers? Already every available street is girded with surface lines. Subways underline subways. Still there is a growing demand for accommodation in transportation.

New York no longer can begin to take care of its population and its visitors. Houses and apartments are not to be had. Guests of the city very often have to go over to Stamford City, to Hoboken or out to Stamford and Bridgeport to get quarters. The hotels are jammed.

Other cities report similar conditions. In Philadelphia the housing situation for long has been a deplorable problem. Despite the fact that the government made frantic efforts to build houses during the war to house its employees, the situation has not been relieved. With the war over and many of the industries abated, the houses remain occupied, and still the cry, a la Oliver Twist, "Give us more." Out west it is not different. Cities like Detroit are growing to beat the band. In spite of all the campaigns for "back to the farm," the people scramble into the cities and attach themselves to a mode of life that makes them permanently city dwellers. And now the flood-gates of immigration are opening up again.

Lord Ashfield is a man of vision. He knows what he is talking about when he predicts a time when we will indulge ourselves in underground thoroughfares on a pretentious scale. He has been brought up in the school of transportation and is today one of the world's recognized leaders in things pertaining to transportation. He has not only an interesting personality but an interesting career. As a boy born in England he was brought to America by his parents when he was 6 years old. The Stanleys went out to Detroit.

The world might have had another Spurgeon or a Moody or a Sankey had not fate intervened. The youthful Stanley was headed straight for the ministry; in fact, he was so close to

it that he was on his way one day to the sanctuary of the Rev. John Munday, a Detroit pastor. The boy intended to ask the divine for a letter of introduction to one of the officials of the Detroit City railway, but instead the preacher persuaded the boy that his talents and calling led him in the direction of the pulpit. He was "Almost Persuaded." His parents approved. In the end the boy demurred and after a number of conferences finally got a letter of introduction to the trolley official.

"I remember going to present that letter," said Sir Albert in recalling the incident. "I stopped on the way and sat down on a bench in the small park, Grand Circus park, in the center of the city. As I sat there the street cars went jolting and jingling past, for those were the days of the old horse cars, before Pingree and Tom Johnson had come on the scene. And as I sat on the bench looking at the ramshackle cars going by and felt in my pocket the letter to Hendrie, of the trolley company, I said to myself right there, 'By Jove, I'm going to get on top of that concern.'"

And he did. Before many years young Mr. Stanley was head of the whole works in Detroit, with its ramifications stretching out over a 20-mile territory. But not until he had won his spurs by hard work. His first job with the Detroit company was in the stables with the horses at the end of the branch line on Woodward avenue! It was the hardest kind of work. Albert had to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning, travel across the city in time to get into the barn by 7:30 and keep at it until 10 o'clock at night. Eventually he got the chance to run that same branch line, and run it he did. This was his stepping stone to the head of the company.

From there he went to take charge of the Public Service Railroad company of New Jersey. He became the directing head of it. Men had perished his worth and he was much in demand. Later on he attracted the attention of the Spencers, who had control of the underground railway system and tram roads of London. They were losing money because of the antiquated methods employed. Stanley went to London and employed American methods. He electrified the London system and gave it some of his own "pep."

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.

NOW that we have about reached the limit with our modern Towers of Babel—the skyscrapers—it is possible that we shall turn around and go the other way; dig down into the earth many stories deep with our stores laid layer on layer and our traffic all tucked away underground.

Is it possible that in the not remote future our automobiles, upon approaching the city, will radiate off

into subterranean passageways like our subways and shoot along through electrically lighted corridors, uninterrupted, and at full speed, to our offices and places of business in the heart of the humming metropolis?

Our transportation and traffic experts are beginning to think so. When Lord Ashfield, better known as Sir Albert Stanley, American born but only recently elevated to the peerage in England, told business men at a

gathering of the American Luncheon club in London that in order to solve the perplexing traffic problems cities must build systems of underground thoroughfares he was only voicing what was already in the minds of many people. Something must be done. Automobiles, trolley cars and other vehicles cannot take to wings unless they become airplanes—Mother Earth offers the only solution.

It is the motorcar—great as is the

WESTMORELAND FOLK-PLAY REVIVAL BRINGS OUT MANY PRIZED HEIRLOOMS

Properties Are Relics From Early Days, and District Dialect Gets Full Play in Production of "The Mistress of Mooshead," Which Countryside Is Offering.

BY EDITH LANYON.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.—Portland may number in its population some who were born in Westmoreland. If so they ought to be in Grasmere this week to hear their own "mak o' talk."

The village people are giving a simple and artistic performance of "The Mistress of Mooshead," one of their famous dialect plays. Every character speaks in the broadest Westmoreland, probably far purer English than we are speaking ourselves. I hear that one small girl actress burst into tears on being made to pronounce the word "muck" as "mooch." No doubt the board school had over refined her speech for dialect plays.

Actors Are Curious.—Not only are the actors to the manner born, but the properties are genuine curios, calculated to make any collector's mouth water: "Flantheron from C'Hollins" is the real thing, and very like the one our Lord is holding in Holman Hunt's well-known picture, "The Light of the World." The old brasses and the warming pan hanging up over the cottage hearthplace are just the kind we are all looking for, and scarce as wool is at the present time, Grasmere can dangle her wealth before our eyes by producing a few real fleeces for "Tolppin" scene.

These properties are on loan from village collections, probably all of them highly prized heirlooms. Thoroughly charming is the singing of the old folk songs, and so is the tiny child repeating the old Anglo-Cymric sheep-scoring numerals to an old shepherd, who teaches her the way "his grandfather learned him" when he was a little boy: "Yan, yan, tedders, medders, pimp—" she begins.

Characters Are Natural.—These two, the wee girl of 6 and the old man of 70, are as natural and unaffected as if they were sitting outside their own cottage door on the fells. The best of it is that he is really 70 and she is really only 6. True to life that comely virago, Matilda, storms up and down the homely farm kitchen and vents her ill humor on the unfortunate maid-servant. Martha, the faithful housekeeper, did not need leap year to help her to give a matrimonial hint to her slow

and cautious master. Her treasured china dogs, which stared at us unblinkingly from the mantel piece, had their ups and downs in life, but were finally anchored there for all time.

Love is blind, they say, but the two elderly lovers were not so blind that they were unable to keep an eye on the main chance.

Slouch Is Replaced.

Steve, the young lover, wears a khaki shirt over his heart. He is a fine upstanding farm lad, although he is happily replaced by his country slouch by a military bearing learned in Flanders. His little sweetheart is a dimpled country lass, very fetchingly arrayed in pale green print with a pink sunbonnet.

During the war the stage has been dark and empty, while the actors were playing the parts of men on the battlefield. Now the joyous times of peace are here. One feels that at last the problem of bringing wholesome pleasure to a village community has been solved. Whether the actors or the audience enjoy themselves most would be hard to say.

The first Grasmere play was acted in 1837, "The Salesman," by Miss Charlotte Fletcher. It was again played in 1900 and then each winter until 1914 Grasmere had its play. All honor be to those who help the village stars to shine.

Rainfall Is Heavy.

It was difficult to tell whether the play or the exciting drive through the flooded roads was the most interesting experience. Five inches of rain fell at Grasmere during those 24 hours; even the English Lake district outdid itself. Nevertheless these plays are so popular that people flocked to Grasmere from far and near, over hill and dale, slashing through the floods and dodging the involuntary cascades and waterfalls which tumbled over the rough stone walls at the roadside. All the water from the hills was struggling to pour itself into the lakes that day, and the overfed lakes brimmed over and encroached upon fields and roads alike. The boat-house on Rydal Water was afloat and looked like Noah's ark upon the face of the waters. One almost expected its roof to open like a lid and to see an elephant and a giraffe peep out

and send an S. O. S. signal. Such weather was past grumbling at; it was a scenic display—the choicest for forty years. "February-fall-dyke" indeed! The foaming water in the rivers ran level with the tops of the bridges and the torrents rushed between the meadows.

Portland is a dry and arid spot compared to this.

Rain "Very Fine."

When I sat down to breakfast this morning I said to the parlor maid: "Well, I see it is still raining." "I think she was a little hurt to think that I should cast reflections on the weather, for she replied consolingly: 'Yes, Miss, but it's very fine rain this morning.'"

Nurse Has Bright Idea.

I see that one enterprising volunteer aid department nurse has started a private second-hand clothing business. She says that all the clothes she put away for the five years she was wearing uniforms and nursing are now too tight for her, so she proposes to sell those to a girl one size smaller and buy for herself the "civies" of a girl one size bigger.

Rather a good idea when fashion is no object. We cannot afford to study fashions in these expensive days of peace. My poor clothes are neither too large nor too small, but simply worn out. I am wondering whether an old faded green felt hat could not be induced to grow moss and sprout ferns in this climate; like the walls, if so, it would be both harmonious and durable. It seems that there was once another optimistic hat in the village besides mine, but one raw and gusty day one proud possessor wore this hat to a tea party; and that was its first and last appearance. On the way home a fearful storm sprang up; the hat was first drenched and then forcibly torn from her head by the wind and blown away into darkness. She went to a house, borrowed a lantern and hunted for the unfortunate hat, at last running it to earth over a wall in somebody's garden.

It has never attended another function, but passes its days well swathed in tissue paper and imprisoned in a cardboard box. I saw a woman with a jaundiced yellow complexion wearing a pea-green, shiny elskin hat last time I

went out. The color scheme did not improve the scenery. She looked like a plate of pea soup.

New End Suggested.

On Sunday I went to church twice, as usual. Indeed it is the chief amusement of the village. Sometimes one feels drowsy during a long sermon, but such feelings are not encouraged here. Before the sermon we sang the hymn, "Christian Seek Not Yet Repose," and were expected to take the hint.

Surely, to do things properly we ought to have had "Christians Awake" when the sermon was over!

Several good little orphans drowned contentedly in the new in front of me, and a few naughty ones giggled. Most of them are entirely submerged with rehearsals of their wonderful play during the week.

Lent is upon us and the fish controller has finally decided that prices of fish may go up. When I passed by the fish mongers this morning I was intimidated by the rows of plaice coiled up all ready to spring upon the unwary. Cakes have gone up 50 per cent because sugar and margarine are both dearer.

Everything else seems to have risen in price because railway rates are higher. Money seems to be the only cheap thing in England at present and American dollars will buy quite a lot of that at bargain rates. Servants' wages get bigger and their hours shorter every day.

Salaries Grow Bigger.

One suggestive advertisement in the current number of the Church Times begs for a "house mother" for children suffering from ophthalmia—"Salary £48, rising to £52 including war bonus £18 per annum. Hours of duty 48 per annum. All found." One supposes it must mean 48 hours of duty per week, but you never can tell. It might mean 48 hours "off duty" per annum. Quite likely, according to my nursing experiences!

Next month I expect to see a real railway station once more and to set foot in a town again. I am something like Rose Leyburn in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere." She longs to escape from her quiet Westmoreland home and see "what the dear, wicked people are doing on the other side of the mountains."

Cost of a Dormitory.

Friend of the College President—What did this beautiful dormitory cost you?

College President—Three doctors' degrees—one for the man who put up the money and the others for two friends of his.

OUIJA MANIFESTATIONS FASCINATE SOME WHO TRIFLE WITH BOARD

Brooding, Hysterical Natures Are Often Driven Frantic in Effort to Pierce Veil of Nether World, and Portland Has Its Share of Crazy-Stricken Devotees of Device.

(Continued From First Page.)

frequently seize upon the ouija board as a method for expressing their thoughts which normally are held in check by the more wholesome spirits. They contend that what a man is in earth he is in the spirit world, so it is easy to perceive that there are some queer spirits indeed. The spiritualists even go so far as to hold that a person's earthly enemies, who have passed away, might use an ouija board for the purpose of giving misleading messages and doing incalculable harm. They hold it is playing with fire.

The American mind is a queer one. It is a characteristic of our nation never to dodge a dare. They almost always accept it. This was proven in the late war when the American soldier even courted danger in the furtherance of his duties. We are not a nation of pikers. No amount of ridicule would serve to swerve an American from a course of investigation such as is presented by an ouija board if he thought there was the faintest chance of getting into communication with the spirit world. The American is an investigator. He fears not, and he will generally go through with things to the limit. It is just this phase of our national character which is presenting such a vulnerable point of attack to the viciousness of ouija mafia. Realization of its danger and a sane and healthy attitude toward the reputed messages received by this means is considered to be the best method for curbing the evil. Above all things the American has been proven healthy minded and always willing to reject those things which are stamped unsatisfactory.

Tainted Minds Find Outlet.

Tainted minds find an unhealthy method for the outlet of their diseased reasonings. Too often ouija boards, sold as a toy and designed primarily as a plaything, are endowed with supernatural qualities altogether too preposterous. Living in this fast age, nearly every human mind has some indefinite fear. This takes many forms. There is the person who has the fear of being struck by an automobile, the one who is certain that some time or another he will be run down by a street car, the person who fears

high places and a fall, the person who fears some manner of poison, the person who fears drowning, and nearly everyone, about the first of the month fears the bill collector.

Manifestations of this timidity take various forms. It is difficult for the one who is afraid of being run down to cross a traffic crowded street; the one who fears drowning does not like to cross a bridge or go on a voyage. Perplexity and doubt are the elements that enter into all these cases. Make them worse by the use of ouija boards, and the increased opportunity they give for the indulgence in fear and the ill effects cannot be overestimated.

A recent dispatch from California tells of the weird rites which were carried on in one home wherein a diseased and disordered mind, by means of the ouija board, ordered the removal of the hair of several small children to be burned as an offering to the spirits. This dispatch also tells of the destroying by fire of \$700 in currency. Now expert spiritualists of this city hold that real good spirits could never have been concerned in this disaster for the reason that they are absolutely against the destruction of any material thing which may be of any benefit on earth. Be that as it may, the five adults concerned in the episode above were adjudged insane.

School Girl Driven Insane.

Another California dispatch tells of three women and a 15-year-old high school girl being sent to the insane asylum through tampering with the unknown by the agency of the ouija board in an attempt to penetrate the mysteries that separate the living from the dead. The girl was attending high school classes until she fell into a trance and from then on was the central figure in the mystic circle of delvers into the occult. In a blind-drawn house where for days and nights the strange devotions had been carried on, United States marshals found the wildly insane party in progress. The women were steadfast to the last in their expressions of credence in the planchette board and wished to take it to the asylum with them. The husband of one woman and her one daughter had been killed several weeks before in an automobile ac-

cident. It was her efforts to communicate with this departed couple that caused the irrational actions.

From Illinois last week came another dispatch telling of a collector of a \$10,000 damage suit made possible from the machinations of the ouija board. A home was burglarized. The owner consulted his trusty ouija board which solved the riddle surrounding the robbery and is said to have revealed the identity of the thief, making a direct accusation of a neighbor and implicating his wife. The parties accused of the theft by the board filed suit for slander when the collector informed the public at large that they were alleged to be the thieves through the medium of his ouija board.

Since the expose of the ouija board danger and the incarceration in mad houses of the unhappy victims, dealers all over the country report that there has been an unprecedented demand for these seemingly innocent little contrivances. Right here in Portland the sale of the boards has been unusually large. People are apparently buying them in real seriousness. The Christmas sale was big, but it was nothing compared with the rush during the past two months. In view of the results achieved by this contrivance in other sections of the country, it would seem that Portland people are courting insanity.

Since the revelations in California, a policeman who was concerned in one of the cases has become a raving lunatic. He reported that his ouija board told him he was to be arrested. When apprehended he was clad in plain clothes with a revolver in his pocket and was wandering aimlessly about the city.

In the same locality an ouija board told another citizen he was being pursued by federal officers who were seeking to poison him. So crazed did he become that he hurled a brick through a plate-glass window. He is also now a guest of the state.

Explanations are given in many cases. Some people seem to think that humanity must have an outlet for their exuberant spirits. Deny them liquor or other methods for intoxication and they promptly indulge in spiritual or ouija board jazz. The jazzy life of today seems to demand some means of expression, but from the evidence the ouija board apparently exacts a toll altogether out of proportion to the questionable benefits it confers.