

How the Motorist is Shaken Down

New Hold-Up Game on Country Roads Sends Automobilists Home With Empty Pockets

"YES," assented the amateur chauffeur to a friend who was condoling with him on the tribulations of a journey recorded in various little placards which beplastered the windshield, "these tickets illustrate auto-philanthropy. You cannot go far in a machine nowadays without being a philanthropist in spite of yourself. The good people among whom you travel insist on putting you in the philanthropist class, because they insist on shaking you down for benevolent objects.

"Let me tell you what happened on my last trip, and how I accumulated these little mottoes. I had with me my wife, my mother-in-law and my Aunt Matilda. We were surely an innocent and harmless little crowd. But on every road out of New York, and especially in adjacent states, you have to watch your step nowadays—particularly if you step on the gas.

"We were buzzing along in a well known county—we may call it Hickory county—when out on us pops a time-sneak from his lurking place—like a spider advancing out of a hidey hole on a poor fly.

"Wait—wait a minute!" he yells. "I have been holding the watch on you."

"What of it?" I asked, stopping reluctantly.

"What of it?" he echoed: "You surely don't mean that. . . . You may be pleased to hear that the sewing circle institute of Hickory county is giving its annual fair, proceeds to go to the Matabeleland home for aged Zulus. This is a charity to which you should be glad to noble contribute. It will help to give Hickory county a place in the sun, with its county seat, Hickoryville. The newspapers of the metropolis will be bound to give Hickory county a writeup and carry the name in news dispatches. Besides, the cause is in itself a worthy one.

"The institute appeals to all true and patriotic Americans."

"That's a kind of shorthand sketch of the first happening," continued the amateur chauffeur.

"I told the holdup I was still a true and patriotic American in spite of everything, but did not see where the institute came in on my pocketbook or why I should be touched in behalf of aged Zulus.

"My remonstrance evoked this statement: 'Say, you heard me say we had been holding the watch on you. The fine is \$25 or 25 days' road mending. That used to be a chain gang stunt, but now we let you plug along leg free, only, of course, you must not abuse your liberty. You must not slack. You must do your bit."

"Could you beat that?" demanded the amateur chauffeur. "That accounts for the little banner which read 'I am a Matabeleland Aged Zulu Home Supporter.'

"I put up that sign so's to dodge a thin red line of bloodsucking Hickory county claimants scattered along the route until the county ceases to have a foothold on the map.

Oriflammé No. 2 Explained.

"The next oriflammé on the windshield, friend, refers to the Saukus village fund for indignant minors, to which I have also been a contributor. It says: 'Help the Helpless.' The fund for indignant minors is some kind of a kid concern, I was told. The village managers have gathered up a bunch of indignant kids and crammed them into a ramshackle old castle, and they are doing big business on them. Yes, sir, them kids to a community without much industrial foundation is priceless. At Saukus village the constable awaited us. He said he had been watching us through a spy-glass and had seen us cut a corner. He pointed to a benevolent deacon at his elbow who was picking his teeth in his go-to-meetings—I should have told you all this was Sunday—that's the busy day. He added: 'This is Brother Beadle; not the novel writer, but I guess a cousin of his—am I right, Brother Bee?' 'You air,' remarked Brother B. in a voice emerging from his lowest vest button. 'Either that old guy was tunneled or he was a natural born ventriloquist.

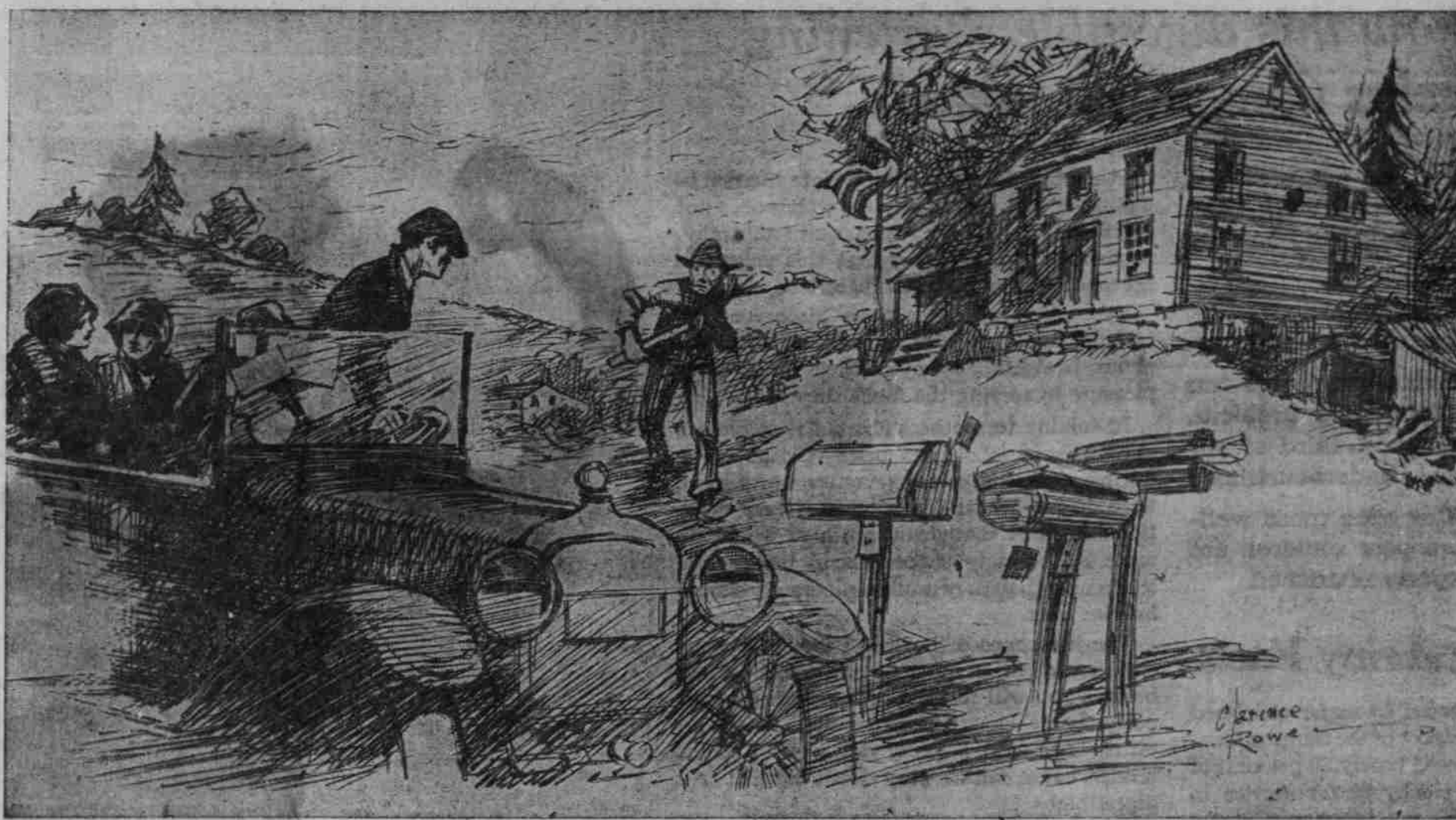
"He is a magistrate," explained the constable, "and he is holding a road court. Yours is case one, and we open it according to the ancient law of Oyer and Terminate. Yea, yea, yea, all ye that have anything to say about this here violation of the statutes will take speech in hand forthwith or forever hold your peace." Nobody took speech in hand excepting me, and all I said was: "How much?" On the countenances of the hold-ups there was general beaming, like sunshine after rain.

"I guess you are a first offender in this court, and entitled to the benefit of every reasonable doubt," says Brother Beadle, glowering at my passengers. "So this time we'll let you off for \$25. It won't cost you a cent more than that—cash."

"Don't you want the machine and call it quits?" I inquired with marked sarcasm. "Or perhaps you would like to have the machine thrown in for good measure?" I added, becoming even more sarcastic as the envenomed sting of unjust circumstances gradually poisoned my blood. "But would you believe it? That official that took it all in good honest seriousness."

"Um-hum!" says he: "Wa'al, we might take it Um-hum. Yes, we might—" "At this my wife, my sister-in-law and my Aunt Matilda shrieked unanimously, but I soothed them with: 'Ladies, be calm. You might as well know that you may soon have a chance of subscribing to the expenses of this outing, owing to the rapidly sinking condition of my funds—'

"You don't have to pay," puts in Mr. Constable, briskly. "At leastwise, not necessarily. Don't let the funds question worry you. As I have told you, we can take the machine, and would gladly do it rather than inconvenience you. Or, if you like—and he fell into a wheedle—if you prefer it, you can put in about 25



"Haven't you got no eyes at all? This is the Hogboro hospital. Cain't you see it?"

days road mendin', good hard work. Heaven's blessed boon to man and beast. How about it? . . . Taint such a bad stunt, since we abolished the chain gang after it had been run down two or three times because the poor boobies couldn't get out of the way of the traffic fast enough." (Oho, thinks I to myself; so that's why there are no chain gangs any more. Truth, like the cat, will pop out of the bag! But not a word like that did I say.)

"I'll pay," I snarled.

"Oh, very well," states the constable. "If you prefer to do so, on a cash basis, why, it's entirely up to you. This is a free country. There ain't nobody forcin' you to pay unless you want to. The cash goes straight to the fund for indignant minors. A worthy cause."

"I dug, and after I turned over the booty the constable and Brother Beadle, the magistrate, counted it carefully, and Beadle said 'O. K.' in his basement voice, and the constable, muttering 'A worthy cause, a worthy cause,' stuck on the windshield the oriflammé of the indignant minors, with the phrase 'I help the helpless,' which, as far as I am concerned, was one perfect lie, seeing as how the

helpless helped themselves out of my pocket. Some banner, ain't it? "But look at that one that's next it—with the ornamental printed border. It says: 'Hogboro County Fair. Build Our Peace Palace.' It happened along just like the others. We had no idea that Hogboro county was settin' up its own peace palace—Hog versus Haguo, as it were.

An Appeal for a Worthy Hospital.

"We were breezing into a burg that looked harmless enough and had just skimmed by an old house—old colonial? Oh, must have been older than that—antediluvian, I should say—and it had a wiled flag trailing on a wormy pole—yes, I mean wormy; full of little holes where the worms live. This is a sort of desecration of the Stars and Stripes. Patriotism draws the line at hand-me-down flags, unless they're historic, and doesn't jibe with riddled old poles. But my opinion. Yours, too? Good! A tall man starts out of the old house and yells at us to stop, and when we politely slow down he jumps toward us brandishing a club, and hollered:

"Haven't you got no eyes at all? This

is the Hogboro hospital. Cain't you see it? You have made too much noise in passing. I am a deputy sheriff and empowered by law to exact from you a fine of \$25 for violation of the noise and speed laws ordinances. Consider yourselves tried and convicted. No, ya ain't go no more comeback than a hobbled mule. . . . But, if you prefer it, you can try a little street making—a genteel paving stunt—for 25 days."

"Well," I said, scratching my head, "I thought I had struck the limit on this trip, but the blamed thing ain't got a limit. . . . Say, fellow, you mentioned street making—that would be by way of variety from road making, which is my old forte, and changes are lightsome. . . . 'Oh! Oh!' yelled my wife, my sister-in-law and my Aunt Matilda, simultaneously. 'Pay up! Pay up! We'll help you."

"And, as with one motion, they all began to paw around their stockin'."

"Never you mind, old dears," I soothed. "Your patriotism is wonderful, but I still have 25-bucks in my own sock. . . . 'Say, fellow!' The way I pronounced 'fellow' would have wailed a bank rob-

ber, but the auto highwayman didn't even blench. May I be corned and pickled (defyin' Mr. Volstead) if the rascal didn't somehow think he was in the right and a great, good man. 'Say, fellow! Who gets this money?'"

"Who gets it? Who should get it?" he asked. "This is for the Hogboro peace palace. It's a great cause. Come through or come down and get your shovel."

"But," said I, counting out the money very slowly and sadly. "Might I ask a question? How many poor nerve-racked patients are in your hospital at present? If I have really disturbed them, let me apologize. How many are there?"

"How many?" emitted this unblushing pirate. "Nary one. Empty as a sieve. But there might be a crowd by the next time you come along—especially if you stay on the road. Here's your receipt, and he slaps on the placard.

The End of the "Century."

"That fourth ticket, with the pole for Cammelville printed on it, is red, white and blue, you'll notice. Quite ornamental. It cost me the concluding section of a century and rounded out my perfect day. That is the flag of the

portation has long been a handicap to the district.

According to the officials of the state mining bureau, the "blowing in" of the Sumpter smelter will have a great deal to do with the rejuvenation of eastern Oregon. There is ample room for a new start when their figures show that the present production of the region is about one-sixth of normal. The activity on the Bay Horse was quoted at some length because it illustrates something of the possibilities of the region, but this is not the only property that is being worked. Such mines as the Baker Mines company's holdings, the Last Chance and many others, including all those shown on this page, are actively under development.

Mining men suffer a great deal from unjust criticism reflected by dishonest operations of a few of their number. However, they do claim that mining, like farming, is a true productive occupation, giving something to the world where there was nothing before. Properly handled, it's a clean business. Mining supports other industries, not the least of which is agriculture. All that is necessary to make mining successful is expert engineers, backed by ample capital. Granted these, the eastern Oregon mining region cannot fail, for the prospects are there in abundance.

reaching an optimum and then beginning to decline. Hence any method which the miller can employ, assuming for the moment that it is unobjectionable from a health standpoint, which will instantly convert a flour to its optimum baking value and then stabilize it is of great moment to the public.

This state of affairs is brought about in flour by treating it with chlorine, and the general result is known as "maturing" flour. The general effect of "maturing" flour is that which nature produces in aging flour—a whitening effect, together with greatly improved baking qualities.

The yellow coloring matter of flour is carotol, which is also what gives carrots their color. Chlorine oxidizes the carotol, which then loses its color.

Symptoms Much Alike.

"Either Speck's going to marry Yvette or he ain't, and I'll be John-browned if I know which!" agitatedly confessed Heloise of the Rapid Fire restaurant.

"Her, wake up!" briskly ejaculated Claudine of the same establishment. "How do ya get that way?"

"Well, he's quit spending money on her, and that means that he's either got her clutched or is going to shake her, one or the other."

Mining Means Millions in Great Comeback

(Continued from Page 4.)

finally succeeded in locating the place. Talking with Mr. Miller about the way he found the old workings of the Bay Horse mine is almost like coming into contact with one of the "lost mine" stories so frequently read in fiction. All that is lacking is the "gun fight" with the villains supposed to be trying to steal the mine from the rightful owners.

Since Mr. Miller first found the Bay Horse it has been almost a continuous series of new discoveries. Shortly afterward the U. S. Metals company became interested in it, and now for a year work has been continued there, with the result that the property seems to have grown larger all the time.

Croppings of the ledge show it to be an exceptionally large vein. Commencement of actual shipments from this mine, several months ago, all of them returning large checks from the smelters, may mean the commencement of general improvement in the mining industry of that section. The Bay Horse mine emerged from the prospect to the shipping stage in a little over a year. Latterly it has been attracting the attention of some heavy mining investors, would-be-investors, shoe-stringers, geologists, engineers and various and sundry gentlemen said to be scouts for "smelters" and other interests. One of the latter is reported to have offered a cold half million for the purchase of the property outright.

Handling Charges Take Profits.

The Bay Horse is one of the heaviest shippers at the present time from this section to the smelters. Rail rates and several handlings of the ore eat into the profits to such an extent that unless the rock is exceptionally rich it cannot stand the cost of shipping and reduction.

This is where the plan to operate the Sumpter Valley smelter enters as a factor in the rehabilitation of the mining industry of the entire district. If the little smelter can be set in operation and can thereafter be continued profitably to the company owning it, and effect a prompt and fair settlement upon all shipments sent it from the district, in either small or fairly large lots, then a solution of the problem facing two-thirds of the mines of the district will be arrived at. Reduction in transportation on the lower grade ores and concentrates will be sufficient, it is believed, to make realization of a renewed activity possible, through availability of a large tonnage of low grade blocked ore as smelter feed, and which perforce would be otherwise forced to remain locked underground. If there is one whole-hearted and unanimous prayer of mine owners and prospectors of the Blue moun-

tains, it is that the little smelter at Sumpter will be belching smoke from its tall iron stack before the snow flies again.

Construction of this smelting plant was started about 1902. The proposition was financed by Killen, Warren and Stewart, representing New York interests with money tied up in some of the properties of the district. It was turned over to a corporation known as the Oregon Smelting & Refining company, but this concern went into the hands of a receiver following the panic of 1907.

Rail Service to Help.

Another link in the possibility of revival of mining in Baker county is the Sumpter Valley railway, a narrow gauge line which extends from the county seat westerly into the John Day country. This road was built by the Eccles, wealthy Mormon capitalists, and was primarily constructed as a logging road. And transportation of logs, by the way, continues its chief source of revenue. They are hauled down from the debouching canyons of the Blue mountains to Baker, where the largest sawmills are situated. The first sections of the line were built in 1898, prior to construction of the smelter. Its latter day extension westerly in the direction of Susanville has made available a larger territory from which to draw ores than existed when the smelter was formerly running.

It is stated that the original outlay for plant, site, etc., was in the neighborhood of \$2,800,000. It is capable of handling from 200 to 300 tons daily. Plant is equipped with two steam boilers. The engine has been removed and sold, but is no longer necessary, as electricity is now available for power, and at a lower cost than steam. Cost for electricity will figure out to 25 cents per ton for smelting at capacity. The most important unit is an Allis-Chalmers 300-ton rated capacity blast furnace, in the very best of condition, with two forehearths. Supplementary to this is the hot blast furnace. The fine chamber is of brick and carries the fumes to a tall iron stack. As it is a pyritic smelter, roasting is unnecessary. The plant is fairly complete as to ladles, slag pots and cars, with gravity handling throughout. All the scales required are available, both for railway cars and for ore arriving by truck or wagon. The supplementary equipment is in good shape.

Smelter Ready to Run.

Bins are back of the smelter, and the sampling works. Their capacity aggregates 8000 tons, and there are 30 compartments. The sampling plant is very complete, consisting of all the rolls and crushers required, belt conveyors, dryers,

a briquetting machine of 200-ton capacity, and a total of 55 bins, 19 of which are arranged for receipt of ore sent in by truck or wagon, with a series arranged for direct dumping from cars on a spur track. All the assaying facilities required in connection are ready for use.

It is claimed that ample supplies of ore for keeping the smelter in continuous operation after it is once started, are available, not alone in the vicinity of the smelter, and from points served by the Sumpter Valley railway, but from the Snake river section, the Cornucopia district and various points in southern Idaho. The matte, of course, will have to be shipped to other plants for refining, and satisfactory arrangements can be made for disposal of that product. A considerable tonnage of ore can be hauled in to the smelter direct by truck or caterpillar. A corporation is planned for transportation purposes alone, and which will provide caterpillars and trailers for the handling of large and regular tonnages from the mines to the railway or smelter, handling the output at a minimum of cost. This is to be financed by Spokane people and is entirely independent of the smelting company. It is an important adjunct to the general scheme, as unsatisfactory and costly preliminary trans-

Flour Becomes Better as Age Is Increased.

Aging Not Commercially Feasible, for Cost Is Too Great.

FLLOUR when it ages turns whiter and increases in the quantity of acidity, writes Dr. Frederick L. Dunlap of Chicago, in Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering. As flour ages it becomes a better flour, for it produces a larger and better loaf of bread. Freshly milled flours do not produce the best of which they are capable. A great advance was made in the milling art by the introduction of a method for treating flour in the mill whereby such freshly milled flour at once took on the properties of a properly aged flour, so that the flour could then go to the consumer in condition to render at once its highest baking value.

The aging of flour is not commercially feasible. The cost is against it, for one thing. Another objection, from a commercial standpoint, is the impossibility of following the condition of the aging flour, especially if one wishes to catch it at its peak, for stored flour is constantly varying in its baking capacity, finally

Cammelville fund for Arctic exploration, which is being created out of fines for violations of the Cammelville anti-automobile law. Cammelville's road method is strong and frank. All you've got to do at Cammelville is to occur, and they'll nail you for the pole.

"Now I don't give a hoot for Arctic exploration. The only arctics I know anything about are the kind you wear in hard winters. Crazy galoots and such like who go putting themselves on ice, it may be for years and it may be forever, in attempts to prove the exact truth north pole, which has never been reached in spite of all coratorwise assertions and proofs, have no charms for me. Anyway, if in this advanced age they haven't sense enough to hop into an airplane and light on the north pole from overhead, I'm not saying nothing. But when I tried to tell all or some of that to three bearded huskies who held me up and fined or assessed me for pole money at Cammelville I got nothing but derisive laughter in way of reply, and the longest bearded of the three, raising his whiskers so's I could peek below them and see he wore neither collar nor tie, remarked:

"Uncle, I'm the sitting road magistrate of Cammelville. I am now in session. Beware of contempt of court, sir; beware of contempt. I beg to inform you that the sum in which you are assessed, namely, \$25, will be handed promptly to our Arctic exploration fund, one of the noblest objects ever presented to the public. The pole for Cammelville is our motto; and never was Cammelville known to turn back when she once got agoing—Jeemini! As for the fact—and it is a fact—that you are violatin' the anti-automobile law, into that I cannot go, not being disposed to argify a self-starter, as you might call it, or a self-evident proposition, as we judges and lawyers call it. Twenty-five dollars. Come boss, so boss! sa sa!"

"Twenty-five dollars, eh? And the alternative?" I demanded.

"You'll have to go to a drug store for that," he assured me gravely; "and there ain't one within five good mile. So never mind it for the present—you can worry along, I guess—just keep yer hand on yer stummick to kind o' warm it. And fork over 25 little Buckin Bronchoes, or—"

"Or what?" I roared, white with just rage. "That's what I was asking you about, Bone Head."

"I don't think I ever was really as mad in all my life before or since as I was just then. It was awful.

"Or," he stated, perfectly cool, "as the sitting road magistrate I shall have to put you to work for 25 days and nights, excepting your sleepin' time, and an eat now and then, extracting the cobblestones out of Logan's lane over yander and making it fit for the new style traffic. You cut out the cobblestones one by one, understand? In fact, they are handpicked. No machinery allowed, for fear it may spoil the shape of the stones."

"Did I pay up? Well, you see the ticket. That's my receipt. I'm a polar bear, I am."

"And then what?" I asked as the amateur chauffeur paused to allow some accumulated indignation to evaporate.

"Then what? Then I turned around and drove home," he said.

"The placards took me through the traffic holdups going back, for they apply to traffic both ways. . . . Say," added the amateur chauffeur, brightening up, "you don't happen to be thinkin' of travelin' over that route, do you?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"Well, I was just thinking I might fix up a deal with you. I can let you have them placards if you can get them off with hot water—and I guess you can—and you can paste them on your machine before starting out. I'll let you have them for just \$12.50 apiece—just half what they cost me—and you'll be that much ahead of the game, besides not having to waste your time stopping to talk to the gazaboos."

It was a tempting offer; so I told him I would think about it.

"You'll have to think quick, friend," cried the amateur chauffeur. "If you don't take them I'm going to scrape them off, pronto. They're no more use to me—never again will I go over that route—and I'm sick of the sight of them."

"Cheer up. You are a regular philanthropist," I consoled.

"An auto-philanthropist, he improved. 'Sure, Mike, I am that. And it's further proof of my generous nature when I offer all right and title to them passports for 50 per cent cash."

I didn't close the deal; but unless the amateur chauffeur carried out his threat and washed off the stickers his offer still holds good.

A LITTLE CURE FOR BACHELORS

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but showing very plainly indeed that he wanted to escape.

"Not a bad idea at that," said Mallory, reflectively. "Acts as a kind of introducer, you know. After all," he put his finger in his mouth, a childish habit to which he was addicted, "it's never too late to mend. . . . I say, Jim, would you let me have the dog?"

Todhunter, half way up the stairs, passing the dog without looking at it, turned round. "Have the dog? Why, of course. Whatever do you want it for? I thought you didn't like dogs."

"O, I don't know," Mallory shifted from foot to foot. "Just an idea that occurred to me. Take him out for walks in the park, you know. That sort of thing. You'll let me have him?"

"Why, certainly!" cried Todhunter, disappearing. Mallory went up to the dog and stroked it, felt the whole of his heart warm to the responsive wriggle that the dog gave.

"Come along, old man," said Mallory. "You belong to me now. You may do me a good turn one day. Who knows?" They left the house together.

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