

Highway Improvement

SHIPPING BY MOTORTRUCKS

Possibilities Shown Recently by Success in Hauling Eggs and Other Farm Products.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Investigations of the use of motortrucks in hauling farm produce to market are being carried out and in some



Heavy Truck Passing Over Macadam Road in New Jersey.

cases actual shipments of farm products are being supervised.

A motortruck route from Vineland, N. J., to New York city has been established, over which trucks travel regularly picking up eggs from producers and delivering them direct to wholesale dealers in New York city. The first load went through without a single egg being broken and made better time than express shipments.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF ROADS

Organization Formed of Representatives of Various Departments to Supervise Work.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

All functions of government agencies relating to streets and highways hereafter are to be co-ordinated in a body called the United States highways council, composed of one representative each from the war department, the department of agriculture, the United States railroad administration, the war industries board and the fuel administration. The council was formed primarily to prevent delays, financial loss and uncertainty incident to the method of taking up each highway problem in its turn with a separate and distinct government agency. This council was constituted at the suggestion of the secretary of agriculture. Through the department it will continue the close contact already established, both formally by law and informally by practice, with the state highway commission in each state of the Union.

Membership of the board follows: War department, Lieut. Col. W. D. Uhler; fuel administration, C. G. Sheffield; war industries board, Richard L. Humphrey; railroad administration, G. W. Kirtley; department of agriculture, L. W. Page. These representatives have selected Logan Waller Page, director of the office of public roads, department of agriculture, as chairman, and J. E. Pennybacker, chief of management of that office, as secretary.

The council utilizes the organizations of the forty-eight state highway departments with their trained personnel and their knowledge of local conditions and provides a single agency where all highway projects calling for governmental action of any character, whether it be a question of finance, of materials, transportation or of war necessity or desirability, may be dealt with. The council has provided a definite form on which applications for relief are to be made through the respective state highway departments, and has sent supplies of the forms to the departments. It emphasizes the great need of conservation of money, transportation, labor and materials by restricting highway and street work to most essential needs. It ranks maintenance of existing streets and highways first, reconstruction of badly damaged streets and highways next, and it places last new construction justified only on account of vital war or economic necessity.

Realize Value of Good Roads.

Today the farmers realize the value of good roads as never before. It is stated that about \$300,000,000 worth of farm products are ruined yearly because of the poor roads over which the farmers are expected to haul crops to market.

"Andy, Old Girl"

By IMES MACDONALD

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Cassandra Andrews had done everything she could think of. She had worn her most becoming blouses and her best stockings—she had spent hours doing her hair and brushing her eyebrows and polishing her nails, but a whole school year had almost disposed of itself and the young professor of English literature had never seemed to notice her at all. Before and after class he joked and jollied with other girls. The vivacious Roberta Stevens nearly always stopped at his desk for a moment of chatter—Bertha Marvin, the class beauty, the athletic Agnes Burns and a dozen others were on the friendliest terms with him, but Cassandra Andrews slipped demurely into her seat four mornings a week, apparently unnoticed.

"They're all crazy about him," she thought scornfully, as she watched the professor's reception before class one morning. "Every single one of them!"

After the professor had delivered his lecture that morning, there was a general discussion and he called on her for an opinion on a certain passage. She arose diffidently, offering her little statement of disagreement with the generally accepted theory. And right there is where the professor made his first mistake. He smiled a tolerant, skeptical sort of smile, the trend of which Cassandra Andrews caught immediately, and she leaned forward impudently and flatly contradicted his comment. Then she followed up the contradiction with a tumble of words in support of her own opinion and sat speedily down again.

The professor was surprised. "Well," he said, crisply. "I'm glad that at least one student in the class thinks for herself. I was afraid you were all sheep."

On the instant the bell rang and the girls arose and passed out in chattering groups, congregating in the court outside with light-hearted banter.

"We're all sheep but you, Andy, dear," sang out Edna Phray, dancing up to Cassandra delightedly. "And you are a blessed lamb, but you'll grow. I never knew you had so much spunk. Where do you keep it?"

And the two of them strolled off together, arranging to play tennis in the late afternoon. Later that day the professor of English and his crony, the professor of economics, sought the courts for their regular afternoon's tennis bout. The English professor patted a ball aimlessly into the net while his contemporary changed his shoes.

"Guess I've got a touch of spring fever," he said, absently watching Edna and Cassandra tightening the net three courts over. And right there the professor of English made his second mistake. "I feel," he said, "almost frivolous enough to suggest mixed doubles. What do you say, Bill?"

And Bill, the economics expert, waved his racket, and called across to the girls: "Want to make it doubles?"

The girls drew together for an instant's consultation, and then assented, walking over to the court where the two men were.

"How'll ye pair off?" demanded Professor Bill.

"Well," said Edna Phray, practically, "I hate English and I love economics—and I'm very temperamental."

The professor of economics grinned as the two of them moved toward the other side of the net.

"But," continued Edna, significantly to the professor of English, "I'm a better tennis player than Cassandra Andrews, even if I am a sheep."

Whereat the professor of English shouted with laughter.

Cassandra glanced at her stalwart partner at those words and in her young heart there leaped a mighty flame, the golden points of which shone in her shining brown eyes. She forgot everything but the game. She darted about, diving across the court and smashing her return drives like a little fiend. Twice she collided with her partner and shot him a dazzling little glance as she flung her head back to shake the hair out of her eyes. Time after time the professor of English shouted at her, "Good girl!" after a particularly difficult shot, and her spirit soared on the wings of the wind with the professor's not far behind. She had forgotten that she had worn her best stockings, but they were so much in evidence that it was fortunate that she wore them, for the professor was getting more observant every moment of the afternoon.

At the beginning of the third set they were even, with a set apiece. Then the couple in economics settled down and won four straight games. They lost the next and then won again, so that the score was five to one

against Cassandra and the professor of English.

"Easy money," jeered Professor Bill.

"We need only one more game!"

"You can't do it," taunted the flaming Cassandra. "We must win!" she said eagerly to the professor of English. "We must—we must!"

"You'll kill yourself," he protested.

"What does it matter?" she said, crouching to receive Professor Bill's twisting service. "What does it matter—if one can die winning?" And she flung her tired body viciously into a smashing stroke and rushed to the net.

And so they fought on and on winning the next five games.

"One more!" she gasped breathlessly, and played on.

Five times that last and deciding game went to deuce, and then came the shot—the shot that stood between victory and possible defeat—and she made it. Leaping high in the air she smashed the ball in a gray streak down the alley, and the game was won!

"Game—set—and match! Whee!" shouted the professor of English. "Great work, Andy, old girl!" And he patted his drooping little partner on the shoulder.

The racket slipped from her exhausted grasp and she swayed weakly. "We won!" she murmured, and would have fallen if the professor hadn't put his arm about her and led her to a bench.

"Why, you blessed lamb, you, Andy Andrews," said Edna Phray, sitting beside her and shaking her by the shoulders. "I never knew you to play such tennis. The lamb has turned tiger-cat," she laughed up at the two men, who stood over them.

"Don't maul me, Eddie," protested Cassandra, feebly; "I'm all in," and then she smiled up at the professor, her professor. "But we won, didn't we?"

"You won," he said.

"I didn't, because you played some tennis yourself."

The next morning she slipped into her seat demurely as usual. As usual, too, there was a cluster of girls grouped about the professor's desk, chattering gaily. But then, what did she care? Hadn't he called her "Andy, old girl," only yesterday? And she smiled in prim superiority. And when the recitation was over he would have detained her a moment, but she ignored the intention with a fine indifference and passed out with the rest.

For a week she avoided him successfully, then late one afternoon he met her face to face on the campus.

"And what did I ever do to you?" he demanded when she would have spoken calmly and passed on.

"You called me 'Andy, old girl,'" she said grimly, "and I've hated you ever since."

"You're not going to bite me, are you, Andy, old girl?" grinned the professor of English.

She could maintain her gravity no longer and little sparkles of gold flickered in her brown eyes. "I'll try not to," she murmured with a little laugh agilely dodging the eager sweep of his arm.

And then the professor threw his dignity out of the window and started in pursuit through the trees, catching her right where she'd planned he should, in a narrow and secluded path.

Then after he had kissed her, she reached up and clutched his head between her hands, shaking it fiercely.

"And remember," she said between her clenched teeth, "I will not be called 'Andy, old girl.' I won't love you any more if you call me that. I hate it."

"All right, you darling Andy, old girl," chuckled the professor.

But when he kissed her again she only clung to him eagerly. Queer thing, a woman!

Cohan's Verse Wins \$500.

George M. Cohan won a bet of a \$500 Liberty bond the other day by producing the following verses in 15 minutes: "It's a Long Wet Swim to Broadway." "I wonder what they're doing in the old home town, New York City, U. S. A. Do the folks with bottled bubbles all their troubles try to drown, along the Great White Way? Do the chickens go to roost at the break of new-born day? Are the lobsters still a-coming with the ale? Do city guys with clever schemes part rustles from their kale? Is it just the same Broadway? It's a long wet swim to Broadway, the street I'd love to see; it's a long wet swim to Broadway, the land so brave and free. If Jonah comes along with his whale submarine, I'll stow myself away in that fish's intestine; it's a long wet swim to Broadway, New York City, U. S. A." The words will likely be put to music and sent to the boys in the trenches.

Hittites Evidently Traders.

That the Hittites were in constant communication with other nations is shown by the fact that Egyptian scarabs and amulets, Phoenician pottery and Greek terra cotta figures are found in the tombs of different periods, says the Christian Herald. Bronze daggers and jewelry are fairly common, and one archeologist proudly exhibits a safety pin, 3,000 years old, that will still work.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A telegram was received Monday by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ward of Gaston from the war department stating that their son, James Benjamin Ward, had been severely wounded in action August 11.

A rich vein of manganese has been discovered in Curry county on land owned by the Oregon-California lumber company. Assays of the mineral have decided the company to start extensive development work on the claim. It runs more than 70 per cent pure.

The need that stands second to the paramount one of winning the war, is the need of more and better teachers to train the youth of the land, in the mind of Superintendent J. A. Churchill, who Saturday issued a statement in support of the bill providing for normal schools in eastern and southern Oregon.

The United States government, in view of the loss of the California prune crop as a result of rain, has ordered that the entire Oregon crop be held by the packers. J. O. Holt, of Eugene, a government representative, made this announcement Monday before leaving for Portland, where he will confer with representatives of canning and packing plants.

The building of a cafeteria at the Coe Bay shipyards started Monday for the use of the employees of the company. The building will be finished in three weeks and opened. Meals are to be served at cost. The structure will be 150 by 34 feet. The project is being carried out under the direction and by the advice of General Manager James Polhemus.

Offices for the use of the officers of the spruce division will be opened Monday in Bunker Hill in the C. A. Smith building near the mill. Inspectors and members of the production board stationed at Marshfield will be in charge of the office. There are now stationed there regular resident inspectors and also members of the spruce and fir production boards.

H. H. Veatch, of Cottage Grove, aged 45, and his only son, Raymond, aged 18, registered at the same moment for Uncle Sam's Hun chasers. Mr. Veatch is a traveling salesman for the Marshall-Wells Hardware company. Raymond is a high school lad and has been assisting his country this summer by working in a sawmill. The wife and mother, Mrs. Veatch, is postmistress.

Governor Withycombe has formally tendered to Secretary of War Baker the use of the Oregon State Fair grounds at Salem for cantonment purposes or as a concentration camp during the course of the war. Supplementing his letter to Secretary Baker with a brief statement the governor declared that if necessary the state would do away with the fair entirely for a year or two, or during the course of the war.

Kramer & Carter, who received the contract to build the 15-mile canal and diverting works for the Gold Hill irrigation district at Gold Hill, have begun active operations, but are having difficulty in obtaining laborers and teams. McCushion & Co., sub-contractors, received a shipment of 40 mules and a crew of men recently employed on the new government aviation grounds near Sacramento, and other shipments will follow.

An epidemic of cholera infantum is raging in Marshfield. Two children died Friday—Georgia Bell Harrison, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Harrison, and Olive, the 1-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Sprickler. Many other children of the city are dangerously ill, and three grown persons were taken to the hospital suffering with the malady. The disease appears to be spreading. Many dangerous cases are reported.

Barracks for the accommodation of 1000 or more soldiers who are expected to attend the students army training camp at the University of Oregon this fall and winter will be constructed at once as a result of a conference between President Campbell and representatives of the Eugene chamber of commerce. The new barracks will be financed through the organization of the University Barracks Corporation, as the university at present has no fund that can be used to erect the necessary buildings for quarters for the soldiers.

PRISON HERD LEADS

State Penitentiary Has Thirteen Cows on Testing Association Honor Roll in August.

Walla Walla.—The state penitentiary herd led the valley in August, according to the monthly report of the Walla Walla cow testing association. The pen had 13 cows on the honor roll, each producing 40 pounds or more of butter fat in the month. The leading cow produced 64.8 pounds. The Burbank company had two on the list and took second place. Swegle brothers had four and C. P. Hussey three.

There are 414 cows in the association, of which 61 are dry. The average of milk per cow was 472 pounds; average of butter fat per cow was 21.7 pounds; average cost of feed per cow was \$7.45; average cost of producing 100 pounds of milk was \$1.58.

Hay is now \$22 a ton and mill feed \$32 a ton.

Big Premiums, Lewiston Show.

Lewiston, Idaho.—Secretary O. P. Hendershott of the Northwest Live Stock show, which will be held in Lewiston November 7-13, says: "There is every indication that this year's exhibition will surpass the splendid shows of previous years. Premium lists are now being mailed. It will be a surprise to many to know that we offer the third largest premiums on live stock in the United States. Mr. McAdoo, director general of railroads, has granted one-half freight rates, assuring us that live stock for exhibition purposes will have special attention."

Bullet-Proof Tires.

Experiments made at the Northwestern Military and Naval Academy apparently show that our best pneumatic automobile tires are fairly immune from injury from rifle bullets, and it would be interesting to know how much trouble has been experienced from this cause on the European front. It is probable, however, that this is the least of the causes of trouble, and that punctures resulting from running over rough ground, and the debris of battle wrecked villages, is far more serious.—Scientific American.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Portland—Wheat—Government basis \$2.20 per bushel.

Flour—Straights, \$10.05@11.95.

Millfeed—Mill run, f. o. b. mills; carlots, \$29.65; mixed cars, \$30.15; less than carlots, \$30.65; rolled barley, \$65; rolled oats, \$69.

Corn—Whole, \$75; cracked, \$76 per ton.

Butter—Cubes, extras, 52c; prints, extra, box lots, 54c; cartons, box lots, 55c; half boxes, 1/2c more; less than half boxes, 1c more; butterfat, No. 1, 58c per pound delivered Portland.

Eggs—Ranch, candled, rots and cracks out, 48@50c; selects, 53c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 26@17c; springs, 27@28c; ducks, 25@30c; geese and turkeys, nominal.

Veal—Fancy, 20 1/2@21c per pound.

Pork—Fancy, 26 1/2@27c per pound.

Fruit—Cantaloupes, 85c@2.25 per crate; watermelons, 2 1/2c per pound; peaches, \$1@1.50; apples, \$1@2.25 per box; plums, 2@3c per pound; pears \$1@1.50 per box; casabas, 8c per pound; grapes, \$1.25@2.75 per crate.

Vegetables—Tomatoes, 40@50c per crate; cabbage, 4@4 1/2c per pound; lettuce, \$2 per crate; cucumbers, 30@50c per box; peppers, 8c per pound; beans, 6@7c per pound; celery, \$1.25 per dozen; eggplant, 8@10c per pound; corn, 20@30c per dozen.

Potatoes—Oregon, \$2.50@3 per hundred.

Onions—Walla Walla, \$2.25@2.50 per sack.

Hops—Nominal.

Wool—Oregon, 36@71c per pound.

Mohair—Long staple, 60c; short staple, 40c; burry, 30c.

Cascara Bark—New and old, 12 1/2@13c per pound.

Cattle—Prime steers \$12.00@13.00

Good to choice steers 11.00@12.00

Medium to good steers 9.75@11.00

Fair to medium steers 8.25@9.25

Common to fair steers 6.00@8.25

Choice cows and heifers 8.00@9.00

Med to good cows and hf. 6.00@7.25

Canners 3.00@4.00

Bulls 5.00@8.00

Calves 9.00@12.00

Hogs—Prime mixed 19.50@19.75

Medium mixed 19.00@19.35

Rough heavies 18.00@18.35

Pigs 16.00@17.00

Bulk 19.35@19.50

Sheep—Lambs 13.50@14.50

Fair to medium lambs 11.00@12.00

Yearlings 10.00@11.00

Wethers 9.00@10.00

Ewes 6.50@8.00