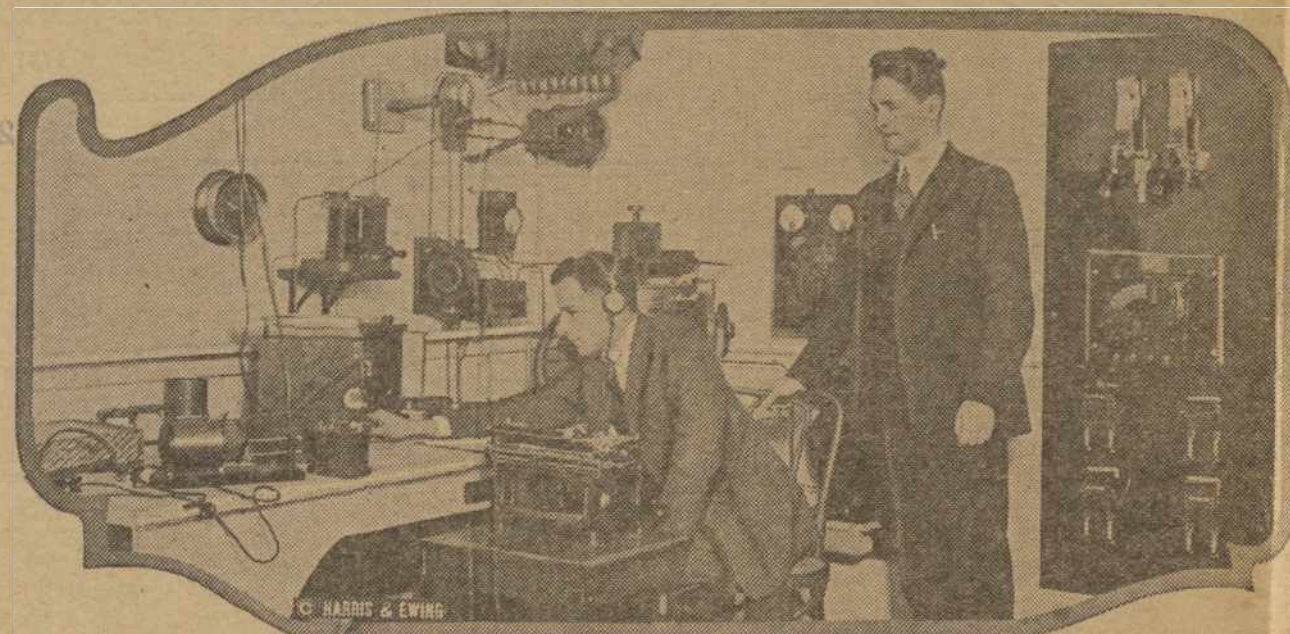


Wireless Market Reports for the Farmers



Government owned and operated, the wireless equipment installed on the eighth floor of the postoffice department building in Washington is employed in the twofold function of giving information in connection with the operation of the coast-to-coast air-mail service and in sending out the market reports of the department of agriculture to the farmers of the country.

Speed Cause of Road Accidents

Auto Tourist Who Has Driven More Than 50,000 Miles Gives Result of Observations.

NO TWO GOOD ROADS ALIKE

"Don't Take Strange Road at More Than 20 Miles an Hour," His Advice—Car Doesn't Drive Twice Alike in Any Roadway.

Little Falls, N. Y.—Archibald Baker claims to be a confirmed automobile tourist of long and varied experience. He says he has driven upward of 50,000 miles in his 1916 seven-passenger six; and the car looked it when Archibald and his family pulled out beside the road just west of Small Gulf, between Little Falls and Herkimer, to camp in one of the most noted of Mohawk valley tourist parking places.

Baker and his wife and a twelve-year-old son and ten-year-old daughter said that touring agrees with them. They gave the impression of having an independent income.

"My experience is that a lot of tourists don't know very much, and don't stop to learn anything, either," said Mr. Baker. "The result is, they have a lot of hard knocks. When we were coming into New York state, about 250 miles from here, we turned off down a side road to camp by Lake Erie. There was an outfit down by the lake which claimed they had had a lot of hard luck. They dished a wheel; they tore up a tire; they lost a tent off the back end of the load; they slept cold nights, and they were just about ready to quit. But, shucks! they won't quit. Nobody ever does quit once the family have gone to touring right—the way it can be done. Their dished wheel interested me. The man claimed he didn't drive fast, but he skidded, caught the weight of the car on the right rear wheel, and smashed it all a-bill.

"This was on a strange road, out in Indiana, he said, and it sure did look all right. But it smashed him, and it was pure luck that he didn't roll over. I asked him about the kind of road, and he couldn't tell me; said it was pretty muddy, but had gravel on it too.

"There you are! He smashed up and was taught a lesson, and didn't know what the lesson was. The fact is there are more than 200 different kinds of good roads in the United States. I've been on most kinds. I'll recite a few of them—mountain concrete roads, stone water-bound concrete roads, oil waste roads, gravel, sand and clay, broken down stone roads, cut and fill crushed stone surface, cinder, shell, bank gravel, beach gravel, desert two track, and so on.

"No Two Good Roads Alike." "No two good roads are alike. Good and careful a driver as I am, I darn near rolled over out west of Salt Lake City last summer, skidding in the dust—dry, fluffy dust. Why, if I'd been driving 20 miles instead of careful 12 miles an hour, we'd rolled end over appreciat, and it was a good road, if you knew how to drive it. Yes, sir. There is not a road in all this United States, not the best, widest, finest, smoothest road, that isn't treacherous if a man's not used to it. I don't mean wild-eyed hummers, but just common folks like me.

"If you don't believe it, you study the road accidents you come upon as you ride across the country. Half the skidding is done where the road type changes, where a man leaves concrete and hits oil surface or where he leaves the waterbound stone for hard pan.

"A car doesn't drive twice alike on any roadway from New York to San Francisco. I know, because I've made the trip. Where do tourists coming east bang up with trouble? It's when they come off bad roads into good roads. You take the western part of New York state, and people leaving the good roads of Ohio after crossing

the little neck of Ohio don't have half the trouble that people coming east have when they hit the fancy New York brand of roadways.

Job for Nearest Garage Man.

"Now it's the same way with California. You take a man who's run out of Nevada or eastern California desert roads over the Sierra divide into the paved ways of California, he feels relieved. He's on good roads at last. He's been careful for 2,000 miles. He wants to step on 'er. He does. He hits a sharp turn, and bingo! The high wheels drop into the sand, and there's a big job for the garage in the nearest town.

"Particularly speaking, let me say that the man who drives speeding over a road he has never driven before invites death or disaster. I'm all right on my old home road. I hit up 40 miles an hour right along if I know the road. My car'll stand it. But on a strange road, let me say, I'm one of those 15-mile boys. I didn't have to have an accident to learn that. It was just looking at the accidents and figuring on them that gave me the warning I heeded.

"Now look! Remember during the days when cars were delivered by the thousand over the highways, and you'd meet a fleet of a thousand cars all new and all bound east or south or west to a destination, because the railroad boys were laying down on their high-wage jobs? Do you remember how many of those cars were smashed up, burned up, or were shook half to pieces? It was done by speeding over strange roads.

New Driver Apt to Be Careful.

"It isn't the new driver who is trapped by different roads; it is just as apt to be the old-timer. New drivers are careful; they learn around home, hit the same roads every day and learn 'em. When they get good on the home roads they start off, hit another kind of good road, and bingo! Smash up!

"It's just that way all over. I don't begin to claim I'm an expert in all kinds of roads; I'm not. All I'm an expert in is keeping out of trouble. I've been through Berthoud pass, 11,000 feet above the sea, and more than 140 feet below the ocean down in Salton sink. I know enough to go slow. That's what I know.

"It's the good road that kills. Men

don't break their necks speeding on bad roads. They're caught on good roads, the way I said. Some pavement is deadly dangerous when it's dry, and some is deadly dangerous when it is wet. Take concrete, for example. There's no cleaner driving in the world than on concrete. This side of Buffalo, and here and there in New York and California, you have concrete roads. Now, when they're hauling hay for a bottom, or oranges out of an irrigation project, there'll be about three rods of dirt on the concrete. It's apt to be clay. It's just like daubs of axle grease on a railroad track. You hit that stuff going right along, feel it quiver, and try to straighten up. Your steering wheels slick around the easiest they ever did. You forget where your straight-head is, and with the rear end of the car swinging ahead you hit hard pan again, and shoot off into the chert. Or you climb the fence of the Buffalo county club, depending where you're at.

Dry or Wet, Both Treacherous. "Dry roads are treacherous and wet roads are treacherous. There are more accidents in western New York from people coming off poor roads on to good ones than there are on rough country roads.

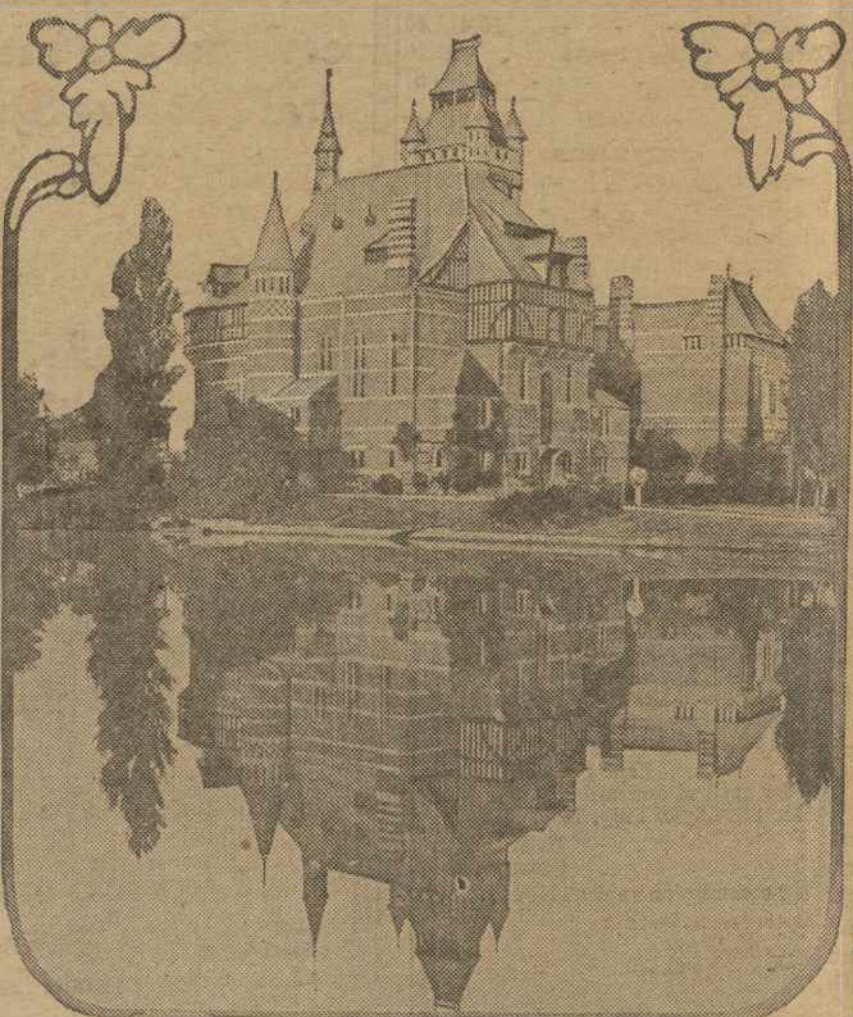
"Where you know a road is dangerous you go slow and careful. Where you think the road is not dangerous, but it is a death trap, you are in peril of your life. I'm thinking that when they have paved roads over the Rocky mountains there'll be a lot of accidents because it seems so easy.

"I've seen more than 200 wrecked cars beside the road. I've seen the ruins of ten times as many at garages the country over. Not one but what came to an untimely end because of carelessness of some kind. And nine times out of ten the carelessness was because the driver was going too fast on a road he didn't know. You'll find at the bottoms of slopes in the Rockies big, beautiful cars, all ruined—skidded on dust, on clay that looked solid, on sand that was roller bearings, or on a long peeled log gutter cross.

"No, sir! My boy, when you get your car, don't you drive over any strange road at more than 20 miles an hour, no matter how good it is, and you'll find lots of roads where it's better to go under ten miles an hour than to go faster than that. From the Rockies to the Sierras I averaged seven miles an hour—60 miles at three miles an hour one day. And I passed two cars before dark that left me behind in the morning. They'd busted themselves getting there, Eli.

"Go slow. Let the other fellow go by; you'll get there first, anyhow."

Movies in Shakespeare Memorial?



Recent reports from London, indicate that the Shakespeare Memorial theater at Stratford-upon-Avon, when not required for Shakespeare festivals, is to be used as a motion picture theater. This decision by the governors has aroused a storm of protest.

New Commerce Battle Front

Pacific Coast Is Becoming One of the Country's Most Important Boundaries.

HAS INTERESTING HISTORY

Two Priceless Features of Coast, San Francisco Bay and Puget Sound, Missed by Spanish Explorers in Their Early Explorations.

Washington, D. C.—"With the awakening of the Far East, the shifting of world interest to the Pacific, and the rapid growth of its commerce, the western rim of the United States where it touches the vastest of the world's oceans is becoming one of the country's most important boundaries," says a bulletin issued by the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"This rippling line of Pacific surf marks the end of the great Aryan migration, which began ages ago in some mysterious, unknown land of central Asia, surged through the deep valleys of the Himalayas, and has since poured ever westward, making the greater part of the world's history as it went. Across this boundary of white colonization the yellow people of the East have shown themselves ready to flow in a counter current, making complicated racial problems and giving the western boundary an ethnic importance which none of the other three boundaries possesses.

"For centuries after the discovery of the Atlantic coast of America, even for centuries after Balboa first looked upon the Pacific at Panama and after his compatriots sailed ships across its vast expanse, the Pacific coast of what is now the United States remained practically unknown. Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator, it is true, entered San Diego bay near the present Mexican border in 1542 and his expedition later sailed north as far as the big bulge in the coast line. But the two priceless features of the Pacific coast were missed; San Francisco Bay, one of the greatest, safest, and best of the harbors of the world; and the entrance to Puget Sound, where landlocked Seattle and a group of other fine harbors now handle a large part of the commerce between America and the Orient.

"This failure of early navigators to find San Francisco Bay, though many of them passed up and down the coast and the Spanish even made a special effort to discover a satisfactory harbor, constitutes one of the mysteries of the Pacific seaboard. The bay was first sighted from the land in 1769, more than two hundred years after the Spaniards began their search for a Pacific coast harbor, and it was six years later when the first ship sailed through the Golden Gate.

Where Mountains Meet the Sea. "The Pacific coast of the United States is markedly different from the Atlantic coast, especially that part of the latter south of Massachusetts, with its relatively low sandy shores and its outlying bulwark of sand islands and sand spits. San Diego bay, only ten miles north of the Mexican border, is the only bay of major importance on the Pacific coast of the United States land-locked by a sand spit. Point Loma, forming the northern boundary of San Diego bay, however, is a ridge several hundred feet high, and from there northward to Canada with only a few miles of narrow low-lands between the sea and the hills or mountains by way of exception, the coast is bold and rugged. Parts of it are what geologists call a 'drowned coast,' where mountains have sunk so that the water meets their steep slopes. Parts are 'uplifted coasts' where mountains once under the sea have partly emerged, and their slopes are still lapped by the waves.

"It is the mountainous and bold character of the Pacific coast which sets it off most distinctly from the

coast of the Atlantic. From a point 50 miles north of San Francisco one sails northward for hundreds of miles alongside bluffs and promontories, finding hardly any indentations of importance.

Numerous Small Bays. "North of the main bulge of the Pacific coast, Cape Mendocino, small bays are more numerous in California, Oregon and Washington, and about many of them railroads have been built and considerable commercial development has taken place. Finally, at the mouth of the Columbia river, over 500 miles north of the Golden Gate, a good deep water harbor is reached at Astoria. Ocean vessels may even ascend the river to Portland nearly 100 miles inland.

"More than 850 miles north of San Francisco is the ten miles wide strait of Juan de Fuca, the entrance to Puget sound.

"After an interval of nearly 600 miles where British Columbia fronts the Pacific, the Pacific coast again becomes territory of the United States as the southernmost point of Alaska is reached. For more than a thousand miles to the roots of the Alaska peninsula the waters of the Pacific bathe the shores of this territory, and for an even greater distance the long arm of the peninsula and the Aleutian islands off its point sweep out into the ocean."

Many Vessels Are Still Idle

Recent Visitor to Important Ports Found That Only Tankers Are in Demand.

RIGID ECONOMY IS NECESSARY

Prospects of Revival in Trade Are Reasonably Favorable—Crews on American Freighters and Oil Tanks Are Well Fed.

New York.—Worldwide retrenchment has affected no class of the industrial community more than the men (and women) who "go down to the sea in ships." Ships have been laid up in every important port I have visited, from United States of America to Britain, Holland, Belgium, Egypt, New Zealand, Australia and even South Africa, where the Durban whalers seemed to be compelled to take a rest. "Business as usual" has only appeared to be available to the oil tanks, and at Tampico quite recently I have known a vessel to wait much over a week before being able to take oil aboard.

It is quite clear that those who direct the destinies of the world's exchange of commodities have realized the pressing need for "peace, retrenchment and reform," and the curtailment of the wages of seamen, masters-at-arms, quartermasters, engineers, oilers, water tenders, wipers, trimmers, stewards, cooks, and assistant stewards is only a symptom of worldwide necessity.

When war broke out \$20 a month for an able seaman and \$17 a month for an assistant steward would be considered acceptable. Before the war terminated, with the signing of the armistice, stewards had in Britain a most active leader in Joe Cotter, and his efforts on their behalf led to the assistant stewards receiving \$11 per month from the shipping companies and \$3 as a bonus from the British government, roughly \$56 per month, while in the United States messmen obtained \$70 per month, added to which they were paid \$1.50 a day while in port, in the shape of overtime—that is, on days other than

HAPPY ROBERT AND JACK



It was a big day for Robert Knapp (right) and his brother Jack when the President received them and insisted that they all be photographed. The boys, who are the sons of Assistant U. S. Forester Leon F. Knapp, chief of the branch of lands, had just returned from their uncle's ranch in Arizona and brought all the cowboy "trimmings", and Laddie Boy is an interested spectator.

those associated with arrival and departure.

Held Up for Days.

At that time every available vessel was in requisition, and barges were more valuable than battleships. I have known ships held up for days because they could not obtain barges for their cargoes. In 1915 Great Britain owned 8,675 vessels of 19,235,705 tons, and had in 1920 so far recovered from her stupendous war losses to possess vessels of 18,111,000 tons. In 1914 she employed 235,653 seamen of various grades, thousands of them being Latvians and various Asiatics, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians and Russians. What they total today none can compute.

In addition to the actual monetary reward general conditions have improved to a surprising degree, in conformity with recognition of the bravery displayed by all seamen working on allied vessels during the war. Some years ago I traveled to South Africa on a boat belonging to the Union Company of Britain, and during the greater part of the trip we were compelled to drink condensed sea water, while fresh bread twice per week was regarded as a luxury. Sailors fared as best they could on salt beef or pork and hard biscuit. The introduction of refrigerating plants has altered that, and, sympathizing with the seamen, the British board of trade evolved a compulsory schedule of foods. This was in operation for some time after war had been declared.

The shipping board and American shipowners generally have been extremely liberal in their treatment of their sailors, and I have seen, on an oil tank of the United States, petty officers, seamen, firemen and wipers sit down to dishes of as good quality and as well cooked (if not so well served) as could be obtained in a first-class hotel in New York.

Subordinate hands on American freighters and oil tanks are better fed, in the main, than those on liners crossing the Atlantic and going from Britain to distant ports, while in most cases accommodation is much superior on the former classes of vessels.

It is satisfactory to know that prospects of a revival are reasonably favorable. But whatever the outlook, it is clearly recognized that to be profitably engineered the shipping of the world must be run on a basis of rigid economy and superlative efficiency.—George Laval Chesterton in New York Herald.

Catches Big Catfish. Bardstown, Ky.—G. C. Duncan of Bloomfield, while fishing near Wheatley, Ky., pulled from the Kentucky river a yellow catfish that weighed 62 pounds. He hooked his catch on a throw line and it took an hour to get him in the boat.

Boys Must Stay Home Nights for Thirty Days

Seven boys, all under twelve years old, found guilty by Mayor Myers of Greenfield, Ind., of taking pennies from the milk bottles set out on porches, have been sentenced to stay at home after six o'clock in the evening for 30 days. Their parents are entrusted to enforce the sentence, and not to permit any of the boys to leave their homes between 6 p. m. and 6 a. m., unless accompanied by the parents.

Smoking an Emperor's \$2,000 Pipe



Representative Roy C. Fitzgerald of Dayton, Ohio, photographed in his office in Washington while taking a few puffs from a \$2,000 meerschaum pipe once owned by the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The pipe, said to be one of the most remarkable specimens of meerschaum carving in the world, is owned by L. O. Shank of Dayton. There are nine figures on the pipe, illustrating the experience of eight youths with their first try at clandestine tobacco smoking.