

Automobiles and Good Roads

A Department Designed to Help Farmers With Progressive Road Ideas.

GOOD ROADS, state highways and the formation of a state automobile association, such as forty-four other states in the Union, will be a prominent feature of the mid-summer Potlatch to be held in Seattle beginning July 15 and closing July 18. Motorists from every part of Eastern Washington as well as the west side will be guests of the Automobile Club of Seattle during that week and the state association will be organized.

The primary object of the association will be to initiate legislation affecting the interests of farmers as well as city-folk owning machines and to promote intra-state thoroughfares so that access to the big markets will be easy.

Celebration Is Feature.

One of the principal events in connection with the gathering of the automobilists will be the celebration of the completion of the Snoqualmie Pass highway, creating a low-grade passage through the Cascades. Heretofore those who have tried to take their cars through the state have been compelled to ship them by rail. That this pass will bring thousands of continental motorists through Washington instead

of by the route now used through Wyoming into California, is believed.

As soon as the Northwest highway receives the proper advertisement in the East, inestimable returns to small communities in Eastern Washington to be derived from tourists plentifully supplied with money, are expected.

For the entertainment of the delegates and visitors during the week, the Potlatch authorities have arranged several special features for the carnival.

Many Other Features.

On one night an illuminated automobile pageant with decorated cars will be shown through the principal streets. Fast auto races throughout the carnival days are also scheduled.

The carnival officials have prepared many other features. The Tilikums of Elltas, a booster organization meaning "Friends of Seattle," has the program directly in charge, with such organizations as the Seattle Yacht Club, Dads' Day committee and others assisting. Aviation flights day and night, Lipton cup yacht races, pageants, international speedboat races, Mardi Gras carnival and general hilarious good times are all to come as parts of the entertainment.

away at Monte Carlo. Eventually he was buying apples by the trainload instead of by the basket. He was the first to buy on a large scale from the Hood River country—the most wonderful valley of apple trees in the world.

"There isn't any secret of success," Steinhardt says. "You only have to know your apples—and then let others know of them. Don't be diffident. It doesn't pay."

Autoist Beats Baseball Fan

WHO is the slangiest mortal alive? "The baseball fan," quickly answered Nick Cullop, Kansas City Federal pitcher.

"The auto fan," contradicted R. H. Williams.

Immediately Cullop and Williams were into a hot argument.

"Why, no real baseball fan can express himself except in slang," Nick said. "I know—"

"Just the same he had better look to his laurels," Williams interjected. "Just take the real automobile fan, a few of whose expressions are:

"Mag" for magneto.
 "Shoot the juice," for speed up the car.

"Gasoline sneezer"—motoreycle.
 "Junk"—expression for a car one does not like.

"Gas"—for gasoline.
 "Jiggle the carburetor," to get "a freer flow of gas."

"Turn it over," is parlance for "crank the motor."

"Killing it" means stall a motor, but the car "dies" when the engine stops.

"Nice boat" is a term for an up-to-date car," and—

"That's enough," Cullop gasped, "I never knew that there were motor bugs."

Roads Are Improved

At a meeting of the Auto Club, of Centralia, Wash., it was voted to take full advantage of May 22, Good Roads day, for improving the highways in this vicinity. A committee was appointed for each highway leading into the city, whose duty it was to solicit volunteers for road work on that day. Picks, shovels and drags were used. The fife and drum corps of Company M advertised the event the previous night. Prizes were offered for the best half mile of road maintained this season by farmers within a radius of 15 miles of Centralia. The first prize will be \$50, second \$25, third 15 and fourth \$10.

Woman Runs Garage
 Miss Ruth Sarkin, the first woman to secure a license to operate a car in Fitchburg, Mass., is now manager of the largest garage in that city, and is also half-owner of the business.

King Peter Is Auto Agent
 King Peter, of Servia, is now an automobile agent, having taken the agency for a French car. The King has also taken an interest in a hair-dressing establishment.

Wool Growers Collect \$200,000.

Of the 1,250,000 pounds of wool in this spring's clip in the district from North Yakima to the Columbia river there are less than 100,000 pounds in the hands of the growers. The total sales of the wool will aggregate \$200,000 and the producers of wool in most instances have their money.

Professor A. W. Taylor, head of the department of economic science, delivered the Commencement address at the Pullman high school May 12, and also at the Colfax high school, May 25.

Zoological item in Fossil, Oregon, Journal: "Pat Collins brought in an immense porcupine hide yesterday, big enough for a lap robe, and turned it over to Road Supervisor John Van Horn, who gave Pat a contract a year ago to get him a pelt of this kind. John is sending the hide by parcel post back to his nephew in Missouri."

"King of Apples" Once Poor German Boy in City

Herbert Corey Tells Romantic Story of "Joe" Steinhardt, Who Buys Out Whole Hood River Crop.

The king of apples is not a farmer. Yet farmers in the Northwest deal with him more or less every year. Herbert Corey has written a wonderfully interesting account of this German boy's ride to fame on a red-cheeked apple.

By HERBERT COREY.

"JOE" STEINHARDT'S opportunity looked like hard luck when it came to him. For days he had been getting his meals by washing dishes in Bowery restaurants. At night he had been sleeping on park benches. One afternoon he was hired by a produce dealer to roll some dozen barrels of apples down cellar.

"I won't give you any money," said the dealer when the work was done. "You'll have to take your pay in apples."

Steinhardt was a raw German boy at that time, 16 years old, barely able to speak English intelligibly, without a useful friend in the city, and in rags and tatters. The very last thing he wanted was apples. He had been eating bananas he had picked up on the fruit docks, with an occasional over-ripe melon thrown out of the produce markets. He had planned to spend that anticipated quarter on a steak. But the dealer was in earnest.

"All right," said Steinhardt. "Will you loan me a basket?"

Sold to Housewives.

That was a most unpretending way for a future "king of apples" to start toward the coronation ceremonies. But there was no help for it. He hooked that filled basket of apples over his elbow and started toward Harlem, where the housewives are. From time to time he cried his wares. He was too hungry and weak to eat them—or his career might have vanished before it began. That night he slept again in the park. He had sold all his apples and he saw possibilities ahead. Next morning he was at the apple dealer's door as soon as the owner—to buy more apples.

"I believe," said Steinhardt on one later occasion, "that I know as much of the buying and selling end of the apple business as any man alive. For three successive years I bought the entire crop of the Hood River country in Oregon. I have given apples to kings—for publicity purposes. I watch for a new apple district as anxiously as a placer miner does for news of a new camp."

Humility Doesn't Pay.

Not every apple dealer will admit that Steinhardt is the most important

man in the trade. But it is freely admitted—by no one more freely than Steinhardt—that he is one of the most important men in it. He believes in letting people know about himself.

"Humility," he says, "kills no apples."

It was not long before Steinhardt had progressed to the dignity of a push cart after that successful essay in basket salesmanship. Each morning he would push that cart six miles uptown to the housekeeping centers. By and by he became frightfully annoyed by an Irish apple peddler named Kelly. Kelly owned a red cart as Steinhardt. He bought as good apples. He could make as much noise. When Steinhardt started in at one end of the street, and Kelly advanced toward him from the other, each bawling his wares, peaceful folk used to pull down the windows.

Foes Finally Combine.

"You gotta git outa here," said Kelly to Steinhardt one day. "Keep off this street."

"Who?" asked Steinhardt. "Me?" If you speak to me again—if you even look at me!"

The pair began to haunt each other. Neither was happy until he knew where the other was. They paid more attention to out-yammering the rival than to selling apples. Steinhardt saw that could not go on. One day he went to Kelly in an amicable mood.

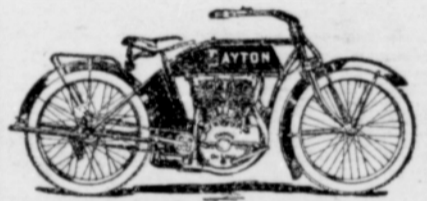
"We can't scare each other," said he. "Let's combine."

Begins to Gamble.

A few months later the new firm became venturesome. In open competition they sold four barrels of apples to an outfitting steamship. On the strength of their first "big deal" they bought a horse and wagon. The horse was merely a collection of defects held together by a tenacious will. They painted the wagon themselves, at night, as red as red could be found on the color board. Steinhardt drove the new outfit to the dock himself with the four barrels of apples.

"Every now and then I'd get off the seat and pretend to be fixing something about the harness," said he. "But the harness was all right, I just wanted to see my own name painted on the side of my own wagon."

The rest of the story is simply one of growth. Steinhardt has always specialized in apples. He found difficulty in selling American apples on the other side of the water. Possible buyers did not know what apples are. So that he began to educate Europe on American apples. He has sent packages of red-skinned beauties from Oregon to princes about to be crowned kings. He has corresponded earnestly with titled people and given apples



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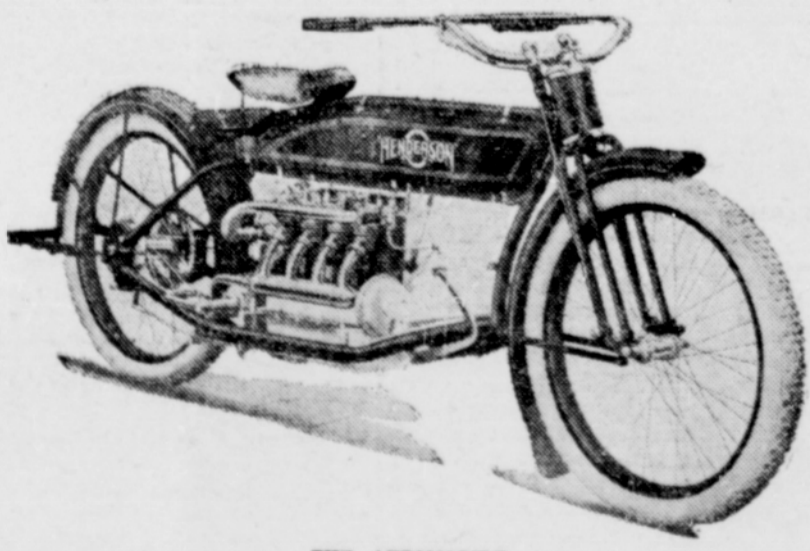
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