

Incidents Along Road To Florida

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honor. Had the roads been good all the way we could have made the trip easily in two days, but the end of the second day left us 120 miles from Fort Worth.

We experienced one of the "Texas Northerns," with a cold, stiff wind and a misty rain and fog, with occasional flakes of snow. This was the hardest day of our trip.

Mobile, Ala., Jan. 30, 1927.

We left Dallas with milder weather, although a fog and mist at times in the morning kept the roads wet, but the wind had changed to the southwest and it gradually became warmer. We were sent on another detour to Shreveport, La., but the road was good all the way and we made good time. The desert has been gradually fading away from central Texas. As we came east we saw a little more vegetation and farming and a few trees. The colored people also faded away. We lost the Mexicans after leaving the border at El Paso, and did not see many negroes in Texas. They are unpopular in that state, although they tolerate the Mexicans in the border towns. We were told that in some Texas towns they have signs posted on the highway at each end of town saying: "Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you in this town." It is said that if transient negroes fail to heed the warning they are waited on and severely dealt with. As we went east, however, even in eastern Texas, there were plenty of negroes.

Shreveport, La., is a large city and one of the prominent business sections of the state. A short distance east of there we crossed the Arkansas river on a bridge. Leaving Shreveport we went east to Vicksburg, Miss., crossing the Mississippi river on a ferry, a distance of four miles from the Louisiana landing. The roads were good all the way, occasionally pavement, then gravelled roads, the latter being the principal roads in the south land. They are all well kept up, road scrapers going all the time, and most of the time we made just as good time as on pavement. In fact, with the wet weather the gravelled roads were the best. However, the cars are all plastered with red mud. Our car is a sight, and we are waiting until the detours are over before we clean it up.

After leaving Vicksburg the skies cleared and it turned real warm and we have had summer weather ever since. We have shed our overcoats and wraps and will soon have to change to summer clothes. It is a very interesting trip through these southern states. The principal crop is cotton, with some corn. Farm houses are close together, compared with most farming communities, and the population seems to be largely negroes. There seemed to be no work going on in the fields, as most of them are flooded with the recent rains until we neared the gulf. We saw many sitting out on the porch, occasionally playing a banjo, or smoking. The houses are mostly tumbledown shacks, indicating extreme poverty or shiftlessness. Generally the doors are open.

Reaching Jackson, Miss., the capital of the state, we rode around the town and visited the capitol building. It is a very nice looking city, with residences kept up in better shape than most of the southern cities. There were also more green trees and plant life, with occasionally a few spring flowers. The absence of anything green, even grass, in Texas, was quite a contrast to the Pacific coast.

On account of bad roads east of Jackson we were routed south to Gulfport, thence east to Mobile, and found good roads all the way. Quite a bit of pavement and the rest gravelled roads in good shape. In fact we traveled just as fast

on the gravelled roads as on pavement. As we went south things kept getting greener and we had left the rain behind. In fact there has been no rain near the gulf for a month.

We got lost shortly after leaving Jackson going through a town. There are very few road signs and many cross roads and we have to make inquiries frequently. Anyway we found ourselves on a country road and wandered around 15 or 20 miles before we got back on the highway. We are finding the southern people very courteous and ready to give information at any time. We also today picked up a nail and lost the first Hood River air out of a tire.

At Gulfport we saw the Gulf of Mexico for the first time, and had a beautiful drive from there east to Mobile, the highway going along the coast for 12 miles to Biloxi, and built up almost all the way with fine homes and summer hotels. This section is a great resort even in winter, and is making some competition for Florida. At Gulfport we saw the first palms since leaving the coast, but they had been badly nipped by a freeze.

We crossed a ferry about 40 miles from Mobile and will cross Mobile bay on another ferry tomorrow, and will then be in Florida, taking the Old Spanish Trail to Lake City.

Lake City, Fla.

We went to the ferry Monday morning early to be sure and get the car aboard, as it is usually crowded. The trip across Mobile Bay is 17 miles, landing at Fairhope. The ferry charge was \$6 for the car, an exorbitant price, and there has been much dissatisfaction here, so a bridge is being built, or several bridges and approaches, which will be finished in about 60 days. It will be a toll bridge, but the toll charge will be only \$1.50. There are four ferries between New Orleans and Mobile, and one toll bridge east of Mobile Bay. Alabama is doing very little road work and we are told they have very few good roads in the state.

When we reached the Florida line, however, we had 18 miles of pavement, and the Old Spanish Trail, which runs from Atlantic coast to El Paso, is being made a state highway through Florida. We had to make two detours where road work was going on, but the rest was pavement or excellent gravel roads. The Old Spanish Trail is reported in fairly good shape to New Orleans, and from there to Houston, Texas, but unimproved from there to El Paso.

If this road was improved all the way it would lessen the distance from California to Florida about 400 miles.

The best roads in the southland are north and south, with very few improved cross country roads. This country, west of Florida, does not appreciate the tourist business. In fact, it has been but the last three years that they knew anything about it. The only camp grounds in the south are the few free camps where tourists are allowed to pitch a tent, with no accommodations, and they are mostly patronized by undesirable. Some of the towns are becoming disgusted with those who come in and stay there for weeks at a time, while looking for work.

We have not seen a modern, sanitary camp ground since we left the west, and no cabins east of Dallas, Texas.

Gas prices are mostly 25 cents in Arizona and New Mexico, 20 to 22 in Texas, except Ft. Worth and Dallas, where the regular price is 17. Many are selling at 15 with "bootleg" gas as low as 12, if you buy oil also. At Gulfport there is a 3-cent state tax and a 2-cent county tax, making the price 24 1/2 cents.

The roads are badly signed, and we have gotten on the wrong road several times. There are many advertising signs along the highway, but not many to direct the traveler, especially at cross roads, and there are many cross roads.

Near De Funiac Springs, where

we stopped for breakfast Tuesday morning, is Ponce de Leon Springs, made famous in history as the "Fountain of Youth." The place was advertised as a fine tourist camp, so we were curious to see the historical place. When we reached there we found a gas station with the tank blocked by a dilapidated tin Lizzie. We stopped behind it and a youth came out to see what we wanted. Asking him if he sold gas, he moved the flivver and supplied our wants. We could see no springs and were told they were some distance off the road. The camp ground was a cattle corral with a shed containing several stalls and two enclosures at each end for rest rooms.

As we traveled east we found work going on in many places on the Old Spanish Trail, and we got well acquainted with Old Man De-tour. The finished road was in fine shape, smooth clay and gravelled some places oiled, and some pavement, but there were many detours, some long ones through country roads, with no signs at many cross roads, and no one living near to enquire of. The detours were mostly in good condition, as there have been no recent rains, but they added about 20 miles to the day's drive. Several convict camps were at work along the highway.

We stopped at Tallahassee for lunch and found we were an hour behind their time, it having changed somewhere on the road, so we set our watches ahead again for the third time. We are now three hours ahead of Hood River.

A Tribute To Alice M. Birney

A Tribute

(By Mrs. David O. Mears)

The great landscape painter, Corot, has said, "I dream my picture, then paint my dream." A dream of a picture with the hope of its realization came in early womanhood and motherhood to Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, founder and first president of the National Congress of Mothers.

Alice McLellan Birney was a native of Marietta, Georgia. Her childhood and girlhood were passed in a culture, intellectual, and spiritual atmosphere. Her mother has said of her, "Early in childhood she manifested that fine sense of justice and sympathy that characterized her entire life. Her hand was always out for the protection of the helpless in every way and as she grew older this characteristic developed in a desire to help all childhood."

This desire became to her a dream—indeed, a prophetic vision of what organized, intelligent motherhood might accomplish the world over: It was as if she had in mind some great picture of deep spiritual truth, significance, and beauty which might be reproduced in many hearts and many homes.

This vision materialized in the National Congress of Mothers when at a kindergarten mother's meeting at Chautauqua, N. Y., the first semi-public words were spoken which led to the founding of the national organization. Following the presentation of the matter at the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Mrs. Birney's native State, Georgia, in 1896, a call was issued for a Congress of Mothers to be held in Washington, D. C., in February, 1897. Then came months of wise, tireless preparation for this unique gathering under the direction of Mrs. Birney, the founder, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, as Lady Bountiful, Miss Mary Louise Butler, organizing secretary, and with the co-operation of interested friends.

The success of that First Congress of Mothers amazed even the most sanguine. The large auditorium was crowded day after day with interested and enthusiastic friends who came to listen to inspiring addresses from distinguished speakers and to formulate plans

for the future progress of the new work. The value and far-reaching influence of the united mother-thought and endeavor were at once recognized. Expressions of commendation and pledges of hearty co-operation came from all quarters: east, west, north and south, and from beyond the seas. The response came also from all classes: from the "seats of the mighty and from those in humble homes; from the father and other occupying the white house in the nations capital; from the executive mansions in near and distant states; from educators, clergymen, philanthropists, the press, and home-makers everywhere. The formation of state congresses and local mothers' associations organized for work followed.

To a few, very few, great souls is given the power of forming and carrying out successfully ideals which are to bless the world. Had Mrs. Birney's life accomplished naught else but the giving of shape and impetus to this noble organization, her name would have permanent place in the annals of time. To Mrs. Birney came the vision of true motherhood, of childhood and its needs, and in her whole after life she was not "disobedient unto the heavenly vision,"

but gave herself unceasingly to the promulgation everywhere of the gospel of motherhood and childhood as exemplified in her own beautiful life.

George McDonald says: "She who takes into her heart her own children may be a very ordinary mother, but she who takes into her heart the children of others, she is one of God's mothers." Mrs. Birney was one of "God's mothers" and she viewed with pain the untended, unlightened motherhood of the world, but foresaw that brighter days might dawn for the neglected, helpless, sorrowful ones of earth in the homes of the rich as well as in the dwellings of the poor.

A paraphrase of the tribute penned for another American woman, Francis Willard, may be applied to Mrs. Birney:

"She knew the power of banded ill, but felt that love was stronger still, and organized for common good the world's united Motherhood."

The picture which Mrs. Birney would fain have portrayed in its fullness and beauty was still unfinished when the gifted mother-artist was taken from earth. Many deprived of personal knowledge of her rare intellect, winning personality, and consecrated life honor

the organization of which she was the Founder. "To those who were privileged to know her and to countless others interested in the highest welfare of the child, has been entrusted the completion of her work, the fulfillment of the ideal of her vision.

Mrs. Birney's memory will be best cherished and honored by the perpetuation of her ideals and the accomplishment of her cherished plans.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

If you have an electric washing machine, says the United States department of agriculture, be sure to pull out the electric plug when leaving the machine between wash days and coil the connecting cord where it will not collect moisture and dirt. Do not lubricate or adjust any part of the washer while the cord is connected to the current source. Proper insulation of all wiring, cords, and electrical devices is especially important in the laundry, where the worker often touches them with wet hands and where the floors and walls are damp.

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FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



No Respect for Grown-ups