

GIANTS WHO CUT OVERLAND COST

Batteries of Heavy Presses and Skyline Railroads Expedite Production

In Toledo the other day I made a trip on the Willys-Overland Sky Railroad, with Tim Montgomery at the throttle.

There was a heavy thundercloud in the sky just before we started, and big drops of rain clung to the cab window. I didn't fancy the prospect of a plunge through the air in the event of a hurried landing.

But the Willys-Overland Sky Railroad did not stop for storms. The Sky Railroad terminal, where we were at the moment, was an upper story of that stupendous Willys-Overland plant, which lies near the battleground of "Tippecanoe" Harrisson, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and Tecumseh.

Tim's little electric locomotive was resting at the brink of a great open doorway that led into nothingness. It reminded me of a bird standing on the edge of a roof. Outside the building, just above this dizzy doorway, begins a lofty trestle that encircles the shipping platform on the ground, perhaps a round trip of a quarter of a mile.

This structure supports the monorail of the Willys-Overland Sky Railroad, which runs on one track. Tim's engine hangs from it like an acrobat who swings by his arms from a trapeze.

"Before the Sky Railroad was built," said Tim, "the finished Overland cars were packed on open docks and pushed out to the shipping yards by manpower. It took eight or ten men to get a car there."

A gong clang somewhere back of us and a hoarse voice shouted a clear signal. Tim moved the controller lever, and we went out the door into space dragging our load. This was a brand new Overland car, packed in a box lined with tar paper to prevent the ocean air from rusting the metal—for these cars were going abroad.

Always on Time Just then the gale hit us, and the rain on the cab roof sounded like the rolling of a snare drum. Down below us I could see men running for shelter. Tim shouted above the noise of the wind: "I'd take a tornado to blow 'er off the track, and you needn't worry 'bout washouts. I call 'er the Twentieth Century Willys-Overland Limited. She always goes through on time."

Along the rail we slid to the freight tracks, where Tim brought his curious train to a stop above the loading platform, alongside a string of box-cars. While we hovered there in the air, our load was lowered into the waiting car. Clang! went a gong again.

"Hold fast!" warned Tim, as he swung the throttle lever around its arc. "We've got some heavy curves ahead, and some grades."

Surely we did have, and thunder and lightning too, but the Willys-Overland Limited climbed safely up around the loop and back through another sky door into the terminal, where once more it rested on the edge of the jumping-off place.

Let me explain how I happened to be there. It was not chance, but a telegram from the Willys-Overland people that took me to Toledo. Usually telegrams mean something thoroughly definite, but here was an exception. My mission proved for a time quite intangible. It was an errand that did not crystallize readily; yet the idea back of it was big and compelling.

A Message to the Public "The functions of the modern great factory have never been adequately interpreted," the Willys-Overland people said to me. "Every-day advertising is good so far as it goes, but it doesn't carry the message or touch the romance of big-quantity manufacturing. Surely in this vast plant with its eighteen thousand men and its production of two hundred thousand automobiles a year, there is something with a meaning for the public—something that typifies the present age and is worthy of translation."

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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is predominate Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write to-day and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

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Send free trial of your method to:

GAMPHOROLE-AT ONCE RELIEVES PAIN It Soothes and Loosens Up Those Stiff Rheumatic Joints, Reduces Inflammation and Drives Out Pain

Don't suffer with Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Pleurisy, Neuralgia and Congestion. Here is the quickest and surest relief. Pain is an easy thing to stop. Get a jar of Gamphorole from the nearest drug store, and while you are applying Gamphorole you will wonder where the pain has gone. The remarkable success of Gamphorole is entirely due to Wintergreen, Menthol and Camphor. Prepared in a synthetic way to give results. It is well known that the medical profession and medical papers testify to their great curative properties. At all druggists—25c and 50c jars, Dr. Briggell's Manufacturer, Atlantic City, N. J.—Adv.

Circus to Travel by Motor Trucks Hereafter

The circus, which has long been the inspiration of youth, is growing in strength and daring. This year will turn its efforts to obtaining recruits for Uncle Sam's army and navy.

With the thought of bending every effort toward securing every young patriot, Frank P. Spellman, president of the United States Circus Corporation, owners of the new motorized circus, has offered to aid the government to recruit able-bodied men for the army and navy from the vast crowds that gather at the performances. He has proposed to the War Department that a recruiting office be opened at the show grounds.

It was the plan of President Spellman in building up his circus to put on the road something that would be of practical value in the way of patriotic service, as well as something that would be attractive. With this end in view, elaborate floats, representing the allied countries, no war mat with 60,000 men, have been made. These, with the magnificent float, "Old Glory," passing through the streets on motor trucks are expected to arouse a patriotic fervor and inspire many a young man to offer his services to his country.

The new circus will start from Cincinnati early in June, being transported from town to town on 100 Kelly-Springfield trucks and Troy trailers equipped with Firestone tires.

tion into understandable terms. Here is a pass that will take you through all the shops. Go and study the problem, first at the factory.

So I went, without any instructions. It was up to me. Here before me was a bewildering fact—the Titanic plant; and the first question was:

"How does a mighty factory like this touch the lives of the American people? How does it do for us?"

Then, by analysis, the problem separated itself into groups, and at the top of one of these stood Tim Montgomery, engineer of the Twentieth Century Willys-Overland Limited. Tim was the concrete fact that got hold of me as a tangible expression of the factory's life.

In other words, Tim and his Sky Railroad helped to cut down the cost, and the price, of Willys-Overland cars.

Another Railway Then, as I wandered about, I espied another "railway"—with its wide-spread tracks laid closely to the lofty ceiling of a shop that stretched away dimly among a maze of machinery. Up there in the cab of the motor was another tangible expression of big-quantity production; by name, one Hank Jennings.

Since my pass covered a ride over this strange transportation system, too, I went up a ladder to a hazardous station and flagged Jennings as he bore down upon me with his contrivance. A small, grisly man I found him, who eyed me with proper suspicion and examined my passports with Prussian minuteness before he motioned me aboard, with stern silence.

The passenger equipment on this road is not luxurious, but the scenery along the line is at least conducive to serene reflections, for Hank Jennings and his traveling crane come rather close to most of us.

Jennings Has Giant's Power The long arms of Jennings' crane reached down and lifted tons of steel as deftly as you would pick up a golf ball. Through the magic of mechanics, Jennings has a gentle strength vested in him. As I sat there in his engine he moved his wrist and one of the steel tenacles of the crane swung around and tapped to the floor. Then it fastened itself to a massive steel die as heavy as two automobiles together.

With a twist of his hand Jennings raised this weight until it hung suspended under us, and then we were off along that ceiling railway to the far end of the shop.

For an hour sat there a self-invited guest of this man with a giant's power, and we rode to and fro under the smoky skylight; and in that hour he lifted and carried tons of freight without interrupting for a moment the noisy activity below him.

Jennings expresses again the meaning of big-quantity production, for in a little plant he would not be Jennings the traveling giant, but simply Jennings the man. He would sweat and strive, with scores of other men, to accomplish in a costly, clumsy way what Jennings the giant does along with ease and economy.

Scores of Conveyors I wandered into the assembly room. As far as the eye could reach were scores of conveyors, underneath the floor, on it and overhead, each bringing automobile parts direct to the workmen. Here I saw again the uncanny methods of modern industry that cut manufacturing costs to the bone.

Out in the yards I stood beneath a magnetic crane, and, looking up, saw a young man. He had the boy's face of a boy, and his name, they said, was Javieski. Nobody around there seemed to attach any romance to his youth, yet I saw him let loose from the tips of his fingers a weird power as irresistible as gravity. His steel magnet came down with a circular sweep toward a stack of metal bars as long as a house, which suddenly the cars jumped from the floor to meet it.

Surely, the magnet had found its affinity—an affinity so fierce that no human muscle could have unclasped the passionate embrace. But this boy, with a touch of his magic fingers, separated the grim lovers, and at just the right spot they parted without regret or struggle.

Afterward a strange train of cars came along, drawn by a storage battery locomotive, in the seat of which sat old Billy Larimy. There were five cars to this train, all loaded with factory products, and they came down an aisle at a fast clip. So common was this sight that nobody seemed to notice it; but I was there with the outside viewpoint, and I asked questions. This old man Larimy, I was told, was once a hand-trucker. His work required a Samson, yet he was just one of many such truckers who moved material and parts with the primitive motive power of arms and legs. In the old days of small production these battalions of human snails ran up ponderous factory transportation costs and the people who bought automobiles paid the price.

Seven-Leaguers Who Cut Costs To-day Bill Larimy is older and slower than he was even seven days—but he has the strength of all those old-time truckers put together! He now eliminates costs, and you profit when you buy a Willys-Overland car.

In this Willys-Overland factory there is indeed an all-embracing transportation system such as no rolling stock comprises more than a hundred vehicles of various kinds—in the air, on the surface, and in tunnels. Every man who runs one of these transporting devices becomes, in fact, a seven-leaguer who cuts costs.

Tim Montgomery, Hank Jennings, Javieski and Bill Larimy, along with their comrades, got hold of me, somehow, in a curious way.

Indeed, they stand forth as living answers to the question I set out to solve. They, with the magic that stands out as melodramatic.

than twenty cents a pound, because both the tax and profit are charged on all the tobacco in stock which paid duty at the old rate. So that, on the stocks in hand when the duty was raised, the dealers are making a new profit of sixty-four cents a pound.

BAND BUYS NEW UNIFORMS Union Deposit, Pa., June 2.—The Citizens Band has received new uniforms.—Preaching services will be held to-morrow morning in the United Brethren Church by Prof. Stauffer of Albright College, Myerstown.—Mr. and Mrs. William Kepple and Mr. and Mrs. George Spangler of Harrisburg were guests of Jacob Espenhade on Sunday.—Mrs. William Snyder is seriously ill.—Mrs. Anna Fackler of Neffsville is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Abram Fackler.—Mr. and Mrs. John M. Baker and son John Jr. spent Wednesday at Picketown, visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Miller.—Miss Ruth and Miss Kathryn Patrick of Campbelltown visited their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eiter, on Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Long and children, Mabel and Roy, spent Sunday at Hanoverdale, visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Swope.—Miss Mildred Rudy of

Harrisburg was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kaufman on Wednesday.—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Landis spent Sunday at Neffsville.—Mrs. Amos Benedict of Lancaster is spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. William Pfeils.

Six Young Men Leave Duncannon For U. S. Service Duncannon, Pa., June 2.—Six young men left to-day for different branches of the United States Army service. Ross Jennings, a son of William Jennings, president of the Commonwealth and First National Banks, left for Fort Totten to receive preliminary training for the engineers corps in France. Roy Heckendorn and John Willis went to Allen-town for training in the Red Cross ambulance corps soon to be called to France. Heckendorn is a junior at Bucknell University and Willis is a sophomore at Lafayette. John and Frank Rosborough and Meredith Gross were sent to Columbus, Ohio, to train for the medical reserve corps. Both Meredith, Gross and

John Rosborough formerly held responsible positions with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

DIAZ AUTOBIOGRAPHY Mexico City, June 2.—Earnest search is being made for the "autobiography of Porfirio Diaz," news of which has just come to light here. It is alleged that Diaz in 1892 completed a book covering his life experiences and administrations up to that time. This book, it is said, he wished made public only after his death. Only one hundred copies were struck off. The original manuscript was destroyed by Diaz, it is said, and the one hundred copies placed in a chest and put away. One of these copies, according to Diaz directions, was to go to each state governor on Diaz' death, but Diaz died in Spain and the interesting and valuable document has not been discovered.

BABY WEEK London, June 2.—A "National Baby Week" is being organized throughout the country under the auspices of the local government board. The object is to arouse a sense of responsibility

in every citizen and secure the best possible conditions for the growth of infants. Baby shows will be held everywhere, there will be prizes for babies who have been regular attendants at infant welfare centers and have made the best progress in a given time, and prizes for the best exhibit in perambulator parades.

WOMAN, 113, DIES; HAD 200 RELATIVES Berlin, June 2.—The Berliner Tageblatt reports the death of Mrs. Louisa Adams, of Luedenscheid, Westphalia, who probably was the oldest inhabitant of Germany, having reached the phenomenal age of 113 years and two months. The woman was born in February, 1804, and remembered the retreat of Napoleon I. from Russia and the battle of Leipzig well. She was married three times and leaves nearly 200 descendants.

BOND CAMPAIGN STARTED Hummelstown, Pa., June 2.—An organization was perfected here yesterday to manage a campaign for the sale of Liberty Bonds. F. J. Schaffner was named chairman of the executive committee. The team captains selected were U. L. Hallsbaugh, H. M. Horst, C. A. Conrad and E. Z. Eiter. They will appoint their solicitors. It is believed that more than \$100,000 worth of bonds can be sold here.

Retail Tobacconists Not Popular in London

London, June 2.—The most unpopular persons in England at the present day are the retail tobacco dealers.

They are accused of the most brazen stroke of war profiteering that has yet been achieved. The budget introduced last week raised the tax on tobacco for forty-four cents a pound. Thereupon almost all of the dealers announced a raise in prices averaging on all forms of tobacco about sixty-four cents a pound. The dealers take advantage of an extra tax to charge the consumer the tax and also an extra profit of twenty cents a pound.

The consumers are indignant, but as the dealers generally hang together, and the consumers have no remedy except to stop using tobacco. There is an additional grievance in that a large proportion of the tobacco used in England is consumed by the soldiers in training, on leave, or in hospitals, and purchased by home people to send to their soldiers at the front.

The profits resulting from this increased tax really work out at more

than twenty cents a pound, because both the tax and profit are charged on all the tobacco in stock which paid duty at the old rate. So that, on the stocks in hand when the duty was raised, the dealers are making a new profit of sixty-four cents a pound.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE First Church of Christ, Scientist—Board of Trade Hall, Sunday, 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Testimonial meeting Wednesday, 8 p. m. Free Reading Rooms, Kunkel Building, 11:30 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily except Saturday, 11:30 to 3 p. m.—Adv.

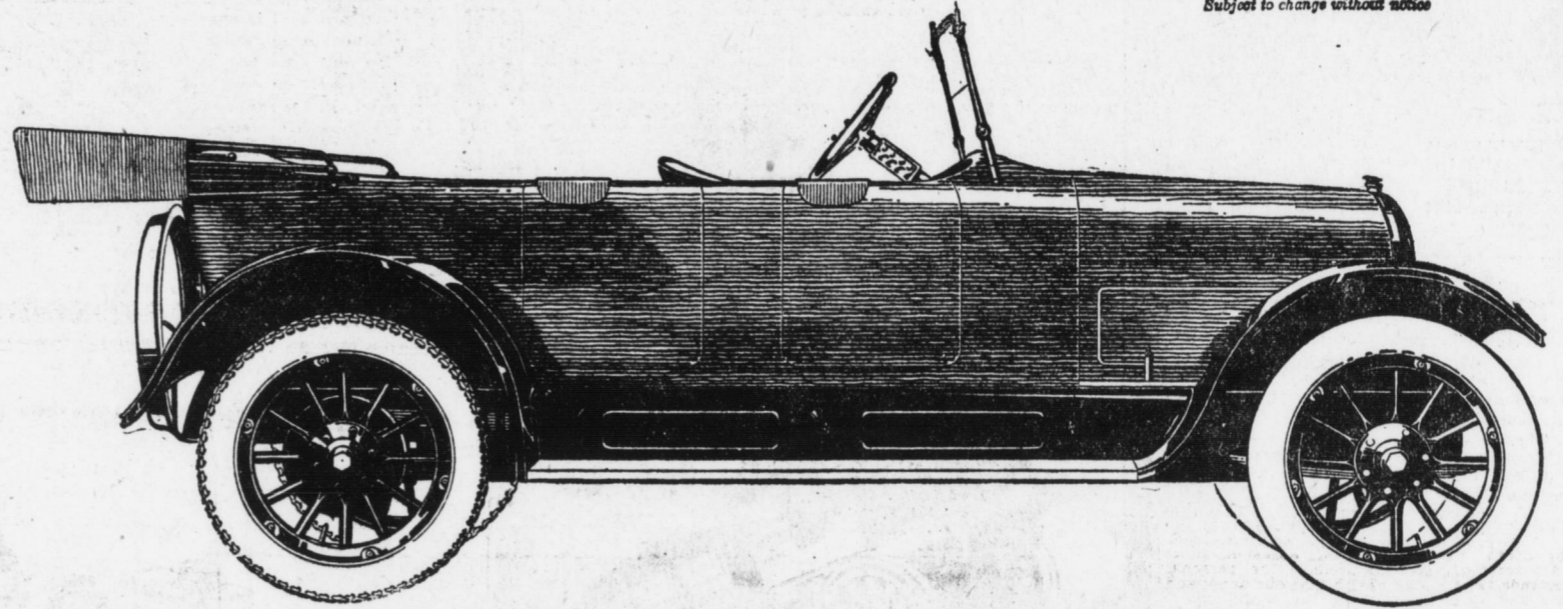
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