

FORM NEW AUTO CORPORATION

Bethlehem and North American Motors Combine and Increase Stock.

Arthur T. Murray, president of the Bethlehem Motors corporation, Allentown, Pa., has announced the formation of a corporation under the laws of Delaware which will include the Bethlehem Motors corporation, Allentown, and the North American Motor company, Port Townsend, La. In taking over the North American company, the Bethlehem Motors capital will be increased to 126,000 shares of stock, no par value, and the reorganization plans call for an additional \$1,000,000 in cash, which will take care of that process which every indication points at the present time, the Bethlehem corporation will have during the succeeding years.

Mr. Murray says that the arrangement that is now being made and for which the final plans will be completed as outlined, will place the corporation in position of being 100 percent sure at all times of the supply of motors. The corporation will be able to govern without question the process of the manufacturing of the motors used. The arrangement has been under discussion with the North American Motor company for some time coincidently with the growing necessity of the corporation having the facilities which the wonderful plant of the North American company provides.

Insistent demands have been made upon the Bethlehem corporation for expansion of its already enormous manufacturing facilities. The popularity of the Bethlehem product has been phenomenal throughout the United States and the world and demands upon the facilities of the country have caused a steady expansion of the business in two and one-half years to a point where today the corporation stands in the front ranks.

In all probability the Bethlehem stock will be listed on the New York stock exchange. This, Mr. Murray feels, will be a splendid step in the history of the organization as only those concerns which are amply financed are considered eligible to have their stock traded in and listed on the New York stock exchange.

Mr. Murray says that he personally feels that the present step is but the start of the building up of the organization to a point he has predicted it would reach for some time and that the future will bring forth wonderful results for the great distributing organization which has been created.

Officers of the Bethlehem Motors corporation as reorganized will be: Arthur T. Murray, president; D. G. Dery, S. C. Potter and H. B. Hall, vice-presidents; Martin E. Kern, treasurer; M. H. Beary, secretary; and George B. Bidwell, Allan A. Ryan, Charles W. Stiger and Charles S. Martin, directors.

LONG WHEELBASE NOT NECESSARY

Engineers Agree That it is Merely a Substitute for Good Springs.

"How long should a car's wheelbase be?" This question is a good deal like the famous old Lincoln question, "How long should a man's legs be?" to which the preserver of the union replied, "Long enough to reach the ground."

Engineers pretty generally agree now that there is nothing gained by extravagant wheel base; that wheel base is merely a device which an engineer falls back on when the purchasing department refuses to buy him the right grade of springs; and that the real way to get easy riding is to engineer your chassis correctly.

"A notable case of easy riding without resorting to extravagant wheel base is found in the new Allen five-passenger car," says D. A. Howell, of the Superior Motor Sales Co., distributors of Hudson, Essex, and Allen cars. "This car seats five passengers with absolute comfort, and takes rough going as smoothly as the latest car built. Its secret lies partially in the way its weight is carried, but the largest percentage of its smoothness comes from the long free, lazy 56-inch springs. Our policy is to sell the car absolutely on demonstration. Where the prospect knows how to drive he is asked to take the wheel himself. When he comes back, in the great majority of cases, he writes out his check. This plan is a good one, for we are quite certain most buyers of automobiles are tired of having salesmen make up their minds for them."

BACK AGAIN.
Tramp (to lady of the house): "I just came back from the front and—"
Lady (interrupting): "Indeed? And what success did you have there?"
Tramp: "None, ma'am. That's why I came around to the back."—Boys' Life.

A new tire pump is fitted to automobiles and but three moving parts, valves and springs being omitted.

Man-of-War Tossed About by Earthquake Off Coast of Mexico is Sequel to Half-Century Old Encounter of Warship at Foot of Andes

"Dispatches stating that six dreadnoughts of the Pacific fleet were shaken by an earthquake off the coast of Mexico recalls an amazing incident in the annals of the American navy in which a United States man-of-war was carried on the crest of a tidal wave three miles up the coast, two miles inland, and set down, entirely upturned, upon the beach, within a hundred feet, of the Andes," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

This thrilling incident is recounted in a communication to the society by one of the participants, Rear Admiral L. G. Billings, U. S. N., Retired, as follows:

By Rear Admiral L. G. Billings, U. S. N.
In 1868 I was attached to the U. S. S. "Waterloo," then on duty in the South Pacific—one of a class of boats built at the close of our Civil war to ascend the narrow, tortuous rivers of the south; she was termed a "double ender," having a rudder at each end, and was quite flat-bottomed—a conformation which, while it did not add to her seaworthiness, enabled her to carry a large battery and crew, and eventually saved our lives in the catastrophe which was soon to come upon us.

August, 1868, found us quietly at anchor off the pretty Peruvian town of Arica, whither we had towed the old United States store-ship "Fredonia" to escape the ravages of yellow fever, then desolating Callao and Lima.

Lima lurked the ever-present fear in the native mind of another earthquake, for Arica seemed a sort of "head center" for such seismic disturbances, having been twice before destroyed, with great loss of life.

While the anchorage at Arica was an open roadstead of almost unlimited extent it was partly protected from the prevailing winds by Alacran island, small and apparently a lump of rock broken off from the Morro by some prior convulsion. All the merchantmen were clustered rather closely under the lee of this island, near the Morro, maybe a quarter of a mile from the usual man-of-war anchorage, and about the same distance from the shore.

The men-of-war anchored more abreast of the town and possibly half a mile distant.
It was Aug. 8 that the awful calamity came upon us, like a storm from a cloudless sky, overwhelming us all in one common ruin.

Started by Shock.
I was sitting in the cabin with our commanding officer, about 4 p. m. when we were startled by a violent trembling of the ship, similar to the effect produced by letting go the anchor. Knowing it could not be that, we ran on deck. Looking shoreward, our attention was instantly arrested by a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the southeast, while a terrible rumbling grew in intensity, and before our astonished eyes the hills seemed to nod, and the ground swayed like the short, choppy waves of a troubled sea.

The cloud enveloped Arica. Instantly through its impenetrable veil arose cries for help, the crash of falling houses, and the thousand commingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship was shaken as if grasped by a giant hand; then the cloud passed on.

As the dust slowly settled we rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, believing they must be playing us a trick; for where but a few short moments before was a happy, prosperous city, busy with life and activity, we beheld but a mass of shattered ruins, hardly a house left standing; not one perfect, the streets blocked with debris through which struggled frantically the least wounded of the unhappy wretches imprisoned in the ruins of their once happy homes; while groans, cries, and shrieks for help rent the air.

Prepared for Worst.
Our prudent commander, however, gave the necessary orders to prepare for the worst. Additional anchors were let go, hatches battened down, guns secured, life lines rove fore and aft, and for a few moments all was the orderly confusion of a well-disciplined man-of-war preparing for action. Many

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hands made short work, and in a few moments we were prepared for any emergency.

But our troubles then commenced. We were startled by a terrible noise on shore, as of a tremendous roar of musketry, lasting several minutes. Again the trembling earth waved to and fro, and this time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far as seaward as our vision could reach, we saw the rocky bottom of the sea, never before exposed to human gaze, with struggling fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. The round-bottomed ships heeled over on their beam ends, while the "Waterloo" rested easily on her floor-like bottom; and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but rather an enormous tide, came sweeping back, rolling our unfortunate companion ships over and over, leaving some bottom up and others masses of wreckage, the "Waterloo" rose easily over the tossing waters, unharmed.

From this moment the sea seemed to defy the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there with a speed we could not have equalled had we been steaming for our lives. At irregular intervals the earthquake shocks recurred, but none of them so violent or long-continued as the first.

Broke Warship's Back.

The Peruvian man-of-war "America," said to be the fastest ship in the world at that time, had hastily gotten up steam and attempted to get to sea. She was well out when the receding water left her partly afloat and broke her back, of course destroying her engines. With her funnels still vomiting black smoke and apparently under full command of her people, she backed down toward the helpless "Fredonia," which was then rapidly setting in toward the Morro, as if intending to help her.

Lieut. Commander Dyer, commanding the "Fredonia," saw the maneuver, and, thinking the "America" was coming to their aid, and that a nearer approach would only involve them both in destruction, ran on the poop and hailed the approaching ship, then but a few yards distant, "America! ahoy! You can do nothing for us; our bottom is crushed. Save yourselves. Good-bye! Then down to his station among his silent, unshrinking crew he ran again. The next moment the "Fredonia" was crushed, and of that ill-fated company not one was saved, while a counter-current catching the Peruvian ship drove her rapidly in another direction.

About 8:30 p. m. the lookout hailed the deck and reported a breaker approaching. Looking seaward, we saw, first, a thin line of phosphorescent light, which loomed higher and higher until it seemed to touch the sky; its crest crowned with the death light of phosphorescent glow, showing the sullen masses of water below. Heralded by the thundering roar of a thousand breakers combined, the dreaded tidal wave was upon us at last. Of all the horrors of this dreadful time, this seemed the worst.

Watched Monster Approach.
Chained to the spot, helpless to escape, with all the preparations made which human skill could suggest, we could but watch the monster wave approach without the sustaining help of action. That the ship could ride through the masses of water about to overwhelm us seemed impossible. We could only grip the life-line and wait the coming catastrophe.

"With a crash our gallant ship was overwhelmed and buried deep beneath a semi-solid mass of sand and water. For a breathless eternity we were submerged; then, groaning in every timber, the staunch old "Waterloo" struggled again to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the life-lines—some few seriously wounded, bruised, and battered; none killed; not one even missing. A miracle it seemed to us then, and as I look

back through the years it seems doubly miraculous now.

The morning sun broke on a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. We found ourselves high and dry in a little cove, or rather indentation, in the coast-line. We had been carried some three miles up the coast and nearly two miles inland. The wave had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley, and over the railroad track, leaving us at the foot of the seacoast range of the Andes. On the nearly perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and, by measurements, found it to have been 47 feet high, not including the comb. Had the wave carried us 200 feet further, we would inevitably have been dashed to pieces against the mountain-side.

RED CROSS BODIES TO EXTEND HOME SERVICE

By Associated Press.
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 16.—

In an effort to have each community in the state organized to meet its special welfare needs, lake division headquarters of the American Red Cross has authorized several Indiana communities to extend their home service programs. Among those recently added to the list is the Benton county chapter at Fowler, which has been authorized to use funds for care of an infantile paralysis case.

Acting on applications for extension, from Hammond, Huntington and Bluffton, Ind., officials have just completed several of these communities and will determine each chapter's needs.

Among other projects which chapters plan to add to their regular work, are family work, information service and community welfare work.

More than 1,000,000 persons in England are receiving unemployment pay from the government.

BRITAIN SHOULD VOICE HER SIDE ASSERTS PRESS

LONDON, Aug. 12.—Ireland bids fair to offer the government peculiar difficulties during the coming months because even those who side with the government, and against Sinn Fein, are outspoken in some of their criticisms of methods of settlement—or of alleged lack of method.

The Saturday Review draws a vivid picture of the passion of Irishmen for politics which has made them a mighty force in the United States, where they "lord it in a land as great as all Europe."

"Nothing but absolute independence is claimed today," says this political review, paraphrasing the Irish case in America, "and America, the land of liberty, is with all eloquence and craft, urged to aid the separatist surge—even with millions of dollars, which are to be repaid seven years after the English evacuate Ireland."

No Voice for Britain.

"Meanwhile, the British embassy in Connecticut av. Washington, remains empty. No authoritative voice puts Britain's case and Ireland's teeming prosperity before America's millions. Sinn Fein holds that great field, fomenting the spirit of 1812" when English arrogance and the right of search at sea precipitated America into her second war with Great Britain.

"If ever intelligent propaganda were called for on Britain's behalf it is surely at this hour when Mr. de Valera, the Spanish-American 'president' of the Sinn Fein 'republic' of Ireland, holds mischief-making levees in the state suite of the big Waldorf hotel.

"Senators and millionaires, industrial magnates, prelates of the Catholic church, officers of the United States army and navy, authors, journalists and social lion-hunters—all these and many more hang on the old incendiary speech about Ire-

ish oppressor."

Spectator Outlines Case.
The Spectator, in an article headed "Ireland Unvisited," outlines the British case as Col. House would have found it had he only really visited and inspected the situation in Ireland, instead of having been erroneously reported as intending to do so.

Both the Spectator and the Saturday Review have been pro-coalition, yet the historic Spectator, as well as the Saturday Review, finds room for pointed remarks which may not be altogether pleasing in Downing st.

The Spectator holds that Ireland is more fully represented in parliament than England; that taxation is lower in Ireland than in England, that Englishmen and Scotchmen help pay for Irish education, that the sacrifices of war are visible in England while prosperity exists

in Ireland in an extent unparalleled anywhere else in Europe, and the rebels themselves laid Dublin in ruins. All these things Col. House would have learned had he visited Ireland and studied the situation, and he might, the writer suggests, have asked to see evidence of German intrigue accompanying the recent rebellion.

Details Held Back.

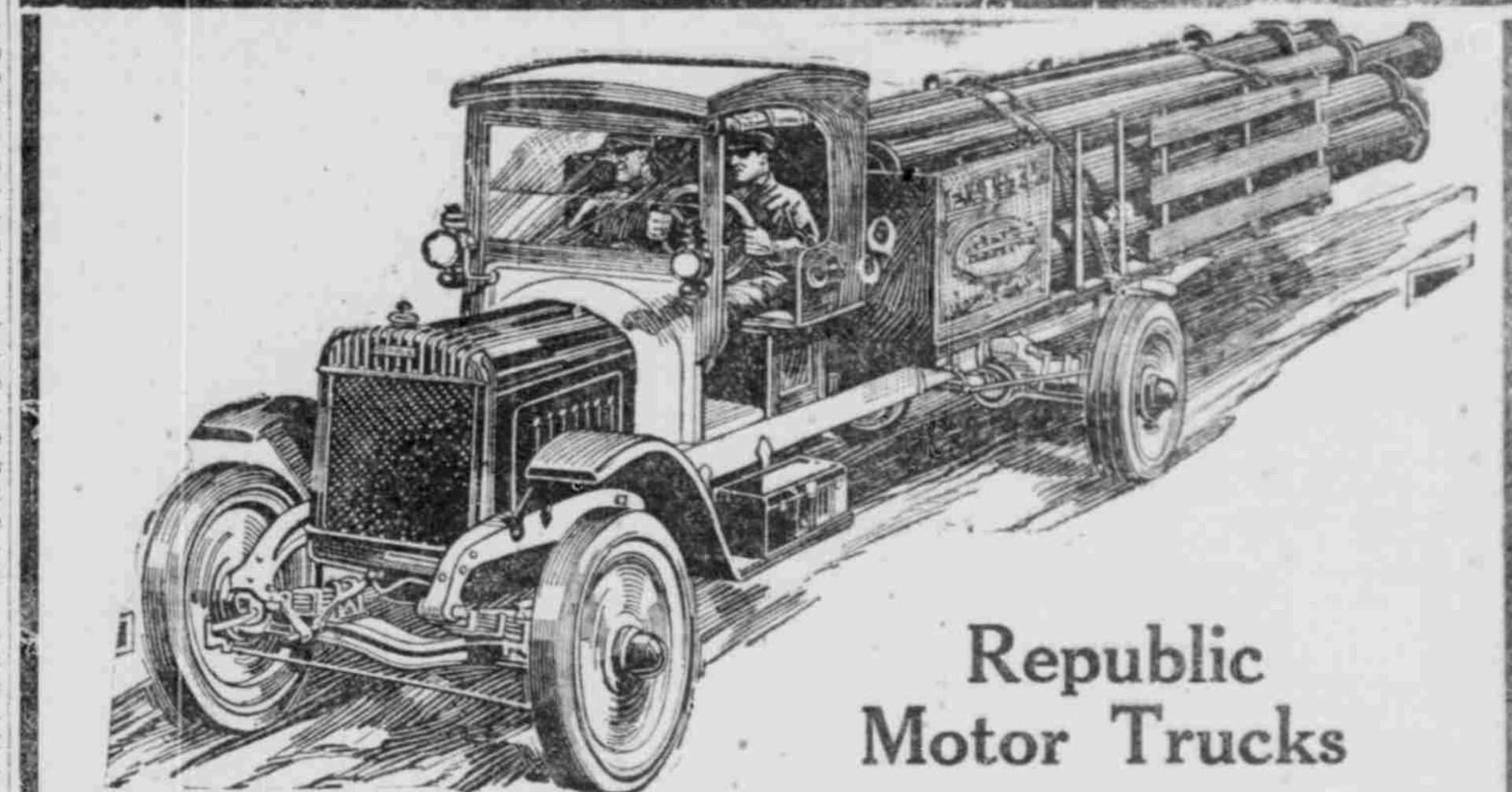
"Our own government," says the Spectator, "has not thought it advisable for us to know the details here."

"Mr. House might have asked the officials to show him Mr. de Valera's dossier. He would probably have found the government shy about doing so, though, quaintly enough, not because their case is weak, but because it is so strong that they would not have been able to give him any explanation of why Mr. de Valera has been allowed to walk in and out

of prison and to parade England, Ireland and America, and, for all we know, France, in company with other escaped prisoners—men to whom the government has not even dared to say, 'You might oblige us by returning to jail, there to receive a free pardon and a virtual apology for punishing you for killing English soldiers.'"

Thus concludes the statement of England's position as Col. House might have found it, and the wind-up is a bare-back at the coalition government toward which the Spectator has maintained the most friendly attitude.

In every discussion of the Irish question the supporters of the government make the government road a hard one, because on this question particularly there is no unanimity of opinion, and direct or inferred attacks on the government course are inevitable.



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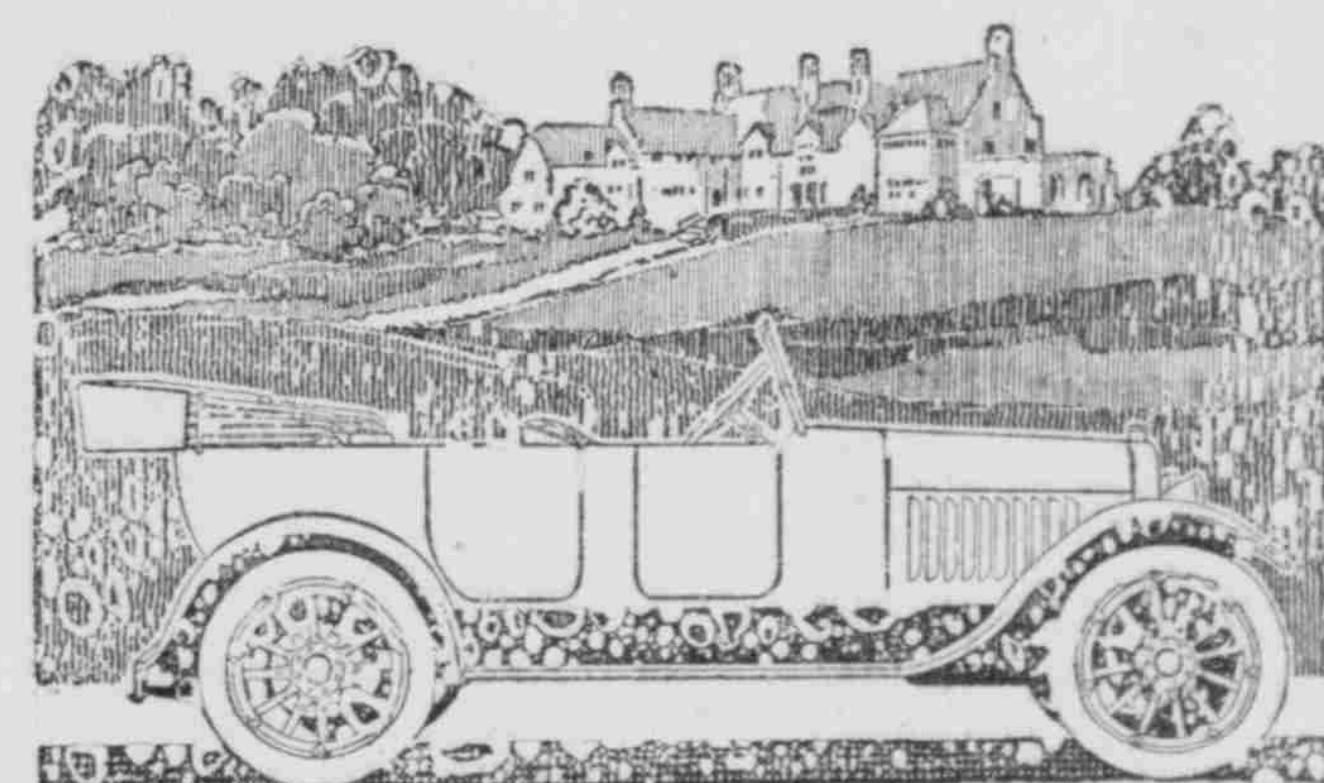
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