

## Getting a Job by Machinery



Put a quarter in the slot and learn the name of your employer.

**W**HAT might be termed an automatic employment bureau has been devised by a Los Angeles inventor and tried out with success in that city.

## He Paints at the Bottom of the Sea

**Z**ARH H. PRITCHARD, a California artist, devotes his life to painting pictures under water. He holds that it is impossible to catch the colors and what might be called the atmosphere of submarine scenery, by any method of observation from the surface. Even when the disturbing effect of the broken surface of the water is eliminated by using a glass-bottomed boat or tube, everything appears unnatural and distorted to the beholder.

Mr. Pritchard goes down to the bottom of the ocean wearing diver's goggles, and makes sketches with waterproof crayons on waterproof paper. The paintings are then completed in his studio. The goggles are bits of cow horn, cut and shaped to fit the eyes. They allow a small space of air between the eyes and the water, so that one can see perfectly.

### He Sketches Holding His Breath

**A**FTER seemingly endless experimenting Mr. Pritchard discovered a way to make waterproof paper by soaking extra heavy drawing paper in coconut oil and draining off the surplus. This, after drying, proved to be a good working surface. The paper is fastened to a sheet of plate glass, which serves as a drawing board, by means of surgeon's tape, so that the water will not ooze under the paper and wrinkle it.

After putting on his diving dress and goggles, Mr. Pritchard takes a good breath and lowers himself down in the water, using a heavy lump of coral attached to his belt by means of a hook to keep him down. Arrived at the bottom, he sketches from thirty to forty-five seconds, then unfastens the piece of coral and ascends for breath. The coral is then drawn up by means of a rope for another descent. In this way he is able to complete his sketch after a number of descents.

### Waterfalls Under the Sea

**U**NDER the water there are rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, just as there are above water. The gleaming sand, swept down by the action of the tides, furnishes this illusion.

One of Mr. Pritchard's paintings of coral rocks gives the impression of a

Its purpose is to furnish an inexpensive means of bringing employer and employment seeker together, a service for which the average agency charges a rather high fee.

The device consists of a case containing a number of metal compartments, each of which is faced with a small pane of glass so that a card can be displayed behind it. Each card carries upon its face a summary of the position offered, the duties, the wages, and other conditions,—everything except the name and address of the person offering a position. This essential detail is secured by the payment of a twenty-five-cent piece dropped in a slot beside the compartment, the coin unlocking it and permitting the removal of the card. The employer's address is found written upon its back, and the pasteboard is retained by the person seeking employment.

The idea is that a man can look over the positions described until he finds one that appears suitable, and then for a small price can get the exclusive right to apply for the work. If he does not qualify, the agency controlling the device will refund the money, and the card will be replaced.

This method avoids the crowd of applicants that often follow the insertion of an advertisement in a "Help Wanted" column, and gives both employer and employee a better chance to come to an understanding.



He says colors are different under water.

raging torrent forcing its way between cliffs and dashing its spray up the sides of the rocks. The most beautiful and bewildering sight of all, the artist says, is a school of fish darting by in a maze of reflected light, making the water quiver and scintillate.

### Immense Submerged Mountains

**M**R. PRITCHARD'S finest work has been done at Tahiti, one of the South Sea Islands, where the most wonderful coral formations are found; but he has secured excellent subjects off Santa Barbara.

According to the artist, the coloring beneath the ocean is all in the lowest keys, merging from deep indigo and purple into the lighter, delicate tints of pale greens, grays, and yellows. Every point, every sharp edge, shimmers like silver in the upper regions. Rocks and cliffs in the dim light assume an appearance of inconceivable size. On land we see the foundations of every object, no matter how large or small its bulk; but when one looks down into the depths of the huge coral formations they seem to be resting upon deep, blue air.

## This Is the World's Fastest Dog Team



**J**OHN JOHNSON, winner of the All-Alaska Sweepstakes races, 1910 and 1914, has arrived in California with his famous sixteen Siberian wolf dogs. By means of a moving panorama and a treadmill he will produce an imitation of the 1914 race at the Exposition.

The record of this team is the fastest ever made, Johnson making the trip from Nome to Candle Creek and return (a dis-

tance of 412 miles), through a blinding blizzard, in seventy-four hours and fourteen minutes, nine hours ahead of Scotty Allen, the next fastest man.

Kolma, the right-hand leader, is probably the best known dog in the North. He is twelve years old, and his strength and endurance surpass that of his younger mates. His master places the credit for the wonderful success of his team to the marvelous intelligence of this dog.

## The Worst Wreck I Ever Saw

**D**OPE fiends, as the world sneeringly terms those unfortunates given to the excessive use of narcotics or stimulants, are regarded as lacking in both manliness and moral stamina; yet the worst railroad wreck I ever saw developed a real hero in the person of a morphine addict.

The transcontinental sleeper in which I was a passenger was going through the deserts of Utah. I had just finished shaving, when there was a terrific crash, and the car began to roll over and over down the high railway embankment. When it stopped I managed to crawl through a broken window. The porter of the car in which I was traveling emerged through the shattered window behind me. I told him I was a doctor, that among my effects he would find an instrument case and a small hypodermic pocket set, and he returned to get them for me.

Knowing that the greatest need for my services would be in the vicinity of the engines,—for it was a head-on collision,—I went as fast as possible to this locality. Near the locomotives I came across the body of one of the engineers, whose leg was almost severed, the blood from a torn artery spurting high in the air. With the towel still in my hand with which I had been drying my face at the time of the accident I made a tourniquet, and, jerking a rib from the bleached bones of a coyote's carcass lying near, tightened it until the red flow was stanch.

To the gathering passengers I announced that I was a physician, and would take charge of the injured as they brought them

to me. An operating table was improvised from the door of the baggage car, seats, and trunks, and as the wounded arrived I gave whatever first aid was possible. The excited but unhurt hysterical women were calmed by being ordered to make bandages from sheets commandeered from the sleepers. In all I attended about 100 passengers. To add to my troubles, two babies were born.

The small supply of morphine in my pocket hypodermic case was soon exhausted, and as the sufferings of the victims became greater, I realized the great necessity for more. Every doctor is familiar with the characteristic and peculiar pallor of the opium user. I had recalled seeing one of these unfortunates on the train, and guessed that he would have a supply of this narcotic with him. Leaving my temporary operating table, I went among the passengers in search of this man, and finally found him, badly bruised, lying beside one of the demolished cars. I asked him to give me what morphine he had. He cheerfully complied, handing me all in his possession, two bottles.

What that drug meant to the many injured on that hot, treeless desert no one but a physician can ever understand.

My first act, after seeing that the badly injured were given attention, was to get some morphine and hunt for the dope fiend. I found him—dead. The shock of the collision, his run-down condition, and the fact that he had been deprived of the stimulating effects of the drug had killed him.—W. E. Aughinbaugh, M.D.



The photograph of this wreck was taken by Dr. Aughinbaugh, who attended about a hundred passengers before the ambulance crew arrived.