

THE AUTOMOBILE

Owner Is To Blame.

That phrase in the automobile world, "guaranteed for so and so many miles," has been a snare and a delusion to many a motorist. It is apt to give the driver of a car the impression that no matter how or where the auto is driven nothing can prevent the tires lasting that many miles. Didn't the manufacturer put that guaranty on his tires going that far under the most adverse conditions before he took the risk involved in his guaranty? And if they don't go the prescribed distance isn't the manufacturer and not the owner of the car the loser, since he has to make his guaranty good?

No, the owner is the loser, if he doesn't get through good care of his tires, every possible mile out of them. A tire guaranteed for 5,000 miles ought to net its owner 10,000 miles under normal conditions. The manufacturers win out if tires are not given proper care, since more tires must be bought under such circumstances.

Yet the maker of tires prefers to have his product treated decently. If his guaranteed tires last 10,000 miles instead of 5,000 the buyer is apt to be so pleased that he becomes a permanent customer. If the tires wear less than the allotted miles there is apt to be controversy and dissatisfaction in the necessary settlement, which makes the customer vow that the next time he buys tires it will be from another concern.

If the owner, through carelessness, can't bring about complete destruction within the prescribed mileage limit and the tires go bad when run much farther, he is disappointed that his troubles came outside the guaranteed limit and straightway decides to try another brand. So while the misuse of tires creates a demand for more of them, the makers still encourage their customers to apply common sense to the care of this important part of an automobile.

No tire is good enough to score 75 per cent. against a driver's indifference or neglect, and folks who make tires want their products to score 100 per cent.

One can guess at the inflation in the price of tires, if there is any, and yet be helpless to remedy the causes. But no one need to guess at the inflation of the air in his tires. A pressure gauge has been invented to take the guesswork out of this inflation problem. A person may think that a kick at a tire or a pound on it with a monkey wrench as a good enough test, but it certainly isn't accurate.

Sunday morning, just before starting with the family to attend divine

worship, is said to be the best time for using the pressure gauge. If there are twenty pounds of air to every inch of tire diameter the owner can hope for a day of rest free from tire troubles. If not, he will have just enough time to add the desired amount of air while friend wife is putting the finishing touches on her Sunday-go-to-meeting gown. It pays big to give the tires proper nourishment. It means fewer punctures and consequent expensive operations and longer life of the tires.

Small injuries to tires need prompt and careful attention. A bruise in live rubber means a dead spot. It should be fixed before gangrene sets in.

Like humans, tires need a bath occasionally. Cleanliness is highly desirable, and Saturday evening is not a bad time to clean tires. Grease, oil and gasoline, which are frequently conspicuous on garage floors, when brought in contact with the tires tends to deteriorate them.

Tires need proper shelter. The hot sun is not good for their complexions. Rain and mud are a handicap to their healthful condition. When not in use a well-built, dry garage is the best habitat.

A change in scenery is often highly desirable. When a rear tire shows wear, let it change with a forward one. Do the same from left to right when the outsidest show wear. A tire gets tired of always going in the same rut.

Sharp turns do more damage to tires than sharp stones. Don't skid, turn sharply or stop abruptly when such nerve-racking experiences can be avoided. Quick stops are akin to collisions for all-around damages to tires and the car in general. And skidding is tire destruction at par.

The anatomy of a tire is made up of six major parts—the tread, which is at the point of contact with the road; the breaker strip, which protects the carcass against ruptures; the cushion, which absorbs shocks; the side wall, which protects the carcass against gravel and water; the carcass, which carries the load, and the bead, which holds the tire in place on the rim.

About one-third of the cost of running a car goes into tires, another third into gasoline and oil and another third into general wear and tear. On this basis, a third of the owner's attention to his car should be devoted to the tires. Some such proportion of care to the tires would increase the joys and decrease the expense of motoring tremendously.

THE KING OF THE WOLF PACK

Canadian timber-wolves will rarely attack human beings unprovoked, but occasionally an exceptionally daring animal is met with, and a tragedy starts the community.

There are exceptional wolves, just as there are exceptional men, and sometimes a bold old wolf will gather round him a pack of particularly daring followers, who soon earn for themselves a bad name.

It was a pack such as this that some years ago terrorized a certain valley in New Brunswick. The leader, curiously enough, was a white wolf with brown fore-quarters. The story went that this animal was not a pure-bred wolf—that, indeed, he was one-quarter dog and the rest wolf. This was highly probable, since the Indians make a practice of tying out their dogs to breed with the wolves, so as to produce a thoroughly hardy strain of sled-dog.

A Narrow Escape.

At any rate, the news reached Francoise Settlement that a wily little French guide had been attacked on the trail by wolves, the leader (the brown and white wolf) leaping on to his sled and making frantic endeavors to detach the load of caribou-meat.

Immediately a wolf-scare followed. The children were packed off to school in sledges, guarded by their elders, and the old priest spent much of his time persuading mothers that there was no real need for alarm.

About four or five miles out of the settlement a widow named Stoorbrook and her three children lived in a tiny wooden shanty by the shore of a small lake. The eldest of the family was Joe, a lad of about eighteen; then came Ruth, aged fourteen, and William, who was only nine. These people had lived in the forests at their lives, and had little fear of wolves. Joe was the bread-winner of the family, and worked at the sawmill for a miserable pittance, on which they managed somehow to exist.

It was drawing near to the close of winter, and the wolf-scare was almost forgotten, when Joe returned home late one night to find his mother poorly. William had been out to chop the firewood, but he was only a very small boy, and had not chopped enough, so after his supper Joe took up the axe and went out, William accompanying him to help carry the load.

The two crossed the lake, and were busily at work when presently William ran back to his brother, carrying wood with one hand and pointing with the other. "Joe," he said, excitedly,

"I'm certain I saw a wolf sneaking through the underbrush towards me just now. Look!"

He was still pointing, but though the moon was shining brilliantly Joe could see nothing at first. Then he discovered a faint shadow moving along the edge of the bush towards them. It was a wolf, without doubt. The brute strolled out into the moonlight, regarding them curiously, and Joe saw to his horror that its coat was shaded with brown! Quietly he took up his axe and gripped William's hand.

"We'd best get out of this," he muttered. "I don't like the looks of that brute."

"Throw the axe at him," suggested William. "That will fix him." Joe had more sense, however, than to hurl himself of his only weapon. He hurried out of the timber into the open, where he felt sure the wolf would not follow. Just across the expanse of snow gleamed the homely lights of the shanty, where all was comfortable and safe; and Joe had never heard of a timber-wolf that would approach a lighted hut.

On this occasion, however, he was dealing with an exceptional leader and an exceptional pack, and what was his dismay when he saw that not only the brown wolf was following them, but also four very large companions. The brutes were drawn out in the shape of a crescent behind and on either side of them, and in the moonlight Joe and William could see the sparkling crystals of ice on their coats. The two at once quickened their pace, when suddenly the piebald wolf, which was on their right, bounded forward and got between them and the cabin. William gave a cry of alarm and gripped his brother's hand tighter. Joe raised his axe in readiness, and, shouting at the wolf kept on straight ahead.

To their horror the brute would not move. It stood directly in front of them, regarding them wistfully, but as they drew nearer its mane rose menacingly on end. In the meantime, the four remaining members of the pack had seated themselves in a circle cutting off every way of escape, and from their attitude Joe could tell that the brutes were desperate and meant business.

They were now, however, within a hundred yards of the cabin, and, putting his hands to his mouth, Joe called to his mother to bring a torch. William was shouting at the wolves with all the vigor of his young lungs, and fortunately their united cries reached the shanty. The door opened and their mother appeared, holding aloft a flaming torch of hemlock soaked in resin. At sight of the gleaming light the wolves drew back, and in two minutes the lad had safely reached the cabin.

and the worst is yet to come



Demons of the Trail.

But their adventure was by no means over. No sooner had the door closed than they distinguished the sound of muffled snarls outside and the patter of moving paws. Evidently the wolves were taking stock of their stronghold. One of the brutes leapt on to the roof, while another sniffed round the edge of the window.

The window consisted of an eighteen-inch square cut in the log wall, and over this aperture was nailed a stretch of transparent skin, which had been buried in hardwood ashes to take off the fur, and then cured in soft soap. The door was made of cedar logs nailed together, and instead of being hung in the ordinary way, was pivoted at one end. There was no bolt; it was secured by means of a stake placed at an angle between the floor and the lower batten. The only invulnerable part of the whole abode was the chimney, which was built of stone. Joe's father having been a mason by trade.

Joe wiped the perspiration from his forehead and piled more wood on the fire. William was kicking at the door and shouting, in the hope of driving the wolves away.

"Mother," whispered Joe, drawing her aside, "it's that brown and white wolf that nearly finished Perrie, the musher."

To Save His Mother.

The widow looked more alarmed than ever, and lighting three candles, placed them in the window-sill, whereupon the sniffling round the framework ceased. Almost immediately, however, one of the wolves started scratching at the door, working with such savage energy that the heavy structure vibrated. They could hear the brute tearing away great pieces of wood and bark with its teeth; then there was a low growl, and apparently the other wolves joined in. The hubbub increased in volume and for some minutes it seemed as though the animals would tear the door down. Presently one of them returned to the window and deliberately tore away a portion of the parchment. The cold night air wafted into the cabin, making the candles gutter and smoke.

Things were now beginning to look very ugly, and those inside the cabin knew well that there was small chance of outside assistance coming. Joe had long intended buying a gun, but his meagre savings had never quite run to such extravagance. Bitterly he regretted it now, but never had they contemplated such a contingency as this.

"Mother," he said, presently, "I'm going out to make a fire. Those brutes mean tearing the hut down."

"You stay here," his mother advised. "They'll go away presently."

"Will they?" answered Joe, significantly. "They'd have gone away before if they meant leaving us."

With this he snatched up a burning faggot, and, holding it in his right hand and the axe in his left, he went outside. The wolves retreated at once, and, scraping away the snow, Joe shouted to the others to throw out some kindling. They did so, but as he stooped to lay the foundations something leapt from the shadows dashing the burning faggot from his hand. It was the dreaded brown and white wolf!

Joe slammed the door, then stood with his back against the wall, his hunting-knife in one hand and the axe in the other. The plucky boy had made up his mind to fight it out with the wolves there and then, rather than take the risk of the brutes breaking into the shanty and killing those for whom he felt himself responsible. His mother called to him to come in, but he shouted back that they were to keep the door closed, and that he meant "teaching these wolves what they were up against."

Nor had he long to wait. The great brutes opened the attack almost immediately, snapping savagely at his legs and wrists. His mother and the two children listened with thumping hearts to the scuffle outside. They

haven't been able to keep your job open for you."

"I hardly expected it," Joe answered, quietly.

The manager looked at the boy's disfigured face and his crippled hands. "Think you could manage to run the launch with those hands of yours?" he inquired. "There's four and a half dollars a day to it, and it isn't heavy work."

"Guess I can try," answered Joe.

This is a true story, and one of the few authentic cases on record of timber-wolves having made an unprovoked attack upon man.

EUROPE HAS ALL KINDS OF MONEY

PAPER, LEATHER, PORCELAIN, ALUMINUM.

All of Excellent Design and Workmanship but Lacking in Purchasing Power.

International exchange in recent months has been doing more slight of hand tricks than the most skilled magician. This is largely because the markets of the world have been flooded with paper money to such an extent that currency values have lost all stability.

Since the beginning of the World War the presses of several European countries, particularly Germany, Austria, Russia and Turkey, have been turning out paper money with little regard for gold or any metal whatever as a basis. To add to these woes coins have rapidly disappeared from circulation, so that other tokens have had to take their place—tokens without any more intrinsic value than the bushels of paper notes.

From 1914 to 1920 there has been

What Do We Plant?

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant a ship which will cross the sea,
We plant a mast to carry the sails,
We plant the beams to withstand the gales—
A keel, a keelson, and prow and knee;
We plant a ship when we plant a tree.
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the pillars, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The rafters and roof, all parts that be;
We plant a home when we plant a tree.
What do we plant when we plant a tree?
A thousand boons that we daily see;
We plant a spire to out-climb the crag,
We plant a staff for our country's flag,
We plant a shade, from the fierce sun free;
We plant all wealth when we plant a tree!

—Henry Abbey.

heard a dead thud, a whine of anguish, then Joe's voice muttering, gleefully: "That's finished him." They heard, too, the metallic snap of powerful jaws as the wolves leapt time after time to the attack only to meet the keen edge of Joe's axe or to come violently in contact with the wooden walls of the shanty.

How long the struggle lasted they did not know. To them it seemed an eternity. Suddenly they heard a low groan and Joe's voice whispering, hoarsely: "Mother! Mother!"

Headless of the risk she was running, Mrs. Stoorbrook threw the door open, and found her son cowering, towards it through the snow on all fours. At the threshold lay the body of the brown and white wolf, its skull smashed, while a little distance away a second wolf sat disabled on its haunches, whining miserably. The remaining three had drawn off to a respectful distance, and with savage side glances were watching the fainting Joe.

Little William snatched up the axe, and with angry cries ran towards the wolves. Fortunately he had kicked off his snowshoes on first entering the hut, and he did not get far. Ruth and Mrs. Stoorbrook hastily dragged Joe into the house, and, calling the hot-headed William back, fastened the door. Finally the wolves dispersed, but not before they had dragged the remaining parchment from the window and eaten it.

Poor Joe had been horribly mauled and mangled, and to this day his wrists, chest and face are covered with scars. Thanks to his mother's care and the generous hospitality of neighbors, however, he finally recovered, and now suffers little from his terrible encounter.

A bounty of two hundred dollars had been subscribed for the scalp of the piebald wolf, and Joe got it. When at length he returned to the sawmill, some weeks later, the manager said, in a curious tone of voice: "Sorry we no less than 600 per cent. increase in the paper currency of the world, while the gold reserve behind it has increased only 40 per cent. The four Central powers—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—show an advance of billions.

But Central Europe is not alone in its excessive paper money issues. In one year since the signing of the armistice France has increased its paper money by \$1,000,000,000. Every city and town and hamlet that had its own bank received permission from the government to issue paper money. Five and 20 franc denominations have been most frequent, but 50 centimes, or half franc notes, also have been issued, and some banks even went to the extent of issuing 5 and 10 centime notes.

Unconscious Humor

The following notice was read out in a church in England: "There will be a procession next Sunday afternoon in the grounds of the Monastery; but if it rains in the afternoon, the procession will take place in the morning."

A man arriving very late at a dinner party was overcome with confusion. "I am sorry to be so shockingly late," he said.

The genial hostess, anxious to assure him that he was still welcome, replied, emphatically: "Oh, Mr. —! You can't come too late."

A prisoner who was under sentence of death was taken seriously ill on the evening before the day fixed for his execution. The prison doctor was called in. He sent a hurried note to the Governor to this effect: "In my opinion the prisoner cannot be removed from his cell to the place of execution without imminent danger to his life."

A singer who was due to appear at a concert in Ireland met with an accident, and there being a rumor among the public that it would be impossible for him to appear, an advertisement was inserted in a local newspaper. It read: "Signor — has so far recovered that he will appear in three pieces."

An army man tells of a chaplain who lamented the fact that many men spent their evenings at the club. "Undoubtedly," he said, "the club is the place for a bachelor. It is not right, however, for a married man to pass the evenings away from his home while his poor wife sadly rocks the cradle with one foot and wipes away her tears with the other."

"Hurry up," said a wife, impatiently. "Have you never buttoned a dress behind before?"

"No," replied her husband, also impatiently; "you have never had a dress that buttoned behind."

A young man was giving a graphic

account of a narrow escape he had had from an enraged bull. "I seized him by the tail," he exclaimed, "and there I was. I was afraid to hold on and I dared not let go."

"Between the horns of a dilemma, as it were," ventured a listener. "No," replied the young man. It wasn't between the horns at all; and, besides, he wasn't a dilemma—he was a Jersey."

During a very wet day after a long spell of drought, a farmer was heard to remark to a friend: "An hour of this rain will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time."

"Why didn't you come when I rang," demanded a mistress, impatiently. "I didn't hear the bell ring, ma'am," replied the maid. "Well, in future when you don't hear the bell ring you must come and tell me," said the mistress.

An Irish woman, recounting the troubles of her children, said: "Lucky are the parents who have no children."

"He was speechless drunk and using awful language" is taken from the evidence of a London policeman.

A stage manager, directing a stage crowd, called out to them: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to do this simultaneously, one after the other."

"Sleeping in church is a sin people commit with their eyes open," is how an Irish pastor admonished his flock.

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish newspaper: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker." While another amusing advertisement read: "For sale, baker's business, good trade, large oven; owner has been in it for seven years."

Artistic French Notes.

All the French notes were beautifully decorated with artistic designs. Even the paper money of the smallest denominations had splendid figures. A 50-centime note of one department carried engraved statues of Joffre and Charles Martel, the two men who had kept the Hun at bay. The one-franc piece of the Bank of Rochelle had the Bastille. When it became apparent that Verdun was to be one of the turning points of the war engravings of the rock of Verdun became popular. Most of these notes have been issued for two years or less, but they have been renewed more than once.

As a natural consequence of the increase in paper, there has been a dearth of coins. France once resorted in her extremity to the issuing of leather money, and postage stamps have been extensively used as currency.

In England paper money was hardly known before the war, as there was enough gold and silver coin for currency, but during the war and since England has issued paper money in the denomination of one pound.

Germany has had many different issues of paper money since 1914. Every kingdom, grand duchy or other division of the empire has had its own issues. In addition numerous municipal banks have issued notes of their own.

Paper money in Germany has been issued in all sorts of denominations. The smallest paper currency in the world—the pfennig—has been issued from German presses. The note is 2½ by 1½ inches in size, and is now in general circulation throughout Germany.

The city of Naumburg quite recently issued paper money with artistic designs illustrating Grimm's fairy tales. So popular was the new money from a pictorial standpoint that it was bought up before it had a chance to go into general circulation, and is now saved by artistic and curio collectors.

Porcelain Coinage.

It remained for Germany to issue the only porcelain coins during the war, and, indeed, besides paper, the only substitute for metal coins resorted to by any government during the war. But Germany was so pressed for coins that porcelain was "colored" even though it had no intrinsic value.

The porcelain coins are issued in 20 pfennig, 50 pfennig, 1 mark and 2 mark denominations. The reason for this issue is that the mark has depreciated to such an extent that it would hardly pay to count in anything more valuable than copper or iron, and porcelain seemed to be an excellent medium of exchange.

In Russia ruble values are so low at present that the Bolshevik government now issues 10,000 ruble notes. These notes are already considered small change and are carried around in sheets by shoppers, which is not surprising, as the price in Petrograd for two pounds of tea is 1,000 rubles and the price of one pound of butter is 3,500 rubles.

An interesting view of Russia's attitude toward paper money was brought to this country recently. Lenine, it is said, plans to manufacture so much paper that it will destroy money's value altogether. He is obsessed by a plan to do away with money in the world.

"Hundreds of thousands of ruble notes are issued daily by our treasury," says Lenine. "This is done not in order to fill the coffers of the state with practically worthless paper, but with the deliberate intention of destroying the value of money as a means of payment. There is no justification for the existence of money in a Bolshevik state, where the necessities of life shall be paid for by work alone."

Rubles are so cheap now that they are sold only in five-ruble denominations for five cents a piece, or a penny a ruble—one fifth of their previous value. Pretty soon, if Lenine is in power, he will have his wish. They will be kept only as souvenirs, and will be free for the asking. Then they may be cheaper than wall paper and just as pretty.

All in Good Time.

It was at a children's picnic, and they were playing at farmyards, each youngster pretending to be his or her favorite animal. The woods echoed with grunting, barking, and crowing—but one little girl sat silent.

"Why don't you play?" asked one of the teachers.

"Please, miss, I am playing," she replied.

"What are you, then?"

"Please, miss, I'm a hen, and I'm laying an egg. When I've finished, I shall cackle!"