

THE AUTOMOBILE



Safety First in Touring.

A few simple rules for safety first in driving a car will eliminate most of the danger elements. In the first place, test the brakes when taking out the car by throwing out the clutch and applying the brakes. If they do not appear to be working effectively, fix them or get them fixed before proceeding on your intended trip. Pedestrians are not the only ones injured in auto accidents. Motorists themselves are often found in the casualty lists. Then, too, your car is worth something, and the small expense of repairing your brakes will be less than a broken fender on your car or smashed parts of some one else's car that you may bang into because your brakes will not hold.

See to it that you have a good type of brake lining, and be sure that it is properly installed. Some linings are too soft or too thick. They easily become matted and need constant adjustment. The best linings are woven with plenty of asbestos and have copper wires woven in.

It takes a good auto mechanic to install brake linings. These linings should be fully stretched to avoid wrinkling and the rivets should be properly sunk. Otherwise the metal of the rivets will score the brake drum and the brakes may not hold properly.

Once a month it is in line with safety first principles to remove the rear wheels and wash the brake lining in kerosene. This will remove the oil and grease which handicap the proper action of the brakes. The brakes on a car should never be oiled.

A squeaking brake is a nuisance that can be avoided by proper adjustment. This annoyance can often be stepped by removing the wheels and roughening the brake lining with a file. The brake mechanism should be wiped off and oiled about once a month, or once for every five hundred miles of driving.

More accidents are probably caused by faulty adjustment or application of brakes than from any other thing. It should be a fixed habit in the life of every car owner to make a systematic brake inspection regularly. For instance, the loss of a cotter pin might lead to a serious accident. When a lock washer is used it is safety first to use a new one instead of putting the old one back.

Brakes should not drag, for dragging heats them up and wears them

out unnecessarily. Nor should brakes be too loose, for they will not act quickly enough to avoid danger. On the propeller shaft brake there is a nut on the brake band which can be adjusted to make the brake neither too tight nor too loose. The brake rod can be burned either to the right or to the left to make it the proper length for efficient use of the brake.

On the axle or wheel drum brake, where an equalizer is used apply the brake when the engine is still. Adjust the equalizer until it is parallel with the axle. On the external type of wheel drum brake, tighten or loosen the adjusting nut on the brake band and equalize the length of the brake rods. On the internal type it is necessary to remove the rear wheels, adjust the cam plates and adjusting nuts, and equalize the length of the brake rods.

When in doubt about your brakes jack up the rear wheels and apply the brake far enough so that it is just possible to turn one wheel by hand. Then adjust the brake on the other wheel so that the same amount of energy is required to turn that wheel by hand.

A lot of brake trouble will be avoided by using this important part of the car properly. When coming to a stop on a straightaway shut off the throttle and leave the clutch engaged until just before you come to a stop. Do not shut off the ignition until after you have stopped.

In going down an ordinary hill leave the clutch engaged and close down the throttle. But in going down a steep hill or a moderate hill with a heavy load put the gear in intermediate or low speed at the top of the hill and leave the clutch engaged. Shut off the throttle, and if desirable turn off the ignition switch.

In ordinary driving use the brakes as little as possible. When an emergency stop is necessary leave the clutch engaged, apply the foot brake and pull the hand brake. But do not "lock the wheels." Keep the wheels rolling to avoid skidding.

A large part of safety first in driving a car is taken care of when the brakes are properly cared for. It is criminal for any automobile owner to do less than give thoughtful consideration to this vital factor in motoring. Safety first in the use of brakes means less broken bones and more real joy in the lives of both riders and walkers.

—and the worst is yet to come



A Lesson in Life

There are sermons in stones. There are poems in the running brook. There are grand hymns of sweet content in the snow-covered mountains. The voice of nature constantly calls to us, and would lead us up to nature's God. I would not take any sum of money that can be named for the pictures that are painted on my memory of some of nature's scenes. For instance, the grand old mountains, their bases green with tree and shrub and, above, the great rocks jutting out, sometimes in great cliff masses, telling of the old struggle with nature's immeasurable forces and unendurable fire.

Above are the peaks, white and cold with their snow masses, calm, serene, and changing not, keeping watch of the valleys below and watering them with their ever-running streams. No pen can describe the beauty and majesty of these mountains, no soul that is alive can withstand their charm and power; it is better than ten thousand sermons to see them, standing there so pure and steadfast and unchanging; it gives to the soul

new strength for new resolves, and courage to carry them out.

I think to-day that I am altogether too far from my glorious mountains. How ridiculous that I should be worrying that I have hay out and it threatens rain; that I should care whether what I touch turns to gold. I must go back there and let their peace and impassiveness sink again into my soul.

Perhaps you have climbed one of the foothills until you stand on its summit. When first you began the ascent you could see no higher mountain—you supposed that you would be at the summit of the world when you had scaled it. But as you look farther you see that there are yet many peaks higher than you, that in truth the next peak seems as far away and as high as this one did when we began to climb it.

There is a lesson in life. We are always thinking: "When I have attained this end I will have attained all that I can do or care for." Yet there is always more to do just beyond.

No Place for Fear.

Most every day brings some grave situation, Not to be feared, but faced. Alternatives offer, in state and in nation, Not to be feared, but faced.

Dilemmas confront us each hour of the day, Presenting both right and erroneous ways, These quandaries shouldn't depress us; for they Aren't to be feared, but faced.

Each day of our life brings a problem or two, Not to be feared, but solved. We've off with the old one, let's on with the new—

Not to be feared, but solved. The puzzles involving the right and the wrong; The question how not to be weak; but be strong; These "snags" in life's school-day come hobbling along, Not to be feared, but solved.

Each day in the field there arises a foe, Not to be feared, but fought. He's not to be dodged or avoided, you know—

Not to be feared, but fought. There's nothing on earth unmistakably right That we may maintain without strenuous fight, Intrenched we find always iniquitous might—

Not to be feared, but fought. A Remarkable Legal Memory. "Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the attorney.

"Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness stand. "Do you remember what suit it was?" "It was a blue suit with a white collar and white cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the young lady.

Willie Knew. One morning little Willie was telling his mother and his little sister Dora about a wonderful dream he had dreamt the night before. The dream interested his mother, but his sister looked puzzled. "What is a dream, Willie?" she inquired.

"Oh, don't you know what a dream is?" replied Willie scornfully. "Why, it's moving pictures in one's sleep!" It costs the commercial concerns of the United States over \$250,000 a year to correct errors in invoices and other papers due to poor writing.

Marriage Market Revived in France.

With a superabundance of comely marriageable women unable to find husbands, the ancient marriage market idea is being revived in some parts of France, particularly in western departments, such as Pottou and Vendee, says a Paris despatch. There tourists are witnessing some extraordinary sights, as scores of would-be wives line up in the central market place, each armed with a huge colored parasol. Kissing is as common as smiles, the whole day being given over to osculating youngsters, abandoning all else to press lips, but always under the watchful eye of the market guard.

Frequently during the market a willful swain is accepted, the usual sign being that the couple turn their back on the rest of the crowd and continue their kissing behind a sheltering parasol. But oftener the market fails to bring immediate results and the applicant is rejected by receiving a hearty blow on the shoulders with the parasol.

Officials insist that the practice should be extended to all parts of France, pointing out that in districts where wives are chosen like vegetables there are more happy marriages, fewer divorces and fewer illegitimate children than in any other departments.

In Paris the movement has taken another form. New matrimonial bureaus are opening daily, all of them being designed to lure spare francs from the working class of girls, but apparently operating in good faith, and well equipped with long lists of the names of men who are willing to become husbands. The usual fee is 200 francs, paid in advance, with the promise of another as soon as the spouse's confidence is obtained sufficiently to enable the wife to "touch" him for a loan on the pledge of wifely obedience.

I Wonder?

Just a faintly-scented letter and a dead forgot-me-not, Tied around with faded ribbon in a tattered lover's knot, In the musty, dusty corner of my granny's old bureau, What secrets does it treasure, what romance of long ago?

Did granny's heart beat faster 'neath her sprigged or flowered gown, When she read, "Sweet Mistress Mary, may I wait on you in town?" Did he ever come, I wonder? That, alas! we'll never know But the letter was from "David," and granny's name was "Joel!"

Cave Dwellers of Modern Times

Peasants living in the vicinity of Lakes Maggiore and Como Italy, have solved their housing problems by reverting to the most primitive form of dwelling known to man—caves. Newspaper dispatches say the peasants have dug homes for themselves in the hillsides near the lakes.

The use of caves, both artificial and natural, as dwellings is made the subject of an interesting article.

On Easter Island, in the Pacific, where innumerable caves and grottoes have been formed by the washing away of soft deposits which lie beneath the hard volcanic strata, housing accommodations present no problem. Many of the natives sleep in the open or in these caves and cheerfully point them out to the traveller as the logical shelter during the night.

In one of the wildest portions of Northern Africa, near Guermessa, on the top of a sugar-loaf mountain whose sides rise precipitously for hundreds of feet, a fierce and warlike race now live for three months in the year in stone caves hollowed out in the mountain side. The trail to the dwellings has been worn as smooth as glass by centuries of constant use, which makes an approach difficult for man and beast. These mountain men have cut separate establishments for themselves, their wives and their children, and have furnished them with rugs from Katrowan and Persia and numerous leather cushions stuffed with sheep's wool.

Suspicious of other cave-dwelling people near them and hating the stranger, they spend the remaining nine months in the year wandering with their flocks of long-haired goats, broad-tailed sheep and camels on the borders of the Sahara. Down in the valleys, too, there are plantations of superb olive and fig trees, which they protect from the other troglodytes during this season, while their houses in the mountains are being guarded by a few trusty men.

At Matmata and Medinine in Tunis are extraordinary underground pit dwellings. When he is told that he is approaching one of these villages the traveller experienced a queer sensation at seeing nothing on the landscape except crater-like holes in the earth, which look like they might have been caused by the explosion of enormous shells. As he peeps over the rim of these holes in the earth he sees below him the intimate life of the family, their dogs and camels. This

is their common living-room, which is entered from above by a slanting subterranean channel. Other rooms enter into it by means of lateral passages, and are sometimes excavated one above the other for two or three stories. It is said that as many as 1,200 people live in these pits.

There have been cave dwellers in Asia Minor since long before the time of Xenophon, who says that their houses were underground, with entrances like wells, and that in them the members of the household live with goats, cows and chickens. Here, too, they stored the hay for their animals and their own supplies of wheat, barley and vegetables. In the region around Mount Argaeus in Cappadocia, Southern Turkey, there are cave dwellers living today whose habitations, perhaps, more nearly resemble the American cliff houses to be found in Arizona and New Mexico than any others in existence, and were used as habitations as far back as 2000 B.C. The chambers of these dwellings hollowed out in the solid stone are spacious and the stairways resemble round tunnels leading from each floor to that above it. Houses have been in some instances made nine stories high, but usually they are not so pretentious.

The country of the troglodytes of Asia Minor is inaccessible, and the visitor must make his way over mountains and past rivers when his path is discernible only a few feet in front of him.

Perhaps the greatest and most beautiful of the cliff cities built since the beginning of time is Petra, on the old caravan route from Damascus to Mecca. Though it is unoccupied today, Edomites, Phoenicians, Egyptians and Romans have carved in artistic designs on the rose-red walls of its temples, amphitheatres, shrines and houses records of their successive occupations.

Europe, too, has her cave dwellers. Near Tours, France, there are a few caves that are inhabited, but for the most part the older cave rooms, possibly used by the Aquitains of Caesar's time, are used as storage rooms, with the dwellings built out in front of them. In Spain there are many artificial caves, formerly inhabited, which are now used by Spanish gypsies.

Many of the American Indians lived in natural caves and excavated dwellings in cliffs, some of the most noteworthy being those of the Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde.

The Missing Element in Prosperity.

Students of nutrition have told us for a long time that we need balanced food; that is, that we need to consume all the elements of nutrition in the proper proportions. Recent investigations have shown that we require more elements than was formerly realized, and that if any one of them is lacking, or if there is not enough of it, the body will suffer, no matter how much of the other elements it may be getting. The same principle applies to the feeding of plants. No matter how rich the soil in a certain field may be in all the elements of plant food but one, if there is not enough of that one the crop will be poor.

The principle of balance applies to every problem where several factors have to be combined. It applies very definitely and directly to the matter of industrial prosperity, which is quite as complicated and depends upon quite as many things, all working in combination, as the problem how to feed plants and animals. No matter how many elements are present or how abundant they are, if one is lacking or is present in too small a quantity the lack of that one will limit prosperity. If the other kinds are abundant, they are likely to be unemployed a large part of the time.

Careful study of the problem is likely to discover that as many hitherto unrecognized elements are necessary to economic prosperity as to bodily health. It is easy to think that all the essential elements of prosperity are present, and to wonder why prosperity does not come. From that it is a short step to conclude that the lack

of prosperity is owing to the machinations of some person or group of persons, whereas deeper study would probably show that it is owing to a lack of some necessary thing the need of which has hitherto been unrecognized or unappreciated.

There may, for example, be an abundance of manual labor, as there is in China, but a lack of knowledge of agricultural science. There may be an abundance of manual labor and technical knowledge, as in Japan, but a scarcity of land. There may be an abundance of manual labor, technical knowledge and land as in Russia, but a lack of capital. There may be all four elements, as there are in this country to-day, but a lack of men who know how to organize them all and get them to working together smoothly.

In any of these and in a multitude of other instances, the mass of the people may be poor merely because some necessary element is missing or not present in sufficient abundance. The part of wisdom is to try to discover the missing element and then take such measures as are necessary to increase the amount of it. That plan will produce more durable results than laying the blame on some one else.

The coconut palm supplies all the needs of the natives of the South Seas. The leaves of the tree when young are eaten, when old woven into clothes, baskets, bedding, paper, hats and thatch. Spears, arrows, brooms, torches, and paddles are made of the ribs of the older leaves while the flowers yield wine sugar, and vinegar. The fruit yields food, oil, matting and cord.

Giant Development in Asia Near

The continent of Asia is larger than North and South America combined. During the present century it promises to be the scene of the world's greatest development activities; and China holds the key.

China is nearly one-fourth larger than Canada. From east to west it extends over about an equal distance; measured from north to south it covers more degrees of latitude. Thus the climate of northern China is cold, while that of the far south is subtropical.

The future development of China must depend largely upon improved facilities of transportation. For lack of railroads, water-borne traffic has been highly organized, with the creation of innumerable artificial waterways, most important of which is the Grand Canal, 850 miles long. In the region of the lower Yangtze and the delta plains are thousands of miles of small canals, which take the place of roads.

Anciently a great system of well-built highways existed in China, extending to the far corners of the empire; but these have fallen into disrepair and, speaking in a general way, the roads in that country to-day are

so wretched as to be a serious obstacle to the commercial and industrial development of the republic.

The automobile problem in China is a question of roads. Natives who can afford the luxury take readily to motoring; but at present the sale of cars is restricted mainly to the treaty ports and Peking. In the vicinity of the capital eighty miles of good highways offer an attractive invitation to motorists.

Peking, though a thoroughly modern Chinese city, with a relatively small foreign population, has well-paved streets, with street cleaning and traffic arrangements not inferior to those of Montreal or Toronto. Its police is efficient and well organized; and it has no slum quarters.

There are now 6,000 miles of railroads in China. Twenty-one thousand additional miles are needed to make available the great resources, enormous production and mighty manpower of the country. For the money with which to build these roads China looks to America; and it is expected that their construction will raise the volume of China's foreign trade from \$1,000,000,000 (where it stands to-day) to \$3,000,000,000 annually.

Famous Last Words.

"I wonder if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."
"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."
"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."
"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."
"Watch me skate out past the 'danger sign.' I bet I can touch it."
"These traffic policemen think they own the city. They can't stop me. I'm going to cross the street now. Let the chauffeurs look for me."
"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."
"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator and we'll try to get across before it comes!"

The Military Police.

"Yes," proudly announced the ex-captain, who is manager of a new Summer resort hotel, "all our employees are formerly service men, every one of them. The reception clerk is an old infantryman, the waiters have all been non-coms, the chef was a mess sergeant, the house doctor was a base hospital surgeon, the house detective was an intelligence man; even the pages were cadets."
"And have you any former military police?" he was asked.
"Yes," he replied joyously. "When there's a good stiff wind blowing we set them to clean the outside of the windows on the eighth floor!"

Perhaps the loneliest white woman in the world is Mary Reed, head of a leper colony in the Himalayas.

Everybody Has Something to Worry About

Here is a passage from a very discouraged man:

"If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face left. Whether I shall ever be worth. Whether I shall ever be worth. I cannot tell. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die to appear to me."
"A man equally spiritless as I am, forsooth, am I in the world? Death must come to me, why should it not be as well to kill myself? Since I began life in a world of suffering and nothing but pain, why should I endure these days, when nothing I am concerned in prospers?"

"Poor miserable failures! When the price of white paper is so high, why should I be allowed to sell a page with the outpourings of such incompetents? Well, the author of the first passage made a considerable reputation for himself in later life; his name was Abraham Lincoln. And the cry of defeat was uttered by a gentleman named Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is a very popular notion in the world that men are divided into two classes—the fortunate and the unfortunate.

In the one class are those to whom every good gift has been given. They are healthy, and joy in living, and the natural capacity for achievement.

The other class includes those who, by some handicap beyond their ability to conquer, are kept from being the successes that they ought to be.

This is the popular notion, I say—a notion invented by us ordinary folks as an alibi for our own shortcomings. We like to assume that the reasons for our mediocrity are beyond our control—that if only we had been

given more health or more money or more education or more something or other, we would have been something very different. It pleases us to indulge ourselves in envy toward those who just couldn't help succeeding.

But what are the facts? If any man ever lived and attained remarkable success who did not have some serious handicap to contend with, I have failed to discover that man in my reading.

Beethoven could not possibly become a great musician. He began to grow deaf at twenty-six.

Pope had a wonderful alibi for not trying to amount to anything. He was a hunchback.

Demosthenes stammered; Julius Caesar had fits; Lamb was tied to a clerk's desk; Byron had a club foot; Doctor Johnson was a constant sufferer.

Whether success is worth the effort and sacrifice to attain it has been much debated. You and I may, if we choose, decide that a comfortable mediocrity is the most satisfactory answer to the problem of living. We have a perfect right to that decision.

But let's not fool ourselves with the idea that some handicap is responsible for our mediocrity. The difference between great men and the rest of us is chiefly a difference of spirit—of determination and the will that refuses to recognize defeat.

Nature is a very jealous distributor of gifts. Nobody gets a hundred per cent. equipment for life. The game is to see how much we can do with the cards we have to play. The real good sports do not talk about their handicaps; but you can depend on it that if you knew all the facts you would discover that every one of them has something.—Bruce