

The AUTOMOBILE

Buying a Used Car.

At this season of the year, hundreds of automobiles, good, bad, very bad and indifferent, will change hands, and woe betide the poor amateur who gets stuck with one of the bad ones. He cannot honestly try to sell it without pointing out its defects, and that, of course, means terrible loss. To repair it will be further expense, and to try patching it up will only add sorrow to fatigue and bitter recrimination to disappointment.

From the foregoing one might suppose that only the amateur could be taken in. Far from it. Unfortunately, there are in this, as in every other business, those who have no scruples about deceiving the innocent. If you, as a would-be purchaser, go into a store and see all sorts and conditions of machines standing about, dusty, rusty, oily, on a dirty, greasy floor, where the dealer's stock in trade is a box of old spare tires, a dirty bench, etc., beware. There are plenty of such, and no good car will come out of such a den.

Keep your money in your pocket and refuse to part with it until you find a dealer of good repute. Then satisfy yourself regarding the car you intend buying. First, take a good run in the contemplated purchase. Note the general condition of the car; its freedom from rattles and looseness of bolts; the truthness of the wheels and condition of tires, etc. Keep your ears open for the tone of the engine; listen for piston slap, loose rod or crankshaft bearings and mark its steady engine revolution under power. If things go wrong and its driver starts explaining that it never did that before, leave the car alone. Then select another and add the following points to those already experienced.

Where the body of a car has been cheaply built, the slamming of the door will emit a hollow sound. A well built body emits a sound of stability when the door is slammed. The body of an enclosed car is comparable to the sounding board of a piano. If the car is built correctly every little sound will combine into a pleasing, low, purring, solid hum. If it has been cheaply built this sound is minus and you hear instead an irritating, rasping noise which tears the nerves.

A very good plan is to select a good, honest automobile mechanic and pay him to inspect the car for you. Watch him and learn how quickly he discovers the car's ailments; he tries the compression by hand, sees if the lights dim when the starter is used, tests the cooling system; tries the clutch, inspects the drive members, takes off the cover of the gear and differential case, tests the brake—in fact, in a short time (provided he is a real motor hound) he will tell you enough that will enable you to decide instantly if the car is a good car and if it will give the maximum service you expect. Even the risk is sufficient.

When Nations Give Presents.

If the relations between the world's countries were left to their Governments, there would be very few wars. Instead of bickering, the actual rulers of various nations are usually on the lookout to do others a good turn. They frequently exchange presents.

The United States bought Spain, yet it was Spain who gave to the States the beautiful model of the Santa Maria, Christopher Columbus' flagship. The finest present the American nation ever received was, of course, the splendid statue of Liberty, by Bartholdi, which is the first thing you see on entering New York harbor.

In Washington may be seen a most beautiful desk, which was presented to the President by Queen Victoria. It is made of the timbers of the Resolute, the famous Arctic exploration ship.

Kipped in the ice, the Resolute was abandoned, but found four years later by an American whaler. The American Congress spent \$200,000, had her hauled up, and made England a present of her. Years later, when she was broken up, the desk was made of her timbers and sent across the Atlantic as a memento of an act of international courtesy.

It was Holland who gave England that famous old cannon known as "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol," and it was France whom Britain has to thank for the most magnificent Sevres vase in the British Museum. This was in return for a number of pamphlets relating to the French Revolution which the British Government had presented to France.

Just recently Britain gave the United States two ancient cannon, one at least of which is supposed to have been cast for the Mayflower.

Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Americans are giving England a handsome statue of George Washington, which is going to be set up in front of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Chinese Alphabet.

Because the Chinese alphabet contains 40,000 characters it is estimated that only 5 per cent. of the inhabitants of that country can read and write.

Don't let the bargain idea dominate your purchase. No dealer, legitimate or otherwise, is in business to sacrifice to you. If you prefer any particular make of car, it is an excellent policy to make your purchase direct from the authorized dealer and factory representative. The additional cost, if any, is excellent insurance and you become his customer and future prospect. Naturally, it is to his interest to satisfy you, and the purchase proves of mutual advantage.

Hints to Motorists.

The finish on many a fine car has been ruined by the mistaken zeal of the owner going over it with a piece of cheesecloth to remove the dust. The cloth is soft enough, but the grit scratches and the finish soon becomes ruined.

A dust cover for the entire car is necessary, especially if the car is to be laid up. It should come down to the floor, covering every part of the car completely. It keeps out dust and dirt, which are exceedingly difficult to remove if allowed to remain any length of time.

In order to prevent the silverying of lamp reflectors from tarnishing when not in use it is good to give the surface a light coating of alcohol in which collodion has been dissolved. This will form an excellent protection and is easily washed off with warm water.

Painting an automobile so that it will look neat is an expert's job, but you will carefully wash the surface with warm water containing a little ammonia, and then give it a coat of thin varnish the appearance will be greatly improved.

Hot water should never be used for washing a car. It has a deteriorating effect on the varnish of a well-finished body. A single application of hot water and soap will remove the lustrous. Luke-warm water will not harm.

More Questions.

Does your engine start in balking? When you slow down, say, to walking? Does it seem to have a yearning to expire when you're turning? Does it kick against the timing of the spark when you are climbing? Does the differential grumble? Do the gears set up a rumble? Do the bearings ever mutter? Does the carburetor sputter? Cough and have a fit of spitting? Just as though it felt like quitting? Have the tires given warning? That their day of rest is dawning?

If these symptoms are neglected and the trouble not corrected you are apt to be detected. When you have your car inspected, and you'll find you are elected. To pay more than you expected. Whereas, if you had detected it at first and had directed that repairs should be effected you should not be so subjected.

Taming Wild Flowers.

Many of the flowers that adorn our garden have been procured from plants which originally grew wild. They have been changed or improved by the patient art of the professional gardener.

The tuberose was introduced into Europe from the East Indies by a Spanish physician in the sixteenth century. It still grows in its wild state in Java and Ceylon.

The chequerred lily came from France and Italy about 1550, while the Crown Imperial lily was first brought from Persia to Constantinople. From there it was taken to the Emperor's garden at Vienna, whence it found its way all over Europe.

It is not generally known that the belladonna lily was procured from South America in 1593, while the Guernsey lily was brought from Japan and was first cultivated at the beginning of the seventeenth century in the garden of an Englishman in Paris. This plant is said to have derived its name from the following episode. A ship, laden with bulbs, was wrecked off the coast of Guernsey. A number of the bulbs were cast up on the shore and took root in the soil, where they grew rapidly.

The first species of the dahlia known to Europeans was discovered in Mexico and sent to a professor at the Botanic Gardens, Madrid, who named it in honor of the Swedish professor, Dahl.

The most popular of flowers, the rose, is to be found in almost every country north of the Equator. It derives its name from rhos, meaning red. Of this plant more than one hundred species have been described, and more than two thousand varieties may be procured.

Discovered Phosphorus.

What we now call phosphorus was discovered by a chemist called Brand in 1670, who prepared it in small quantities from bones. In those days of mysticism a substance that burned and emitted light without being ignited was hailed as a discovery of the principle of life. The sensation was just like what was made 250 years later by the discovery of radium.

Radium sells for \$120,000 a gram.

—and the worst is yet to come



YOU'RE NOT MY MOTHER!

The back door opened quietly and was shut again with care. Stealthy steps ascended the back stairs. I glanced at the clock. Yes, it was four. The day being Thursday, Pearl, our maid, had been gone two hours. Of course, then, it could only be David—but a David who handled a door other-wise than with a bang! A David, too, alone. This was unusual, for the attic, fitted up as gymnasium and playroom, welcomed all comers on rainy days, while the playhouse and Jackie Johnson, the black pony, beckoned them on sunny days.

It was no use, my interesting book could not longer claim my attention. I went up to find David. He was on his bed, face down, a pathetic picture of inexpressible boyish despair. He would not have seemed quite so tragic if he had been crying. I sat on the bed and lightly passed my hand over his red hair.

"What is it, David? Don't you feel well?"

Silence.

"Tell Mother, David."

"You're not my mother!" Then the flood gates broke.

My conscience smote me. We had always intended to be frank with David in regard to his adoption, for we contended if he grew up with the thought it would hold no hurt. We had put off the telling, because the ideal time had not presented itself. Now someone thoughtlessly or with intent to hurt had blurted it out to David. In David's mind his father and I must stand convicted of wilful deceit.

As I gathered the sorry little figure close to me, in an introspective flash I lived over again a scene from my own childhood. One Christmas Eve I awoke to see mother and my best beloved aunt in the act of filling my stocking.

"She's stirring, put out the light, Isabel," whispered mother. I closed my eyes tight, the lids burned. I had found them living a lie. There was no Santa Claus! There never had been a Santa Claus in all the other happy years—I was so ashamed for those two my twos—that, to save them embarrassment, for a few years thereafter I professed a belief in Saint Nick. Doubt of human perfection was first sown in my mind that night. How it came back to me now as I soothed my son.

When the weeping had somewhat subsided, I endeavored to get David to reconstruct the conversation that had caused him distress, so that I might the better know what I had to meet.

"Dear, who said I was not your mother?"

"The new boy—Henry."

"How did he happen to say it?"

"I dunno."

"What were you talking about just before?"

"Henry said he was coming home with me to ride Jackie Johnson. I said all right. He said he was going to use the whip to make Jackie go like the wind. I said, we didn't have a whip. He said he would pick up a stick and beat him then. I said he needn't come home with me, because he never could ride Jackie as long as he lived and that if he ever came in my yard either my father or my mother would chase him out. Then he said—'the current of tears gained volume here—'you are not my really-truly mother, that Father is not an honest-to-goodness father.'"

"What next, David?"

"I said I didn't want anything to do with him ever! That he was all over holes anyway and Pearl had said he was a bad boy and she couldn't see why I was allowed to mix with him days?"

"tall. He cried awful bad. I ran home. —Why wasn't I your borney boy?" It was a cry from David's heart.

"I don't know, David. But I do know this, that if you had been, you wouldn't mean any more to us, perhaps not as much! Let me tell you about it."

"Once, a long time ago, your father and I were married. Like the Prince and Princess in the fairy books, we were happy, very, very happy."

"One day, however, we discovered that we wanted something more than just our love for each other. At first we couldn't give that something a name, later we knew it was a baby we needed. So we asked God for one. The way He answered our prayer was to put the thought in our heart that perhaps our baby was already somewhere in the world and when we thought that we set out to find him. We asked everyone: 'Do you know where our baby is?' Sometimes someone would think he did and we would go to see, but it wasn't our baby."

"Then we went 'way to Toronto and asked some kind people who make it their business to find the right parents for the right babies. They found ours for us and it was just you. So we brought you home."

"You were only three weeks old. Such a little baby, too! You can guess how small, for you have seen your first baby clothes."

"You were the little Prince whom we needed in our kingdom to keep the sun always shining."

"There is one thing I always want you to remember, if anyone tries to hurt you by saying you are not our child: remember that we chose you out of all the world of lovely babies because we wanted you; remember that God helped us to find you. We wanted you for two long years before we found you. And we love you!"

David put his arms around my neck, giving me a bear-hug, at the same time a sweet kiss that tasted of salt.

"Is it all right now, David?"

"I love you, Mother!" (the word slipped out naturally enough) "and I am glad you and Father found—just me. But I don't want to go back to school ever, 'cause Henry will be there. Couldn't Father and you and I go away somewhere on a desert island and forget all about that I wasn't your borney baby?"

David's hurt was still unhealed. I had not found the right balm. Like a thunderbolt came his next question: "Who are my borney mother and father? Where do they live?"

"David, we do not know. You were found in a railroad station when you were ten days old."

Apparently David's next question was made at random; in reality it was in the direct logic of childhood.

"Didn't Father say that Jimmie Smith stole pennies off the teacher's desk, cause his father did from the bank?"

"Yes, dear, something like that."

"Well, maybe both my borney mother and father stole. Then I will have to steal, for Father said, 'Like father, like boy.'"

"Your mother and father were not like Jimmie's. You will grow up into a big, fine, true man like the father you have known since you were three weeks old."

"If you don't know anything about my borney mother and father, how can you tell?"

I might have tried to make David understand a little of what environment could do, but instead I said: "How do I know? Come, I will show you. Then you can tell."

We went out into the yard. "What are these?" I asked, pointing to a plant he loved and watched over for its blooms.

"Daisy leaves."

"What comes up among the leaves?"

"Daisies."

"What are those?" pointing to another plant friend.

"Peony leaves."

"What will we pick there in a few days?"

Magic Carpet of Imagination

It is surprising how few people have the observant eye; most of us seem to look at things without really seeing them.

When you are in conversation with a friend for several minutes, cover your necktie with your hand and ask him to tell you its color. He is more likely than not to be wrong. He has been talking to you and looking at you for some time, but he has not formed any clear picture of you in his mind.

Here are two simple tests you may apply to yourself. Is the figure that comes between III. and V. on the face of your watch IIII. or IV.? How many buttons are there on the sleeve of the coat you are wearing as you read these lines?

Here is another simple poser. Every day you have seen King George's head on coins of the realm; is he looking to the right or to the left? Try these tests on your friends, and you will be amazed to find how little most of them have used their eyes.

Yet whatever a man's position in life may be, the observant eye is one of his most important assets if he wishes to be successful.

It was by observing the effect of steam pressure upon the lid of a kettle that James Watt was able to invent the steam engine, and it would be easy to give a thousand other instances. Opportunities are awaiting the man who has the eye to see them.

Observation is a quality that is easy to cultivate if you make up your mind to do so. Try to notice the birds and beasts, the men and things you see every day. Ask yourself at night what you have seen during the day. At first your answers will be very short, but soon you will find that you are beginning really to see things. It is not difficult, and it is well worth while.

Allied with observation is the power of imagination. The first enables us

to see things as they are; by means of the second we see things as they might be. The new makes use not of the outward eye, but of the mind's eye.

Until the middle of the last century screws were made with blunt ends. An American named Sloan, who had had some experience of the difficulty of driving these clumsy things into hard wood, applied his imagination to the problem of making something better. Suddenly there came into his mind the picture of a tapered screw, whose pointed end would enable it to force its way in more easily.

He saw the screw as it might be, and as it is to-day. It was the simplest possible idea that might have occurred to anyone—all that was lacking in others was the imagination that showed Sloan the way to fame and fortune.

In business, a single flash of imagination that produces an original and striking suggestion may be worth more than a whole year's plodding work. For plodding means following the path that others have pointed out to you, whilst originality and imagination find the new paths that are short cuts to success.

With imagination you never need be dull or depressed. Imagination is a magic carpet that will waft you at your wish to any part of the world; imagination will take you back into the past or forward into the unknown future.

When you are in need of a holiday, but cannot have one, imagination will supply a mental holiday. Sitting in your own chair you may fly on the wings of imagination to the banks of a favorite river to enjoy sport with trout, roach, or pike.

Imagination enables you to get out side yourself, to get out of the rut. Without imagination you can only accept things as they are; with it you can improve them, and therein lies the whole secret of happiness in life.

If Women Could Choose!

If women could choose their husbands ideal matings would be more common than they are to-day. For Eve knows more than Adam in some matters, and she certainly knows more about love, seeing that she makes it her whole existence, whereas to man it is a thing apart.

Wise Eves, if the choice became their business, would choose first and fall in love afterwards.

They would give to the choice of a life partner as keen an attention as they give to a bargain sale. There would be a list made out, much testing, close calculation as to whether a bargain which looked a bargain were really so or a "fake," and rejection of remnants that could not be made use of.

If Eve possessed a quick temper she would make for the man who was slow to wrath. If she was not particularly good at cooking, she would never marry an epicure, or a poor fellow whose digestive powers left much to be desired. If her idea of happiness consisted of a giddy whirl of pleasures she would know that the quiet, pedantic soul, who loved his own fireside, was no mate for her.

Some of the happiest of marriages are those which take place between two people who have come to years of discretion, and who are perfect "pals" before there is any question of getting married. Love follows with the sweet "togetherness."

In such matings women do actually choose their husbands. They are secretly analytical; they calculate their chances of happiness, they search themselves and wonder if the two natures would be the ideal. And, having realized that a particular man would make them happy, and over whom they would spend the best of themselves, they exercise their charm.

Woman cannot propose, but she can do the next best thing to it, which is often a very good thing for man.

Swat That Fly!

After examining the rapidity with which the average housefly breeds, the question might be asked: "Why are there so few flies?"

A single fly lays four times each summer, an average of eighty eggs each time or three hundred and twenty eggs during the season. One half of those eggs produce females, so that the first forty females, which would also lay four times during the season, would produce 12,800 flies. The first eighth of these, or 1,600 females, would produce 334,000 offspring; the second eighth 288,000, and the third and fourth eighths at least 286,000 between them.

Thus there would be 909,120 flies as the result of the first of four batches of eggs laid by a single fly in one season. The second batch of eggs laid by the original fly would produce 777,600 during the remainder of the season; the third 262,400, and the fourth 131,200.

Therefore the total number of descendants of a single fly during one summer is 2,080,000! A consideration of this figure shows why "Swat that fly!" is a most excellent slogan.

Notable Trip of Japanese Prince.

The visit to London of the Crown Prince of Japan has a significance we should not miss. It is the formal ending of the era of Japan's isolation; in all Japan's previous history no Emperor or Emperor's heir had ever stepped outside the island empire.

Wires As Weather Prophets.

To trained ears, telegraph wires act as excellent weather prophets.

Predictions as to the state of the weather can be made from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in advance by an appreciation of the pitch, strength, and quality of the tones produced by the wires. Rain, snow, and storms can be foretold with considerable certainty.

High shrill notes precede heavy but brief falls of rain or snow, while deep humming tones indicate rainfalls which are both brief and light. Buzzing tones indicate a change in the weather; indefinite soft, humming tones of medium strength indicate a longer continuance of damp weather.

It is difficult to describe the tones in mere words. They must be heard repeatedly in order that the mind may form consciously or subconsciously an idea of the weather condition to which they correspond.