

The AUTOMOBILE



How to Prevent Cars Skidding.
 "With winter here, every driver should learn how to drive a car on a slippery road," says an expert. "Being able to handle a car on wet road has prevented many an accident. It may readily be seen that if a new driver is experienced in the necessary manoeuvring of a machine during inclement weather that the repair bill will be maintained at a normal figure. On the other hand, a lack of education in manipulating the steering wheel while on a slippery road surface may result not only in damaging the car but in becoming injured.

"By the way of explaining what the skid really is, it is also necessary to make known that there is another form, which is known as the side-slip. To be able to pull a car out of a serious skid it is essential that the driver know the difference between these two.

"A side-slip is a lateral or sideways movement of the car. A skid is the continuous forward movement of the car, with one or more wheels not turning. Side-slipping usually is confined to the rear wheels, but in some cases the front wheels have figured in this peculiar movement.

"When in the throes of either a side-slip or bad skid the first thing to remember is to leave the brake pedal free. Partly close the throttle, but do not close entirely, as that would be equivalent to applying the brakes. Next turn wheels in direction of side-slip and open the throttle. This should right the car.

"One reason for side-slipping may be found in the fact that some drivers take corners at a fast rate of speed. Allowing that the road is slippery, the autoist should round turns slowly and with caution. The clutch should be released if there is a tendency for the car to slip.

"When this takes place, very frequently the rear tires will lose their lateral grip on the road surface. Motorists should never steer a machine sharply from a curb when the surface is wet.
 "The reason for this is simple, in that the grip of the wheels on the road is insufficient to overcome the centrifugal effect, and the result is the rear of the car is forced toward the curbing. Sometimes a sudden speeding up of the motor will overcome the tendency to skid.

Keep Spare Tires Covered.
 Tire wear and depreciation is not always the result of service. And it is an unwise policy to neglect the spare tire under the impression that as long as it is not in use it will keep its elasticity and strength indefinitely. Casings carried inflated on demountable rims do not, as a rule, suffer as much as empty casings, because, even when uncovered, light, moisture, and dust can attack them only on the outside. But when an empty casing is strapped to the rear tire holder and is left uncovered, mud, road oil, and air gradually accumulate inside of the tire, and in time will weaken the fabric. Furthermore, when such a casing is put to use, attempts to clean it are seldom thorough, especially if it is a roadside job. The dust and grit consequently injure the inner tube.

Another way in which spare tires suffer is through insecure attachment to the tire holder. Use plenty of straps, and have them tight enough to prevent rubbing and chafing. A good waterproof and light-proof tire cover will greatly prevent the injuries mentioned, soon paying for itself in the greater durability of spare casings as well as in the satisfaction of neat appearance.

But everything appertaining to the French Revolution is of outstanding interest to him, as are all historical periods that bear witness to the struggle for freedom of the common people.

A Cure for Brain-fag.
 It is almost amusing when the Premier is leaving London for Wales or Scotland to see one of his secretaries exploring the station bookstall for the newest novels of the type to please his chief, and to watch him return to the carriage with an armful.

Mr. Lloyd George reads through a book very quickly. He skims padding. He treats a book, in fact, very much like a Blue Book—he misses the unessential, and concentrates on the material. If a book bores him to begin with, he does not persist with it; he throws it down, and takes up the next. The fiction that does not pleasantly occupy his mind fails in its purpose, for he reads as an antidote for brain fag.

His favorite authors of fiction are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Jeffery Farnol, Baroness Orczy, Stanley Weyman, Morice Gerard, John Oxenham, E. C. Oppenheim, and Marjorie Bowen—all the writers, indeed, who make a point of giving their novels an historical salting.

Fleeting Interest.
 Having read a book of fiction, Mr. Lloyd George immediately dismisses it from his mind. Its power to interest does not survive the actual time required to scan its pages. Herein the Premier is very different from most people, who, when they like a book, are never tired of returning to it in their thoughts.

But, with Mr. Lloyd George, when a novel has agreeably attracted his attention for an hour or so, it has served its object. He wants his mind free thereafter for more important concerns. It is doubtful whether he remembers one-tenth of the novels he reads in this quick and easy manner.

But in his light reading he must not be confused with his serious reading. There his aim is to absorb and critically analyze the contents.

But the necessity with the overworked Premier to-day is that, as much as possible, he should read for mental relief.

Warmed-over meat loses flavor and celery salt will give the desired taste. Rye mush is more palatable if made with half milk instead of all water.

TRIPS INTO NO MAN'S LAND

NIGHT-STALKING PARTIES BETWEEN THE LINES.

Their Tense Thrill and Excitement Have Never Been Better Described Than in This Article

For sheer, breathless excitement there is nothing to beat night patrol work at the front. Nothing is more trying to the nerves, not even a raid or the tension of waiting to go over the top. Big game hunters, men who habitually court danger as other men seek amusement, will tell you that never in their lives have they tasted thrills such as half an hour's night-prowling in No Man's Land can give.

It is with patrolling as it is with shells. If a man says he likes either, you can confidently write him down a liar. The bravest and stoutest soldiers in the best battalions in France will evince a certain reluctance when told off for patrol.

Like so many things in this life, the anticipation is worse than the actuality, and the same men who have clambered slowly and unwillingly over the parapet will, in almost every case, show themselves brave and resourceful and calm once they are launched into the black void of No Man's Land.

Tense and Thrilling Excitement.
 For patrolling is an experience that grows on one. Cowering in a shell-hole, cheek by jowl with a wan and lonely corpse, in the dazzling green light of a star shell, you tell yourself that, once back in the welcome shelter of the trench, nothing will ever make you volunteer for night patrolling again. But the danger past, some bit of good work accomplished, and one forgets the shocks and alarms, remembering only the tense and thrilling excitement of these night-stalking adventures.

A good company commander need never be idle in the trenches. The reason is that his work is never done. When his routine duties are accomplished, his daily reports sent in, the hundred and one details of ordinary humdrum trench life settled in conference with the sergeant-major, there is always the enemy to watch and study.

Harass the Enemy.
 The efficient officer in modern war will never be content with the affirmative answer to the question: "Is my trench secure against attack?" That question disposed of, another immediately arises in his mind: "How can I best harass the enemy?"—or, as a classic phrase in an Army textbook has it: "How can I make myself as offensive as possible?"

Before that question can be answered to a company commander's satisfaction he must know all about the little strip of ground in front of him. He must know what work Brother Boche is doing, whether he is active in patrolling, in what strength his trenches are held. A company commander must know his strip of front as a policeman knows his beat. He must, to carry on the metaphor, know the inhabitants of the street and their occupation and ways, so that, if anything untoward occurs, he is in a position to take rapid and effective measures.

A War of Nerves.
 Therefore, out at the front, one of the means of spotting a good battalion is by the amount of patrolling it does. Patrol work does more than keep our side well posted about the enemy. It checks the Hun's patrolling activity, and has a bad effect on his nerves. Old Hindenburg knew what he was talking about when he said that the side which is going to win this war is the side with the best nerves. There are ways of wearing down the enemy's resistance besides killing Boches.

Will you come out on patrol with me this dark and chilly night? Right! Here's the officers' dug-out in the front line (company headquarters is in the support line, just behind). That young subaltern eating tinned pears out of a soup plate by the light of a candle is going out on patrol in a few minutes. You can go with him. That dark figure, with rifle and bayonet slung behind him, is his orderly. Down the trench four men, similarly caparisoned, are sitting on the fire step, resignedly waiting to accompany the

party. Sentries have reported hearing the sound of wheels on a road that runs through No Man's Land, and the patrol is going to have a "look see" out there.

The Dreaded Moment.
 Here you are at the fire step! Do you hear that whisper passing along the trench? That's the word going along—"Officer's patrol going out!"—so as you won't get shot coming in. Now you are on the parapet. Hup! Over you go, one man after the other. Now you are through the barbed wire, and here you are in No Man's Land. You take a few paces, and then the darkness swallows you up. You wonder how on earth the young officer will ever find his way back. You look around blankly for a landmark of any kind. There is nothing, not even a ruined house, a shattered tree. All is just blackness. Don't worry! The subaltern has a compass bearing on his objective, and a back-bearing to bring you safely home again. If you look closely, you will see the luminous disc of the compass in his hand as he consults it to get his proper direction.

Appalling Uncertainty.
 You feel very lonely. It is as though you were utterly cut off from humanity. The only link with the world behind the parapet—the world of light and love and laughter—are the spasmodic reports of rifles that echo with loud reverberations through the night stillness. A machine gun joins in—tap, tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap! Then another. The noise swells up, then dies away. All is still again. The subaltern marches ahead, his orderly beside him, the four men spread out in a fan behind him. They walk upright, slithering in and out of the shell holes, with many halts to listen. When a star shell goes up, beginning with a loud report and ending with a gentle plop! and a burst of radiance, every man flops down and remains perfectly still. If you remain immobile under a Verey light, a Hun can't see you, unless he is very close.

A German Patrol.
 Presently you stumble over a sack—an evil-smelling, soft, dank bundle. You pick yourself up, and discover you have tripped over a German corpse. You stagger on, horrified, and bump full-tilt into the orderly. He holds up his hand. You listen breathlessly. At first you only hear your heart thumping. Then you catch an unusual sound—Clink, clink, clink! Thump, thump, thump! The Boche is out working.

You plod on again. Now the grass is long and the shell holes fever. The party crawls on hands and knees. Suddenly there is a hard ground under your feet. You are on the road. It is grass grown, and a little investigation shows that the sentries' tale of carts in No Man's Land is a myth, as far as this particular road is concerned.

Crump! A burst of orange flame to the right and a loud explosion. A bomb! You have bumped into a Hun patrol. Crump, crump, crump! go three British bombs back. Instantly the very atmosphere breaks into noise. Bullets sing overhead, a machine gun starts rapping, and there is a swish of bullets in the grass. Somewhere close by a high, quavering voice is groaning "A-a-ah!"

Getting Back.
 The subaltern pushes on resolutely. You find him standing by a dark form writhing on the ground. The officer produces a knife, and slashes off the wounded man's shoulder straps.

"Identification!" he whispers. "We can't get him in over this ground. No casualties? Good! It's time we got back!"

He whips out his compass and faces about, and the next minute you are in the dug-out, in the warm and welcome candle-light.

Well, how did you like it? Oh, it's all right, but—

BINDER TWINE OF FLAX STRAW
 New Process to Use Prairie Product Formerly Burned.

The Flax Fibre Development Association of Regina, Sask., announces that it has discovered a process for manufacturing flax straw into binder twine, commercial twine and yarns for weaving into heavy sacking and towelling. Heretofore, the flax straw of the three western provinces, amounting to over 1,000,000 tons annually, has been burned after threshing.

It is said that experiments carried out this autumn with the new binder twine showed that it bound 99 per cent of the sheaves perfectly, a better result than was obtained with sisal twine. A co-operative company is being formed to manufacture the new twine.

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A fund has been opened by the Wicklow Urban Council for the dependents of the men lost in the recent fishing disaster. Miss Emma Gilmore, Portstewart, has been awarded the Royal Red Cross for devotion to duty.

Private Robert Howard, killed in action, was a son of the late John Howard, Deer Park, Dundrum, Tipperary.

A fuel famine is threatened in Athlone owing to the difficulty in getting peat from the submerged bogs. A large bakery in the town of Castlereagh was forced to suspend business owing to the scarcity of flour. A very successful concert was given in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in aid of the Irish Times' Red Cross Fund.

There is a great scarcity of hay for feeding purposes throughout the Midlands, as large quantities were uncut when the winter storms came. The Military Cross has been awarded to Rev. Canon O. E. Ross, Ballymena, now serving as chaplain to his Majesty's forces.

A large crowd assembled at the Warrenpoint Town Hall to witness the presentation of the Military Medal to Sergt.-Major James Boyd, Royal Irish Rifles.

HOT IN INDIA!
 British Soldier Stationed at Multan Describes Climate.

A little while ago I was reading an English paper that had been sent out from home, and came across an account of a heat wave in the Old Country, the temperature being 75 deg. in the shade, says Gunner D. Leahy, of Multan, India. I read the article out to the other fellows in our room, and I can assure you some remarks passed.

The average temperature at Multan, where my battery is at present, is 108 and 109 degs. during the summer; but in the last week or so of June we had a heat wave in which the thermometer rose to 119 deg. in the shade, and then, on Wednesday, June 23rd, to 121 deg. in the shade.

But in June last year, at this same station, the highest temperature reached was 128 deg. in the shade, and four European soldiers died from the effects of it.

Of course, all stations are not like ours. Some have a climate very similar to England, but these are hill stations. Multan is one of the hottest stations in India, being on the edge of the Rajputana Desert.

I have had letters from home saying that fellows who have just returned from India are wearing overcoats during the summer. This is not at all surprising, owing to the fact that after two or three years out here our blood becomes very thin, and when we return home we are not able to stand the English climate.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
 Member of Royal Flying Corps Has Solved Mystery.

Many interesting stories come from the men in the different flying corps, but none perhaps more interesting, in a quiet way, than one related by Dr. A. P. Thurston, of the Royal Flying Corps. He says he has solved whatever mystery there may be in the rainbow.

"Do you know where the rainbow ends?" he asked of an audience. "I have been there. The rainbow ends on the top of every cloud. When you are above the clouds you sometimes see the rainbow a complete and beautiful circle and whenever you go above the clouds a halo encircles the shadow of our machine. I have charged this halo and it grows smaller and smaller as you approach. It finally becomes a ball of fire and then you plunge into the cold clammy cloud and you are where the rainbow ends. Sometimes as you run over the edge of a thunder cloud, great sparks eighteen inches long form a continuous line along the front edges of the wings."

Gumption is ability to put the grease where the squeak it.

SEA TO MAKE GOOD SHORTAGE OF FATS

IN FUTURE OCEAN WILL YIELD NEEDED SUPPLY.

Even Oleomargarine, is Now Being Manufactured in Norway From Fish Oil.

The world's supply of oils and fats is going to be derived in rapidly increasing measure hereafter from the seas. This is the conclusion to which investigators of this problem, which was one of the first to become acute after the war started, have brought themselves.

The problem indeed was beginning to be a real one before the war started. The production of live stock for a long time had not been keeping pace with the world's requirements. This has been in considerable part because of the increasing number of people that are requiring more and more meat in their diet, and partly from other causes.

The net result is that in the search for new oils and fats, and indeed for new uses of fish as a substitute for meat, important progress has been made. Some recent developments suggest that the seas are altogether likely in coming generations to take the place of the great ranges of the Americas and Australia for the production of some important food articles.

Butter Substitute From Fish.
 The announcement recently from Norway that a satisfactory substitute for oleomargarine had been produced from fish oils, while it was regarded as extremely important, is in fact only one evidence of this increasing dependency of the world upon the seas' sources of supply for various necessities. Now it is asserted that the denizens of the deep waters are presently going to be put under contribution for a variety of new foods and substitutes for leather in many uses.

The subjugation of the sea is not the only great step that men are contemplating toward a more effective utilization of nature's bounty. The tropics are going to be developed, after this war, at a rate never before imagined, unless all signs fail. Not only are the Governments preparing to give more systematic and scientific encouragement to proper colonial development, in the tropical areas but the colonizing spirit has been receiving a great revival. One hears soldiers from every army, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Italians and, it is said, German prisoners, talking of the possibilities of South America, Africa, the Pacific Islands, in fact, the whole great undeveloped empires of the world.

Price Will Be Higher.
 In Norway milk and butter supplies are very short, but the Morgenblatt announces that the problem of a substitute for oleomargarine has been solved and that the Norwegian oleomargarine could be made of purely Norwegian materials without the admixture of foreign vegetable oils, which experts had declared to be essential.

The discovery is due to the researchers of a committee appointed by Sir V. Vik, the Minister of Supply. For the present the Vera fat refinery will manufacture the article, and it is asserted that the factory will be able to meet the requirements of the whole country.

The secret is the use of different kinds of fish oil, of which there is plenty in hand, both of whale and other fish. The price will be slightly higher than the former oleomargarine, because there is a duty on fish oils higher than that on the vegetable oils previously used.

A representative of the Morgenblatt has been given the opportunity of tasting the new product and asserts that in flavor and appearance it is equal to the best oleomargarine. It is expected to be on the market in about a fortnight.

Problem and Solution.
 Our problem is to feed our Allies by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value, in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar. Our solution is to eat less of these and more of other foods of which we have in abundance—and to waste less of all foods.

WHAT MR. LLOYD GEORGE READS

REST FROM STATE AFFAIRS FOUND IN BOOKS.

The British Premier Delights in Stirring Fiction of an Historical Type.

There is no more omnivorous reader than Mr. Lloyd George, though, in the case of one who works, as he does, on an average fourteen hours a day, it is difficult to see where he can snatch the time.

The Premier makes time by reading in bed at night, after the long spell of official cares, at the week-end, when he goes to Walton Heath, where he has a modest country residence, and in long train journeys.

He finds novel-reading necessary to relieve his mind and to give him a little rest from his State work, and his choice of books is largely designed not to exercise his brain, but to divert it, on the same principle that hard-working business men choose light comedies for their theatrical fare.

Fascinated by Robespierre.
 While not having very distinct prejudices in his fiction, he is most partial to historical novels, and his secretaries take it upon themselves to have always ten or twelve of the latest books of this character within his reach.

The historical novel appeals to him because it is an attempt to interpret in dramatic and picturesque form the psychology of famous historical personages, and no one is more interested in the study of psychology than Mr. Lloyd George. He believes that, without the ability to understand the psychology of peoples as well as of particular men, the statesman is ill-equipped for his task.

The Premier has his favorite historical figures. Perhaps of all the makers of history, he is most keenly interested in the character of Robespierre, whose motives and emotions he is never tired of studying. Essentially dramatic in his his own composition, Mr. Lloyd George is fascinated by the vividly dramatic career of the great Revolutionary.

The Doings of the Duffs.

