

AUTOMOBILI

AUTO-LOCKING DEVICES NEED SPECIAL CARE.

A dog readily recognizes the sound of his master's voice. And the people of the neighborhood in which I live easily recognize the sound of John Smith's car by its various and sundry rattles. For John Smith is one of those motorists who never has time to tighten up a loose bolt.

The manufacturers of cars have done their best to turn out machines with all bolts tightened up and the vibration due to the rotation of parts reduced to a minimum.

The only advantage that attaches itself to John Smith's car is the fact that no thief would ever consider stealing it. The clatter of such a car would be recognized and would be a dead giveaway. The new owner of a car, however, is wise if after driving it for a few days he either goes over it carefully to check up on the locking devices or takes it to a service station for this purpose.

LOCK NUTS OF THE PAST.

Numerous parts of a car are made fast through the use of bolts with threads on them and nuts that turn on the threads and make the parts tight. In the past more than at present it was the practice to have the bolts long enough so that two nuts could be put on. One was jammed against another in order to lock them in such a way that it would be impossible for them to come off. Then to make doubly sure the nuts would not fall off a hole was drilled into the bolt and a split steel pin, called a "cotter," would be inserted. Thus even though the nuts became loosened the cotter pin would prevent them from getting off the bolt.

In other instances instead of using two nuts a single nut with notches in the head of it, called a "constellated" nut, was employed. When this nut was in place a hole was drilled through the bolt and the cotter pin was inserted in a pair of notches in the nut so that it could not back off and become loosened.

In place of lock nuts, lock washers are now used more often. The lock washer is made of hardened steel with two comparatively sharp projections caused by the splitting on the washer. When the nut is turned down on such

Tools of God.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn, The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born In season fit and still,
Each must in strength arise to work The Almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee, By that Almighty hand Austerly led; so one by sea Goes forth; and one by land; Nor ought of all men's sons escapes From that command.

So from the sally each obeys The unseen Almighty nod; So till the ending all their ways Blind-folded both have trod; Nor knew their task at all, but were The tools of God.

—R. L. S.



The Prince of Wales makes his first appearance since he was thrown from his mount, on the occasion of a benefit football game between Oxford University and the Tottenham Hotspurs.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM OF THE MENTALLY HANDICAPPED

By Dr. J. G. Shearer.



The late Dr. C. K. Clarke was a pioneer and a prophet in the field of Mental Hygiene and therefore in the field of Social Service.

Note these pithy and striking statements of his:—

"Fifty per cent. of all crime, sixty-six per cent. of all prostitution, forty per cent. of all venereal disease is due to the non-care of mental defectives."

"The whole future of our nation depends upon the careful selection of immigrants we admit into the country."

"Child immigration needs more careful supervision than any other, as it so frequently includes physical and mental weaklings."

"The 20% of school children who are above the average have been neglected, while the 20% below the line have not received intelligent treatment."

The Mental Hygiene Movement, now led by the Canadian National Committee and backed by the Social Service Council, owes much to the late Dr. Clarke. He was one of the first advocates of occupational therapy in mental hospitals. He established one of the first training schools for mental hospital nurses.

Although Dr. C. K. Clarke was an authority of continental reputation on the subject of mental diseases, he was also an educational reformer, a naturalist, and an authority on birds. Sir Robert Falconer summed up Dr. Clarke's outstanding merits, when at his funeral he said: "Dr. Clarke was one of the best men I ever knew." Possibly his death may disturb the lethargy regarding the imperative need for the segregation of many of the specialized training and care of those others who are mentally weak and who have a bent for crime, vice, prostitution, social disease, illegitimacy, and who for this reason ought not to have their liberty.

Prevention is vastly better than cure. The committing of the horrible brutal murders and other unmentionable crimes of violence that frequently cause the whole nation to shudder, ought, by social forethought and the necessary legislative or government action, to be prevented. They can be prevented. It is socially foolish in extreme degree and socially wicked in equal degree not to prevent them. Governments and tax-paying citizens think they cannot afford to provide special classes in schools and industrial farm training-schools for this purpose. The truth is they cannot afford not to do so. These things cost much less than hospitals to cure venereal disease, highly-expensive criminal trials, prisons, penitentiaries, executions, made unavoidable by letting these unfortunates run at large making their terrible havoc. Moreover, they themselves are never happy or contented except in the protected atmosphere of restricted liberty.

Obedient Boy!

Little Tommy Truffle had made a discovery, and, being of a very generous disposition, was eager to share it with others.

"I is—" he began.

Teacher swooped down at once, that superior smile, so irritating to the sensitive mind of youth, upon her lips.

"I am, not 'I is,'" she corrected.

Tommy looked a little pained; almost, perhaps, a little doubtful. But he was an obedient little boy.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," he announced.

Near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear.

French farmers whose families have cultivated the same soil for over three hundred years are to receive a new decoration, the Croix de Chevalier. Over seven hundred and fifty have qualified, the record tenure being since A.D. 772, over eleven centuries.

Window Songs.

I.
When over the hills of Carmel the dawn like a poppy peers
The sun strides in at my windows
With a cry that bids me rouse—
The sun that shatters the darkness as though with a thousand spears;
"The Lord loves not the laggard," it says, "in His golden house!"

My windows look to the east; they look to the south and the sea;
My windows look to the west where the sun toward China goes;
And the sweep of the scene I view for ever entrances me;
It has taken hold of my heart with a clutch that a lover knows.

II.
Beyond where Pescadero's spray is iridescent all the day,
The sea beneath my dreaming eye is level lapis lazuli.

Some spacious morning I am sure That I shall yield me to its lure.
My friendly windows leave behind, Lift sail before a favoring wind.

And blithesomely adventuring go To seek the beckoning Hoang-Ho.

III.
My wonder windows yield to me Ships that voyage up and down the sea,
And pine at poised eternally.

These pines, in their druidic dress, Have a perpetual stateliness;
Their beauty holds me in dures.

Against rich sunsets overlaid With hues of every rainbow shade They are like etchings done in jade.

IV.
The butterflies wing by in the azure and amber weather;
They weave through airy loops, as light as a wind-tossed feather;
Forth from my windows I fare, and we are away together.

Nimble the measures we thread out of and in and over
The braided cypress boughs—dart and dip and hover.
Oh, it is good sometimes to be just a buoyant rover!

And then—and then—and then—from the vagrant ranging and roaming
Above the kelp-strewn sands where the beryl waves are combing,
Back from the wild free flight how happy to be homing!

V.
I love my windows when the dark Shadows the whole earth like a boon;
They show me on the sky's wide arc Belted Orion and the moon.

And when on slumber I embark, Lulled by the sea surf's drowsy tune,
Drifting across my dreams I mark Belted Orion and the moon.

Why Daddy Washed.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been invited out to tea.

"Come along, dearie," said Mrs. Jones to her three-year-old son, "and have your face washed."

"Don't want to be washed," came the reply.

"But," said mother, "you don't want to be dirty, do you? I want my little boy to have a nice clean face for the ladies to kiss."

Upon this persuasion he gave way and was washed.

A few minutes later he stood watching his father washing.

"Daddy!" he cried, "I know why you're washing!"

That's What They All Say.

"I can't keep visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly to the president. "When I say you're out they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say." That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

When good will is taken away the name of friendship is gone.

If you wish to subject all things to yourself subject yourself to reason. They take the sunshine from the world who take friendship from life.

THE BLIND HOME WORKER

Blind.

A prisoner held within dark walls, A dungeon where no shadow falls To mark the change 'twixt day and night,
Crippled with chains of blinded sight,
So live I on.

Full busy do my fingers fly, Their touch can give what eyes deny, But my starved soul with hunger cries To feast itself, where glowing lies God's wondrous world.

The joy of old-remembered things Sings yet on memory's muted strings, To-day, my longing heart does cry To see, once more, the sunlight lie On grassy banks.

—Mary E. Hayhurst.

Who and what are these blind home workers, who for so long lacked opportunity for expression to their pent-up energy and now are numbered among the busiest and happiest of this broad Canada of ours? For answer, they come from every walk in life and we find them everywhere. Here we have a bread winner living in the crowded and busiest section of some of our great cities; the next resides in a comfortable little cottage on a quiet suburban street; the next in a prosperous farming district; another on a lonely farm in a north country, pioneer settlement, and still another in his isolated prairie home. Some are men still in their youth, others in middle age, while still others have passed that point where strenuous exertion is still possible. Many of these have led busy and active lives, toiling hard and providing living for their families until sight was lost. Others worked in offices or industry. Some were found who are mothers and still carry on in large part, their household duties, while finding time to busy themselves on products, the returns from which may add to the family income. To use a simile coined by the late Sir Arthur Pearson, it is a case of "new lamps for old." From the former state of partial or complete blindness and indifference or hopeless dejection, they have been brought to a realization of the opportunities that lay before them and in most cases have been encouraged to grasp these firmly with both hands. As in the past when Aladdin trudged the streets of Bagdad crying, "new lamps for old," we now see the vision of blind people rejuvenated. Their lamp is now filled with the oil of contentment while the wick of endeavor is kept trimmed and burning brightly. May we who share in the privilege of assisting in this work ever keep before the mind's eye the glowing torch of hope and be strong and tireless in our efforts to renew and light more and still more of the lamps which were so long neglected.

Let us picture for a moment the active young farmer who in the prime of life has suddenly lost that oft neglected and thoughtlessly possessed, though priceless possession, sight. After his physician and later the specialist have reluctantly given up all hope of recovery and the family counsels have eventually led to no definite decision for the hopeless future, a neighbor appears and volunteers information of the country-wide activities of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and the remarkable exhibit and demonstration of "room making, basket making, etc., which he saw last Autumn at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Presently a letter is received by the Institute explaining the case. A trained representative calls at his home within a few days and takes stock of the circumstances in which this man is placed. Shortly after the Home Teacher appears and with cheery words of encouragement convinces him that others who are laboring under an equal handicap have accomplished worth while things and that his future may be full of effort and success. She tells him of others who in like circumstances have continued to direct the operations on their farms, to do the milking, feeding and general chores, such as cutting wood, watering stock, etc.; how they help with the harvest, the drawing in of hay and grain, gardening, and later threshing operations; how in short, there are hundreds of opportunities to keep full time busy at work while work on his own farm. But what about the spare time, when all chores for the day are done, or on stormy days when work other than chores is impossible. "Why then, we have books that you can learn to read and the range of literature is indeed large and varied, also you can be taught to make baskets which you may sell to your neighbors or ship to the Institute Salesroom in return for cash." And what is the result? Soon we see our rejuvenated man whistling as he works at his chores and looking forward to the hour or hours that he may spend in making saleable products. We see him sitting down in the evening and writing a letter to the manager of the Salesroom in which he orders read and other basketry material, just as you would sit down and order articles from Eaton's or Simpson's. He posts his letter. Within the week the mail carrier leaves a parcel in his mail box containing his supplies and he sets to work during every spare hour at his command. Soon a number of baskets have been completed and forwarded. Can you imagine more complete occupation and unadulterated contentment? Naturally, he will have periods when, remembering the sunlight on the grass and golden grain or flowers, vague regrets and yearnings stir his soul, but these are soon dispersed by those other engrossing thoughts of family, friends and prospects. Possibly his thoughts might be best expressed in the following lines:

The sun still shines, though its light is denied me.
What care I?
So long as God's purpose on earth is fulfilled;
So long as He gives me the strength to rebuild;
And courage to fight until this life be stilled;
I am content to strive.
The Canadian National Institute for the Blind has for its watchword, "Service," and its motto is, "Help Them to Help Themselves."



A combination knife and fork, made with the fork at the extreme end of the tool and a razor-edge knife on the curved side, has been designed for the use of veterans of the war who lost an arm.

IN RABBITBORO

