a minute and a man think quick. The secret of those five seconds reducing the human factor to a

fraction in chronology, with that swift leap into the 'great perhaps,' is unfortunately as much a riddle as the question of whether con-

sclousness lasts after death, which

the French medical profession made

such a practical effort to solve in

1864, when their notorious colleague, De la Pommeraies, delib-

erately endeavored by the aid of the guillotine to assist the famous

Velpeau by arranging to give a

signal after his head had fallen

into the basket of sawdust, but

unfortunately with very indeter-minate results. Seneca tells us

that we should endeavor to die

without fear, and Montains says

that one of the greatest benefits

good living confers is a contempt

of death. Surely these new philos-

ophers should logically tend to all-

round betterment by their con-

stant hand-grips with death. Or

does familiarity in the majority of

cases breed contempt? The best

psychology of life is equally the best psychology of death, and Rob-

ert Louis Stevenson has happily

summed it up in his 'Requiem' in one line, 'Glad did I live, and

### MOVIES! THAT'S THE NEW BRAND OF CROP THEY'RE GROWING NOW IN THE LAND OF ORANGES AND FLOWERS



By GERTRUDE M. PRICE.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 20 .- I am out here in the west to "size up" the western moving picture studios. But I don't know where to begin and I know I shall never finish! A conservative man tells me there are 78 companies between San Francisco and San Diego!

Be that as it may, Southern Californta is alive with picture players! Directors who have been in the business a long time say this part of the country is the natural place in which to take pictures, because they can work about 360 days out of the year, and the sunlight is nearly always "on top." In addition to that there is the sea, and there are the mountains with-

"How do people like having a moving picture concern in their midst?" I asked the manager of a big concern down on the coast.
"How do they like it?" he answered. "Why they like it fine and when they

know anything is wanted for the movies, they just fall over themselves to be nice."

There are moving picture plants and ranches and studios dotted around all the way down the coast, I find. Some of them have as many as 12 or 13 companies working on them. Others only have one or two. There are independents and so-called frust concerns working side by side, all taking advantage of the sunshine and the

The people in the towns in which moving pictures are made have all sorts of odd experiences. For instance while I was walking down the street in Santa Monica a day or two ago, a gipsy rushed out of a store with something concealed under

Two policemen jumped from behind a building nearby, and gave chase. Somebody called "Thief!" And everyone in the block stopped to see what was the matter. "HUH!" said a grizzled man to a

his arm.

young boy standing near. "Hope them po-lice gets that feller."



THEMSELVES AGAIN!

police." Later in the day as I walked on the beach, I saw a great crowd out at the end of the pier. And upon looking closer, I could see a woman in the water, battling, as if life depended upon it, with the waves. I started down the pier to find out

all about it when I overheard a girl "There are those 'movie' actors drowning themselves again for a pic-

On the crowded streets of Los Angeles, in the exclusive residence sections of Pasadena, up in San Francis. co, and down at San Diego, it is all taken, by an auto-load of made-up

as likely as not, you'll fall in with a shadow of his one revolver—all alone, regiment of bluecoats making a forced yet dominating master of them all march, or run into the thick of a big was a tall, magnificently modeled

people in California and they seem to ing eye. All this grim policeman saw HOW I BEGAN---BY EDGAR JEPSON

How to Write English.

As far as was possible I only

#### gladly die." CHICAGO BANDIT MOVIE" ACTORS DROWNIN SHOT TO DEATH "'Cause you see them's 'movie'

It is four years now since a tall, grim-faced policeman, stepping catfooted, noiseless, armed and ready through the doorway of a saloon in Chicago's red light region, gazed for one brief moment on the picture spread before him. Ranged along the bar, with hands reaching wildly for the ceiling, the same. You never can tell when stood the saloonist and his aids; back you are going to overtake, or be over- against the wall, likewise with hands upstretched and faces contorted with picture players going to the scene of the greatest fear that man can know were twenty citizens; holding the And if you are out in the country, whole cowering crowd under the deadly demigod—a Greek Apollo in his beauty, "movie" folks are privileged a Lucifer in his sneering lip and mock--and even as his glance swept the room, his pistol spoke, and the mocking Lucifer crashed dead upon

bandits, bravest of all criminals, had gone to find what the hereafter held. The dying scene of Harry Feather. stone was itself a "thriller" and the climax for a melodrama, but the true story of the bandit-the romance of the gunman beside whom the East Side little children-should have given rich material for a dozen dramas, a score of novels, and countless learned dissertations by our wisest writers. There was long since been forgotten in his grave; I was a long time finding a publisher and not a drama, not a "thriller," not real and veritable underworld has

floor. Harry Featherstone, boldest of

never had an equal. A Mystery to All. Harry Featherstone was a mystery, and, to the last, no crook, not even a woman, knew whence he came or who he was. He dawned on Chicago's crookdom suddenly, nor was he ever known was a gentleman in speech and ways; superbly handsome, dressed in tastiest fashion, but without ostentation or bizarre effects that are much affected by successful thugs. His courage was unquestionable, and his rash valor, shown a score of times in hand-tohand encounters, made the police walk round him as though he were a mias-

mic swamp or wounded tiger.

Was Held in Awe. When the dragnet was cast the con-stabulary, as a rule, tried to maintain that Featherstone could have had no hand in the particular crime under investigation, instead of charging him with the affair. It was easier, better, far healthier for a man with a deser-

ving family to say, "Naw, Featherstone was in South Chicago when that came off; don't pinch him," than to pounce upon the Greek god in a rude and violent manner. Burglaries, bankbreakings and, more than all else, "stick-ups" of be-lated pedestrians—such were the pre-

DAINTY PRESENT A LITTLE





A ring to hold safety pins of different sizes is a mighty handy thing to hang at one's dresser. You can buy the celluloid rings of different sizes at any notion counter or 10-cent store. Tie the little rings to the large one, as you see in the illustration, with baby Put as many safety pins as you like in each little ring.

This little trinket can be made of any colored ribbon, and if you wish you can put on different sizes of safety

great deeds of valor around the world. They were big men, very handsome, and prone to wanderings and wild adventures. It was only a few years ago, in fact, that one of the younger nobles of the family disappeared, vanished as completely as though he had been blotted from the earth-just one of the dashing, warlike, restless Featherstonhaughs-gone, gone without

> And when they searched the room for the slaughtered bandit, a little room among the red-light revelries, they found a few things of passing interest-just a few. Of passing interest' in a bandit's room, you say? What

Henry Featherstonhaugh, the vanished peer. Atavism? A throw-back through you choose but what a drama plot, and what foundation for a novel, has been moldering these four years in the grave of Lord Henry Featherstonhaugh—the twentieth century peer who lived and died as his fathers did 400 years

## THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH

The Advertiser Bureau of Public Health Information QUESTIONS. ANSWERS. COMMENTS. Conducted by Institute of Public Health.
(The Public Health Faculty of Western University, London.)

Questions should be addressed "The New Public Health," care The Advertiser, London, Ont."

Private questions accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical diagnosis or treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.

Q .- Can diseases of any kind be car- gases given off in decay of vegetables, ried by piles of manure or decaying manure, etc., is largely mythical, bevegetables, or by weeds such as cress cause these gases occur in such small obstructing an open ditch so as to cause the water to flow very slowly, if there are no wells near enough to be contaminated? In other words, can disease be caused by emanations from

any of the above? RIDGETOWN. A .- No disease that we know of can be caused in ordinary life here by

emanations from decaying vegetables, piles of manure, or a stream blocked by weeds; for very simple reasons. The only "emanations" from such destate, would not support life as ordinpoisons. But this may be said of air itself-the purest air is composed to the extent of four-fifths of its total ure piles, or garbage. of a gas, nitrogen, which in purity could not support life at all. The purest air contains a little (four parts in the gases that do harm, but the bac-10,000) of carbonic acid gas or carbon dioxide, which cannot support life; indeed, would act as an active poison if we attempted to breathe it in purity. Yet it is true that mankind could still get along quite comfortably if there rare diseases caused by germs that may were 100 times as much carbon dioxide in the air as there is; moreover, and this few people realize, the small give off vile odors. But these germs amount which does exist in the air is essential to the act of breathing and man, and then practically only when an atmosphere which was perfect in every way except that it contained no carbonic acid would in time produce the most serious symptoms of strangulation and probably result in death. The supply of carbonic acid in our atmosphere is supposed to be slowly diminishing. A good deal comes from volcanoes; many centuries ago, when there were many more volcanoes than there are now, most of them blazing away pretty constantly, the carbonic acid was too abundant altogether to sult modern lungs.

But our descendants, a few. thousands or tens of thousands years be obtained from those sources except hence, may find that as the volcanoes under the most unusual combination of we have now become inactive, the necessary carbonic gas must be manufactured and be supplied to their of the least practical moment in public houses, as illuminating gas is now. health consideration. Perhaps it will even be necessary for the dwellers in that age to go about events, manure piles and garbage breed outside in a sort of diver's outfit, carrying enough carbonic acid to last un; til they reach home again. However, there is no fear of this at present, nor eggs in manure, even in garbage, and for many generations to come. It is if the eggs are left alone long enough, skulkers of New York were even as interesting to know, however, that if flies will ultimately develop from them. we had absolutely pure air, in the sense of air free from carbonic acid. we would have to take precautions carry them; and the fly, in a diseaseabout it; much as we have to take

quarters of our total weight.

dilections of Harry Featherstone, and ever and anon he shot somebody. Highly improper conduct, most detriand also hearing that the said official was visiting the county jail, Feather-It is said that the official, when thus his camera. He could only see about tive. extended a cordial invitation, churlishly four feet of the Astor walk. In order ordered the big door to be locked and to work his camera he laid upon his finest likeness of the surprised left double barred, lest Mr. Featherstone stomach with his feet higher than his eyebrow of a Swedish maid I have In the excess of his sociability should head in a sort of jungle and his face ever seen."

A bad negro, one pleasant night, de- rights. He laid there for three hours cided that Featherstone had lived too one morning. Then the maid appeared EVERYWHERE. long and assailed him with a razor, only to bring up against the muzzle of a gun. Featherstone sneered at him for a moment, then dropped the pistol, drew a small pocket-knife and fought the negro, blade to blade, till the black man fell in bleeding ruin. Many killings, still labeled as unsolved mysterics, might have been no mysteries at and, all had anyone cared to bother the imperturbable Featherstone. It wasn't exactly etiquette to annoy him, you will understand.

But this strange criminal was as chivalrous as a Bayard, and women never suffered at his hands. It is often said that one policeman, whose shooting was one of the unsolved mysteries, got the bullet from the fierce and mocking Featherstone because he had wronged a girl, and that other officers conversant with the case were willing to forget how it occurred. However, this may be. Harry Featherstone lived a bandit and a gunman and died at

last as he had lived. Member of Scottish Nobility. Back on the borders between Scotland and Merrie England, in the old day of raid and rieving, there was a noble family—the right valiant and worshipful family of the Featherstonhaughs. They were fighters, raiders, land pirates—the terrors of the borderside. For centuries they were foremost in the battle-armored knights gallant squires, robber barons without a parallel. When England and Scotland were finally united, and all was ended for the border rievers, the Featherstonhaughs were a heart-broken clan. They did the best they could—they served bravely in the British armies, and they did great token or a trace, without a word, a missive or a sign.

could they be? Only this: The man who died as he

had lived, the man who went crashing to the floor when the grim-jawed policeman pulled the trigger, was Lord 400 years? Or what? Oh, solve it as

mal or human, or their discharges. amounts in proportion to the atmosphere itself that they cannot begin to reach anywhere near the proportions that can disastrously affect the body under any ordinary circumstances. Perhaps you may have heard of the superstition that consumptives are cured by breathing the air of stablesthat is just as true as the other story

can be produced by similar bad smells! It is quite true that in deep wells or caverns, carbonic acid which is a caying matter or from manure are ne- heavy gas, may accumulate, perhaps cessarily of a gaseous nature; it is from decaying matter, and persons true that certain of the gases given off, if collected in large quantity, in a pure ing such a cave may be choked by the absence of oxygen; so also everyone ary air does, or would even act as knows of the poisonous gases sometimes found in mines, but these have no practical relation to ordinary man-

that consumption or any other disease

Some one will say: "We know all that about gases; that is old. It is not teria thrown off from the decaying expended on getting rid of those germs matter; they will produce any kind of loathsome disease. You can tell that by the odor." Now it is true that infected persons who are the breeding there are a very few, fortunately, very grow in manure piles, or possibly even piles and much worse collection of in decaying vegetables and which do garbage, but no infectious diseases at are seldom found producing trouble in they get into his body, not through the air, but through wounds in the skin! The odors from them never produce the disease. These germs are those of malignant oedema, tetanus, and another disease associated with gas production in the tissues, with one or two others. Even in these the odor or emanations have nothing to do with the disease. So far as typhoid fever, diphtheria and the other common diseases are concerned, the germs do not make particularly vile odors and will not breed or flourish in such places as manure or garbage, and could not circumstances; a combination which does not occur frequently enough to be

Finally, someone will say: "At all flies, and stagnant or slow flowing water breeds mosquitoes." statements are quite true; flies do lay But even then the flies must find the disease germs first before they can free community, cannot carry any precautions against breathing in too disease, in this part of the world, bemuch water when we dive, notwith- cause he cannot find the germs to carstanding the fact that we cannot live ry; although it is true that in a com- lous diseases, tuberculosis, typhoid English, though, alas! I have lost that old purism and often drop into Ameri- have gone by; Harry Featherstone has the infected humans. But always re- tality, sex hygiene, germs and dis-All this may seem a long introduc- member that the fly in this part of eases, vaccination, food poisoning,

It is true that mosquitoes breed in water, but only in protected waters; open streams or ponds, never mind how stagnant, are not selected by mother-mosquitoes to lay eggs in, for hish and birds and other things would destroy the eggs or the "wiggiers" the eggs produce. An open rain barrel, or even a tomato can, half-full of water will breed more mosquitoes in a month than an open stream will in one year, if it breeds any. So the real objection to manure and

garbage and stagnant waters are: first, the disagreeable odors and appearance; second, the waste, untidiness and thriftlessness they bring to mind; third, the possible nuisance from flies, mosquitoes and other like pests to our bald heads and our food; fourth, and most remote (except in fly-time and when typhoid or dysentery discharges are open to them), the fear of an outbreak of typhoid or dysentery. If onehalf the worry and thought and expenditure of money devoted to getting rid of manure and garbage had been which alone can make these things even an indirect danger, by finding the ground and source of these germs, we would have today many more manure all!

This may seem a strong statement, but it is absolutely true. been sacrificing to aesthetics what should have been expended on hygienics. I like flies and mosquitoes very little, but I like typhoid and consumption very, very much less. Why not get at the root and source of all our great tree of troubles in this line, the infected person; not lop away at the outermost fringes of some of the longer branches like manure piles and garbage? Best of all, of course, do both, and so please those who don't like bad sights and smells as well as those who don't like disease and death. H. W. HILL

ANNOUNCEMENTS. The arts department of Western Iniversity has thrown open to the public a course of twenty-five lectures on public health, held every Wednesday, at the Western University Building, St. George street, 4.30 p.m. Registration fee, \$1. No other charges.

Clubs, societies, associations, etc., are invited to form regular classes from their membership for systematic courses in public health-subjects and number of lectures to be arranged Fees nominal. Such courses will be held in the Institute of Public Health. Free single addresses on public health subjects may be arranged for by any club, society, etc., in Ontario with the director. Subjects: School hygiene, flies, sewage disposal, contagtion to the point I want to make, which the world is harmful only after it asis that the fear of poisoning from sociates with harmful individuals, aniepidemics, rural hygiene, etc.

"SNAPPING" A BABY.

Adrian Duff is said to be the best wrong way of the garden, Duff became press photographer in the world. He desperate. mental to the peace and quiet of press photographer in the world. He Chicago. Once, hearing that a certain put in eighteen days at Bar Harbor high official had sworn to "get" him, this summer trying to snap the Astor baby. Finally he discovered that at watchman made a run, and he escaped was visiting the county jail, Feather-stone strolled over to the North Side, 11 o'clock each morning a Swedish through a hidden gate. A warrant took up a position directly opposite the maid wheeled the babe around the was sworn out for him fifteen minutes big door of the jail and yearningly Astor garden. The house next door expressed a desire for the society of the official, even though the latter its garden and broke a hole through later, and he was smuggled out of Bar Harbor that night. When he got should be accompanied by fifty sheriffs. the hedge through which he trained back to town he developed the nega-

imbedded in some forgotten riparian

"Hi!" he yelled.

The maid wheeled, he snapped, a

later, and he was smuggled out of

wheeling the millioned infant the

"I had secured," said Dr. Duff, "the

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE

#### TO TAKE A GOOD PICTURE

PICTURE-PLAYER TELLS SECRET OF GETTING EXCELLENT LIKENESS.



Miss Hazel Neason. Pencil your eyebrows, rouge your lips and powder your face if you would ave a good photograph taken.

This advice comes from Hazel Neason, who makes up every day for the picture camera. The effect of this slight make-up is to give a greater contrast. Of course the result will be much more gratifying to one who poses for the picture than if the eyebrows had been a hazy line, the lips rather colorless, and the skin

of the face muddy, or dark,

# For it the Globe paid was acquiring capacity. SUDDEN DEATH PREVENTS THE

me half-a-guinea; and for more than three years I wrote no more for money. I went schoolmastering in the West Indies for three years, and during that time I filled a slim exercise-book with poems and sketches. I know that they must have been poems because I have since sold one of them for £2 10s. Also I wrote part of a story called "The Pirate Yacht," and part of a serious novel called "Smith the Pessimist." The life, pleasant and amusing though it was in the holidays (the term was very hard work indeed), did not stimulate greatly the creative imagination; and it was too expensive to allow me to save. But I wanted to write, and having amassed at the end of three years £20 in addition to my return fare, I resolved to go to London and Gerald Biss in the London Daily Mail, attempt the adventure of literature. Noise as an Aid.

A "Globe" Turnover.

Fortunately, the vicissitudes of poker on the voyage home enabled me to and know it, such as airmen and racarrive in England with the £20 intact; ing motor drivers-men who never it remained intact during a stay of know when at two miles a minute they some months with my people at Kenil- will only have a fraction of a second worth, during which I re-wrote "The in which to balance their books of life Pirate Yacht" and called it "Sibyl before they are hurled into eternity?" Falcon;" and it was still intact when Percy Lambert, the automobile racer at the beginning of the winter I settled, whose recent death on an English race down in the Harleyford Road, Vaux- track apparently prompts Mr. Biss' rehall. It was an uncommonly noisy flections, was once questioned on the slum, for a stream of carts and wagons subject after a previous narrow escape from the market gardens flowed heavily He answered, "in his cheery way," says through it day and night, and about Mr. Biss. "Of course, one has to take through it day and night, and about thirty yards behind and above it runs the Southwestern Railway. Nor can I believe that any slum in London was more haunted by traction engines—before cock-crow, of course. But very soon no earth-shaking vehicle could racer "deliberately placed the possibilrouse me from my slumbers, or break ity of the 'pot' part in the background the thread of my thought, save one traction engine which always dragged ism." But.
"One cannot but wonder over the the thread of my thought, save one along three wagons.

At any rate, for all the noise I wrote

'The Passion of Romance' in the Harleyford Road, which is the best book I ever wrote, or ever shall write.

Ernest Dowson and Others. Since one cannot live for ever, even in London, on £20. I set about getting some coaching work. I took the place of masters who fell ill at Westminster and other London schools: and then I held a regular post at a school at Surbiton for several years. That work filled my mornings; I wrote in the afternoons; in the evening I walked to London to dine. Without that coaching it would have been impossible to write at all: I should have come to the end of the £20 asd writing at the same moment. I do not believe that I made £10 by writing during the whole first

On the other hand I enjoyed the society of excellent friends from the point of view of a man who is trying to write-Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Selwyn Image, Teixeira de Mattos, Herbert Horne, and others, all keenly interested not only in ideas but in writing as an art. My chief companion was Ernest Dowson. Evening after evening we used to meet and dine at a little restaurant we called Poland, move on to the Cafe Royal and talk and argue and play dominoes till after the theatres closed; and then we went to the Crown in the Charing Cross Road, the gathering place of our

Glorious Civil Servant. During my first year I made about £80, a little of it by my pen. I wrote "Globe" turnovers, and notes and articles, fancy articles, for the Pall

permitted myself to use in "The Passion of Romance" words which dormitory at school, serials which ran innocence of my heart, no advance on on night after night for a week or ten publication, but letting the company are found in "Cruden's Concordance days. I must at that time have been have it on the absurd half profits sys- to the Holy Scriptures;" and it is and soportice voice, for I remember and dutte well. But the company well know a better way of learning to write tales was utterly eclipsed by this man for falling asleep before I had come to profits, so that I have never had a had drawn a regular and comfortable was with "Sibyl Falcon."

the end of the evening's installment. penny from "Sibyl Falcon." Later, as a sixth-form boy, I wrote The £80 I made during the first year can. for the school magazine, and one year in London was a somewhat sad change the prize poem. At Balliol I from the comparative affluence I had and at my own expense publication from the West Indies, where I I was more fortunate with it than I the memory of the man who, in the wrote, and at my own expense pubincome of a civil servant and rolled in that the firm which published it failed lished, a skit called "Sir Jones." Oddly enough, it cleared the expense of its my own carriage. In the last century before paying me anything. But in the people used to roll in their own car- course of the last fourteen years it has riages; nowadays they do not seem to brought me in £6 19s. 9d. roll in their own motor-cars—at least, third book, "Smith the Pessimist," the papers never say that they do. But name of "The Sentimental Warrior," The first writing I was ever paid for was an article I wrote after coming the papers never say that they do. But back from a cruise on a friend's yacht, though I was hard up, I did not have with the old firm of Grant Richards, back from a cruise on a friend's yacht, though I was hard up, I did not have I was more fortunate still, for I made to give even an inkling of his past. He "Republican Ships" and dealt with of excellent, stimulating talk; I was the economy of the tramp steamer of doing work I liked; and I felt that I year. But in those days it was easier

Nothing in the history of man has

death so vividly home, writes Mr.

as have motor racing and flying,

who live with their lives in their hands

psychology of that fraction of a

minute-at the outside five seconds-

in the sudden battle with death.

when every instinct of self-preser-

vation is suddenly called into play

One wonders how much thought a

man can crowd into a three-hun-

dred-yard skid at two miles a min-

ute, a bare five seconds of concen-

trated action, mental and physical.

Does he have time to set the house

of his soul in order? Does he real-

ize with sickening conviction that

this time the car has got the better

of the man and that he cannot

control it or bend it, usually so

pliant, to his will? It would be

interesting to know how long a man

really lives in those five seconds of

tense struggle, and how far and how fast he traveis mentally; for,

after all, actual time is only a com-

sophy unplumbed by past masters

who lived under less strenuous con-

ditions, by Plato, Aristotle, and the

ancients, by Hegel or Schlegel, or

by even the most modern of the cult.

Accidents at high speed which do

not end fatally, as a rule, prevent

ject by concussion, which is apt to

efface the whole episode when memory returns, leaving the tablets

of the mind bare with the happen

ing entirely erased. The new philo-

sophers often say that they would rather be killed outright than badly

injured: but would they. If they actually had the option? The in-

stinct to live is great.

any lucid statement upon the sub-

"It is a point in the new philo-

parative term.

nal-combustion engine,"

I cannot remember exactly when I Mall Gazatte. I had some difficulty in began to write. But I do not think that | finding a publisher for "Sibyl Falcon,"

Author of "Garthoyle Gardens," "The Lady Moggs," "Captain Sentimental," etc.

I began as a small boy. I used, however, to tell long, long stories in the Publishing Company, receiving, in the

brought the psychology of sudden. What does it mean, he asks, "to men the track on such occasions.

There have been many instances—like the recent bichloride of mercury polsoning cases-when one has hours "in which to balance one's moral books and wonder if one has had the right philosopsy of life or whether one has been on the wrong tack." Under such circumstances, says Mr. Biss-and he knows, for he has been given up by doctors and lived to fool them-"it is no laughing matter, but a profoundly serious study in psychology." And this brings him back to the query, What is the position of these men, aviators, motor-racers and others, "who deliberately live with their lives in their hands and know it"? This is as near as Mr. Biss can come to answering the

"It seems to me that they must in a sense live to die and be constantly stock-taking morally and balancing the ledgers of their lives, and that the net result of it must tend not only to their own good, but to the common weal well. Thus they face death fearlessly and philosophically after reiterated introspection; but the key to the whole psychology of the subject is whether in that cli-mactic five seconds it is brought home to them with conviction whether their philosophy rings true or not. Surely it must make conscience travel at a million miles

Charles Jarrott, who has twice been all but killed in motor accidents, and once actually laid out for dead in an Irish farmyard with a sheet over him, overheard the

doctors say on the more recent occasion two or three years ago that he would probably be blind. His feeling, he said, was that he did not care-he was so happy to be alive! Percy Lambert was full of the joy of life, as his cheery smile always showed, and he ever appeared the least nervous person on

"Hubert Latham was a totally different type of the new philosopher. The danger of the thing was the spice of it to his mind. I discussed the perils of flying with him at the first big British meeting at Blackpool. 'Dangerous? Of course,' he said, with his very characteristic shrug of the shoulders, 'or where would the interest be?' Some of these new philosophers premonitions, and some of them will not discuss the subject at all. Some of these men who live their lives in their hands adopt the old 'eat, drink, and be merry' philosophy in view of the morrow's risks. The psychology of sudden death has never been so vividly brought home by anything so much as by motor-racing and

Recent Instances.

question: