

One Night's Discomfort

Inspired Inventive Man

To Build First Pullman

ONE rough night of travel in an old style railroad coach more than fifty years ago was the incentive which led a man with brains and a love of comfort to invent the Pullman car, which now represents the apex of luxury in railroad equipment. It comprises as far as human skill and limitations of space will permit, the drawing room, boudoir, library, or reception room of sumptuous residence and offers to an appreciating public such services as a barber, manicure, or stenographer while traveling at a mile a minute.

The man who slept between boudoirs and created for the world a railway vehicle with the jars omitted and the comforts of home included was George Pullman, inventor of the so-called palace cars and father of the great corporation whose capital is in millions and resources unlimited. Now dead, his work lives after him.

Lacking technical training, but having a keen sense of what the ideal railroad coach should be, Mr. Pullman produced more than half a century ago the first Pullman car. It cost \$18,000 to build and was named the Pioneer. It was a sleeping car, not remarkably gorgeous, but comfortable and roomy. Modern types now running cost about \$4,000.

Skeptics told Mr. Pullman his cars would not pay. Undaunted, he went ahead and built a second car, costing \$24,000. Knocking aside predictions of jealous persons, passengers who first patronized the cars did not flatter the floors or use the cushions to shine their boots.

History of railroad shows that travelers paid the extra fare to ride in the earliest sleeping car without grumbling, and it was said some kicked because more of them were not in service. Mr. Pullman's prime desire was not money, but because of his conservative policy, the Pullman proved after a time to be a gilt-edge security.

One of the most notable features incorporated in the Pullman was the vestibule, until then almost unknown. This was recognized as a great protection to passengers going through a train, and made the cars invulnerable when bumped together or in collision.

With each succeeding model the interior fittings and woodwork was made more elaborate, reaching the height of grandeur about twenty years ago. Since that period the tendency in designing these rolling parlors has been toward plainness, because of more sanitation. Borders of mirrors set in carved woodwork around the sides near the curved ceiling have disappeared. The latest models, all of steel, are almost severe in their lack of ornamentation. Window sizes have been reduced and the last cars cost so much that thousands of not unlike the standard steel coaches of big roads.

Although the Pullman parlor car is conceded to be the easiest riding vehicle of any kind, some complaints have been heard in recent years as to the arrangement of the sleeper types. Lack of privacy is charged by some. Private compartments in the sleeping car cost so much that thousands of travelers shrink from paying the tariff attached to such accommodation.

One of the recent radical changes in interior design is the introduction of mahogany posts at the rear end. Chairs are cushioned and deep carpets cover the floors. All in all, the modern Pullman is a cozy corner made mobile.

The whole history of Pullman development revolves around the town of Pullman, Ill. Wanting to locate near Chicago, Mr. Pullman about 1873 bought 3,500 acres near Lake Calumet. He erected shops and made the place a veritable garden with homes for his workers, churches, schools, stores, a library of 8,000 books, a savings bank for the employees, and a theatre.

Work for Russian Army.

The Department of Rural Economy and Statistics of the Russian Ministry of Agriculture has compiled from Zemstvo reports a statement of the activities of the koustar or peasant workers in the making of products for the use of the army. Thus there were made in the department of Viatka alone 167,467 short fur coats, costing 1,568,890 rubles; 92,615 pairs of felt boots, at 428,684 rubles; 11,030 pairs of stockings, at 5,294 rubles; knitted gloves, socks, and mittens to the value of 1,952 rubles; 57,400 earth-carrying bags. Large quantities of material are being sent from all the governments of the empire, and the nature of the product varies with the local industry. Thus in the sections where shoes are manufactured almost the entire output is being devoted to military purposes.

Consider Your Acquaintances.

When you have a mind to divert your fancy, consider the good qualities of your acquaintances; as the enterprising vigor of this man, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and so on. For there is nothing so entertaining as a lively image of the virtues exhibited in the character of those we converse with, occurring as numerous as possible. Let this, therefore, be always at hand.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Proof Positive.

Jock (doing his best to give the village worthies an idea of the "tanks" at work): "Man alive, they're simply terrific! Just like great mad things! They stop at nothing! Wud ye believe me, I saw one o' them simply careerin' past a public-house!"

A Strange Noise.

The starfish has no nose, but the whole of its under side is endowed with a sense of smell.

Famous Scientist Tells

In a Remarkable Volume

Of Talks With Dead Son

A TREMENDOUS stir seems to have been created in England by the publication of a book by Sir Oliver Lodge telling of communications from his son, Second Lieutenant Raymond Lodge, who fell in battle a little over a year ago. Perhaps it was inevitable that the enormous death-roll of Europe should start a revival of spiritualism among those who have lost loved ones, and the space given the book in the British press betrays the hope that fills many bereaved hearts. It is "the most remarkable book the war has produced or is likely to produce," declares The London Christian Commonwealth, an organ of liberal and progressive religious thought, while The London Times devotes a rather non-committal column to it. Says the Commonwealth:

"If the book is not a simple chronicle of the evidences which have convinced Sir Oliver Lodge that his youngest son, who was killed in the



SIR OLIVER LODGE

war on September 14, 1916, is communicating with him and members of his family 'from the other side,' and is being helped in this work by a group of Sir Oliver's friends on 'the other side,' it is a pathetic illustration of the manner in which the ablest and strongest intellects can be misled by their hopes. In any case, the book is a quite wonderful literary achievement, more impressive than any formal biography, more intensely moving than any tribute of sorrowing affection in verse or prose. One's first impressions of the book can only be expressed in this antithesis: it is either a simple straightforward record of events that have actually occurred, or it is the story of a great scientist's credulity and self-deception."

The Evening Standard (London) goes through the book and gives some citations to show how he speaks from the "other side."

"For the most part, allowing for the impediments (as one may excusably call them) of the methods of communication, he speaks like himself. We do not suggest that this is evidence of the truth Sir Oliver Lodge is trying to establish; but it is well worth noting.

"He shows solicitude for his mother. 'Mother, don't go doing so much,' he pleads. 'I am very strong,' says Lady Lodge. 'You think you are,' he retorts, 'but you tire yourself out too much. It troubles me.'

"Reminded by his father on another occasion that it is getting near Christmas, he says: 'I know. I shall be there. Keep jolly, or it hurts me horribly. Truly, I know it is difficult, but you must know by now that I am so splendid. I shall never be one instant out of the house on Christmas day.'

"He is anxious because his brother Alec 'can't hear' him. 'I do wish he would believe that we are here safe; it isn't a dismal hole as people think; it is a place where there is life.'

"As the communications proceed he grows happier. In one passage, placed by Sir Oliver Lodge under the heading of 'Unverified Matter,' he speaks of going to a 'gorgeous place,' which he describes as the 'Highest Sphere. The full account Sir Oliver omits; 'until the case for survival is considered established, it is thought improper and unwise to relate an experience of the kind which may be imagined. But something is given. 'I felt exalted,' says the supposititious speaker, 'purified, lifted up. I was kneeling. I couldn't stand up. I wanted to kneel. Mother, I thrilled from head to foot. He didn't come near me, and I didn't feel I wanted to go near him. Didn't feel I ought. The Voice was like a bell.'

Sir Oliver gives this general deduction from thought and experiment on the great mysteries:

"Nor let us imagine that existence hereafter, removed from these atoms of matter which now both confuse and manifest it, will be something so wholly remote and different as to be unimaginable; but let us learn by the testimony of experience—either our own or that of others—that those who have been, still are; that they care for us and help us; that they, too, are progressing and learning and working and hoping; that there are grades of existence, stretching upward and upward to all eternity; and that God himself, through His agents and messengers, is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of his through its preparatory labor and pain, and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known."

She hath done what she could

Every married man in the ranks of Canada's soldiers means that his wife gave her consent.

His the sacrifice, the danger, yes—but his also the interest of a new experience, the companionship of comrades, the inspiration of action, the thrill of the advance, and the glory of victory.

Her's the pitiful parting, the weary waiting, the fevered watching for the dreaded message, the gruelling grind of daily responsibility for those dependent upon her—and her alone.

No, No; not alone! Not alone, as long as the people whose battles her husband is fighting have a heart in their bosoms or a dollar in their pockets.

Not alone—as long as Canadian manhood and womanhood knows the meaning of the word "trust." Not alone, as long as Generosity is the hand-maiden of Duty and Privilege.

Only an appreciation of the need is required by those of us who here at home keep the hearth fires burning. Not for some of us the supreme sacrifice, but for one and all of us at least that whole-hearted answer to the cry of patriotism that never yet has failed to go ringing around the world when the call has come.

GIVE—GIVE—GIVE as your own heart prompts you, give to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. \$6,000,000 must be raised in Ontario for the vital necessities of the great work of caring for the needy families of Ontario's men at the front.

Every case is carefully investigated, everything humanly possible is done to eliminate mistakes and prevent imposition—but to the needy is held out a helping hand, without lavishness, but with the determination to see no real want unsupplied.

You are again offered the great privilege, not of charity, but of recognition of the magnificence of Canadian Wifehood.

Remember, if the Man is a Hero, the Woman is a Martyr.

"She hath done what she could"

Ontario is being asked to secure the Canadian Patriotic Fund that it can depend on having six million dollars in 1917 for the families of Ontario's soldiers. Four million of these dollars must be secured from individual subscriptions. If there is no Branch of the Fund in your town or county send your subscription direct to the Head Office, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Victoria street, Ottawa.



GRAY DORT

The First Impression Lasts

First sight of the 1917 Gray Dort will impress you. The trim, smart lines—the new conveniences and the comfortable, substantial atmosphere of the car carry great conviction. Then get down to brass tacks. Look under the hood, under the body. Learn for yourself the absolute honesty and service-giving sturdiness of every working part. Ride in the car—put it to every test. Find out how it performs under every condition of service. Your first impression of quality will be verified. See the 1917 Gray Dort, a better car than ever.

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"Built in Chatham" THE GRAY-DORT MOTORS, Limited, Chatham, Ont.

See this 1917 Wonder at the Patriotic Motor Show, Jan. 16-19

THE HUMOROUS MULE.

Proverbially Stubborn Animal Has Other Qualities.

Probably the mule would not be such a good animal for war purposes, would not do so much hard work on poor food, or last so long, if it were not for his sense of humor.

"A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a," sang Autolycaus, who probably used a mule occasionally to transport his wares along the "desert country near the sea in Bohemia." What is it but lightheartedness which leads a mule so frequently to burst his bonds and go off for a wild run round upon his own account, hurrahing with his heels in the air and trying apparently to jump out of his thick skin? What he wants you to do on these occasions is to run after him with a head-collar—he has, of course, taken the precaution to break his own before he started—and a nosebag. If you do this, it will add greatly to his part of the amusement, for he will wait till you get quite near, and then scoot off incontinently, and you will be lucky if you escape a kick from his flying heels. Your proper course is to take no notice of him, but wait awhile till he has had his fling, and then get the trumpeter to sound the "Feed." This will nearly always bring the rover to his senses again. I have known mules show their sense of humor in many ways. I had read that a good way of swimming your mules across a river was to put the drivers into boats, holding the mules by leading reins, and thus tow them over. But, in practice, I found that the mules, after following the boat for some time, would turn round and tow the boat back to the shore whence we had started. A better plan was to get one or two of the staid mules across, put them in a conspicuous place on the far bank, and then sound the "Feed."

Another way for the mule to show his sense of humor was this. A gun or carriage mule would fall down the hillside with his load and lie for a while as if dead. Then, just when you were convinced that life was extinct, he would shake himself clear of his load, rise to his feet, bray loudly, and begin to graze. Mules were, of course, occasionally killed on bad mountain climbs but, as a rule, they were saved by the very strong saddles required for battery loads and the thickly stuffed pads which are needed to prevent galling from these heavy and unyielding loads.

The mule undoubtedly possesses more character than either the donkey or the horse. Vicious mules are by no means uncommon, but in nine cases out of ten they have been made vicious by ill-treatment; the viciousness is a reaction against the evil ways of their attendants. On the other hand, if well treated, as they invariably are in a battery, they are the most docile of animals. What greater test of docility can there be than the one to which the gun mule submits in his daily drill. He is hustled up at a fast trot to the gun, brought to a dead stop, and then the gun—two hundred pounds dead weight of steel—comes hurtling over his hind-quarters, to come down with a crash on the saddle just over his spine. Yet, with everything to excite and irritate him, and to upset his nervous system, the mule stands steady as a rock to take his load, and he will carry it till he drops—only, he doesn't drop.

Work for Hun Prisoners.

The feeling is growing that the authorities ought to devise some scheme for employing over 45,000 German combatant prisoners on the land, and so to increase production of food, says The London Mail. The difficulty of safeguarding the prisoners while at work ought not to be incapable of solution. Many of the 20,000 interned aliens would also probably be glad to exchange the monotony of a camp for farm work.

As compared with Germany, we have made little use of our prisoners of war. Some are employed as working parties behind the lines in France. It was reported in August that a thousand were to assist in building a dam in the valley of the Conway in North Wales, and in August about 200 arrived in Weardale to work in a quarry. Other small parties have been engaged in felling trees in Scotland. A scheme to provide parties of interned civilians for employers seeking hands has started, but has flagged. The Employment Department of the Board of Trade asked that applications should, if possible, be for not fewer than 100 persons, as otherwise the cost of guarding them would be prohibitive, and it was stated that the men would have to be segregated in the factory.

Enemy Banks Seized.

Mr. McKenna announced in the British Commons, says The London Chronicle, that directions had been given for the sale by auction of the London premises of the Deutsche Bank, and similar steps would shortly be taken with regard to the London premises of the Dresdner and Disconto-Gesellschaft. The advertisements recently published in American papers were inaccurate and misleading, as they implied that the London branches of these banks were still doing business. The advertisements were presumably inserted and paid for by the head offices in Berlin.

The Cynic.

Eugene was not quite four, but his mother's habit of deferring pleasures he wanted to enjoy immediately was inclining him to pessimism.

"When are you going to the movie show?" he was asked.

"I am going on my birthday," he returned promptly and decidedly, "but 'spose they'll keep putting that off."

Better Meat Flavor.

New Zealand cattle raisers have found that the meat of dressed calves retains its flavor better when exported long distances if the skins be left on until ready for market.