

THE AUTOMOBILE

FIRST TUDOR SEDAN OWNED BY QUEEN MARY.

The earliest coach and the latest sedan—both Tudors! Queen Mary's was the first Tudor sedan.

Creation of the original Tudor sedan is credited to "one Walter Rippon," by Ralph Strauss in his "Carriages and Coaches, Their History and Evolution."

"Rippon's first coach is supposed to have been built for Queen Mary in 1556," says Strauss, "and in 1564 the first 'hollow-turning' coach with pillars and arches, for Queen Elizabeth, though precisely what is meant by 'hollow-turning' coach is difficult to conjecture."

"This same Rippon, twenty-four years later, built another coach for the Queen which is described as 'a chariot throne with four pillars behind, to bear a crown imperial on the top, and before two lower pillars whereon stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the arms of England.'"

"It could not have been very comfortable," observes Strauss, "and Elizabeth seems to have preferred another coach brought out of Holland by one William Boonen, who about 1560 made her coachman, a position he was still occupying at the end of the century."

"Boonen was a Dutchman, whose wife is said to have introduced the art of starching into England, whence followed those huge ruffs so conspicuous in all the Elizabethan portraits."

"Boonen's coach could be opened and closed at pleasure. On the occasion of the Queen's passing through the town of Warwick she had 'every part and side of her coach to be opened, that all of her subjects present might behold her, which most gladly they desired.'"

"This coach is described as 'on four wheels with seven spokes, which are apparently bound round with thick, wooden rims secured by pegs.'"

"Even this coach, however, can not

have been very comfortable and in 1568, when the French Ambassador obtained an audience, Elizabeth was complaining of 'aching pains' from being knocked about in a coach driven too fast a few days before."

"No wonder," comments one historian, "that the great Queen used her coach only when occasions of state demanded."

LIFE OF TIRE HINGES ON CONDITION OF VALVE CARE.

"A very delicate piece of metal about one inch long, faced on one end with a slight piece of rubber and surrounded by a small spring of very delicate nature, plays an exceedingly important part in the life of every automobile tire. It is known as the valve core. It is the little metal strip which screws into the inside of the valve stem. In large pneumatic casings it is called upon to hold back a force of more than 100 pounds which automatically increases with severe road bumps," says "Automobile Digest."

"A valve core frequently lasts as long as the casing, but tire experts recommend that this little piece of mechanism be watched carefully at all times so that it will be in good working condition and will not permit any of the air to escape from the tube. If the spring grows weak or the rubber becomes worn, a new core should be inserted."

WRENCH HOLDS PIPE.

A pipe cannot be held very securely in the ordinary type of bench vise, as the jaws permit only a single line contact on each side of the pipe. By using a monkey-wrench, with the jaws placed along the axis of the pipe, the effect produced is almost the same as that of a pipe vise. The wrench should be set so that it bears on the pipe only on the edges of the jaw.

SPARE IS BAD BUMPER.

Never use the spare tire on the rear for a bumper.

The Idle Gold Piece.

Idle money, like idle people, has no proper place in the world. Don't hoard your money; keep it employed. Put it into the savings bank that it may help along the great undertakings of business.

That excellent advice comes from the Boston Herald, which tells this remarkable little story of a gold piece.

In 1840 an attractive ten-year-old girl, brought to Boston to visit a rich uncle who had just returned from European adventures, received from him at parting a ten-dollar gold piece. She kept it as a memento. When she died fifty years later she gave it to a favorite niece, who kept it as an heirloom.

It has recently passed into the hands of another young woman, whose father, a man of a practical turn of mind, said to her: "That gold piece has been loafing long enough. We will put it to work."

And so he has deposited it in the bank, but first he did a little sum. If the original gift had been invested at once at six per cent. interest, a rate that could have been obtained during most of the time that the gold piece was idle, it would have amounted at the time his daughter received it to some twelve hundred dollars!

Why Not Sing?

Anyone can sing, even if they only make feeble or gruff noises in the process. In any case it is surprising how quickly gruffness or feebleness develops into clear and pleasant sound by means of a little exercise of the voice. Singing is of great benefit to everybody who practices it. Its value to the health of the individual by means of its effect upon chest, lungs, heart, and blood-circulation, is admittedly great. And the pleasure to be had by the singer from his ever so elementary trilling of a song or two, is not less great. Some of the eminent singers, and hundreds of those who sing well and give enjoyment to many hearers, began by emitting no more than the thinnest stream of sound. Nearly everyone has a voice that can be made to sing with some or other acceptance. If the good singing voice is a rare gift, the ordinariness of voice is a common possession. That shyness over the sound of his own voice which so often affects the first appearance of the public speaker, is repeated in the potential singer who won't sing. It is only shyness, in most cases, which deters us.



That Longing to Fly.
"German aviators say it's quite possible to fly to the North Pole."
"Well, you can't blame 'em for considering any little trip that would take 'em out of Germany just now."

When Eyes Tell Lies.

A well-known optician recently made the startling assertion that color-blindness is usually inherited, and not the result of disease.

Sometimes, like gout, it skips a generation. People who are color-blind are always supersensitive. There have been cases where men of seventy have hidden color-blindness from their friends throughout their lives!

The famous chemist Dalton, a Quaker, who first discovered color-blindness in himself in 1792, had only three normal color sensations instead of six. A flower which he was told was pink looked blue to his eyes, and in candle-light reddish. When he cut his chin one day he saw bottle-green blood flowing from the wound!

About a hundred years ago there lived a shoemaker who could not tell brown shoes from black, and always persisted in saying that anything pink was green.

Some people are color-blind in only one eye. While the right eye may see red as red, the left sees it as black.

A High Style.

The ready wit of Henry Erskine, at one time lord advocate of England, has been preserved in many laughable stories. Mr. Walter Jerrold in A Book of Famous Wits records several of his amusing sallies. One day Erskine met a verbose friend and, perceiving that his ankle was tied up with a silk handkerchief, asked what had happened.

"Why, my dear sir," came the answer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis on my skin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," said Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck!"

Under His Breath.

Two Irishmen got into trouble at the factory in which they worked. The foreman sent for them. Pat was called into his office first and Mike waited outside.

After the fateful interview the former came out. Mike inquired how he had got on.

"Splendid," said Pat. "I simply told him to go to Hades."

Fortified with fresh courage, Mike went in to take his medicine. A few minutes later he came out looking very despondent.

"What happened to you?" said Pat.

"I got the sack," replied Mike.

"What for?"

"Well, I followed your example, and sent him to a warm climate."

"Did he hear you?" said Pat, in astonishment.

"Of course he heard me."

"You silly idiot," replied Pat. "I spoke under my breath."

Ice takes about four and a half years to travel from the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia to the East Greenland current, where it begins to affect weather in England.

Rippling Rhymes

TESTAMENTARY

"Some day," said Perkins B. McGill, "I'll take an hour and make my will. It is a job that I despise, although I know it's sane and wise, for it reminds the shirking skate that he'll be some day in a crate, and o'er his head the goats will browse, and also sheep and bob-tailed cows. It should be done, I must admit, and shortly I'll attend to it, but just at present, as you see, I'm busy as a bumble bee, and I shall let it slide, I wot, until my work slacks up a lot." While he pursued his useful game a dark blue auto climbed his frame. He gave a few brief anguished pants, and bade farewell to wife and aunts, and journeyed to that shining shore where autos butcher folks no more. And his affairs were badly mixed; to get things straightened up and fixed, administrators and their clan came in a stately caravan. A second cousin filed a suit, a lawyer looked around for loot, and creditors sprung large accounts, and fakers asked for large amounts, and hungry relatives appeared with claims detestable and weird. And when it was all settled up the widow drew the Alreale pup, and all the balance went to pay the costs—which is the good old way. The widow's busy scrubbing floors and doing other drastic chores, and as she toils she murmurs still, "if Perkins had but made a will!"

Anthem and Antiphon.

Most people know that the word "Anthem" comes from the old "Antiphon," which consisted of psalm verses sung from side to side of the choir, or alternately by men's and boys' voices. Not so many realize, however, how old the term and the style of music for which it was invented are. It was described as being very ancient by Philo, the Jew, a writer of the first century of the Christian Era, and this is confirmed by the study of the old services of Jews and Greeks. St. Augustine and his fellow-missionaries are said to have entered Canterbury singing one of the Litanies of that time in Antiphon. The modern Anthem, however, in spite of its name, comes from a much later style of music, and is more like the motet which in Roman Catholic Churches usually is sung where, in the Church of England, the Offertory sentences occur.

Mirrors for Repairs.

The last place one would expect to find a mirror is in the auto-repair shop. Yet a collection of small mirrors will be found to be very useful tools.

For instance, when examining the differential, into which a light cannot be inserted, a small mirror will be found useful to reflect the light from a lamp into the deeper recesses.

Again, when working in back of the instrument board, a mirror may be placed on the floor of the car, reflecting the light upward.

One great advantage of this is that the light need not be held close to the face, which not only makes for discomfort but frequently defeats its own purpose by supplying sufficient light temporarily to blind the worker.

It is a good plan to attach handles to the mirrors, so that they may be inserted into narrow places.

Commands That Clashed.

Little Billy was visiting his grandmother, and she was doing her best to give the small boy a good time.

The morning after his arrival she called one of the neighbor's children over to play with him.

"There now," remarked grandma, in her kindest tone. "You two can have a good time together."

But the two boys merely stared at each other across the room, and grandma could not quite understand it.

"Come now, children," she said. "Go on out into the garden, Billy, and strike an acquaintance."

"But, grandma," complained the little boy, "mother told me just before I came away not to fight."

Bargains.

There are no bargains. In the counter sales of Life.

We think so, but some unexpected day

We find our purchase is a worn and shoddy thing.

So after all in that "long last"—we pay.

Experience.

That comes at prices all too high

Is packed so often in the waste of tears.

But when unwrapped

It will intrinsic value show;

Its worth will not diminish with its years.

There are no bargains.

In the counter sales of Life.

But Time alone can teach us how to choose;

Can show us that

What seemed a loss is really gain.

And where we bought for little—we shall lose.

—Nan Terrell Reed.

He Had Already Stolen Her Heart.

Ellen, the cook, was of a suspicious nature. She distrusted mankind in general and banks in particular; she never banked her frugal savings. Part of her wages were hoarded in a stocking in some obscure corner of her room. Ellen's "gentleman friend" was the neighboring butcher, and as the friendship proved enduring her mistress was not astonished when the girl announced her pending marriage.

"And I want to ask you, mum," said Ellen, "what's the best way to put my money in the bank?"

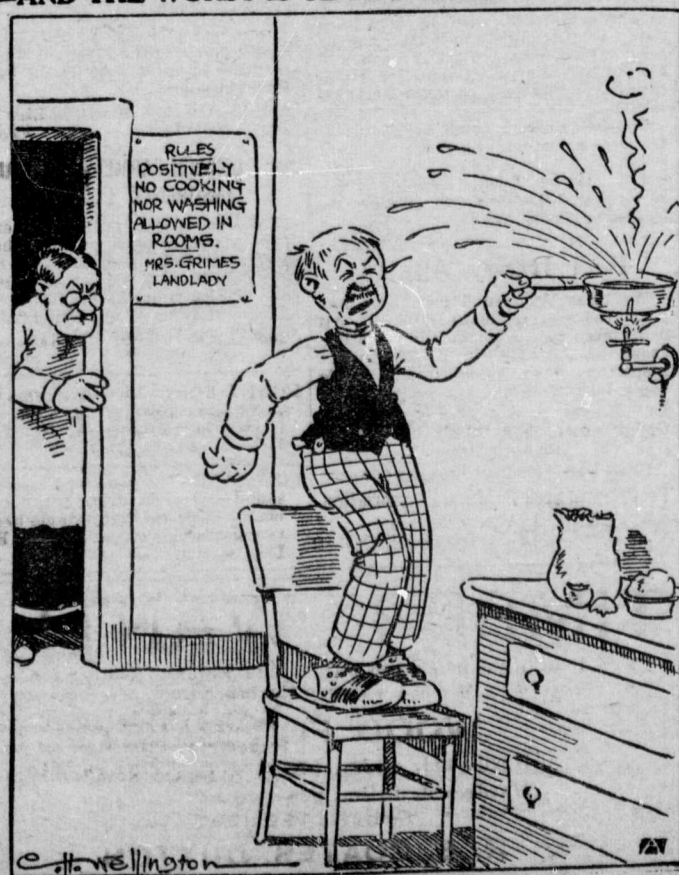
Her mistress regarded her in astonishment. "Why, Ellen, I thought you didn't believe in banks!"

"No more I do, mum," replied the girl, "but since I'm going to be married next week I kinder feel the money would be safer in the bank than in the house with a strange man about."

Room for an Empire.

Saskatchewan has room for another empire north of Prince Albert and North Battleford, in which agriculture can thrive well, said the Right Rev. Dr. G. Eaton Lloyd, Bishop of Saskatchewan, on his return from a six weeks' tour of the limits of settlement in his diocese. His trip of 2,400 miles was taken ostensibly to survey the possibilities of further settlement of war veterans from Britain. The country available in the districts referred to could provide homes and livings for a quarter of a million, was his estimate.

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Stories About Well-Known People

Mastering the Atom.

With his entrancing personality and his patience with less clever people, Sir William Bragg is a scientist who proves that all professors are not "as dry as dust."

Sir William has achieved a worldwide reputation by his services to science in connection with X-ray research, and in 1916 was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics. You should have seen him as a kind of "uncle," explaining the atom to children at a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London.

He did conjuring tricks with a dish of sand placed on a beaten drum, a lead ball sinking into the sand and a celluloid sailor bobbing up most quaintly. The children came away talking of the ninety wonderful worlds wrapped up in the ninety different atoms, and of how Sir William put ping-pong balls into a tank and made them mysteriously race to the centre, to illustrate how electrons form around an atom.

Putting Color into Films.

It is good to know that a Briton, Mr. Claude Friese-Greene, has invented a way of making colored films that satisfy the eye and do not exhaust the pocket.

Only twenty-five, he is the son of the late Mr. W. Friese-Greene, one of the pioneers of the film industry, who paved the way for others to make big fortunes but died himself comparatively poor. Mr. Claude Friese-Greene is going to add lustre to an already famous name.

Business Woman of Eighty.

Alert and nimble-fingered despite her eighty years, Mrs. F. G. Kettle is one of London's most wonderful business women. For sixty years she has acted as cashier in her husband's shop and all day sits at a pay desk in New Oxford Street.

Who said that modern business is a worry? Mrs. Kettle keeps serenely on, living proof that the introduction of women into business is not quite so recent as we sometimes think.

Spelling Reform Overdone.

The famous American evangelist, Mr. "Billy" Sunday, attributes much of his success as a public orator to the fact that he speaks to his hearers in language they are familiar with and can easily understand.

"It's no good talking over the heads of your audience," he told a reporter the other day, and as an illustration of his meaning he went on to tell the story of Mr. Curran and Mr. McManus.

The two friends came to New York to see the sights. Among the objects was a fine new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into a huge stone.

"MDCCLXVIII," he read aloud.

"What does that letters mean, Tim?"

"That inscription," replied the cultured Mr. McManus, "stands for 1848."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Curran. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he added:

"Don't yez think, Tim, that these New Yorkers are overdoin' a bit this new craze for spellin' reform?"

Tall Women.

I love to watch tall women when they go

Slenderly, as they should, and somewhat slow—

Unhurried, gracious, altogether sure

That they are comely. Yet a shade demure.

Loved women, who know life and are complete

In every little circumstance of joy—

Who have quaffed deep the cup and know the taste

Of those last bitter lees. . . I see them go

Raptly, with steadiness and undimmed

By any small inconsequence of days.

High hearted and insouciant, I think

Tall women are, and wholly undeterred

By trite opinions. I have watched them go

Their straight unhindered ways with swinging stride,

And lithe and lovely, with a careless pride

In their so stately bearing. So I say, Tall women, thoroughbred, intrigue my eyes

With their long lines of beauty, when they go

Slenderly, as they should, and somewhat slow. —Barbara Young.

The Fundamental Beauty of Music.

Too many persons regard music and its performance as some sort of mystery, comprehensive only to those possessed of special training, whereas to a certain extent any one who has a good ear and will apply common sense to this consideration of music can determine whether he ought to enjoy it or not.

If music is an art at all it is the art of beauty in sound. We need not torment ourselves by trying to arrive at a definition of beauty. Let us confess at once that beauty has never been successfully defined and that it is entirely a matter of opinion. But the fact remains that among the cultivated peoples of the world there is a pretty general view that its fundamental beauty is the beauty of tone. If the sounds produced by instruments or voices are harsh, rough, impure, or, in a word, noises rather than musical tones, beauty cannot exist. For that reason we may without hesitation assert that the chief object of all musical technique is the production of euphonious tone. Probably that is what Liszt had in mind when he declared that three things were needed to make a pianist. First, technique; second, technique; third, technique. What he undoubtedly meant was that a perfect and inexhaustible technique is essential to good piano playing for the reason that without it nothing can be made to sound beautiful.

Evensong.

The embers of the day are red,
Beyond the murky hill,
The kitchen smoke; the bed
In the darkening house is spread;
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill,
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will;
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmed land,
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door,
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand,
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Chatfield said: "Humanity is much more shown in our conduct toward animals, where we are irresponsible except to heaven, than towards our fellow-creatures, where we are constrained by the laws, by public opinion, and fear of retaliation."

Winter Trees.

The winter trees have kinship with the skies

When the pale sun of February lies Upon the level west and the air is cold;

Then the last chilly rays like splintered gold

Come slanting up the fields, and swift they set

A torch in every treetop,—in the net Of naked birches, in the maple live

A twig or two will glimmer live; rush;

And up the apple trunks a pinkish pour,

And copper lights are in the sycamore

But soon the sunlight wanes, and sudden slips

The lovely glazing from the maple top

And strikes along the evening sky and glows

In richest plummy hues and burnished rose.

And now by field and dusky woodland lane

The trees are faded down to a again.

Only the upper branches in the sky Reach for the colored clouds as they go by,

Tangle them in their boughs and tangle them down

And wear them like a soft arched crown.

—Christine

Platinum Substitutes.

The great increase in the value of platinum during the last two decades has led many investigators to substitute therefor. It appears the search has been partly successful. Platinum clad nickel steel wire of standard lamps; wires of alloys are now making the grades of artificial teeth; a threads are taking the place of nickel wires in gas mantles, and quartz ware has come into general chemical laboratories in the of platinum utensils. Yet the ductility of these substitutes has affected the price of platinum; demand for the metal seems steady to have increased in spite of them.

Bicycling is the most popular form of locomotion in France. Recent returns show that there are more than five million bicycles in the country—many more than there were any earlier year.

Where the mind continues to every hour of the day, the body also live in the course of what we continue to do. It is a self being or doing, without interruption, and with deep faith in it, we will finally do and be reality.—Christian D. Larson.

A Clever Ruse.

Farmers who suffered from annual pilferings of motorist's season might try the plan of a hotel manager adopted in a planted a flower garden, but broke off blossoms whenever pleased and were not particularly careful to avoid injuring the plants. "Do not pick the flowers a little or no effect, but when the proprietor repainted the signs to 'Flowers for sale' the depredations stopped immediately.



And Avoid Disappointment.

"Many of the immigrants arriving in this country come here in search of liberty."

"You don't mean it? Why don't they take the little trouble necessary to write to some native-born American before they set out?"