

The Automobile

TOOTING YOUR HORN.

Horns are on automobiles for a definite purpose. If any one thinks they are a luxury or a plaything let him ascertain, by taking a trip without this particular accessory, how complicated driving is without a horn. Automobile drivers have the desire to save the life and limb of those on the road by blowing their horns. In the early days electric car drivers used bells for this purpose, as did the bicyclists. Now most cars are equipped with horns of various kinds and sounds and drivers see to it, as far as is humanly possible, that men, women and children in the way go safely about their business or pleasure, as the case may be.

A few drivers still persist in being careless and talk about the rights of the autoist. They take it that a blast of their horn should immediately clear the way ahead of them for all traffic. This attitude is usually due to a mistaken notion that they have exclusive rights in the roadway part of the street, whereas they think the pedestrian's rights are limited to the sidewalks and crossing walks. This notion is augmented by the presence of traffic regulations in cities and police to enforce them, whereby those on foot are herded off the road to the sidewalks and are permitted only at certain intervals to cross the road or street.

Courtesy on Both Sides.

The pedestrian also has a right to be on the road. I have never heard of a man being arrested for refusing to keep off the roadway, which arrest was sustained by any court. It should be taken for granted, however, that the man on foot ought to exercise judgment in his use of the road as well as the driver of the car. If each will remember the common rules of courtesy, there is apt to be little, if any, complaint from either party.

Some drivers persist in making such a constant use of their horns that they become a nuisance. They not only signal on all necessary occasions, but do a lot of unnecessary tooting, evidently because they want every one to know that they are coming and to understand those ahead must get out of the way. I have sometimes attended church when there was so much unnecessary tooting of horns by motorists that the service was almost

broken up, and I have tried to sleep in a house on a highway where the excessive blasts from the horns of thoughtless drivers made sleep almost impossible.

A driver can watch other drivers and pedestrians. If they see the driver and if their direction and speed of travel is such that they will be out of the way before the driver arrives at the spot, there is no need of blowing the horn. If not seen, of course the horn should be sounded, and the driver's foot should instinctively go to the brake pedal every time his hand goes to his horn.

As to Passing Others.

If one is driving in the country and desires to pass another car going in the same direction, it is customary to sound the horn once, that the driver ahead may not turn his car in front of you and so that if needed, he may turn to the right to let the passerby turn to the left. The driver of the car ahead is judge as to when and where he will turn because he can see ahead better and knows what obstructions are to be avoided. With few exceptions he will, when signalled, immediately give way. If he does not, and it is fair to presume he heard the signal, it is polite to wait a moment before again signalling the desire to pass.

One also should signal just before reaching the top of a hill, particularly if the road be narrow, that any one coming up on the other side may be warned and be guided accordingly. Likewise, the horn should be blown before coming to a cross road unless there is a plain view of both roads for a sufficient distance to make sure that a collision is not likely. And it should be sounded before taking dangerous curves in the road.

As a rule, it is easier on one's temperament and safer in the long run to let the fellow who wants most of the road have it. It costs little time or effort, to draw to one side and slow up to let the loud tooting speed fiends pass by. And it is much safer. They will come to grief and hang themselves in given enough rope, or they will land in the clutches of the traffic cop.

Blow your own horn, but blow it with discretion. Let others blow, too, and heed their warning. Let this be the horn-blowing philosophy of the motor car driver.

THE LOAN

By Frederick Boutet

Translated by William L. McPherson

The train had been under way since early morning. At 5 in the afternoon Guerin, who was looking out of the car window, began to recognize the face of the country. He gave a sigh of satisfaction. A smile came over his tanned face. He was nearing home. The train would soon stop at his own village.

His parents were dead. Nobody would be expecting him. But he was happy to come back for a few days. He was going to occupy his house, which, because he had no family, he loved almost like a living being. And he said to himself that, since his wounds no longer bothered him, he would be able to give some attention to his land, which must be badly in need of it.

One thing only weighed on his mind—the idea of seeing the father and mother of Ballu, a boyhood comrade, who had served in the same regiment with him and had died early in the war.

The train stopped. Guerin got off. The sight of the village station under the tall trees thrilled him. He walked slowly toward the village, breathing in with delight the familiar odor of the country as evening draws on.

In the village street he met M. Faugue, the schoolmaster, who had taught him to read and write some twenty years before. Then he met M. Morin, the Mayor. Both stopped to talk with him and M. Morin invited him to dinner. The women came out of the houses and greeted him. He was very happy. But it was only when he was again in his own house that he felt perfectly content.

Presently he went to dine with M. Morin. After dinner the villagers came in to take coffee. All had put on their Sunday clothes to do him honor. They surrounded him and questioned him. Very simply, without speaking of himself, he told them about the war as he had seen it. In the intervals of silence one could hear the faint sounds of the country; moths flew in through the open window and hovered about the lamp.

There was a knock on the door. "It's the Ballus," said M. Morin. They entered. Guerin scarcely recognized the two old people, so greatly had they changed. Pere Ballu, bent and whitened, walked with difficulty, supporting himself on a cane and lurching his head forward. Mme. Ballu seemed much shorter and thinner. Her wrinkled hands trembled and in her dim eyes there was an uncertain, frightened expression.

"We knew that you were here," Pere Ballu said to Guerin, "and so we came. We are glad to see you, my boy—"

Mme. Ballu sobbed and the old man continued:

"Now, Guerin, we want you to tell us—yes, about our son—about Antoine. How was he—how was he killed? What did he do? We can speak about it, now. His mother and I, we are—I can't say that we are getting accustomed to our loss (that would be to lie), but for the last year—well, we can talk about it, anyway. We know that he is dead. That's all. Since you were with him you can tell us—"

The old man stopped, choked with emotion. After a painful silence he began again:

"We are brave; tell us. For that matter it will console us. Antoine—there weren't many like him—strong, courageous, adventurous, and everything else. You others, you know him. It is the truth I am telling you. Then, surely, he must have done some extraordinary things. Tell us. It will do us good. We shall be prouder than ever of him when we know the facts. So tell us. We want to hear you—"

The two old people sat down. They fixed their eyes on Guerin. Perhaps they asked themselves why their own son wasn't there, in place of this young man, who had no parents. Guerin seemed embarrassed.

"We want to hear you," the old man repeated.

"Well, it was this way," Guerin began, with a great effort. "It was about the end of September, on a beautiful day. We were near a river—in the north—"

He stopped.

"And then what? What did Antoine do? Don't be afraid to tell us. It will do us good to know."

Guerin still hesitated. But with the old man's eyes fastened on him he came to a decision.

"It was this way. He was in the front line with the others of his section—and a machine gun. They were in a village. It was necessary to hold it. The Boches attacked. There was a mass of them and our men fell, one after another."

"He was left alone. He knew how to serve the machine gun and he held the village for a naturally of an hour. We fired over him, quarterly, but he held it with his gun. He couldn't leave because he had his lieutenant and some comrades with him, lying on the ground, wounded. Besides, it was necessary to hold on. Then our troops advanced and found him all alone with his mitrailleuse. That is what your son did, Pere Ballu."

Guerin had spoken rapidly, without even stopping to take breath. The two old people, bending forward on their chairs, listened to him rapturously. When the story was finished there was silence.

"The man who did this is a hero," said the old schoolmaster, gravely. "Bon Dieu, Pere Ballu, you must be proud!" cried M. Morin.

—and the worst is yet to come



"And how was he killed?" asked

Pere Ballu, in a husky voice.

"He had many bullet wounds," answered Guerin. "The Boches fired as many bullets as they could."

"You are a good fellow to have told us this," said Pere Ballu, getting up. "It consoles us. We didn't doubt that our Antoine had done something extraordinary. But now that we know the truth we are still prouder, aren't we, mother?"

The old woman made no reply. She was weeping. They went away, and, as it was striking 11, all the others got up to go.

Guerin's house was next door to Pere Faugue's school, on the edge of the village. They walked home together.

When they were alone the old schoolmaster stopped and looked Guerin square in the eyes.

"It's curious, all the same," he remarked tranquilly. "One could hardly believe such coincidences possible."

"What are you talking about?" asked Guerin, much astonished.

"That story you told the Ballus about their son. It is very remarkable that he did exactly the same thing as you did."

Guerin gave a start and turned red. "How so?" he stammered.

"The village defended by a single man, the machine gun, the wounded comrades protected, etc.—you did that too, Guerin. I remember it very well. It was in the newspapers at the time. That's what you were cited for."

"Did they put me in the newspapers?" asked Guerin.

"Yes; your name and the whole story. Here nobody noticed it. But I was just going to tell it this evening, when the Ballus arrived. Come, tell me the truth, now. How did their son die?"

Guerin shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll tell you, M. Faugue. Young Ballu had bad luck. In the first place, to die; in the second place, to die as he did. He was drowned. Yes; at the very beginning of the war. He went into the water after eating. I told him that was bad, but you know how stubborn he was. It was warm and we were resting that day. There was no stopping him. He went into the water, was taken with a cramp and sank. We pulled him out, but he was finished. Now, to be frank, I couldn't tell those people that. It is too stupid. It would have given them unnecessary pain. So I told them my own story—a thing that happened to me much later. It was a lie. I don't deny that. But, since it happened to me, I have taken no credit away from anybody."

He paused. Pere Faugue coughed. Then Guerin continued calmly:

"Only, I wasn't killed. I was hit by bullets, but merely wounded. So I changed the ending of the story—that's all. What would you have me do? I didn't know what to say to those old people. My mind isn't quick. Don't you remember, M. Faugue? At school I was never good at writing narratives. I couldn't invent anything."

He began to laugh. Pere Faugue laid a hand on his shoulder.

"But what will you have to tell on your own account, afterward?"

"Ah! That's true," said Guerin. "I hadn't thought of that. It is awkward."

He reflected a moment and added:

"Bah! Something of the same sort is likely to happen to me between now and the end of the war."

The Materialist.

"What would you suggest for our literary club to read?" asked Mrs. Flubdub.

"A good cook-book," responded her brutal husband.

Want Cash; No Apologies.

Germany has paid Argentina for the ship she sunk and will also apologize. France and Britain do not care for apologies, but they do drop to have the money.

A Black Irishman.

Nothing astonishes visitors to the West Indies more than the speech of the negroes. Naturally it takes its tone from the language of the people who used to be their masters. In Cuba and in Porto Rico they speak Spanish, and on the islands of Haiti and Martinique, French; in Jamaica and in other British islands the negro speaks with a cockney accent. In Montserrat, which Irish planters peopled in the seventeenth century, all of the descendants of the former slaves have a strong brogue.

Not very long ago, says Sir Frederick Treves in the Cradle of the Deep, a British ship dropped anchor in the main harbor of the island, and an Irishman among the passengers, leaning over the rail, accosted a sooty negro who had come alongside with fruit to sell.

"Oi say, Cuffey," he cried, "phwat's the chance for a live lad to get a job ashore?"

"Faith, Yer Honor," answered the negro. "If it's wurruk yer after, yez can foind it in gobs for the lookin'."

An O'll be thankin' ye not to be callin' me Cuffey. Mulca-ah's me name. Patrick Mulca-ah."

"Mulca-ah! Saints in hiven! D'ye mane to tell me yer an Oirishman?"

"As good a wan as yerself."

"Wurra, wurra! An' how long've ye been wurrukin' here?"

"Foive years, come St. Patrick's Day."

"Ye don't tell me! An' in that toime ye've turned as black as me hat! Oh me sowl, if Oi stay long enough to make me fortune and go on back to Clonee with it, 'twik take some mighty soft persuadin' to get Maggie Murphy to marry me, an' she not beln' able to tell me from any nayer!"

The Summer Path to Church.

It leaves the doorstep worn and gray, Slips underneath the maple trees And slowly climbs a grassy slope To meet stray butterflies and bees.

Then through a little sagging gate It goes into an orchard old That holds within its gracious space More treasures than our arms can hold.

Down aisles of sunshine flecked with shade, While overhead the swallows call, The narrow path leads willing feet When summer's peace broods over all.

It zigzags like a wandering child Through waving grasses tall and green, But seems to loiter with a laugh Where woods and mountains can be seen.

Then on again beyond the fence Where elm trees fringe a meadow wide, And bubbling songs of bobolinks Fall from the air on every side.

Across the road, up to the church, It ends at last its winding way Where words of prayer and hymns of praise Rest like a blessing on the day.

—Adella Washer.

The Teacher's Task.

Hundreds of otherwise well-informed people have the idea that a teacher's work consists merely in meeting classes, asking questions and assigning the next day's lessons. Few realize that to be successful a teacher must spend hours of study in preparing the day's work, and that he must often work until midnight correcting examination papers and doing other out-of-school duties. It is just as reasonable to suggest that a minister be paid by the hour for his Sunday morning sermon as to argue that a teacher should be paid only for the time he spends in the classroom.

Origin of "Gulliver's Travels"

"Gulliver's Travels" is one of the most widely read books in the English language, and for close to 200 years has charmed both old and young. When Jonathan (Dean) Swift arrived in England from Ireland in March, 1726, he brought with him the manuscript of "Gulliver's Travels" and entrusted its publication to Pope's discretion. It appeared in November, 1726, and Swift was paid \$500 for it.

That famous book had its origin in the ideas of a great general satire on human foibles, and was projected as early as 1714 by the Scriblerus Club. But the extraordinary care spent on the work by Swift, the breadth of its application and the completeness with which it expresses his peculiar sentiments during the twelve years that followed his settlement at the deanery of St. Patrick's make it in every way his own.

Critics have pointed out the sources from which Swift derived the groundwork of his plans. They have explained the special allusions to contemporary history, which abound throughout; and they have expatiated on the extraordinary skill with which the story is told, the exactness of its proportions, the accuracy of its logic and the verisimilitude of its facts.

Perhaps no other work ever exhibited such general attractiveness to all classes. It offered personal and politi-

cal satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incidents to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy, to neglected age and disappointed ambition.

The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and Sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of Premier Flimnap. The factions of high-heels and low-heels of the story no doubt express the factions of the Tories and Whigs; the small Indians and the big Indians, the religious diversions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir apparent was described as wearing one high heel and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favors between the two leading political parties in England, laughed very heartily at the comparison.

While many other authors have given the world imaginary voyages of a supposed traveller to ideal realms, it was reserved for Swift to enliven the morality of his work with humor, to relieve its absurdity with satire and to give the most improbable events an appearance of reality, derived from the character and style of the narrator. Even Robinson Crusoe hardly excels "Gulliver's Travels" in gravity and verisimilitude of narrative.

Bits of Canadian News.

Canada is one of the most fortunate countries in the world, so the representative of a Netherlands company that has several millions invested in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba reports after a comprehensive tour of investigation. He is J. D. P. Ten Boerch, of Holland, one of the principals of the Holland-Canada Mortgage Company. He expressed himself in Calgary as being well pleased with conditions and prospects in Western Canada and is satisfied that this year's crop would be marketed very profitably.

The value of the sea fish catch in Canada during the three months period, April to June 1921, amounted to \$7,624,810, of which Nova Scotia accounted for \$3,436,527, British Columbia \$2,462,238, New Brunswick \$1,086,731, Quebec \$359,150, and Prince Edward Island \$280,164.

More than 2,400 soldiers have been placed on Alberta land by the Soldiers' Settlement Board since its organization was completed, and of this number, not more than five per cent have proven failures, is the report issued by Edmonton authorities.

The first samples of this season's threshed wheat arrived in Calgary and have been pronounced by George Hill, Dominion Government inspector, to be of excellent quality and quite up to the samples received last year. The samples were from the Taber district and graded number 1 northern. The wheat is of excellent color and shows but little, if any, trace of the dry weather experienced this year.

Staked for twenty-five miles of its length with recently located placer claims, the Lardeau River, in British Columbia, promises to be the scene of active placer mining as soon as the wet season begins. There is great interest in the experiment of washing gold on this river, but just at present owing to the dry weather, the water is not available for placer operations.

Winnipeg's official population is within 507 of the 200,000 mark, following a net increase of 2,546 since January, according to the city hall records. The last assessment figures showed a population of 196,947, but 3,722 births and 1,176 deaths occurred this year, leaving the net increase of 2,546.

Last Mountain Lake, and the islands therein, in the Province of Saskatchewan, has been created into a bird sanctuary under the Migratory Birds Act. Shooting of game birds in the open season will be allowed on all portions of Last Mountain Lake sanctuary, except the islands north of and including Pelican Island.

Five thousand crates, or fifteen carload of British Columbia potatoes comprise the first of this season's export of this commodity to Manila. The first movement of potatoes from British Columbia was in 1920, and the tubers were so well received that it is believed a large export trade will be developed.

At Anyox, B.C., total production of copper at the smelter amounted to 25,821,680 pounds during the past year, mostly from ores mined at Hidden Creek mine, close in. The total shipments of copper ore from the mine during the year amounted to 807,863 tons and the foreign ores used amounted to 47,070 tons, a good deal of this coming from the Dolly Varden mine at Alice Arm.

He Knew.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been invited to a friend's for tea, and the time had arrived for preparing for the visit.

"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 a dirty little boy, 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.

"Ha, ha, daddy!" he cried. "I know why you're washing!"

Baseball in Japan.

Christians 2, Buddhists 1, was the final score of a baseball game played in the grounds of the great Buddhist temple at Kyoto, Japan. Christian missionaries aroused the interest of the Buddhists in modern sports until a match game was arranged between the Buddhist priests and the Christian Bible class. Neither side scored until the eighth inning, when the priests put a run across. Then, in the last of the ninth inning, the Christians got two hits. The Buddhist high priest, in spite of his royal connections, let a fast grounder go between his legs, and both runners scored.

For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection.

Length of Days on Other Planets

How long is a day on the sun?

It seems an odd question, considering that what we call the day is made by the sun. How can it be otherwise than day all the time on the solar luminary?

That, however, is merely our planetary viewpoint of the matter. In a broader sense of the term, a day means one complete revolution of a celestial body. The sun revolves on its axis, just as the earth does, turning around once in 800 of our hours. Its day, in other words, is 600 hours long.

Astronomers would like to know how long the planet Mercury's day is, but they haven't been able to find out. They are equally at a loss to know the day's length on Venus. The latter—twin of the earth in size, and the only planet besides our own that is believed to be inhabited—is so covered with a veil of clouds that the telescope can't see to fixed point on its surface by which to determine the rate of its revolution.

The Martian day is six hours longer

than ours. That of Jupiter is slightly less than ten hours long, and the length of Saturn's day is ten and three-tenths hours.

But when it comes to Uranus and Neptune, the two outermost and most distant of the sun's eight planets, the astronomers are again puzzled. They do not know the rate at which either of them revolves.

It takes the earth 365 days to make a complete journey around the sun, which we call a year. Mercury's year is only eighty-eight days long. That of Venus is 225 days. The Martian year is 687 days long. That of Jupiter is twelve times as long as our year; that of Saturn over twenty-nine times as long; that of Uranus eighty-four times as long, and that of Neptune 165 times as long, or 60,181 days.

If (as seems altogether likely) the sun is revolving about some stupendous star in space, it may require goodness knows how many millions of years to make the circuit once—in other words, to fill out a single solar year.