

The Automobile

Rules for the Road.

Keep to the right of the road. Slow down at crossings. Signal for a stop or turn to the cars behind by holding out the left hand. Apply brakes slowly. Change speed rates slowly. Drive carefully. Be prepared to help any motorist in trouble on roads distant from garages. Be prepared to give pedestrians "lifts" on country roads. Stop car and engine when meeting drovers with sheep, swine or cattle on country roads. Park only at side of roads, leaving fairway. When buying produce in the country, park alongside road, not on the road. When parking at night leave warning lights. Have headlight dimmers and use them when meeting and passing other motorists at night. When picnicking, carefully put out picnic fires. When picnicking do not trespass to gather wild flowers, tree branches, blossoms, fruit or shrubs. When picnicking clean up thoroughly, removing from sight all cans, papers and rubbish. Give all vehicles, especially loaded trucks, a good half of the road. Take hills on the right side of the road. Go over the crest carefully. Avoid coasting or speeding around curves at foot of hills. Be courteous to pedestrians. Do not drive your car at them full tilt and laugh when they jump. Do not splash water on them as they stand at crossings or near curbs waiting for you to pass. Avoid street cars carefully at stops. Learn and follow the local traffic rules, speed limits and driving ordinances. These are made for the common good of all drivers, including yourself, and of all pedestrians.

Carrying Your Bed Along.

Many inventors have taxed their brains to contrive means whereby an automobile might be converted into a sleeping car for night use. Newest in this line is a device patented by Hans C. Anderson, of Minneapolis. It is a double cot-bed occupying the entire width and length of the interior of the car, being upheld by four legs just high enough to clear the backs of the seats. The frame of the bed is composed of a front rail, a back rail, two side rails and a middle rail running lengthwise from end to end. The front rail is upheld by two legs whose feet enter holes in the floor of the vehicle. The

feet of the two rear legs are engaged by holes in the back seat, the cushion being pushed forward to allow this. The side rails carry brackets into which the end rails lock, and the latter are notched to receive the middle rail. A canvas sheet is fastened to the side rails and middle rail, and when the parts are locked together and all five rails rolled up in the canvas sheet, they form a bundle which may easily be carried on one of the running boards. When practicable, it is desirable to remove the steering wheel from the steering post shaft, so that it may not project upward against the canvas.

Practical Paragraphs.

Removing wheel hub washer—The job of removing the wheel hub washer of the front wheel is often an almost impossible job, but it can be made easy by the use of a simple tool that can be made by any car owner. Take a pair of round jawed pliers five or six inches long. File a notch on the inside of each jaw near the end and then reduce the diameter of the jaws until they will just slip into the holes in the ends of the split washer. With this weapon it is easy to remove the washer. Simply hook the ends of the pliers into the holes, close the pliers to contract the washer so that it may be drawn out of the groove, when it is easy to slip it out by running a screw-driver point around the edge.

Proper lubrication—The term proper lubrication has no very exact meaning for the average car owner, and yet it can be defined exactly. It means the quality of oil needed by the individual part, supplied in the proper quantity, neither too little nor too much, and changed with sufficient frequency to keep it in condition to function properly. This latter condition carries with it the implication that the crank case or other part shall be flushed out with kerosene before new oil is put in. From all this it will be seen that the car owner must devote some study to the particular needs of his particular vehicle in order to master the lubrication needs of the car.

Inspection window—An ingenious car owner who had had trouble because of stoppage in the oil tube which runs from the transmission case of the Ford to the engine, inserted in the transmission case a small mica window about two inches in diameter. The window is secured by a steel ring one thirty-second of an inch in thickness, and this ring is held by round head screws. A felt gasket is placed between the mica and the transmission cover and the upper side of the mica is varnished with shellac.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

For the second time that night Geoffrey Leyton threw down his book and started to his feet. Half an hour before, the piercing scream of a woman had come to him through the open casement, to startle him into concerned tension. Now it had come again, the scream of a woman in pain.

"Business of mine or not, I can't stand for it," he muttered. "The infernal old ruffian is ill-treating the girl."

Grimly determined he strode into the road, hatless, just as he was, in his slippers and oldest jacket. Deliberately he made his way to the house next door, and gave a lusty tug at the doorknob.

The door was suddenly drawn open the space of a foot, and the scowling, saturnine face of the man confronted him.

"I'm from next door," announced Geoffrey sharply. "I heard a scream."

"What the Hades is that to you, and what d'you mean by pulling at my bell like that?" blazed the man. "Mind your own business, you young fool!"

The door was swung viciously to, pinning the younger man's slippered foot. As he withdrew it, with a sharp hiss the bolt was shot home.

For a short time Geoffrey Leyton remained with gritted teeth and clenched hands, meditating assault on the panels. Then, with a shrug, he returned back to his comfortable room, a stern smile on his face.

The bullying gentleman next door was not going to be allowed to crush his foot with impunity. Before he had done with him, Geoff rather fancied he would pay for that with interest.

"A wicked brute!" his landlady declared, on hearing from him a recital of the incident. "I'm glad you interfered. There's something wrong about next door. It isn't natural for a girl to shun all attempts at friendliness. Never once in the three months they've lived there has she spoken to me. She's frightened for her life."

Laughter is like sunshine— It freshens all the day; It tips the peaks of life with life and drives the clouds away.

uttered a shriek of dismay, Geoffrey was after him down the narrow side street like a shot.

The enterprising bag-snatcher had not bargained for instant pursuit. One glance over his shoulder convinced him that his only chance of eluding this grimly-smiling chap, who ran like an athlete, was relinquishment of his booty, and at the certainty the bag dropped from his hand. Geoff stayed to pick it up.

The catch was unfastened. He could see that it held a small flat package, and that in his rush the nimble fingers of the thief had been busy. The paper cover was slightly torn. A low whistle escaped him.

The parcel contained a wad of apparently a hundred £1 Treasury notes, new and unsoiled as from the printers, and, amongst other things, a latchkey. The mystery was out, to set him grimly thoughtful. The man who stayed at home was a clever forger, the frightened girl was his catspaw.

Without any compunction he annexed one of the counterfeit notes and stuffed it in his inner pocket. On second thoughts he also appropriated the latchkey. Then he doubled back in his tracks to find the girl.

He saw her in the narrow street, leaning against the wall, distraught with fear, grey-faced, looking like death. At sight of him with the bag in her hand the sobs ceased, relief shot into her eyes, and she ran towards him with a little hysterical cry. He stayed her outburst of thanks with a deprecatory laugh.

"I'm sorry I lost the thief, but I got the bag," he said. "Won't you believe, little girl, that I want to be a pal?" he added.

"I wish you wouldn't follow me," she pleaded. "You can do no good, and your interference is only likely to make things worse than they are for me."

"Just tell me this," said Geoff. "Is the brute who you live with your father?"

"No. My father and mother died when I was twelve, leaving me alone," she confessed. "He is an uncle who came to claim me. I had never known of him before then."

"Away out in the country I've got the dearest old mother in the world," confided Geoff. "She would have loved a daughter just like you. Some day I'm going to take you along to her."

He broke off at the pathetically strained face, and put out his hand to rest it gently on her shoulder.

Sobbingly, with averted face, she freed herself from his grasp, and hurried away. With set face he walked quickly away in the opposite direction.

It appeared to him that the necessity for prompt action admitted of no dallying. Discovery of the fact that the packet had been tampered with would send the terrified girl flying back to warn the instigator, who, no doubt, held over her head the threat that they swam or sank together. There was no knowing what the violent brute might do.

At the first public call-office he got through to his man. In five minutes he was facing him across a table in a quiet office.

There was apparent in the appearance of the sturdy, keen-eyed gentleman who received him with a quiet smile the stamp of the alert detective-officer.

"You're looking a trifle excited," he observed. "What is this big thing you hinted at?"

Geoff drew the note from his pocket, and laid it on the table. "Detective-Inspector Carey gave it his close attention, and drew another from his note-case, which he placed beside it.

"Yes, Geoff," he remarked presently, "you have one. The nearest stunner you'll ever be likely to see. We've got the idea there's only one man could turn out these pretty things, and he's the master hand. We had him for work with flash flyers some time ago, but since he came out we've lost him. Quite a nasty lot of these things getting about. Are you going to give me a chance to get near him?"

Geoff fished out the snapshot, and placed that also on the table. The officer glanced at it and looked up.

"That's the artist!" he said, scooping up the exhibits. "That's Pete the Printer all right. Take me to him, and you'll be doing the State and, incidentally, me, some service."

"A taxi will be quickest," suggested Geoff, with a smile. "I can tell you all about it on the way."

"I like your snap," laughed the inspector, well pleased. "We'll just call at the station for a couple of useful lads, and then—"

In the cab the details were crisply stated, and acknowledged with nods. "We know him as a tough," said Carey, as he got out. "He's likely to show fight when cornered. That's why I'm taking the lads. It'll be all right about the little girl. Sure evidence of terrorizing."

He disappeared into the station. When he came out again, and the two men and himself had crowded into the cab, Geoff produced the latchkey.

"This may be useful," he remarked. Inspector Carey received it with an appreciative grin.

"Might make him useful, too," he remarked to his men. "Sure thing!" they agreed.

"You two best sit to the back, and nip inside smart!" ordered the inspector. "Give him no rope. He's dangerous!"

He pulled the cab up at the corner, and they got out just as another taxi cab swung into the short road. Inside it Geoff caught a fleeting glimpse of a white, strained face, and his hand went out to grip the inspector's sleeve.

"Right!" snapped Carey instantly.

"Smart's the word. She mustn't give him the tip."

They came up at a run as her hand went out to the bell. Up the side entry the two men raced, while the inspector, followed by Geoffrey, strode to the front door. The girl was sobbing wildly, hysterically, as she beat on the panels with her clenched hands. It was clear that she was scarcely conscious of what she did.

It opened suddenly to reveal for a second the scowling face of the forger: but before the inspector's foot could be interposed the latch clicked. The quarry was too cute to be caught unawares.

Inspector Carey smiled grimly, and turned to lay a gentle hand on the distraught girl's shoulder.

"Ease up on that!" he said, not unkindly. "We're here for your good, my lass."

Something was happening at the back of the house, something which sent the cornered rogue tiptoeing along the hall. In a flash the latchkey was inserted, and the officer threw the door open.

"You can have it rough if you want it, Pete!" he shot out, as the two men showed in the kitchen doorway.

The man looked round, and, with a curse, sprang forward to grasp a heavy stick. In the ensuing rough-and-tumble he fought like a savage beast. Geoff found some degree of satisfaction in applying a strangle hold which enabled the bracelets to be snapped on the twisting wrists. It was payment for his bruised foot.

"Now, lads, get through it for the plant!" snapped the officer. "I've been looking for you for months, Pete. Your work has interested me quite a lot."

Murderous hate in his eyes, the man glared at the girl, who covered by the door.

"Not at all," stated the inspector, reading his thought. "The girl would have warned you. Accident has given you away. You'll hear the tale in due course."

One of the men appeared at the top of the stairs.

"It's here in a box-room at the top," he announced.

"That will be enough for you, printer," remarked the inspector. "Come down, Ned, and bring along that other taxi. Geoff, the girl is in your charge."

"Right!" said Geoffrey.

Later in the day when between them motherly Mrs. Goff and he had driven away terror, and had quieted her hysterical sobbing, when she had been persuaded to make some pretense of a meal with them at table, Geoffrey told her his plans for her.

"I'll take you to my dear old mother," he said. "There you're going to remember all the past as a bad dream. Never again will your uncle be able to get you in his clutches. Never if I can prevent it, little girl! You're going to get back your color, and learn again how to smile. And when that happens I'm coming along to see if we can't be the best of pals, Mary. All the happiness that's overdue is waiting for you."

The girl put out her two hands. Geoff could see that her eyes were glistening.

"Oh, but you're good," she faltered. "My pals call me Geoff," he laughed, as he took her hands.

"Geoff," she said softly.

Homeward.

Homeward the ships come with sails a gleam
In the sunset's crimson tide,
Across the waters gold they stream
And in still havens glide.

Homeward the tide turns over the bar,
Singing his deep sea rune,
Clasped in his arms the evening star,
Caught in his nets the moon.

Homeward through city and country
Jane,
Hasten the feet of men,
While the dusk begins her ancient reign

On her earth-wide throne again,
Homeward the world comes with the eye,
Bids all from labor cease,
And joyously task and care we leave
For home and love and peace.

Fruit for Optimism.

A series of laboratory diet tests on a number of monkeys recently had remarkable results. For a week they were fed on a diet principally of meat and beans, and by the end of the first three days the change in them was most noticeable.

They became dull, lost all energy, and swinging about in their cages was no longer a delight to them. By the end of the week they were a band of pessimists, taking no exercise, and looking out upon the world with melancholy eyes.

At this stage their diet was changed to one of vegetable cereals and fruit, and hardly a day had elapsed before they had brightened visibly. Soon they were frisking about in the old happy fashion, and showing interest in all that went on around them.

Perhaps the same rule applies to human beings, because many people who partake of heavy meat diet habitually are subject to fits of pessimism and depression. So if you wish to go about your work in a happy frame of mind, plenty of garden produce, please!

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Girls should be taught to tuck their skirts between their knees when approaching an open fire, says an English coroner.

—and the worst is yet to come



Curing With Light.

The usefulness of "sun baths" for health has long been recognized. Unlimited sunshine has much to do with the beneficial effect of a vacation at the seashore.

Nowadays this matter is better understood than it used to be, and it is known that the best rays of the sun have nothing to do with the physical benefit obtained from such exposure. It is the chemical rays in the sunbeam—particularly the ultra-violet rays—that do the good work.

Electric light is rich in these rays, and many cures of rheumatism and neuritis have been accomplished by exposing the affected part of the body to a powerful incandescent lamp, its rays concentrated by a hemispherical reflector. For curative purposes physicians have turned to useful account a sort of cabinet lined with such lamps into which the patient, lying on a padded board, could be slid.

The newest method employs a quartz lamp containing mercury vapor, through which the electric current is passed. Quartz has the advantage of being extraordinarily transparent to ultra-violet rays.

Such a lamp, made in the shape of a tube of small diameter, can be introduced into the nasal passages for the treatment of catarrh or into the throat for the cure of infected tonsils, thus saving the patient an operation.

Why Write "Viz"?

Do you know why so many abbreviations in common use, like, for example, "oz" for ounce, and "viz" for namely, end in the letter Z?

Viz is formed from the first two letters of videlicet, the Latin word for "namely." The Z is a corruption of a queer-looking sign, something like the figure 8, that used to be placed at the end of an abbreviated word by the copyists of ancient manuscripts before the invention of printing.

In course of time this 8 has become transformed into a Z, the letter which, in writing, it most nearly resembles.

Like the people who advertise for situations, and so forth, in modern newspapers, where saving space means saving money, these old-time copyists were adepts at expressing the word they desired to indicate by the smallest possible number of letters.

The palm for this species of word compression must, however, be awarded to a monk named Placentinus, who wrote a poem of 253 four-line verses, every word in which begins with the letter "P," and is likewise abbreviated.

Expanded into ordinary English, the first line reads as follows: "Præce Pauli's prize pig's prolific progeny."

And so on for more than one thousand lines.

Opera performed in Berlin and transmitted by wireless telephone was distinctly heard 800 miles away.

Amunition belonging to the French Government, it is suggested, should be preserved by immersion in specially-made cases in certain lakes.

How much trustworthy evidence is there to show that the hurry and the overcrowding of modern civilization push men into premature graves? London, New York and Chicago have each a death rate very near the lowest ever known; octogenarians are more and more common, and active business men at sixty-five or seventy are so numerous that they attract no attention.

A tribute to Marquis wheat, a cereal of Canadian origin, was paid by George H. Hutton, Superintendent of Agriculture for the Canadian Pacific Railway when he stated that during the past year alone the province of Alberta had realized from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 more from Marquis wheat than it would have realized had it been growing the old Red Fife variety.

I Am --?

The hope of the world.
The universal friend of mankind.
The foundation of national prosperity.

The progress of civilization depends upon me.

The common people love me: but kings, emperors, autocratic rulers and classes have ever been my enemies.

I am the great conservator of health, of childhood, of manhood, of womanhood, of all that is best in human life.

I have been driven about and buffeted through all time, but never have I despaired of accomplishing my object.

Long before Christianity, poets, prophets, philanthropists and reformers looked forward to the establishment of my rule over all the earth.

Without me the brotherhood of man, friendship between nations, the banishment of poverty and misery from the earth will be but idle dreams.

I work for the good of all, yet there are men so blinded by greed and ambition, by what they consider their personal interests, that they are constantly working for my destruction.

I am stronger than my most powerful enemies, and, like Liberty, cannot be killed. Though often driven to the wall, and apparently destroyed, I have struggled up all through the ages, up through blood and tears, through indescribable agony and the destruction of all that is dear to the hearts of men.

I was mortally wounded recently, but, like a phoenix, I have risen out of the trenches, up from the blood-stained battlefields of Europe, up from the graves of the dead who fought for me. Above the clash of international ambitions, jealousies, and hatreds, the hideous aftermath of war, my voice is heard calling to all the peoples of the world to put an end to war now and forever.

I am healing the frightful wounds, soothing the anguish, repairing the destruction wrought by my cruel adversary, I am also filling the hearts of forward-looking men and women everywhere with the determination never to cease their efforts until the whole world is enrolled under my banner.

I am sanguine of success as never before, in spite of the heavy clouds on the horizon, the universal unrest, the quarrelling, the bickering and fighting of individuals, classes and nations, never before did my future look so bright; I am literally see swords being turned into plowshares, armaments destroyed and great warships turned into vessels of commerce. I call on you to help realize my vision, for I am your best friend.

I AM PEACE.

O. S. Marden.

Do not make a nuisance of yourself with your horn, but at the same time remember that no one has ever been arrested for using it.

Let not your limitations discourage you; it is your strength that, rebelling against them, makes you aware of them.

Canada has the only two coal regions on the sea-coast of North America, and controls one-fifth of the world's coal resources.

The real City of London covers 673 acres; the County of London covers 117 square miles; the police area 520 square miles; and the area under the Metropolitan Water Board 538 square miles.

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.—Robert Dabbs.