

# THE AUTOMOBILE

## HELPFUL HINTS FOR MOTORISTS.

### Cleaning Reflector.

A mixture of denatured alcohol and water in equal parts is best for cleaning reflectors in headlights. To avoid scratching the highly polished surface the solution should be applied with cotton or a soft cloth.

### Moisture on Plugs.

Irregular firing is often caused by moisture gathering on the exposed part of the spark plug. This trouble may be cured by greasing the porcelain with vaseline or hard grease.

### Sudden Braking Racks Car.

The most your brake can do is to lock your wheels, says a brake lining expert. "And you should be able to do this with your own car. But being able to lock your wheels with 120 miles an hour is an indication of surplus power. Do the usual things with a margin of safety.

"If your brakes are gently and seldom as far as possible for the sake of your brakes, but because sudden or too frequent braking racks your car, destroys tires and is apt to cause skidding.

"Remember that your brakes can stop your car in a fraction of the time and distance required to get it up to speed. And this enormous power that is in your brakes should be used with care.

### Remove Blowout Patches.

Trying to make a blowout patch do the job of a permanent repair is a good way to ruin tires. The tire patch is a first-aid treatment to meet emergencies, but as soon as the removed as possible it should be replaced with a permanent repair made. Unless this is done, the casing will have one weak spot that is constantly growing weaker.

A blowout patch does not unite itself with the rubber stock in a tire. It remains separate, and, during the turning that takes place while the tire is in motion, chafes against the ragged edges of the cut in the casing. In time

the hole reaches such proportions that it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to repair.

### Use Chains for Mud.

A car that is driven over a muddy highway should have chains attached to the wheels. The chains should be tighter than usual, because when too loose the wheels will sometimes spin around inside the chains when the car is stuck.

### Fill Grease Cups.

Laziness on the part of car owners in failing to keep grease cups filled is paid for by garage bills. The car should be gone over at least every month.

### Clutch Trouble.

One of the most common complaints among car owners is the improper action of the clutch. The clutch throw-out collar needs constant lubrication, and in many cases failure to give this unit attention even for a single day results in serious trouble.

### The Springs.

Many present-day cars are fitted with springs mounted on seats that oscillate. These spring seats usually have some means of lubrication, but many car owners never take the trouble simply to turn up the grease cup provided.

### Cleaning Brass Castings.

Brass castings may be cleaned of greasy deposits by boiling them in kerosene.

### Cloth Upholstery.

Cloth upholstery may best be cleaned by beating curtains and backs lightly with a stick or carpet beater, which will dislodge the dirt. Grease or oil may be removed by an application of lukewarm water and ivory soap, applied with a woolen cloth. There are a number of new woolen cleaners which will work very well on cloth upholstery, but gasoline and benzine have a tendency to spread instead of remove dirt.

## Icebergs in the North Atlantic

June and July are reckoned the worst months for ice in the North Atlantic. It is at this time of year that the great Greenland bergs drift south to the danger of Transatlantic shipping.

North Atlantic ice has claimed a terrible toll of human lives and property during the past half-century, and over and over again great liners have had the narrowest escapes from sinking after collision with huge bergs. The Titanic disaster is still fresh in our memories, though it happened no less than ten years ago.

Other vessels have been more fortunate. The most marvellous escape was that of the liner Arizona, which, forty years ago, gained the title of the "greyhound of the Atlantic."

On November 7th, 1879, when steaming across the Grand Banks, on her way to New York, she ran smash into a monstrous iceberg, crumpling up her stout steel bow as though they were paper. Her fore part was broken from deck to keel, and such a mass of ice tumbled aboard her that at first it was feared she would sink before anything could be done.

Her passengers stampeded, there was a rush for the boats, and her officers had their work cut out to restore discipline. Her watertight compartments saved her, and eventually she managed to steam slowly into port.

More recently the Anchor Line Colombia had an appalling narrow escape from destruction by ice. Of Cape Race she cleared a great glittering mass of flinty Arctic ice which, as usual, was shrouded in thick fog. Her passengers were crumpled for fifteen feet, and her port anchor struck on the ice and was lost. Nine feet of water rushed into her hold before the leak could be stopped.

The passengers were at dinner when the collision occurred. The dining-table was swept clear, and the passengers dived in every direction. One had a leg, another a collar-bone broken. Immense masses of ice fell thundering on her decks. This berg was a mile long (not high) and a quarter of a mile broad.

Many of those fine ships which have been posted "Missing" at Lloyd's have, no doubt, been sunk in collision with icebergs.

The City of Glasgow, for instance, a beautiful Clyde-built craft of 1,600 tons and the first of the Inman liners. She left England on March 1st, 1854, with 480 passengers aboard and was never heard of again.

The Pacific sailed from Liverpool on September 22nd, 1856, with two hundred and fifty passengers and crew. She was last seen and heard of after her departure.

The City of Boston, the Colombo, the City of Liverpool, the City of London, the Erin, of the National Line—these were only a few of the Atlantic liners which vanished without a sign, victims either of ice or the treacherous desert.

Since a berg only shows one-eighth of its bulk above water, it is easy to understand what a fearful pest it is to navigation, especially as the same sphere around is almost invariably

clouded by fog, through the coldness of the mass of ice.

## Musical Postscripts.

No substitute has yet been found for music, and it is a safe bet that none ever will be found.

The rise of the military band may be traced to the times of the Crusades who brought back from the East the kettle-drums and other instruments.

The handiest material for making Canadiana is music-loving people is right in our public schools.

Don't ask friends who come in to play on a piano out of tune. Playing on a piano out of tune makes a man feel as awkward as he would attending an evening dress affair in overalls.

The President of Boston University once said: "You get good music into a boy's soul and the words into his mind and a good beginning has been made in the production of a good citizen."

A child who, from say, seven or eight years, has studied piano or violin has a better equipment for launching out into vocal lessons than one who has not. It is much better for singers to be able to play the piano, too.

Strict time is acquired by using the metronome. It shows no favoritism. But the metronome should be in some position behind the pupil, so he can only hear its strokes and not be distracted by unconsciously watching the pendulum.

Books Hold a Conversation.

It is very hard to get the trend of a book conversation, but if you are in a sympathetic book mood you can sometimes hear something like this:

"I like to make 'em sit up till the small hours of the morning," said "Vicky Van."

"I like to leave them guessing," said "The Lady of the Tiger."

"I like to make them wish I were looser," said "Jane Eyre."

"I make them sob and cry," boasted "The Woodcarver of Lympus."

"I can make them go around and lock every window and door when they have read the first hundred pages," said "The Second Dilett."

"There isn't any point to that," scolded "The Inside of the Cup." "Why don't you try to do some good in the world?"

"That isn't the mission of a book," said "Walter Stree." "We ought to be looking glass, reflecting types of life. That's our business."

"You'd better spend your time creating a fine character," said "If Winter Comes." "There are too few of them now in the world."

## July Gold.

My glowing heart beats high At the sight of shining gold; But it is not that which the miser's eye Delighteth to behold.

A brighter wealth by far Than the deep mine's yellow vein Is seen around in the fair hills crowned With sheaves of burnished grain.

## A Boy's Prayer.

Give me clean hands, clean words and clean thoughts. Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. Save me from habits that harm. Teach me to work as hard and play as fair in Thy sight alone as if all the world saw.

Forgive me when I am unkind and help me to be kind to those who are unkind to me. Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself.

Send me chances to do a little good every day and so grow more like Christ.—Hyde.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Eliot.



HIS PALMY DAYS ARE OVER.—Bushman, in the Houston Chronicle.

## IF YOU WANT IT—GO AND GET IT

Generally speaking, we do not succeed beyond our expectations. Going through the motions of faithful work is only one of the requisites. The other, and equally important requisite, is to make up our minds just what we want life to give us and then to lay down the order blank before Fate and say: "Here is the dotted line; sign here."

The sales manager of a big company took a trip to discover why one of his salesmen was getting so little business, and together they called on a dealer to sell him some motor-cycle tires. The salesman made a splendid presentation of the goods. The sales manager was surprised; he had supposed, from the small volume of orders the man secured, that his knowledge of the line must be deficient. But the man had every argument at his tongue's end, and used them all.

After five or twenty minutes the dealer was called away to wait on a customer, and the salesman, turning to the sales manager said: "I have told that fellow everything I know; what would you say now?"

"Don't you think," said the sales manager, "that it would be a good idea to ask him for an order?"

After a few minutes the dealer returned, and in the course of the conversation that followed he remarked that he was just waiting for the salesman to finish with his talk in order to give him the business.

That story came back to me recently when I had two conversations with two men of contrasting types. One of them is a junior executive in a large corporation.

He graduated from school ten years ago and, discovering that his education had not given him a complete equipment for business, took two dollars a week out of his first salary of ten dollars and spent it for a night course in a business college.

A little later he found his work bringing him into contact with the legal department of the business, and he devoted his spare time to acquiring a working knowledge of the law.

"Every year I pick out some one subject and devote my study to it," he said to me. "I hate the thought of coming to the end of December and finding myself no bigger than I was on the first of January."

The second man, also a junior executive of a business, is very discontented. He is reaching around for some opening into work that will have "more future."

"I asked him what he had read in the past five years, and he said that he didn't get much time for reading."

I asked him what sort of work he thought he would like, and what he had done to develop his knowledge and

his acquaintanceship among men who might open the way for him.

The questions seemed to surprise him. He had been doing satisfactory work in his present position, and hoping that "something would turn up."

These two men correspond to the sales manager and the salesman in the story, and the world is pretty much divided between the two types.

One type of man tackles the work of every year with a definite plan and a fine expectation that his work will count toward something better. The other merely goes through the motions, hoping vaguely that there will be a reward at the end.

One asks the other to use the same language, and may do the same work, but he does not expect that the order will come—and usually it does not come.

Charles M. Schwab once remarked that he made it a rule to do business with none but "lucky men"—meaning men who had formed the habit of succeeding and of assuming that they would succeed.

Men who understand that you get what you want only if you expect to get it, and go after it.—Bruce Barton.

## A New Kind of Story-Telling.

Every parent is familiar with the old cry, "Tell me a story," but not all parents can answer it satisfactorily. One mother began when her children were very young to teach herself and them to tell interesting stories.

She had a considerable collection of pictures, most of which she had cut out of periodicals, and she began at once to add to the number. Then she grouped the pictures according to subject, and placed each group in an envelope. Whenever she told a story she selected a picture to illustrate it.

One day when the story hour came round the pictures pinned to a screen. Some of the mother used only one picture as material for a short story. At other times a group of related pictures helped her to tell a longer and more difficult tale. For example, in one group the first picture showed a grove of sugar maples, the second showed men tapping the trees, the third showed others boiling down the sap and the fourth and last picture was that of two children sharing a piece of maple sugar. Almost any child would be eager to hear a story so suggested.

As the children grew older their mother encouraged them to add to the collection pictures in which they told story-telling possibilities, and to tell themselves the stories that the pictures suggested to them.

Octopuses numbering more than 5,000 were landed during a recent week by the fishermen of Northern France.

Out of 1,948 persons who travelled through a part of Russia in a refugee train, 1,299 died during the journey.

## Stories of Famous People

There were many quiet features about the marriage of Princess Marie of Rumania to King Alexander of Jugoslavia. The ceremony took place in Belgrade on June 8th, and all the old customs were observed.

There were no bridesmaids, but hundreds of young girls, dressed in white, formed a guard of honor at the Cathedral. Fine linen-carves, originally intended to decorate their horses' necks, were presented to the guests, a particularly fine specimen being reserved for the Duke of York, who acted as best man.

On her return from church, the bride stepped over a briar of cloth hung between the gateposts. This presented crossing the most and her entry into a new life. Then she took a sieve of wheat and sugar, which she threw in handfuls into the corners of the courtyard. The old custom is for but those of the Palace are too high for this. The new queen then approached the Palace, carrying bread and wine, and her final duty was to embrace a child to whom she gave a garment which she herself had made.

Field-Marshal Earl Haig tells the story of a regiment that was about to be inspected by a certain general. The latter was very particular that the officer commanding companies should know the names of the men in their units, and also where they came from.

When the regiment was drawn up in parade, and before the arrival of the inspecting officer, the captain of one company addressed his men as follows:

"Now, men, as you know, I am away a good deal and I do not know all your names, or where each one of you belongs to, but whatever I tell the general, mind, no contradiction!"

The general at length arrived, and as he passed down the lines he stopped before a man, and said to the captain: "This is a smart-looking fellow. What is his name?"

"Jones, sir."

"Where does he come from?"

"Devon, sir."

"Ah, I'm a Devonshire man myself. Fine country, Devon? Is it not, Private Jones?" said the general.

Private Jones looked startled for a moment, and then replied, heartily: "Beastly, an' there isn't a finer country in the world, yer honor!"

"Excuse me, I am I near the Wounded Soldiers Institute?" asked a blind veteran of a passing pedestrian as he tapped his way along the sidewalk in Paris. "I've only been there twice, and I'm not quite sure of the way."

"You are close to it now, let me take you," came the reply.

"Asking at the door, the guide said to the janitor: "Kindly take this man to the section for the blind."

"Take him yourself," growled the janitor. "Under the archway on the other side of the courtyard."

The civilian did so, but on the way out addressed the janitor, again: "Couldn't you be a little more obliging to the blind?" he asked gently.

"There are too many, and I haven't the time," was the surly response.

"It seems to me it is your duty to help them," said the other. "I can find Lino—and I am Marshal Poch."

## BORN WITH ALL LIFE LESSONS LEARNED

### ALMOST EVERY CHILD OF LOWER ANIMALS.

### Henri Fabre, Eminent French Scientist, Gives Some Interesting Examples.

When we pass, in the animal kingdom, from brainless types, such as polyps and star-fishes, to creatures of higher degree, like crabs and ants and spiders, we find ourselves in a new world. There are still many instances of the old, almost automatic "answer-back" illustrated when a sea-anemone's tentacles close on the food, but there is a new kind of behavior, much more complicated, which is called instinctive.

In almost every case the young of the lower animals come into the world with their life lesson learned. Some creatures, however, seem to disprove the rule. Baby seals, for instance, cannot swim.

When a shore-crab is carried over the beach and then laid down, it makes for the sea in its own peculiar sideways fashion. Light and wind and slope seem to have no effect; it makes for the moisture of the sea. This is probably the outcome of an ingrained "answer-back" to certain messages from the outside world, but it is on the border line of instinctive.

When a worker bee, coming out of the hive for the first time, flies to a flower which it has never seen before, and tucks it deftly, collecting pollen and nectar, it illustrates instinctive behavior.

Instinctive Behavior.

An untaught lapwing may be heard saying "peew-w" from within the egg. This is its distinctive call note, and its utterance is instinctive, quite independent of instruction or imitation. Chicks reared in an incubator have the usual vocabulary. This, again, is characteristic of instinctive behavior, or practice, though it may be improved thereby.

Instinctive behavior is a complicated answer-back that has a high degree of perfection from the very first.

The mother sphecx-wasp stocks each of the cells in her nest with three or four paralyzed crickets. On the under side of one of these she fixes an egg, out of which in three or four days a delicate wormlike larva is hatched. This tiny creature hovers a hole through the cricket's armor, makes its way into the paralyzed body, and proceeds to devour its tissues. In a week or so, having exhausted the food supply, it goes out by the aperture by which it entered, and proceeds to enjoy another cricket. In about twelve days it has stripped its larder. Its behavior is strikingly instinctive.

In the strict sense, birds do not learn to fly, though their enormous capacity of flying is improved by experience. An experimenter put five unfledged swallows in a small box with a wire front, and hung it near the nest. The parents fed the offspring through the wires, and the young birds thrived as usual. They were set free, one after another. Two of them were perceptibly wavering and unsteady, but two were not effective from the first. But even the least endowed few ninety yards right away, and none of them floundered. In a subsequent experiment one of the newly fledged, none of the liberated birds performed, almost at once, magnificent evolutions over the trees. All this was performance without practice, for the swallows had not been able even to extend their wings in their narrow prison.

Fabre's Experiments.

We shall take two or three instances of instinct from the works of the great entomologist, Henri Fabre.

Pictorial, writes the French scientist, the ringed calceogrus wasp, which first stings its captured spider near the mouth, thereby paralyzing the poison laws, and then, safe from being bitten, drives in its poison needle with perfect persistence at the thinnest part of the spider's armor between the fourth pair of legs.

Locking in another direction, what can we say of the mother of the Haliictus bee family, who, after prolonged maternal labors, becomes in her old age the portress of the establishment, shutting the door with her bald head when intrusive strangers appear, opening it by drawing aside when any member of the household arrives on the scene.

The solitary digger wasp is wont to drag caterpillars to the larval cell, she collects for her young. The victim must be made inert, but it must not be killed. The wasp first and quickly stings the caterpillar in the three nerve centres of the thorax; she does the same less hurriedly for the head, producing a permanent paralysis. This phastly but wonderful manifestation of instinct requires no apprenticeship; it is perfect from the first.

It is perfect from the first. It expresses an irresistible inborn impulsion, at once untaught and unteachable. The acts look like intelligence, but disturb the routine and the difference becomes at once apparent. To instinct everything within routine is easy; but the least step outside is difficult.

Intelligence Aids Instinct.

When the sphecx wasp catches its cricket it stings it, usually three times, in three different strategic points in that the cricket is incapable of movement, but remains alive until the larva of the sphecx is ready to devour it. When the sphecx has stung the cricket it grips it by the antenna and drags it or flies with it to the mouth of the burrow. There it lays it down and proceeds to inspect the burrow to see that everything is as it should be. If everything is in order, it comes up again and drags the cricket with it, going in backward.

The interesting experiment that Fabre made was making the cricket walk to the sphecx was making its inspection of the burrow. The sphecx, coming up, was apparently agitated by the disappearance of its captive, and sought for it energetically. Having found it, the sphecx drew it a second time to the mouth of the burrow, laid it down again, and proceeded to inspect it fresh. This routine was repeated no fewer than forty times in succession, and always in a great order, is evidently strong. Although the burrow had been so often inspected, the sphecx had not again when it brought its captive cricket once more to the burrow.

Fabre's experiment certainly shows how thoroughly an instinct may become the slave of routine. On the other hand, there are details in the search for the stolen cricket, a variation from the usual routine. There was more over, an incidental experiment made by Fabre. On one occasion he substituted for the paralyzed cricket another specimen which had not been stung. When the sphecx came to drag it in, the cricket naturally resisted, and there was a keen struggle. It did not last long, however, for the sphecx soon leaped on its victim and stung it twice. It is possible that intelligence took the reels at the critical moment. In any case the sphecx wasp showed itself to be something more than an automatic machine.

Interesting Items.

Genius can walk alone, talent needs help.

There are 150,692 miles of roads in England.

It takes a lot of piety to stand up against prosperity.

The Philippines number some 3,141 islands and islets.

The Vatican at Rome is the most extensive place in the world.

Trinity College, Oxford, England, was founded in 1299.

Persia is supposed to be the home of the grape vine.

The opportunity of a lifetime must be seized during the lifetime of the opportunity.

To distrust yourself is to much is weak, but to be too self-complacent is stupid.

Common house-flies have been proved to mate as much as six miles in one day.

The nightingale's song may be heard at a distance of a mile on a calm night.

There are 842 languages and dialects in use among the blacks of Africa.

A device to spray clothes with a soap solution has been invented to make home washing easier.

Bees about half the size of our stings, are to be found in Australia.

Birds reared from an aeroplane at a height of ten thousand feet appeared to be overcome by the cold and the thinness of the atmosphere. Cranes and geese, the birds that fly at the greatest height during migration, usually travel at an altitude of about three thousand feet, but a skylark has been met at a height of six thousand feet.

Apparently well-authenticated stories of fish falling with rain have been current for a great many years. In a review of the subject an authority in ornithology accounts for the phenomenon as caused by high winds, whirlwinds and waterspouts, which could easily draw up schools of small fish that were swimming near the surface of lake or ocean and later distribute them as the lifting force of the winds abate.

Before driving a nail into the wall, dip it into hot water, and it will not crack the plaster.

A man is made of good stuff if he can take a beating in a fair fight and not complain.

## WEEDS COVER UNMARKED SPOT WHERE WORLD WAR WAS ENDED

An American friend came to see me a few days ago, writes a Paris correspondent. He had just come back from Compiegne and had vainly tried to find out in the big forest the exact spot where on November 11, 1918, Foch had signed the armistice.

"Nobody," he said, "could indicate the place to me. That is worse, the coachman and the motor-car drivers in Compiegne seem never to have even heard of it."

I decided to see this for myself, and took the train on the following morning. My American friend was right. When at the station of Compiegne I jumped into a car and ordered the driver to "take me to the armistice place." He seemed bewildered and sought information from a notable citizen of the town. The notable citizen himself sought information from two other notable inhabitants. Finally, I was taken through the forest to a silent, quiet, shady crossroad, where a signpost bore in very small characters the following inscription:

"ARMISTICE CROSSROAD"

Fortunately I had asked for precise indications at the headquarters of Marshal Foch, and I was soon able to find the exact spot I was looking for. It was a small glade, situated about three hundred yards from the crossroad.

Two railroad tracks, overgrown with grass, were still there. Near one of the tracks an old broken-down post had been nailed against a tree, on which was written:

"TRAIN OF MARSHAL FOCH"

Near another track another poster, fastened on another tree, bore the following indication:

"TRAIN OF GERMAN DELEGATES"

The whole historical scene of the signature of the armistice, which Foch had described to me so many times, could not be reconstructed. Along one track was the special train of Foch. Along the other track was the special train of the German plenipotentiaries.

On November 8, 1918, at 11 a.m., Foch was waiting in his car, when the arrival of the Germans was announced. The door opened and Erzberger entered first. Then came General von Winterfeldt, then the others. There were no greetings, no presentations, no handshakings.

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