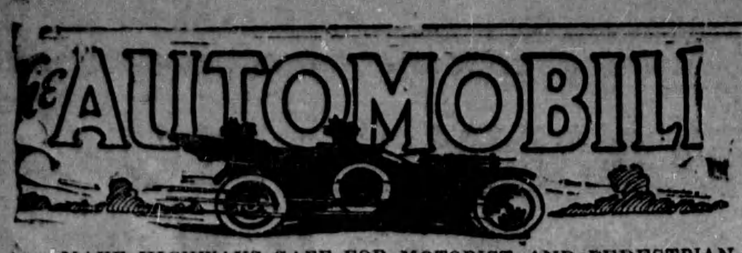


MAKE HIGHWAYS SAFE FOR MOTORIST AND PEDESTRIAN.

The latest figures on automobile accidents for the last year indicate that the number of victims is on the increase. Consequently it is high time that some resolutions be put into effect which will decidedly lessen this slaughter of human lives.

For the pedestrian I suggest the following resolution:

"In 1924 I will be thoughtful as I amble along the public thoroughfare. I will carefully observe traffic rules that have been passed in the interest of my safety. I will co-operate with motorists. I will watch street cars and stand in the safety zone when waiting for them. I will keep to the right and avoid jay walking."

RESOLUTION BY MOTORIST.

Then let the motorist resolve as follows: "I will think ahead. I will observe signals. I will co-operate with pedestrians. I will demonstrate my ability to drive skillfully before operating a car in traffic. I will keep the mechanical features of my machine in good working order."

If the public, both pedestrians and motorists, would make such resolutions for 1924 and, taking them seriously, would really try to carry them out, many thousands of homes would be spared the sadness such as has been brought about in the past by automobile accidents.

Municipalities also have some responsibilities in this matter. Ordinances can be passed for 1924 which will help the people in carrying out their resolutions. Some very good results along this line have been accomplished by the Bureau of Safety of New York City. This bureau has been inspecting brakes of cars to see if the owners have complied with the local regulations.

The bureau has just closed its first year's work, and during the last twelve months 73,635 motor vehicles on the streets have been inspected. Of this number 10,517 had one defective brake, and the drivers were required to report back with the defective brake fixed for re-inspection. In 2,239 cases both brakes were defective and the drivers were fined, the penalty usually being $25.

INSPECTION OF BRAKES.

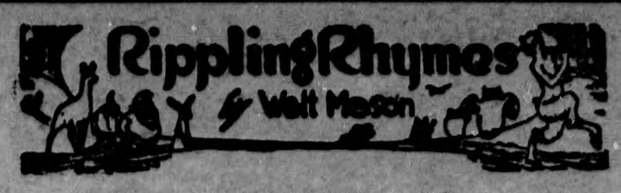
A brake inspection squad of ten policemen has accomplished this work. They were told to stop drivers of cars, particularly of the heavy type, make running tests of brakes and steering gears, and, if found faulty, to see that they were put in good condition.

Their method is first to signal an approaching truck or other motor vehicle to stop. One man gets on the seat of the car by the driver, and, under his instructions, the driver will proceed to start and stop, the patrolman making a note of the distance it takes the car to stop under various speeds.

At a speed of 10 miles an hour a car, to pass the test, must stop within 9 feet; at 15 miles, within 20 feet; at 20 miles, within 37 feet, and at 25 miles an hour within 58 feet. This test is made with both the foot and the emergency brakes, and if either brake will not stop within these distances at the speed indicated the brake is considered defective.

This is only an indication of the sort of activities municipalities can interest themselves in if they are really anxious to protect their citizens from accidents. There are numerous others that might be incorporated in the New Year's resolutions of the municipal officials which will take care of those people who haven't enough interest in public safety to cooperate willingly.

A combination of care and cooperation by motorists, pedestrians and community officials will greatly reduce motor accidents in 1924. Here is a triangle of power that should get into action at once.



FOUR LEGS

The good old horse I used to drive! I sometimes wish he were alive; he something lacked of pep and power, he hit up seven miles an hour. He had his faults, I must allow; but so has every sheep and cow. He'd sometimes cut up monkey shines, and wrap his tail around the lines, and use his feet, with iron soles, to kick the dashboard full of holes, and driven batty by the flies, he'd grip the bit and close his eyes and try to climb a barbed wire fence, an animal bereft of sense. But taking Dobbin pro and con, I'm sometimes sorry that he's gone; when my old bus is full of bugs, with fantods in the sparking plugs, when tires blow out or strings break down, some forty-seven leagues from town; when I am stalled for lack of gas, a long night in the rain to pass; King Richard's plaint I then indorse: "My ten cent kingdom for a horse!" When motorcycle cops draw near and tell me that I must appear before the jurist and explain why I was pushing my old wain some sixty parasangs or so, where thirty is the clip to go, I cry aloud in my remorse, "My crown and sceptre for a horse!" When reckless drivers hit my car and from its bearings knock the tar, and I am knocked about a verst, so that my pink suspenders burst, I cry aloud, amid the gorse, "My silver corkscrew for a horse!"

Tree Doom.

To draw sweet sustenance from the earth
Without devouring meat that's slain;
With casing bark to fit one's girth
And stand unhoused in wind, sun, rain,—
To have waved leaves instead of hair
And a green color for a face;
Never to move through life elsewhere
But root forever in one place.
O, what a strange life there must be
In a broad, earth-rooted tree!

And yet, men say, when stricken sore,
Trees shiver a space just as they're felled;
A sentinence sweeps their inmost core
That by their downward rush is quelled—
As if, from base to crown, they tried
To walk but once before they died!

—Harry Kemp.

Two Causes.

"I say, Tom, are you troubled with sleeplessness?"

"I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours,' replied Tom.

"I pity you, then," remarked Bill. "I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now for about two years. The doctor calls it "neurio insomnia paralaxitis.' "

Tom grunted, and said:—

"I've had it about six months; but we call it a baby."

Family Pride.

"You should always be clean in your person," wrote one boy, upon the subject of personal hygiene, "specially on gymnasium days, because if you broke your leg or anything you wouldn't want your family disgraced all over the town by an unclean skin."

Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

Gardens and the Things That Grow in Gardens.

Gardens and the things that grow in gardens,
I like them all!
In summer, peas and beans, and cantaloupes
And squash in fall.

Gardens and the folks that work in gardens,
They are my friends.
Along some garden walk I visit and I talk,
Till autumn ends.

And when it's wintertime I read
A catalogue of garden seed.

Keep Your Checks.

A school teacher had found her class of boys reluctant in their writing of English compositions. At last she conceived a great idea to stimulate their interest—to write an account of a ball game.

It seemed that she was successful. With one exception, the boys threw themselves at the task and evolved youthful masterpieces. The backward one chewed reluctantly at his pen and was struck by a burst of genius. When the teacher opened his paper, it read:

"Rain—no game.'

Looked Like It.

The Waif—"Say, Mr. Pouter Pigeon, did you swallow a toy balloon?"

Sailors' Sixth Sense.

The Board of Trade inquiry now being held in London into the circumstances of the loss of the ill-fated Trevessa has given another opportunity for the retelling of one of the greatest epics of the sea.

That amazing "sixth" sense which enabled forty-four men to navigate two small boats for nearly 2,000 miles over the Indian Ocean is something few landsmen appreciate.

Sea instinct is a reality. A sailor can feel his ship under him like a living thing. He knows its mood, even when he is asleep in his bunk. He can tell by the feel of the deck under his feet if the cargo is stowed properly and the weight equally distributed.

He may not be an expert stevedore, and he knows nothing about metacentric height, but he has an instinct for these things.

Another important factor in the sailor's sixth sense is the smell of a vessel. As soon as he goes on board he can tell by her smell whether she is a good or bad ship. But he cannot describe the difference in these smells.

Although all the complicated navigation instruments of the modern liner threaten to kill his sixth sense, the sailor still retains his strange sensitiveness, and when he retires from his hard profession the old salt becomes a human barometer and can foretell the approach of wind, rain, or snow long before the Meteorological Office knows anything about them.

For the life he leads the sailor has to be made of very tough stuff, but underneath his rough hide he always remains a child of nature, a strangely sentient creature, with the warmest and most responsive heart in the world.

Amuses the Horses.

He was a raw recruit, just enrolled in a crack cavalry regiment, and was paying his first visit to the riding school.

"Here's your horse," said the instructor.

The recruit advanced, took the bridle gingerly, and examined his mount with great care.

"What's it got this strap around it for?" he asked, pointing to the girth.

"Well," explained the instructor, solemnly, "you see, all our horses have a keen sense of humor, and as they sometimes have sudden fits of laughter when they see the recrlits trying to ride, we put bands around them to keep them from busting their sides!"

A Thick Skin Indeed.

A young travelling salesman in England was on his first trip to get orders. At Plymouth, says Mr. G. B. Burgin in Many Memories, he met an old commercial traveler, who expressed his interest in the young man and asked him how he had fared.

'Badly," the young man replied. "I was insulted in every place I visited."

"That is strange," said the old traveler, "I have been on the road forty years; I have had my samples flung into the street; I have been taken by the scuff of the neck and pitched downstairs; I don't deny that I have been rolled in the gutter; but insulted—never!"

Winter Beauty.

In June the proud and treasty conscious earth
Enriches fallow fields with petalled gold,
Resets old bowlder gems in rings of ferns
And spends, nor counts her wealth.

When pride is overcome by winter's dearth,
Preoccupied in guarding life from cold,
Earth does not heed when beauty's ghost returns
And fills her hand by stealth.

On her at night the full orbed moon bestows
Iced pools that mirror back a dim reflection.
Gaunt shadowed symmetry of leaf and weed,
Frost arabesques of lace.

She wears the vast enchantment of the snows,
Rayed wheels and silver stars of brief perfection.
Bleached silken grasses, patterns of wind strewn seed
With all unconscious grace.

—Marie Emilie Gilchrist.

Elizabeth Wins.

What is the favorite name among the girls of to-day?

A census of girl students at the famous Wellesley College, Boston, Massachusetts, has disclosed, somewhat to the surprise of the authorities, that "Elizabeth" now heads the list, and that, of a class numbering 403, there are twenty-six girls of that name.

Other names and the number of those who bear them include: Dorothy, 20; Mary, 18; Katherine, 18; Eleanor, 17; Marion, 16; Helen, 15; Margaret, 15; Louise, 12; Ruth, 11; Frances, 11; Alice, 10; Rhoda, 3; Dorothea, 2; Juliet, 2.

Quite Safe.

A little girl went to see her grandmother, who was particular about spiritual affairs.

"My dear, I hope you say your prayers every night before going to bed?" said the old lady.

"No, gran'ma," replied the youngster.

"Why, my dear! Aren't you afraid to go to bed without asking that the good angels shall watch over you during the darkness of night?"

"No, gran'ma. I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

Couldn't Possibly Have as Much

Friend—"But, my dear, your husband probably has more sense than you think."

Wife (grudgingly)—"Well, that may be; but he couldn't possibly have as much as he thinks."

My Radio.

When earth is iron hard with frost
And skies portending snow,
I love to sit beside the fire
And hear my radio.
It tells me of the barren wastes
Where summer never smiles,
Alaska's frozen hills of gold,
The gray Aleutian Isles.

No station do I have to call
Nor to a wave length tune,
But I can listen to the pines
Along the Mohawk croon.
The rush of icy Arctic seas
Where terrible and white,
The bergs are moving crowned with rays,
Sapphire and chrysolite.

No agriograms break in upon
The monologues that speak
Of snowy plain and frigid lake,
And still unconquered peak,
No static trouble stops glissades
Or blurs arpeggias,
My radio's the winter wind
That down the chimney blows.

—Minna Irving.

Not to be Spelled.

He had just obtained a job at some railway works.

"What's your name?" asked the timekeeper.

"Patrick Cahill," was the reply.

"How do you spell it?" inquired the other.

The Irishman scratched his head thoughtfully. "Indade, an' Oi don't know, sorr," he said. "Oi never shpelt it, an' me father he never shpelt it either. Faith an' Oi don't think it was ever intended to be shpelt at all. Put it down without shpellin', sorr."

Small Sailor.

Robert lived in the country and had never seen a sailor.

"Papa," he said one day, "sailors must be very small men."

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Because," answered Robert, "I read in the paper about one who went to sleep on his watch."

Why, Indeed.

Willie—"Mamma, will you answer just one more question? Then I won't bother you any more."

Mother—"All right, then. What is it?"

Willie—"Why is it that the little fishes don't drown before they learn to swim?",

A Cure by Proxy.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in some milk."

Location of Florence.

Old Lady—"I want a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Clerk (after searching in vain for ten minutes)—"Where the deuce is Florence?"

Old Lady — "Sitting over there on the seat"

A Good Answer.

Condescending Lady (to her partner)—"My husband is very jealous, so I only dance with exceedingly plain people."

The Partner—"It's a good system; I follow it."

Emphasizing the Plate.

"How lovingly she regards her table silver."

"Contem-plates it, I'd say."

Jail Can't Cure Them, Doctors Can

By Edward H. Smith.

Doctors are now treating and curing diseases and disorders of the brain. This is the overshadowing news of the world of medicine. What this means to the ten-billion-a-year crime problem is beyond immediate grasp, says a New York magazine. Its importance to all mankind is incalculable.

It is almost childish now to repeat that something is wrong with the mind of every criminal. Men do not break laws for the protection of men, and in the face of almost certain detection and fearful punishment, unless they are abnormal in some respect. But if abnormalities amounting to some forms of actual insanity can now be definitely cured, and if the next ten years are likely to bring forth advances undreamed of to-day, it begins to look as if the criminal problem might have to be taken out of the hands of the police and the lawyers and put into the hands of the doctors. And the medical men will do a much better job.

The small beginnings of this change are already to be seen in the treatment of emotionally instable types by Dr. Schlapp and other endocrinologists. Dr. Schlapp's clinic at the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, New York, is already taking care of a number of these unfortunates, sent from the courts for treatment. The treatment of emotional instability through the medication of the glands is further advanced and better understood to-day than any other medicinal or surgical treatment for criminals and abnormals. The first attack on the old system will come from this quarter.

The Root of Evil.

Emotional instability based on gland derangements afflicts some of the finest and rarest minds among men. The most sensitive and delicately tuned natures, the men and women who should do the world's exceptional work, are often its victims. Some of them wind up their days in prison, while men say: "He is a brilliant man; a genius. What a pity he isn't straight!"

"Twenty years ago," Dr. Schlapp told me in an interview, "the very name endocrine did not exist and men had not yet guessed the secrets of the glands. But to-day our knowledge of the endocrines and of their influence upon every function of the nervous system promises to revolutionize our whole understanding of human behavior.

"We know now that many men commit crimes because their thyroid glands or other glands are out of order. It is now certain that these glands control the activities of our nerves altogether, including the workings of our brains.

"This means that science has brought the matter of human conduct or misconduct down to a physiological and even to a chemical basis. Men do not err because they are evil, but because of chemical disturbances in that marvellously intricate machine, the human body. It would be going too far to say that we understand the treatment of all criminals to-day, but we do know how to restore some to normal and useful life.

"For the present we must not fail to recognize that there are many dangerous and rapacious criminals who must be locked up for the safety of society, even though we know that they are the victims of diseases we are only now beginning to understand. But there are many others who can be cured and ought to be treated. Prison only makes them worse and makes them a burden to the State, whereas they can be transformed into productive units, into assets. And there will come a day when medicine will no doubt relieve the dangerous men whom we must now cage in our own defense."

The man in the street naturally wants to know whether this is all promise or whether, in his terminology, there's something to it. Has it been tested and proved? It has, and the stories of some of these cases are genuine romances.

A young New Yorker of the sensitive type was called to arms in the late war, but never actually went under fire. Nevertheless he had been subjected to long suspense and anxiety, which were heightened in ill effect by the fact that he was the only child of a poor widowed mother, totally dependent on him. He came back worried and harried, and was given a position in a Wall Street broker's office.

The strain continued, for the pay was small, the mother in bad health. The element of worry was never absent from the boy's mind. A hardier type would not have been affected. But this boy was fine, of spotless reputation, devoted to his mother, and too intense.

It happened that an older employee of the same brokerage house made a chum of this young man and soon tempted him. He had a tip that a certain stock would go skyrocketing and make big profits. All the boy needed to do was to take a little of his firm's money and plunge. He could replace it in a few days and be prosperous. The boy was horrified at the suggestion and shunned his tormenter. The intellectual centers of his brain kept advising him against a false step, but the emotional side kept whipping him on. And the emotions won, for the boy was already weakened by strain and worry. He took a small amount of money, gambled in the stock, and lost.

He grew thin and haggard. A virtuous concept leaped into his mind. He rushed off in an emotional storm and confessed to his employers. They recognized that the young man was anything but a criminal and made an arrangement to let him pay back the loss.

The young clerk was delighted, but it was not long before his increased poverty began to cramp him worse than ever. He began to brood anew, wondering what he could do to discharge the debt and increase his income. He saw accounts of successful holdups in the newspapers. The idea struck him that he might get the money for his needs by some such crime.

One morning, after a sleepless night, the boy put a gun into his pocket and started out aimlessly, with the rather loose idea in his mind that opportunity might come his way. He passed a machine shop and picked up a piece of pipe, again without knowing what he intended doing with it. He had not eaten the night before and had had no breakfast that morning. He paused before a jeweler's window. He stood hesitantly in the doorway, with a resolve half formed. Then the telephone bell rang, and the jeweler walked to the rear of the store to answer. The young man slipped into the shop and knocked him down with the pipe.

As he saw the man fall, all control left the boy. He made no attempt either to rob the store or to flee, and he was arrested.

Now, it is perfectly easy for the cynical to say that the boy simply committed a premeditated assault, but lost his nerve at the sight of a falling man. But how explain such premeritation in a boy of timid, sensitive character? Dr. Schlapp found that the chemical balance of the boy's blood was badly disturbed, that there was too much thyroid hormone (a hormone is a stimulating substance formed in one organ and carried to another), and that he was overworried and undernourished. Treatment restored him to normal health, and he has been efficient and trustworthy for several years.

There's a murderer now serving a life sentence in Sing Sing, a young Jew of the modern type. He had fallen in love with a young orthodox Jewess. Both were well educated, well reared, and exceptional intellectually. The girl's orthodox father forbade the attentions of the young man, as he had fallen away from the strict faith, and was considered a goy.

Immediately there was a change in the young man. He began to worry and brood. He lost his job for inattention. He wandered aimlessly about the streets trying to find another, but lacking the resolution to enter offices.

Finally there was a secret reconciliation, and the boy at once grew better, but the young woman's father discovered a tryst of the lovers and demanded of his daughter that she renounce her lover forever. The girl yielded.

The young man tried to give her up and forget, but he was already emotionally disturbed, and the task demanded a will he was no longer able to command.

Stronger Than Love.

Finally he resolved on suicide, went to New Jersey, bought a revolver, and went home to end his life. But desire to see the girl and bid her farewell overcame him. He saw her coming down the street, ran out, pleaded in an irrational manner, smiled happily when she seemed to humor him, bought her a drink in a soda shop, and started to walk with her again. She was nervous lest she be seen on the street with him and the fact be reported to her father, so she proposed that they enter the park. A strange rage seized him. He whipped out the revolver and emptied it into the girl's body. Then he turned it on himself, but it was empty. He had to be dragged away from his beloved victim and to his cell.

Medical testimony and influential legal aid saved the man from the electric chair, but the law refused to recognize the case even as insanity and sent the red-handed lover to prison for life. He is still in Sing Sing, a quiet, helpful, broken man who teaches the other prisoners in their pitiful school and says some sort of prayer at night to a photograph of the girl.

Examination showed, of course, a highly advanced state of emotional instability and gland derangement, which can be treated as surely and definitely as malaria or dyspepsia.

The great truth seems to be that there are countless human beings who are ill adapted to their environment and the stresses and struggles of life. They need both medication of the glands and some sort of social cure and guidance. Nothing of the sort is provided for them now, and they become criminals. These people form the one-third of our great crime-committing class which can be cured with such medical weapons as are already known and tested. Dr. Schlapp alone has made fifteen thousand experiments with such types, and other specialists have been making many thousands more.

One of these days our legislators are going to build larger hospitals and smaller prisons.—Colliers.