THE AUTOMOBILE

MANY TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS LAID TO PEDESTRIANS.

The poor pedestrian—how he is imposed upon by motorists—according to the general notion. Whenever there is a motor accident and somebody on foot is injured folks just naturally take it for granted that the fellow who was driving the car was to blame.

As a matter of fact, there is just about as much chance that the pedestrian was at fault as that the driver made a mistake. It is about a fifty-fifty proposition—with a slight margin in favor of the driver as the less reckless of the two.

At any rate, that is what they found out in one city after a careful investigation of a year's accident statistics. When all the figures were in and the adding machine had done its stuff it was discovered that 54 per cent. of the automobile accidents were caused by the carelessness of pedestrians and 46 per cent. were due to the fault of the drivers.

Let those who walk digest these statistics and get busy picking the motes out of their own eyes before they undertake the job of casting the beams out of their brother motorists' eyes.

Another fallacy which seems to obtain in the mind of the pedestrian is found in the assumption that he owns the streets, or at least has some superior claim to these public thoroughfares. But they are public thoroughfares. They belong to the public, which is made up of pedestrians, motorists and a few others—very few.

EQUAL DIVISION OF RIGHTS.

Consequently, the motorist has as much right on the public highway as the walker—no more, no less. The one has as much obligation to be careful while on this common property as the other. In spite of this fact, the crowd often gives the pedestrian all the advantage of the doubt if there is an accident. The courts sometimes do the same.

This is probably due to the conditions that obtain. The walker is doubtless more often the injured party in an accident. He is seen under the car suffering. The ambulance arrives and he is carted to the hospital. People say "Poor fellow!" They look at the driver seated comfortably in his car and jump to the conclusion "There is the criminal who did the damage!" Yet the entire fault may have been on the part of the pedestrian. We are naturally sympathetic with the person who appears to be getting the worst of a deal.

Right here let us consider the jaywalker. He is a menace to the whole automotive situation. It is stated that 85 per cent. of the people killed on the highway are jaywalkers. The most reckless motorist hardly has anything on the jaywalkers when it comes to possible automobile accidents. And the most careful driver can at times hardly avoid running down this nuisance to society.

The jaywalker who takes awful chances on our public highways ought to be arrested for his own safety. He should be treated with the same consideration that should be dealt out to a reckless driver. This pedestrian who frequently takes his life in his hands, refusing to abide by carefully worked traffic regulations, ought to be ostracized from civilized society. He not only puts his own life in jeopardy, but also the lives of others, for many accidents have happened to innocent people when cars have been wrecked and people have been run down as careful drivers undertook to avoid hitting jaywalkers.

CAUTION ADDS TO SAFETY.

Fortunately there are many pedestrians who have a sense of self-preservation and respect for traffic rules. They are in the large majority. They recognize the dangers of auto-filled streets and act accordingly. They believe it is better to play safe and continue life and the pursuit of happiness rather than to assert their right to the road, especially when that particular part of the road is very apt to be occupied immediately by an oncoming automobile, and when to assert that right is likely to mean another job for the undertaker.

The peculiar thing about this whole problem is that there are really no two classes, pedestrians and motorists. Practically every pedestrian is at times the occupant of an automobile and every motorist is at times a walker.

The problem, therefore, should be easily solved. Let pedestrians amble cautiously, recognizing the rights he enjoys as a motorist and as a motorist let him drive carefully, appreciating the rights he enjoys when on foot. Here is an ideal place for the Golden Rule to function.

The House of Fallen Leaves.

So he came at last to the House
  Of Fallen Leaves;
There was rustle of aspen boughs
  About the eaves,
And a drooping stook stood near
  Of withered sheaves.

The vacant windows gaped
  And mowed at him;
There were faces weirdly shaped
  In the aspen limb,
And he saw an open door
  And a room half dim.

The walls were tattered and grime
  Lay along the floor;
A dumb clock told of a time
  That would come no more;
Then something drew him in
  At the open door.

And a hollow voice cried out:
  "This is your past!"
And he gazed and groped about,
  Amazed, aghast;
And forth he fled from that house
  With no look back cast.

The future beckons and beams;
  His sight perceives
Irradiant golden dreams
  Of love's golden sheaves,
But he cannot forget the House
  Of Fallen Leaves.

—Clinton Scollard.

Fat But Not Stupid.

The stout old lady was struggling valiantly, but against odds of some 200 pounds, to mount the high step of the waiting jitney. "Come along, ma," urged the conductor. "If they had given you more yeast when you was a gal, you'd be able to rise better." "Yes, young man," she retorted, as at last she hoisted herself triumphantly up. "And if they'd given you a bit more yeast you'd be better bred."

Thoroughly Modern.

Landlord (pleasingly, at doorway)—"Well, how do you like your new quarters?"

Tenant (gazing sadly around)—"I should hardly call them quarters. Why not say eighths?"

CANADA IS THE LAND OF WINTER SPORTS

Canada is the winter playground of North America. Blessed with an equitable climate and all the natural facilities for the enjoyment of winter, Canada is able to offer to her citizens and visitors a variety of winter sports to be found nowhere else in the world. Skiing, snowshoeing, ice boating, curling, skating, ice hockey and tobogganing are but a few of the sports which can be enjoyed in Canada in winter. Highland Inn, a winter resort which compares favorably with anything to be found in Switzerland, is operated in Algonquin Park, Ontario, by the Canadian National Railways, and the same system serves all the important towns and cities where winter sports are featured. The largest of these is Montreal, where, commencing in January, the largest winter carnival in the world will be held. The carnival concludes with a beauty contest in which will be entered the prettiest girls from all parts of Canada, each dressed in the costume of the sport in which she is most proficient.

Over the Rim.

(Chantey of the Southwestern Seas.)

When the warm wind sighs of a coral
  reef,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim,
It speaks of a land unknown to grief,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim;
Over the rim of the western sea,
Where the paths of the world are wide
  and free,
With the mainsheet taut, and a swish
  alee,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim;

Follow the drift of the flying spume,
  Follow the clear call far,
Where the twisted palms on the white
  beach loom,
  And the dream and the Dreamer are.
Where the white yawl heels to the
  steady wind,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim,
And the billowing miles slide off behind,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim;
Over the rim where the islands rise,
And the South Pacific drowsing lies,
The coral is pink as the sundown skies,
    Dream o' Mine,
    Over the Rim;

Follow the rustling South Sea Trail,
  Follow the trade wind's track,
Where the salt spray sings on the
  weather rail,
  Over the rim—and back!

—Weed Dickinson.

His Ideal.

He strolled with lovely English Maude
  Beneath the silver moon,
And heard in newly budded woods
  The nightingale in tune—
With Scottish Jean he toured the lochs,
  With Irish Nora danced,
And gazed in Spanish Lola's eyes,
  But none of these entranced.

In Venice, city of romance,
  On purple nights of stars
He floated down the Grand Canal
  To laughter and guitars,
With proud Francesca at his side—
  Her dazzling beauty bold,
Of crimson lips and dusky locks
  And lashes, left him cold.

Among the cherry trees he sat
  With geishas of Japan,
As quaintly clad as figures gay
  Upon a paper fan,
The golden girls of China, too,
  Engaged him sipping tea
In queer pagodas red and gilt—
  Still he was fancy free.

He saw the fairest of the fair
  In every land on earth,
Returned and met a flapper in
  The village of his birth,
A little freckled slangy thing,
  A saucy minx, and fell
So very hard for her, behold!
  He rang the wedding bell.

—Minna Irving.

Advertised by Wireless.

The United States is generally supposed to be the home of "stunt" advertising, but France is now challenging the supremacy of the land of the dollar in this respect.

One of the latest publicity devices to set Paris talking was the action of a French woman writer in broadcasting some pages of her latest book by wireless from an aeroplane.

Peaceful citizens with wireless sets are a little afraid of what may be the next development in radio advertising, but it is generally agreed that it can hardly be so bad as the intensive phone publicity which is now annoying all telephone subscribers.

The system of these phone "stuntists" is to ring up people unknown to them, to tell them all about the merits of whatever article is being "boomed."

Schoolboy Howlers.

Where are the kings of England crowned?—On their heads!

This was one of several of the latest schoolboy howlers related by Mr. Ludford Freeman, Director of Education for Bristol, at a luncheon the other day.

Other extracts quoted from recent examination papers were:—

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes; a pessimist looks after your feet.

The feminine of Tsar is sardine.

A circle is a line of no depth running round a dot for ever.

The chief clause in the Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death without his consent.

R.S.V.P. stands for Royal Society for Vermine Protection.

Guerilla warfare means "up to their monkey tricks."

The wife of a duke is a ducky.

Solomon had 300 wives and 700 cucumbers.

The Same Treatment.

Hiram Jones, a resident of a country village, discovered a fire in his home and endeavored to extinguish it. Being unsuccessful, he hastened to the telephone to give the alarm to the village chief:—

Hi Jones—"My house is on fire, send help."

Chief—"Is that so? Have you tried any water on it?"

Hi Jones—"Yes, I have."

Chief—"Then there ain't no need of us comin', 'cause that's what we would use."

Eagles and their allies live to a great age—100 years or even more. The youth of the golden eagle lasts ten years.

You may censure the faults of others when you have none of your own.

PEACE AFTER STORM

The motor schooner shown above was buffeted by the waves in a great storm off the Cornish coast, and finally left in the fantastic pose as the picture shows.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

IN RABBITBORO