OPEN LETTERS TO A FARMER

By Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B.

(Continued from last week)

XIII.

Youth of Pleasure, Life of Dishonesty.

Success in any sphere calls for hard work, painstaking care and a willingness to do a certain amount of drudgery. There is no line of endeavor without its disagreeable tasks. Every vocation exercises our patience. Did you ever think how much the city-bred boy is handicapped in this respect? He is not brought up to do trying things; life with him is rather a matter of enjoyment; occupations that are interesting, not too heavy nor too long, are alright for a while until they become too monotonous, and have to be gone through purely as a matter of duty. Usually, however, nothing goes very wrong while he is still a boy. A day comes, however, when his responsibilities are greater. He needs considerable income; he is married, his expenses are increasing. He has probably cultivated some expensive habits, too; he must be as good as others; his wife must dress and attend social functions; appearances must be kept up; sports had occupied a great deal of his attention and continue to do so. Everyone is going to the races and betting; some are making trips to the seaside; he and his wife must do so, too. An automobile must be had, whether there is a home mortgage or not. For one or other or all of these reasons, he simply must have money, and a good deal of it all the time. Where is it to come from? He was not trained to apply himself as, he notices, some with good incomes are doing; he cannot bring himself to do it now. There is his plight; his habits are not economical. He cannot and will not get down to steady persevering hard work. What is to be done? He looks around for opportunities offering a large return for little effort. He plans and schemes—he takes more kindly to working out schemes than to close application in the details of office or business. The schemes succeed; the big money comes in. But it is not the fruit of honest toil; it belongs to someone else or to several others. Like all profiteers, he has what he did not earn and what is not his. He needs the money, however, and decides to follow this course of procedure for the future.

There is much dishonesty in business and even among professional men. Do not suppose these people were always so. The force of circumstances has gradually drawn them into it. Had they been brought up to work, as every farm boy must work; had their expense account been as limited; had they spent as few Saturday afternoons attending baseball matches, there would have been no need of resorting to such means of getting sufficient to keep things going. Your grandchildren, should they grow up in the city, may have these temptations to face.

Conscience to the Wind.

You will admit, of course, dear farmer friend, that if you move your family to the city, your children and grandchildren will engage in the trades and business undertakings carried on there. Now, there are many lines of business altogether legitimate in themselves, carried on by methods no man with a conscience can take part in. Following from the Toronto press records the public statement of the crown attorney: "Mr. —— explained the procedure when a man called for tenders in those days to have the plumbing done in a house. The tenders had to go before the Plumbers' Association. If a dealer could show that he had formerly done the work for that man, he was instructed to put in the lowest tender. All other plumbers put in bids a little higher. After the board of the Association had determined what the price of the lowest tender should be, a percentage was added, which was for the Association. After this percentage was fixed, a certain amount was added for each of the other men who made higher tenders. In one instance, it worked out that seven other plumbers, who put in tenders, were each allowed $500 in the lowest tender for a certain contract. The Plumbers' Association was affiliated with the Plumbers' Supply Association, and the latter would not supply any plumber who was not a member of the first-mentioned body. The Plumbers' Supply Association was fined $5,000, and smaller fines of from $2,500 down to $200 were imposed on others connected therewith."

"Another combine was the Tack Combine. In one case, where a man had dared to be independent, they pressed him until he finally went to the wall, and when he turned and asked if they would buy him out after they had practically ruined his business, he was told that he could "fry in his own fat."

"Agreements signed by Mr. —— required dealers to make statutory declarations as to the price at which they would sell their goods. These prices were fixed by the Association. In one instance, a fine of $2,000 was imposed for cuting prices."

The Crown Attorney, who makes this statement, also tells us:

"The plumbers' combination, although they suffered perhaps the blunt of the punishment that was inflicted, was not any worse than, if as bad, as many of the other combinations in respect to which investigations to a certain extent took place and which were subsequently stopped."

Now, it is altogether in the course of things that one of your family, when you go to the city, may learn plumbing or some other trade. After the usual periods spent as apprentice and as journeymen, he will open a business of his own and look for contracts. Very soon, he will probably find there are no contracts coming to him unless he is a member of the combine. If he is, there is the procedure he is expected to take part in. Are you willing that should happen? But would there be any alternative unless the alternative of deciding to go out of business altogether?

You hear regularly of city business men, contractors, etc., becoming rich very quickly. You wonder how it can be done. Mere brains and hard work will not account for all those thousands and tens of thousands of dollars piled up in a short time. A man may be clever enough to devise remarkable schemes and get away with them; he may charge exorbitant rates and sell goods at prices that will yield excessive profits, but he is a thief just the same.

(To be continued).

The Death of Gordon.

(January 26th, 1885).

Of all the saddest words are said
And fraught with bitter fate
Are those that tell of Gordon's death,
When the succour come "too late."
He might have left that city doomed
And safety sought in flight,
But his duty counselled him to stay,
And honor, spotless bright.

He faced the raging Moslem host
With mien serene and calm;
Death for him no sorrows had,
He feared no earthly harm.
He knew the God on high looked down,
His fate would not fruitless be;
And, like the blood that martyrs shed,
Would yield peace and liberty.

At Omdurman in after years
The Mahdi's power was crushed;
He met the fate for Gordon planned
When his strong defence was rushed.
And Khartoum saw the flags half-mast
And heard the "Last Post" sound,
While the troops stood firm at the salute
On that famed historic ground.

—Henry A. Ashmead, I.S.M.

"Novel" Diet.

Some meals in books stand out in one's memory, particularly when one is hungry.

Who will ever forget some of the delectations in Dickens' books: That slice of beef and tankard of ale young David Copperfield had before setting out on his long journey to Prymouth, the succulent lunch on the coach-box with the Dingley-Dellites, the glorious feast provided by Mrs. Pipchin for herself, of muffins, hot and buttered, in "Dombey & Son," and so on? Every word of Dickens' books teems with food.

Then there is the sausage Becky Sharp shared with an old-time admirer in her garret when her fine gay life was far behind her. One can never forget the pathos of that solitary sausage!

Harrison Ainsworth tells of yawning game pies and barons of beef in "The Tower of London," while Sheila Kaye Smith, in one of her novels, actually makes one feel one is eating the crisp lettuce and slices of clean household bread and creamy butter one of her characters enjoys.

And those cups of tea in "Cranford." What wouldn't I give for one now!"

No windows in Persian houses are visible from the street.

DR. AND MRS. WILFRED GRENFELL, OF LABRADOR

Photographed in England with a model of one of the hospitals to be exhibited at Wembley, where Dr. Grenfell will lecture on the work of the International Grenfell Association.

Trees.

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God
There were goodly trees in the springing sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for the Lord's football;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth,
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the Gift to the Giver of Paradise.

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.

"There is no outer liberty apart from inner liberty; control of affairs is first control of self, and ungoverned passions must forever mean shipwreck of life, destruction, and death."

Whoever starts off in life with the idea, "I shall succeed," always does succeed because he does what is necessary to bring about this result. If only one opportunity presents itself to him, and if this opportunity has, as it were, only one hair on its head, he seizes it by that one hair. Further, he often brings about, unconsciously or not, propitious circumstances.--Emile Coue.

Coffee Ship's Long Range.

The old Dutch sailing vessels of days gone by were notoriously slow, blunt of bow and clumsy Their slowness was considered an advantage by importers of green coffee from the Netherlands East Indies, to America, since the effect of the confinement of the coffee beneath closed hatches was held greatly to improve its flavor. Such "sweated" coffee brought top prices in the market.

During the world war one shipment of Timor coffee is said to have taken three and a half years coming from Java to New York. It was aboard the German steamship Brisbane, which cleared from Batavia, July 4, 1914, and, fearing capture, took refuge in a harbor in Portuguese India, where it lay until Portugal joined the allies. Then Portuguese seized the vessel and turned it over to the British, who moved it to Bombay. Here the cargo was finally transhipped to the city of Adelaide, reaching New York in January, 1918, three and a half years after the coffee left Batavia.

Rusty on That Point.

Mrs. Aristah Kratt—"I understand your husband's father made his money out of old iron, Mrs. Rich."

Mrs. Lowdoun Rich—"Why—er—I really can't say—my memory's a little rusty on that point."

Explained.

After an hour's impatient wait at the theatre he hurried to a telephone and called up his wife. "You're not here yet and it was fully an hour ago you phoned me you were just starting!"

"The telephone girl shut me off before I could finish the sentence, dear," she calmly explained. "What I meant then was that I was just starting to put on my hat!"

The Automobile

A LITTLE STUDY SAVES TIME.

Most people who are looking for trouble have no difficulty in finding it. An outstanding exception to this general rule is seen in the motorist who undertakes to locate a trouble that may have developed in his engine.

Trouble will hide in a tiny piece of carbon lodged under a valve or between spark plug points or in a wire that has jarred loose, or in an interrupter point, a piston ring, a gas pipe or what not. The motorist learns early in the game that the most insignificant things are tremendously important at times.

Yet most troubles incident to operating a car may really be located quite quickly if the driver goes after them in a systematic fashion instead of wandering aimlessly about the engine and other parts, as is often the custom of the amateur owner. The hardest thing a driver has to do when the engine stops or cuts up is to eliminate the idea that he knows positively what the trouble is. Often he is sure he can fix the trouble in just about one minute and he putters around a long time before he makes up his mind that possibly after all his cock-sureness is not well founded.

HOW TO CONDUCT SEARCH.

The best way to proceed in hunting trouble is to start without any preconceived ideas as to what the trouble may be and follow a system which is in reality a process of elimination. Remember that to start a gasoline engine three things are necessary—gasoline, compression and a spark at the right time. Remember also that to keep it running it is necessary to have water for cooling unless it be an air-cooled engine, and it must have oil for lubrication.

If the engine stops on the road and pressing the starter pedal fails to start it or if one or two cylinders miss fire, the first thing to do is to get the crank out of the tool kit and crank over the engine. If, with the gears in neutral, the engine cranks over hard, it indicates a lack of lubricating oil, or a lack of water. Such a lack has allowed the engine to reach a temperature where the lubricant fails to perform its work. If the engine turns over fairly easy, it is not necessary to look for oil or water troubles.

The next test should be for compression. If the driver is not experienced and is unable to tell simply by the resistance of the starting crank whether each cylinder has compression, he should open all the petcocks except on one cylinder and turn the crank two revolutions, noting if there is a resistance of one-quarter of a revolution in the complete turns. Compression occurs only on the one stroke of the piston in the four-stroke cycle. Each cylinder should be tested in a similar manner, opening all petcocks except on the cylinder being tested. See if the compression is practically equal in all cylinders. If there are not petcocks to open, spark plugs will need to be removed instead.

TROUBLE IN EXHAUST VALVE.

If one cylinder has very weak or no compression, the trouble is apt to be in the exhaust valve. Examine the push rod to see if there is clearance between it and the valve when the valve is supposed to be closed. If there is, the valve must be lifted out and the valve and seat inspected for carbon. Sometimes a piece of carbon will lodge on the valve seat and, due to the hammering of the valve, will become fastened to the valve or seat. For temporary repair it can generally be scraped off with a knife, and the valve can be ground in on reaching the garage.

If the trouble is not in the exhaust valve, it might be in the inlet valve. In some types of engines the valve head may break off and get into the cylinder and when the piston comes up punch a hole in the piston head. A petcock may be loose so that it will jar open sufficiently to effect the compression and so cause the cylinder to miss fire. These troubles are usually confined to one cylinder and not to the whole engine.

The gasoline should be inspected next. Is there any gasoline in the bowl of the carbureter? Is there gasoline in the tank? Is the shut-off valve in the line leading to the carburetor open? Does manifold leak?

Do not adjust the carburetor. If the engine has been running, it is practically certain that the carburetor is not out of adjustment. Inspect the intake pipe or manifold. Then put a tablespoonful of gasoline in each cylinder and crank over the engine. If this runs the engine for a few revolutions the trouble is probably in the gasoline system and leaves but the spray nozzle, which may have dirt lodges in it, or the auxiliary air valve stuck, as the remaining cause of trouble.

The ignition should be inspected next. Test for a spark by taking the wire off any plug and holding its terminal within ⅛-inch of any metal part of the engine, crank the engine with the switch on. The spark should jump the gap. Are batteries run down? Are any wires loose, broken, or short-circuited? Are spark plugs clean and are points one-fiftieth of an inch apart? Are interrupter points clean and adjusted right? Do brushes make good contact? Is the distributor force the rebels to currender without clean?

Eastward With the Orient Express.

A curious, colorful, fascinating ride is that from Paris to Belgrade or Constantinople on the Orient Express. As you pass eastward you see Western Europe slipping away both within and without the railway carriages. Mr. Otis Peabody Swift, writing in Travel, tells how the change comes about as the train leaves Italy and passes into Croatia:

But as I write the train has left Zagrab and puffs on accross that great wide plain. Europe seems far away—ages and ages away. Is it weeks or years since we left the tumult of Paris, the super-civilization of Swiss hotels? Even here in the dining car everything has changed. Those tweed-clad American and English tourists have disappeared. They dropped off at Montreux and Maggiore and Milan. We lost the last of them at Venice. We miss their white collars, their immaculate baggage, the sound of English words.

The people who now fill the dining car are a dark-skinned, swarthy crew speaking wild and guttural tongues. The men have not shaved to-day, for there are no disgustingly critical Americans or Englishmen to notice and comment upon them. The Bulgarian diplomat who was so proper and conventional yesterday when in broken French he discussed reparations with the English King's Messenger has taken off his coat and collar and is sitting in pink-striped silk shirt sleeves, rolling cigarettes and eating with his fingers. He is getting home, back where he can do as he pleases again, where he need not heed the absurd conventions of Western Europe.

The two women in compartment 15-16 have emerged to-day. They are Roumanians from Bucharest — handsome lithe creatures with heavily enamelled faces, henna hair, black beaded eyelashes, expensive slinky Paris frocks, the skirts of which drag about the pointed toes of their red-heeled shoes. They are drenched with a heavy perfume that hangs almost visibly in the smoke-laden air of the stuffy car.

All windows are closed of course. Yesterday they were kept open; the Americans and English insisted on that. But to-day there are only two Americans, and they want to see these Balkan people as they are—and the Balkan people are showing them.

Men and women are drinking huge quantities of white wine, smoking endless cigarettes, chatting, laughing, squabbling noisily in myriad tongues. Yes, yesterday all these people spoke French, for there were Europeans present who must be impressed. But to-day they are getting home; the Europeans are gone; once again the brave Balkan barbarism is shutting in about them.

A Fall in Oil.

"Necessities are going up."

"But wouldn't you say there was a Fall in oil?"

Erasmus once said to Sapidus, a well-known German schoolmaster, "To be a schoolmaster is next to being a king. In the opinion of fools it is a humble task, but in fact it is the noblest of occupations."

DELEGATES FROM DOMINION, LABOR OFFICIALS AND CANADIAN NATIONAL MEN

Above are shown Canadians attending the 6th International Labor Conference, which assembled in Geneva on June 16, and held a lengthy session there. Included in this group are not only the delegates who went across from Canada expressly for the assembly, but also the Canadian officials on the staff of the International Labor Office, Geneva, and two prominent officials of the Canadian National, at present in Switzerland on the railway's business. All the Canadian delegates and advisers served on various committees. They are, from left to right, front row: W. C. Noxon, agent-general for Ontario at London, England (Canadian government adviser); W. L. Best, Ottawa, (Canadian Labor adviser); Mrs. M. P. White, Toronto; Hon. R. W. Craig, attorney-general of Manitoba (government adviser); Mrs. C. H. Thorburn, Ottawa (government delegate); Tom Moore (Labor delegate); Mrs. R. W. Craig, M. P. White, Toronto (manufacturers' delegate). Back row: P. W. Corbett, legal section, International Labor office; Mr. Manning, Canadian National Railways; W. A. Riddell, chief of agricultural section, I.L.O.; W. J. Black, European emigration commissioner, C.N.R.; D. A. Stevenson, intelligence officer, I.L.O., R. W. Macdonell, Toronto (employers' adviser) and C. H. Thorburn, Ottawa. Of the Canadian delegates, F. A. Acland is not present in the picture.