The Automobile

GIVE CARBURETOR TEST ON A HILL.

There is one certain test for the accuracy of adjustment of any carburetor, and that is to try the car on a hill. It has been adopted by many carburetor experts as the most satisfactory guide, and it also helps to reveal valve and ignition troubles.

Select a hill over which your car can pull with comparative ease if it is given the advantage of a fair start, but start the climb at as low a speed as the car will run without strain or bucking. It should run down to five miles an hour if it is a six.

Now press the accelerator all the way down to the floor, retarding the spark only if the engine labors seriously. A little clicking is normal for an engine under these conditions, and for the test this will not harm the motor. If the engine immediately starts to buck stop the car, coast back to the start and set the carburetor for a richer mixture.

Then try it again. If the engine gets right down to business, and maintains the slow speed without bucking or laboring unduly, the mixture was too lean previously. You have improved conditions, and you are justified in making the mixture a trifle richer in order to see whether it is possible to make the engine pick up when running it so slowly uphill. Before you do this, however, be sure to allow the engine to cool down a bit so that pre-ignition due to heat and carbon will be less troublesome during the climb.

If the engine pulls still better with the new adjustment you have found the right mixture. If the engine starts to buck when you are half way up the hill, or at odd, illogical moments, the indications are that the valves or ignition can also stand a little attention.

BY USING SOAP AND ONION WE GOT HOME O.K.

What is more provoking—or dangerous—than driving your car against a storm at night and with no means for wiping the wind-shield?

Recently two of us completed a 500-mile drive in an automobile. Just as we started home a mist came on us which soon turned to driving rain. That was 6 o'clock in the evening. The driver was a chemist and at the first filling station asked for a bar of glycerin soap. He made some thick suds and swabbed off the wind-shield with the lather. That mysterious film of soap, though the rain soon washed away all visible traces, remained until we reached home at 9 o'clock the following forenoon.

It was a good time to swap stories about keeping wind-shields clean. A local authority declared that half an onion, when used as a swab, is also a mystic cleaner. On another short drive since, we tried that onion theory out and it worked. It seems that onion contains picric acid—a chemical that acts much like glycerin.

So, if you are ever caught away from home in a storm (either rain or snow, remember that you can drive with safety, even though your car does not have an automatic wiper for the wind-shield, if you can get either some glycerin soap or an onion. In fact, it will be a good plan to stow an onion or a piece of soap under the rear seat right now for just such an emergency.—D. R. V. H.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa says:—

"Like looking for a needle in a haystack" is an old saying and one that is very often used as an excuse or a reason for lack of industry in discovery. If, however, the proverbial needle is of sufficient value to warrant the time and expense in finding and recovering it, the industry is fully justified.

This situation confronts many of Canada's mineral industries. Gold mining is particularly so, because the gold content of the ore is so small that only by the most efficient methods can it be recovered at a cost to warrant development.

Canada's largest gold mine, the Hollinger Consolidated, at Timmins, in Northern Ontario, in order to secure one ounce of gold, must handle 2.7 tons of ore. When it is remembered that the gold occurs in small particles, it will be appreciated how intricate the separation process must be. Last year Hollinger Consolidated mined 1,366,352 tons of ore, from which was secured 502,680 fine ounces of gold, or nearly 21 tons. In addition from this ore was produced 86,058 fine ounces of silver. The gold was valued at $10,391,324, and the silver at $55,088. The land area of the Hollinger is 560 acres, yet beneath this area there are more than 60 miles of underground workings, with electric locomotives hauling trains of trucks, and with rock crushers working 1,550 feet below the surface. There are 1,850 men employed by this mine alone underground.

Even in gold mining the forest bears a large part, the mine props at Hollinger being brought from British Columbia. These are of Douglas fir, and are 12 by 18 inches, this large size being necessary to support the enormous weight.

When all this labor and expenditure is necessary in order that from 2.7 tons of ore but one ounce of gold may be secured, truly gold is rightly classed as a precious metal.

Returned Duly Labelled.

"And the next day, I suppose, she returned the engagement ring?"

"Yes, it came by registered post in a box labelled 'Glass, with care.'"

A Ledger Fan.

"The bookkeeper is always talking shop." "Isn't he, though? Why, he actually referred to his baby's learning to walk as a trial baalnce."

Trees.

The poplar is a soldier,
  The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
  That tripped upon a green.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
  And solid, dogged worth,
The elm of quiet homesteads
  And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
  Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
  They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
  And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
  Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
  And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent and weeping,
  The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
  Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
  That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
  And the bleak Scotch fir.

—Irene Maunder.

Didn't Care for Horses.

Mrs. Aristah Kratt—"Do you care for horses, Mr. Newrich?"

Mr. N. (stiffly)—"Do I look like a hostler, Madam?"

Yes, Indeed.

Ridicule is the keenest weapon. Most of us would rather have an enemy smite us on one cheek than give us the laugh.

Even in Italy.

Cross words have now reached Italy, where they are so popular that some firms have posted up notices forbidding the solving of them in business hours.

Luck of the Navy.

The officers and men of the British Navy are known the world over for the smart appearance and cleanliness, and it was for this reason that one of the officers on board a battleship was rather disgusted at the untidy appearance of a certain midshipman.

One morning the middy strolled into the ward-room wearing a collar that was, to say the least of it, considerably soiled.

This was too much for the officer, and he decided to tackle the young man on the matter.

"Look here," he said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself coming in here with a filthy collar like that round your neck."

"Filthy, sir?" replied the offender. "I assure you this collar was washed ashore only yesterday."

"I don't doubt that," was the quiet reply. "But from which wreck?"

Who, Indeed!

A little girl, hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired:

"Who took care of the babies?"

The prospect of a good crop of city boarders in the country this summer is encouraging. Everybody will go out of town that can afford to and even some others.

FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER US

By Binet Valmer

Translated by William L. McPherson

That morning Professor Trébence, an illustrious savant with a face which seemed to be chiseled in hard oak, was gazing discontentedly on the ocean beating on the reefs of the coast.

It was January. The furze blossoms timidly lifted their heads from the ground and the sun formed a mirror in the distant foam which marked the site of the rocks which the low tide left uncovered. Ah, the unsuspected charm of Brittany!

"We must leave all this behind us, Marie," answered Trebenec. "Our vacation is over."

"Monsieur Georges will not be sorry," the servant observed.

"He doesn't understand," said the professor.

"One is of the country in which he was born," Marie concluded. "At twenty you must have been born here to love this country."

"Evidently," sighed Professor Trebenic. Then, looking away, as the Bretons do when they want to hide their feelings. "Is he up yet, M. Georges?"

Approaching the window, she added: "See! There he is on the beach looking very bored. He is not one of us—your son, Monsieur."

Professor Thebenec opened the window wide and in a voice which age has not weakened called to his adopted son:

"Georges!"

"Father?"

"Wait for me; I will join you."

When he had joined his son he put his hand on the latter's shoulder:

"My boy, I have something I want to say to you." . . .

"What a beautiful morning!" the young man broke in. "The charm of Brittany in winter time" . . .

"You don't understand at all, my boy. Last night I went into your room. The lamp was burning. You had fallen asleep and I saw clear into your mind when I noticed the pictures which lay on your pillow. So there must be some frankness between us."

"Frankness?"

"When Mme. Trebenec and I adopted you twenty years ago you were only as tall as this and now you are taller than I am. She was a mother to you and I have been a father to you."

"You know well, father, that I never could console myself for mother's death."

"Yes, you called her mother. Last night when I went into your room because the lamp was still lighted you were asleep and on your pillow were pictures of your other father and your other mother."

"I have only those photographs, father."

"And on your bed there were the three thin pamphlets which Leon Gassin published before we began to collaborate."

"The three pamphlets which contained all the ideas and all the hypotheses which constitute the glory of your joint work!"

"Who disputes it? Gassin had genius. Do you believe that I deny what I owe him? When he died, leaving you unprovided for, Mme. Trebenec did not hesitate. You had never known your mother since she died giving you birth. You became our child, although we had never had children and had not wanted to have them. But neither Mme. Trebenec nor I flinched before this duty. We deprived ourselves of everything that you might be happy. I worked for you, Georges. When I began to be well known I said to myself: 'It is for the boy!' And when I had triumphed over all obstacles, when the Academy of Medicine opened its doors to me." . . .

"You did not think of my father, Monsieur Trebenec—neither in your articles nor in your acknowledgments."

"I thought of you. Mme. Trebenec was already ill and doomed to die. I loved you, who were going to survive me."

"Who loves you with all his heart, Monsieur Trebenec."

"Who was to inherit all I had won of distinction and glory? We were not rich. Our only recreation was a month's vacation in the corner of Brittany which you never have learned to like. Here, when you played with the crabs, you had sudden attacks of homesickness. I said to Mme. Trebenec: 'He misses something!' She answered: 'It will pass.' She went away with that hope, as I would have gone, if I had not survived her—with the hope that you would some day be proud of all that I did to become what I have become—proud to bear my name. You see, my boy, when you pass the age of desire, when your life companion has left you on the way, when you face alone the inevitable departure, you look about you for the reason of all your efforts, as the peasant asks himself what is to become of the fields, the mill, the farm buildings, all the property which his rude patience has amassed. The reason is the survivor, the heir. We work, savant or peasant, for those who come after us. I am Professor Trebenec, of the Academy of Medicine and the Academy of Sciences, candidate for the French Academy. Then what happens? A beautiful funeral, the hangings of the pall. Then you can feel the great silence and you are afraid. Oblivion, Georges, is terrible. It buries you so quickly. You are my son; you will not let my struggle for glory be forgotten. You are all that is left to me. Old age is frightful, Georges. My child, don't let me be swallowed up in obscurity. I worked for you!"

His majesty of Belgium looks the king, although dressed in civilian clothes. He has rarely been photographed thus.

"Monsieur Trebenec, I promise you."

"I am your father!"

"No."

"You didn't know the other one; you were only five years old when I adopted you. You possess of him only that faded likeness in which his profile and your poor mother's profile can hardly be distinguished from each other. You are my son, my heir."

"No. I called Mme. Trebenec mother, but I had another mother. I called you father, but I was always seeking for my real father. I owe you everything, but I love them. Forgive me, it is not my fault."

"Would they have shown you more affection than we did?"

"Much less, undoubtedly, and undoubtedly I would have revolted against their discipline. But they are no longer here. What remains of them is their blood, which beats in my heart, and I love them. I want to think that she was beautiful and that he had genius. Just as I miss that Provence which I hardly knew, I miss my mother's arms and I want to hear my father's name. Their blood beats in my heart. You must pardon me, I am their child. I have their blood in my heart."

We have many troubles with our own children, but when we are dead those children have our blood in their hearts.

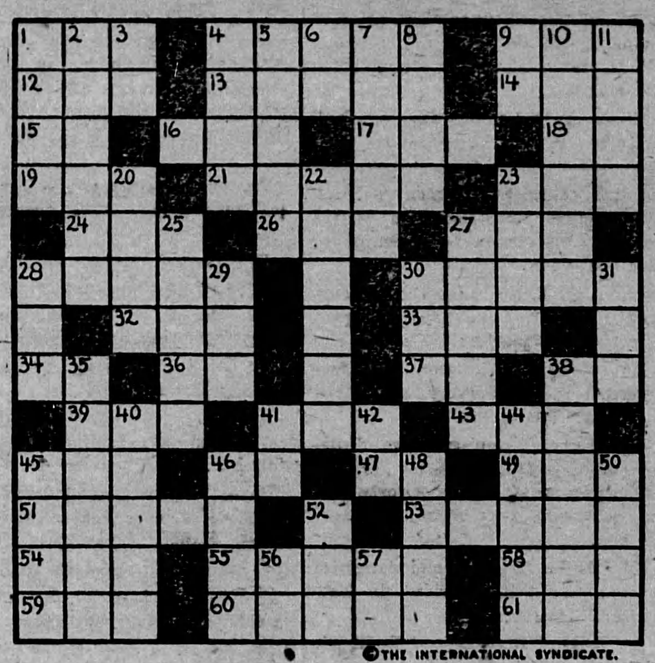
Fooling Big Cats.

Oil of catnip is used by the United States Geological Survey as a lure for mountain lions to attract them to poisoned bait.

When Snakes Fight.

When a king-snake and a rattler get into a fight, the king-snake always wins.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

1—Compensation; wages
4—Puff up
9—The June bug; a beetle
12—Mail delivery in the country (abbr.)
13—A British province of S. Africa
14—A Japanese woman's sash
15—Conjunction
16—Used in negation
17—Initials of the author of "Treasure Island"
18—Musical term "Long Meter" (abbr.)
19—A chicken disease
21—Marks of wounds
23—A girl's name
24—A public carriage
26—Interjection
27—Man's name (familiar)
28—To leap
30—A bevel on the edge of a cutting tool
32—A sign of the zodiac
33—A drink
34—Personal pronoun
36—A point of compass (abbr.)
37—Man's name (familiar)
38—Preposition
39—To earn as clear profit
41—A town in Wurttemburg, Germany
43—Word of assent
45—A common tree
46—Banking term, "Days' sight" (abbr.)
47—Interjection
49—Man's name
51—One of a wandering race
53—Artist's support for his picture
54—Suffix denoting an agent
55—A member of a group of S. African tribes
58—A point of compass (abbr.)
59—A small boil on the eyelid
60—To go in
61—Feminine of Saint (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1—A support
2—One of the continents
3—A measure of length (abbr.)
4—Man's name
5—A door fastener
6—Preposition
7—Linger
8—A measure of length (pl.)
9—Perform, enact
10—Flattened at the poles
11—Frost
20—Boy's name
22—Part of radio outfit
23—Labyrinth
25—Greatly favored
27—Girl's name
28—To promise solemnly
29—Short coarse hemp or flax fiber
30—Cry of the sheep
31—Fate, destiny
35—Enroll
38—To express agreement
40—Containing nothing
41—Personal pronoun
42—Northeastern State of U. S. (abbr.)
44—Relieves, lightens
45—A shield or defensive armor, as the mantle of Minerva
46—An embankment
48—German word for "mister"
50—To the lee side
52—Frequently (poet.)
56—Indefinite article
57—Latin for "that is" (abbr.)

Answer to last week's puzzle:

S	C	H	I	S	T		F	R	A	M	E	D
M			V	E	R	S	I	O	N			E
A		L	Y	R	E		B	O	Y	S		P
R		E		F	A	C	E	T		C		O
T	A	N	G		T	A	R		W	A	R	T
		S	T	O	P		N		M	I	N	E
		I		R	I	D	D	L	E	D		N
		D	O	S	E		I		W	E	R	E
M	E	R	E		H	E	R		R	O	W	S
E		B		L	O	S	E	R		U		H
R		S	L	O	P		M	O	A	T		E
I			O	B	E	S	I	T	Y			E
T	H	R	O	E	S		T	E	R	R	O	R

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Jesse Livermore Has a Rival in Wall Street.