The Automobile

The man who didn't know it was loaded.

The cut-up who rocked the boat.

The driver who would never stop, look, and listen.

The sport who could take it or leave it alone.

And the motorist who ran his engine in a closed garage.

DRIVING OUT OF RUTS.

Attempting to drive out of a deep rut places a severe strain on the parts of the front axle assembly. But if the car is brought to a complete stop, the wheels turned to one side as far as possible, and the car backed, the wheels will easily mount the sides of the ruts without the least strain.

USE DISTILLED WATER.

Use only distilled water in the battery, to avoid metallic impurities. Even spring water, which is considered to be very pure, contains enough mineral and metallic salts to ruin a battery.

HEAT EXPANDS AND COLD CONTRACTS.

Don't exert much strength in screwing a spark plug so tightly into a hot motor. When the engine cools, the cylinder metal will contract, making it extremely difficult to remove the plug when necessary.

SILENT SHIFTING.

If a driver will depress the clutch, shift from low to neutral, then from neutral to second and release clutch, this double manoeuvre almost invariably assures silent shifting.

TO CLEAN THE GLASS.

Try dipping a clean cloth in gasoline and rubbing lightly over the windshield and windows, then polishing with a dry cloth.

A TROUBLE SAVER.

A greasy wrench will often slip out of a greasy hand into the dust-pan under the engine, into the clutch housing, or into some part of the car where it is very inconvenient to recover it. This may be avoided by tying a string about fifteen inches long around end of wrench, then a loop around the wrist, or to an adjacent part of the car. This takes about one minute, while recovering a wrench that has slipped to some inaccessible part of the car has often caused an hour's delay.

TO LOOSEN A TIGHT NUT OR BOLT.

Next time an unusually tight nut or bolt is encountered, try placing two wrenches on it instead of one, the handles in a V position. Then pull jointly on both wrenches. This distributes the pressure over several of the faces of the nut or bolt, and the jaws of the wrenches.

SIMPLE THEFT LOCK.

Drill a hole in the clutch pedal lever close to the floor board, and insert a padlock in the hole. Of course, the car could be towed, but it could not be driven under its own power, as done in the majority of thefts.

DON'T KNOCK.

A knocking motor makes us stop at once,
Our engine must be free of any flaws.
But when we turn and knock our fellow man,
We never stop to analyze the cause.
If he does not appear just what you like,
If you don't quite agree with what he said,
Don't knock, but turn within yourself
And start to clean the carbon from your head.

Eventide.

What a mysteriousness clings to nightfall, unaffected and undestroyed by knowledge.

For every night recurs the miracle of the black sky, heaven's candles aflame; or the moon hanging like a silver drum, or sailing proudly like a silver ship with a white fleet in her wake. It is truly an astonishing achievement. So I stand and gaze.

Roll on, silver moon, light the traveler his way
While the nightingale's song is in tune.

How wonderful is this hour of eventide! The sea is vast and knows hardly any bounds, and its lifting horizon is imperious. The prairie is spacious, its magnitude at times derisive. We look at these in the light of day and feel a sense of their boundless possibilities. But when night falls! Ah, then a feeling of the incalculable is upon us. Whatever genii managed our world before have fled now, mystery vibrates with the force that built the world, that binds the planets to their orbits, that gives a sweet cadence to blow from those shining orbs.

Solemnity stirs within the heart. One feels himself to be in the advancing tide of mystery, and the mighty grasp of law. One is chastened, subdued, made glorious. Amid the hush of a world that lies lapped in soft airs the soul sends forth its murmurs of praise, its messages of hope.

Sweet evening hour!
That calms the aid and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Pasture.

He had gone away without goodby,
A thing he never would have done;
For nobody loved him more than I—
Except, perhaps, the sun.
And the sun—when I said, "O tell me where!"
Though it showed me some open pasture-bars
Into the pathway of the air,
Gave no particulars.

Sleeping Cars.

Little Oscar had just received a train of cars for his birthday, and he insisted on taking them to bed with him. His mother protested.

"You should not take the cars to bed with you," she said.

"Why not?" asked Oscar. "These are sleeping cars."

Snow at Night.

The world is filled with silence of the snow,
The whispery silence of its fairy spell,
As if one might not know that any fell
Till suddenly through the window seems to glow
Its elfin light, and o'er you seems to steal
The silence like a presence you could feel.

There is no silence like it anywhere—
As if there came a gradual pause in air.
As if the stars themselves in vasty flight
Had stopped, unbreathing, till from far away
A little wind awakens through the night,
And beauty wakens with the winter day.

It seems so still when you awake from that
First sleep; and when you spring out on the mat
Your thought is always of the stillness—so
Weird and unusual—the stillness of the snow—
But when you lift the curtain and peep out
You see at once what it is all about.

Snow in the night—so fairy a surprise
To greet one with at opening of the eyes!
That lovely mantle cloaking all the gross
And cluttered earth so tenderly and close
With witching and lovely transformation warm
Of the sweet, whispery, magic of the storm!
—B.B.

Surrounded by One.

Late one night an excited voice came over the telephone:

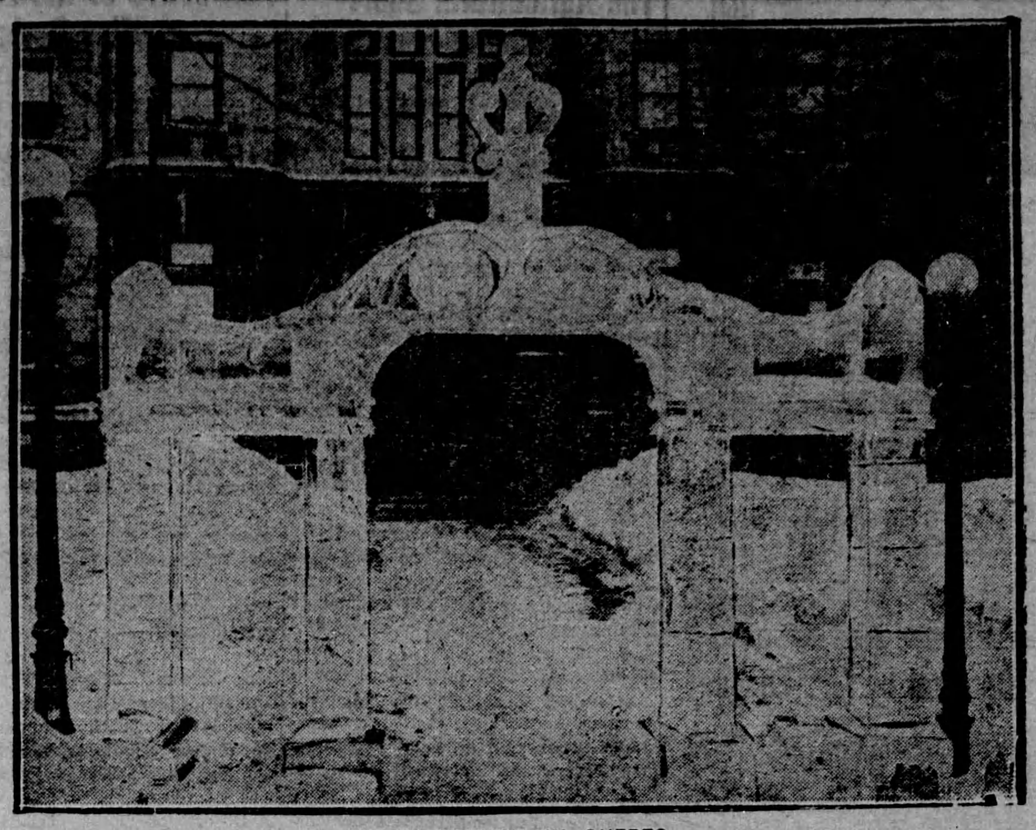
"Burglars have broken into No. 64, Lyons, Street! Send help quick!"

The sergeant looked at the solitary policeman in the station.

"Mike," he said, simply. "The house at 64 Lyons Street is being robbed. Go along and surround it."

The Softening Touch.

Moonlight is sharp until I see
A rabbit sitting quietly.
Then wall and fence and tree and burr
Grow soft and touch the night with fur.
—Frank Mitalsky in Poetry.



ICE SCULPTURE IN QUEBEC

Above photo shows an archery, one of the many odd designs fashioned by artists from solid ice in the picturesque city. Many stores and other concerns have them made for display. On days when the sun is strong they are covered with wooden screens.

Princess Alexandra Has Only Royal Shingle

A despatch from London says:—Princess Alexandra, wife of Prince Arthur of Connaught, has gained distinction as the only shingled member of the British royal family. It is noteworthy, however, that whenever she appears at formal dinners at Buckingham Palace the Princess has always worn her "eveninglocks," as wigs for the bobbed or shingled are called in society circles.

Just what Queen Mary, who has a wealth of gray hair which she wears becomingly, thinks about the bob the public does not know, but there are strong hints in Mayfair that she does not care for it for girls who have passed their teens. Princess Alexandra was born in 1891.

The Queen of Spain and Queen Maud of Norway, both recent visitors to London, still wear their hair long, as do Queen Marie of Roumania and the Queen of the Belgians, who recently was incorrectly reported to have been shingled. Some of the younger members of various royal houses have had their hair cut, but Princess Alexandra of Connaught is the only member of Britain's royal family who thus far has adopted the fashion.

Mountain Hemlock.

The mountain hemlock droops her lacy branches
Oh, so tenderly
In the summer sun!
Yet she has power to baffle avalanches—
She, rising slenderly
Where the rivers run.
—Harriet Monroe, in "The Difference and Other Poems."

One beautiful thing about popular songs is that they don't last.

A Farmer's Account Book.

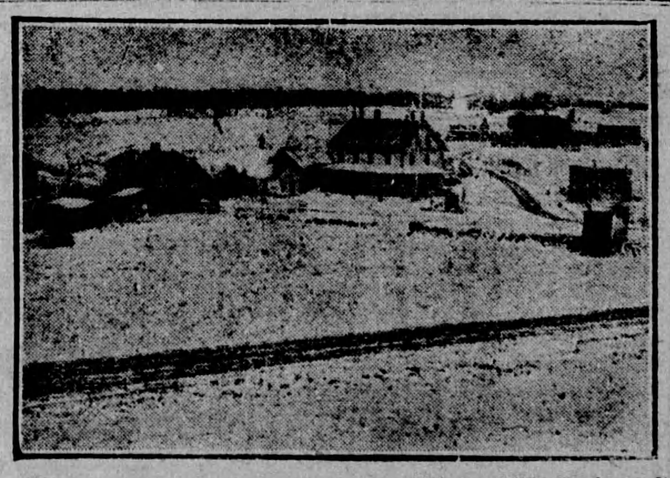
The Dominion Experimental Farms System has published an extremely simple farber's account book, designed to last a complete year. To "keep" it needs no special knowledge of accounting; simply the ability to write and add; and a record of all transactions might be made in an hour a week. A few plain directions as to making entries, some aids to taking inventories, a table of silo capacities and a gestation table, are given on the insides of the cover.

In the book itself are pages for the entry of receipts and expenditures (both of which may be seen at a glance on the same page) relative to cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, crops and labor; and there is also ample space for miscellaneous items. There is a page for amounts owed to and by the farm, and forms on which may be made inventories of land and buildings, of live stock, of feed and supplies, and of machinery. Following is a page on which may be filled out a summary of the year's business, together with the few directions necessary to filling it out intelligently at the end of the year. Further, for the farmers information there is a table in which to enter acreage and yield of crops, and one in which to keep a live stock service record.

Send for one now and record your transactions from the beginning of 1926. It is obtainable from the Publications Branch of the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, at a nominal charge of ten cents. No postage need be placed on letters of application.

Woman Sells Reptiles.

A Mrs. Child, of London, is in charge of a business whose main stock in trade consists of snakes and lizards. The business was started by her father in 1853.



Unique is the location of this hotel at Norton Mills, Quebec. It is situated on the boundary, half in Vermont and half in Quebec.

Life is a Gift.

Life is too rare a gift for thoughtless living,
Would I have known it in the bygone days,
But youth finds age so tender and forgiving,
It never thinks to change or mend its ways.

Now I am older grown. The dance no longer
Lures me to trip on pleasure's rosy way.
Had I been wiser now I should be stronger,
Braver and fitter for my task to-day.

I have been foolish in my selfish-seeking,
Squandered my friendships, run my chances through,
Injured good people by my careless speaking,
Spoiled by ill-temper much I tried to do.

My record's down, and sadly now I view it,
I am not all I had the strength to be.
I took the gift of life and soon ran through it
As though life would renew the gift for me.

Some take the gift and squander it in pleasure,
Some stain it dark with little sins and mean,
God pours out life from His abundant measure
And age, too late, learns what it could have been.
—Edgar A. Guest.

Luminous Sea Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian Ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common glowworms.

The oddity was captured in the daytime, and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, could be plainly seen.

Wrong Location.

Mr. Younghusband—"I'll never punish baby again. I spanked him this afternoon and almost broke his little heart."

His Wife—"Gracious! You must have spanked him on the wrong place."

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Dept. of the Interior at Ottawa says:

Canada has entered upon the new year, with every prospect of a prosperous period in front of her. The past year has seen the turn of the tide of difficulty, under which we as a country have been handicapped, and conditions are undoubtedly improving.

Canadian farmers are enjoying excellent conditions, they have had good crops, and the prices they have received have been sufficient to provide a reasonable profit over and above the cost of production. This profit is being put into circulation in the buying of, in many cases, necessities, and also in additional home conveniences, with the result that the local merchant is feeling the improvement in business.

With wider markets opening for the products of the farm and the output from the development of Canada's great natural resources, the present year should see new records made in our export trade. The United States is rapidly ceasing to be a world competitor in many lines of agricultural production, as also in some of our forest products, and we may confidently look forward to prosperity in these lines.

There would appear to be a number of lines of endeavor that have not as yet reached the point where the market is fully supplied. This is particularly the case with the raising of live stock. Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Dep. Minister of Agriculture, has recently stated that the United Kingdom can absorb large quantities of Canadian cattle, while in the dairy industry there is an open market for our butter and cheese.

Canada entered upon the new year with prospects that are no doubt the envy of many less fortunate countries, and this condition should have the effect of attracting the attention of many thousands to the untilled acres awaiting settlers in Canada's fertile agricultural areas.

Canadian Forester to Replace Oaks With Fir and Larch

A despatch from Bewdley, Worcestershire, Eng., says:—Wyre Forest, of a thousand acres of ancient oaks, which in the days of Robin Hood was a royal hunting ground, is to be cleared by the modern woodman, and the ground replanted in fir and larch. The authorities decided that the old oaks while picturesque, were useless and occupied altogether too much space for practical purposes. Canadian foresters are to have charge of the reforestation.

The 1926 program of the Government Forestry Dept., in addition, embraces the laying out of more than 15,000 acres in England and Wales. Spruce, fir and cedar seeds have been brought from Canada and at Thetford marsh will be created Britain's largest forest since the days of the Conqueror.

Ancient London Bridge Again is "Falling Down"

A despatch from London says:—Once again London bridge is in danger of "falling down." Observers of water stages in the River Thames claim that the famous old Waterloo bridge, recently condemned as unsafe, is not alone in being threatened by the tricks of the tide and the frequent dredging operations, but that London bridge also will soon have to be replaced by a modern structure.

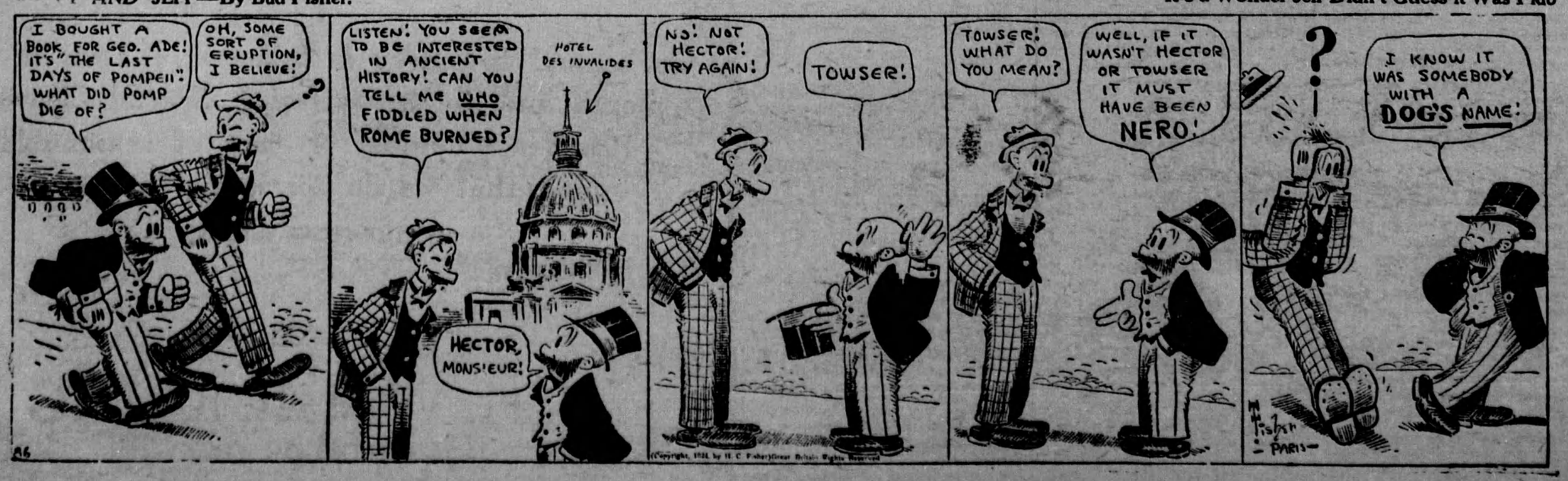
Like the doomed Waterloo bridge, London bridge is of stone. It was built a century ago, replacing another stone structure which replaced the famous old wooden span which, after "falling down" for centuries, was so badly damaged in the great fire of London in 1666 that it had to be demolished.

Our Own.

We have cheery smiles for the stranger,
And thought for the casual guest;
But oft for "our own,"
The unkind tone,
Though we love "our own" the best!

A Stomach Outside.

If a starfish finds a tidbit too large for it to sswallow, it extends its stomach out of its mouth and digests the morsel outside.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

It's a Wonder Jeff Didn't Guess it Was Fido