The Automobile

ACTION OF CAR PROVES BIG AID IN SAVING FUEL.

A good many motorists watch the price of gasoline go up and down like a broker watches the stock market quotations. Only the motorist is always glad to see the price of automobile fuel go down, and the broker prefers to see the price of his stock go up. At any rate, gasoline is the substance that makes the buzz wagons go, and all owners of cars must have it if they would drive their machines.

However, there is a way whereby the most satisfactory results can be secured from gasoline in an automobile. As long as this substance has to be used it might be employed to the best possible advantage.

A number of things enter into the economical use of gasoline. In the first place, to get as many miles as possible out of each gallon of gas that goes into the tank all moving parts must work properly. That should be the case anyway.

FACTORS IN RUNNING.

Then there should be a proper inflation and adjustment of tires. Care in these respects tends to reduce the number of visits to the garage for gas. Proper lubrication has a similar effect. So does the correct firing of each cylinder of the engine and the proper adjustment of the carburetor. In order to insure each cylinder getting its proper power without waste the engine should be driven with the spark lever advanced as far as possible without causing back pressure. The spark plug gaps should be properly adjusted to insure a thorough ignition of the charge. The spark plugs should be kept clean to prevent the loss of a charge of gas through non-ignition. The interrupter points and the distributor points also should be kept clean and properly adjusted.

Of course, dragging brakes and slipping clutches shoot up the gas requirement. So does a loss of compression through leaky valves, weak valve springs, poor gaskets on spark plugs or valve caps. In a similar fashion gasoline wasted through cylinder heads and piston rings increases operating costs.

Once in a while a gas loss may be due to leaky supply pipes. Where there is a solid pipe from the tank to the carburetor the only leak, barring a break or perforation of the pipe, would be the connection with the tank or carburetor. Such a leak is not only extravagant from the standpoint of gas consumption but is also dangerous, for a stray flame or spark may ignite the gas.

In keeping the gas bill at a minimum a proper adjustment of the carburetor will be a great help. The adjustment should be such as to make the mixture as lean as possible and have it fire readily. One sure indication that the mixture is too rich is the presence of black smoke.

TIME TO STOP ENGINE.

Stop the engine when the car is to be left standing for any considerable length of time. This prevents waste of gasoline. Fuel worth thousands of dollars is burned up unnecessarily every day by autos that are standing still.

If the radiator is equipped with a shutter controlled by a thermostat this is especially valuable in cold weather. An engine that is designed to run cool enough in hot weather naturally will be cooled too much in very cold weather. An engine that is run too cool uses more gasoline than a warm one to develop the same amount of power.

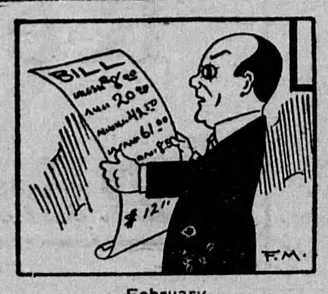
Figure the number of miles you can be reasonably sure of getting per gallon of gas. Then estimate liberally the number of miles you expect to go during the year. In this way you can get some idea of the cost of gas during the coming twelve months and arrange your finances accordingly.

Sanctuaries.

When the poet wrote the often-quoted line which tells us that the groves were God's first temple, he did not intend to provide an athlete with an apt quotation to serve as an excuse for not attending church. The offices and ceremonies of formal religion are compatible, and not in conflict, with an intense delight in open spaces and a healthy appetite for the wilderness country. Any man who has confining employment knows moments when his mind plays truant to his task, when instead of the decimal places, the account books, the dictated letters, the conferences and board meetings, his fancy takes a long flight to the marshes where ducks are to be hunted, the streams where fish await the angler, the bridle-path for a swift canter, the mountain whosse ascent is an invigorating exercise crowned with a far vista, the sea where a voyage spells relaxation and day-dreaming in a steamer chair.

Each man has in his mind a favorite sanctuary whither he flies, a camp of refuge where he can retire, beyond all foes or wounds or mishaps. "They cannot hurt me where I live," said the captain of industry in Kipling's story, when his business rivals and their importunities crowded in upon him. The real self of any human being at a given moment may be far form the self that the world sees. We may be poor in the houses and the lands that can be parceled and marketed as real estate, yet rich to the point of lordliness in those interior demesnes whose map is invisible to all eyes but our own. Yet, after any retirement to these fastnesses where we may rest and refresh ourselves and be secure, we are bound to come forth to the world again with something for those who are less fortunate. It means little in accomplishment for ourselves, in lasting benefit for others, if we merely dream and ruminate. The thinking we have done ought to issue in a deed; the rest should be the renewal of our energy to go forth to active life and fruitful effort again.

Registrations of passenger automobiles in Canada numbered 573,975, of trucks 55,572, and of other motor vehicles 22,574 giving a total of 652,121 registrations in 1924 as compared with 586,850 in 1923.



February.

O month, of all the year most brief!
With you there's something wrong
Though short your course we've found with grief
Your bills are no less long.

For a Guest Room.

Pull the curtains, bring the light,
Dusk is drawing into night,
Friend, the lamplit hours begin,
Welcome to the house you're in.
Lovers in the Lovers' Lane
Watch our lighted window-pane;
John and Mary picking posies
In dim thickets of primroses
See the glowing blinds and stare,
O, there's Blessing in the air.

Friend, the lamplit hours begin,
Welcome to the house you're in;
Ere the hours you spare us end
For your coming thank you, friend.
Scanty power to give has man,
We shall give you as we can,
You have brought us, never doubt,
From the world of men without
Something that we cannot spare
Of the Blessing in the air.

—Godfrey Elton.

Great Britain leads the world in its number of motor-cycles, 496,000. Germany comes next, followed by the United States.

Instead of using ordinary shoe polish for fine glace kid shoes, rub them with a little vaseline, leave overnight, and then polish with a soft silk duster.

Every married woman gives her husband credit for possessing good judgment at least once in his life.

Patience is not much of a virtue when it is spent in waiting for something to turn up.

CANADA AND MEXICO AGAIN ON FRIENDLY TERMS

The presentation recently by Gen. Luis Medina Barron to Lieutenant-Governor Cockshutt, of the former's official credentials as Mexican consul general to Canada, marked the resumption of friendly relations between Mexico and Canada. These relations were severed by Britain in 1924, over the murder in Mexico of Mrs. Evans, a British subject. They have been resumed following the arrest and execution of the perpetrators of the crime, by the Mexican government. Gen. Barron's offices are in Toronto. Above, left, is the lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and right is Consul-Gen. Barron.

My Brigantine.

Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy form,
Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,
Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge,
My water-queen!

Lady of mine!
More light and swift than thou none thread the sea,
With surer keel or steadier on its path;
We brave each waste of ocean-mystery
And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,
For we are thine!

—James Fenimore Cooper.

Christening a Battleship.

An incident which attended the christening of the battleship Rodney by the Princess Mary has given rise to talk as to whether the age-old custom of breaking a bottle of champagne on the ship's bows has not become outworn. The breaking of a wine bottle is not as easy as it sounds, and the Princess had to seize the bottle three times and dash it against the ship before she succeeded in breaking it. It has now been suggested that the Japanese method be adopted. In Japan the selected lady stands beside the ship with a wooden cage of birds in her hand. As she strikes the hull of the ship te cage falls to pieces and the birds receive their liberty, a symbol of freedom corresponding to that of the ship as it slides into its element. It has the advantage of being without risk of failure and does not involve the use of a beverage about which there are conflicting views.

Historic Building.

The National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, has placed a tablet on the front wall of the office of the Daily Whig at Kingston, Ontario. This building stands on the site of the old St. George's Anglican Church, within which, on July 8, 1792, Governor Simcoe held his first meeting of the Executive Council of the province of Upper Canada. The inscription on the tablet indicates the historic importance of the site.

All Over.

She—"This can go no farther, Reggie—our love is all over."

He—"What! You don't mean—"

She—"Yes—all over town."

SLENDER LINES FIND FAVOR

The rich designs of the bordered materials form decided trimming features in themselves. Cut to slip on over the head, and with a convertible collar that may be fastened high, this distinctive-looking frock for daytime wear is developed in bordered crepe of graduated polka-dot pattern. A single large tuck in front of each shoulder gives easy fulness over the bust, and the long full sleeves are gathered into narrow wristbands. There are two large patch pockets, and a narrow belt is worn at the low waistline. No. 1197 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3¼ yards 36-inch, or 3⅛ yards 40-inch, or 2½ yards 54-inch bordered material, as pictured. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

King George inherits from his father, King Edward, a fondness for giving walking-sticks as presents to his friends.

GOLD PROSPECTORS COVER 140 MILES OF BARREN LANDS BY DOG TRAIN

Hundreds of Pack-teams Are Treking Out of Hudson on Rigorous Journey to Gold Area.

A despatch from Toronto says:—The era of Canada's romance is not yet dead. That appears obvious, from the stories which are coming from the Red Lake district, the latest Canadian gold lure; and if the spectacle which is now working itself out in the heart of winter, in the district of Patricia, some hundred and forty miles from the nearest railway station, is any indication of what is yet to come, then Canada, famed for gold rushes, is in for one of the greatest rushes of its history. The latest story to come out of the North is that which was told by Major C. J. A. Cunningham-Dunlop, a mining engineer of Haileybury, who has been in the gold zone for some weeks past staking claims, and who was able to lift the curtain and show some of the scenes which are being witnessed daily in the great White North. Major Dunlop is so enthusiastic over the Red Lake district and its possibilities that he predicts that the spring will see a gold rush such as has not been known since the palmy days of the Klondike.

The Red Lake district is so far from the centres of civilization that the spectacle which it now presents has to do for the most part with the difficulties of transportation. The nearest railway station is Hudson, on the Canadian National line, and this has become the jumping-off place for the gold enthusiasts who are now daring the North in the middle of winter. Hudson, from being a small and all-but-isolated centre of population, has suddenly sprung into a place of importance, and now it is the scene of all those features of northern activity which of late have been branded as fiction and nothing more. But, according to Major Dunlop, all the scenes of romance are there, with the dog-train, the pack and the packer, the snow-shoes, the Ojibway Indian, and the general excitement which always accompanies the thought of gold.

If a person wishes to go into the Red Lake district at this time of the year, he is confronted with the problem of covering 140 miles of snow-clad North, where the thermometer thinks nothing of dropping to 35 to 40 below, where the huskies moan in the cold, where the snow whirls in blizzards over the frozen lakes, and where the forests are lashed with the gales of winter. But in spite of the difficulties, hundreds of pack-trains are being made up, and they are treking out of Hudson at the rate of from ten to twenty a day, each bound for Red Lake, where the only touch of civilization is a lone Hudson Bay Post, with a factor in charge and with a few hunters and trappers who, of late, have turned their attention to hunting for gold or packing in the belongings of the prospertors.

Major Dunlop furnished a glimpse of the difficulties along the trail, and these chiefly concerned the frost, the snow, the forest and the whims of the huskies. So far as transportation is concerned, the gold rush appears to be a case of reverting to the primitive for all forms of transportation other than that of the dog-train have failed to stand the strain of a trip from Hudson to Red Lake. The reason is to be found, not so much in the wide stretches of ice which must be covered, as in the problem of penetrating the forest, where the trails, though marked, are not such as would appeal to the average man.

Because of that, the dog has already been quoted as a premium, as the prevailing price for good dogs, when Maj. Dunlop left Hudson a few days ago was $200 each. Even so, the demand has been so keen that all the dogs in the district have been bought up, so that any person wanting to go into Red Lake must get his dogs somewhere else.

When the Lights Go Out.

Lights go out
And the stark trunks of the factories
Melt into the drawn darkness,
Sheathing like a seamless garment.
And mothers take home their babies,
Waxen and delicately curled,
Like little potted flowers closed under the stars.

Lights go out
And colors rush together,
Fusing and floating away.
Pale worn gold like the settings of old jewels
Mauve, exquisite, tremulous, and luminous purples,
And burning spires in aureoles of light
Like shimmering auras.

They are covering up the pushcarts.
Now all have gone save an old man with mirrors—
Little oval mirrors like tiny pools.
He shuffles up a darkened street
And the moon burnishes his mirrorss
till they shine like phosphorus.

—Lola Ridge, in "The Ghetto."

A Symbolic Craft.

It is more than sweets and fruits and many a lovely flower that would fail us, lacking bees. We would lack books—a few books. In fact, more books have been written about bees than about any other domestic animal. We should also lack something of sympathy and history. Beekeeping is the oldest craft in the world. As a beekeeper I am continuing an ancient line; joining the oldest of human guilds; speaking a language known of all lands; supporting and practicing an art beloved of all peoples; subscribing to a simple faith, wider than any creed or color or the folds of any flag. The bees are a good first step in an all-world brotherhood, and could well be included in our worldpeace plans. The symbol of that plan might be the hive for its univehsality, its unbroken continuity as a peaceful occupation, no less than for its social significance—its practice of sacrifice for the common good.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in "The Spirit of the Hive."

He—"I love you more than anything on earth."

She—"Wish I could say the same of you."

He—"Why can't you? I did."

Night in Borneo.

In all places there are lovely interesting things to listen to at night, if you are not sleeping, but the night noises in Borneo are different from those elsewhere. There are deep jungles of closely growing vines and ferns just off any road. The jungfile climbs up and down very steep hills. There are great trees and small trees. Many have varieties of orchids and other air plants in them. And there are many monkeys. So there is the drip, drip of the gentle rain, and perhaps the roar fo a little stream over full. Then a great chatter with rough shrieks drowning out every other noise for a while. Then as all the gentle noises begin broadcasting again, groan, swelling to a deafening crash. Other smaller groans and crashes follow. A great tree, not too well rooted, has gone down, taking all the tangled other trees along. As things quiet down, you will hear a few tentative bird calls and just as you begin to feel sleepy, the gun in the village is discharged. This means business, and every one with work to do jumps out, for the time to get the work done when you live in Borneo is while the night's coolness lingers in the air.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Oh, Well, They're in Paris and You Gotta Excuse Mutt