MOMENTARY INATTENTION

How Some Accidents Occur.

"There is only one safe way to hold a hammer or a hatchet," said the surgeon with a humorous twinkle in his eye, as he prepared some bandages.

"How's that, doctor?"

"With both hands."

Though suffering some physical pain along with a great deal of remorse, the waiting patient, who had crushed the tip of a finger by the inadvertent blow of a hatchet, could not forbear a laugh.

"I think you're right, doctor," said he, "but the way I feel now is that it would be safer still not to hold one at all."

"Well, let's have a look at it."

The patient held up the lacerated index finger of the left hand and the surgeon as he went on with the application of the dressing said:

"I see hundreds of accidents like these, some more severe, some less. Most of them are accounted for by momentary inattention. In the handling of a machine of even such a simple implement as a hammer or a hatchet, the muscular action after a time becomes a mechanical habit. It is then that the attention is apt to stray from the task in hand and while the hammer is swinging almost automatically through the air, the mind may swerve to something else. It is in that moment of inattention that accidents occur. I think that most of the automobile accidents occur through momentary inattention on somebody's part. In dealing with weapons, tools, implements, utensils, machines or heavy weights, the mind should never be allowed to wander, no matter how skilful the man or how accustomed he is to the task."

"A day or two ago," the surgeon went on, "a man came here with a crushed hand. He had been a printing pressman for forty years and never before had a serious accident. By keeping his attention on his task he could have run his press safely in the dark. I needn't go into the details of how it occurred. His accident was readily interpreted as ons of momentary inattention and a printing press has no mercy. It takes a terrible grip and there's no saving a hand once it goes under a roller.

"There now," said the doctor as he clamped a piece of adhesive on the gauze, "you've lost the nail, but you'll have another in six months. The finger won't be the same but you'll be surprised how much it will be restored. Come and have it dressed every day for at least a week."

As the patient left the office two words kept sounding in his brain—"Momentary Inattention."

And when he recalled his state of mind at the time he banged the head of a hatchet on the tip of his own finger he felt inclined to confess to himself that they applied also to his case.

Next day in the surgeon's waiting room he saw another man with a bandaged hand. Fellow suffering was sufficient introduction, so he asked:

"How did you get yours?"

"In a stencil-cutting machine."

"How did it happen?"

"I was working at the same machine as I have had for eight years. I was plugging along as usual and for a moment didn't notice where my hand was. I was too sure of myself. My hand was just under the cutter when a woman at the next machine shouted 'look out for your hand.' At the instant she spoke I had tripped the machine and though I pulled my hand away I didn't pull it away fast enough and the cutter caught this finger. If it hadn't been for the warning I'd have lost my whole hand."

"For a moment I didn't notice where my hand was." That was how he described it.

That day in the surgery the doctor told of a patient he had attended that morning. A woman was ironing. She was standing close to the stove, which was on her right. Holding the heavy iron in her hand she drew it back vigorously for the next stroke. Her elbow hit the sharp corner of the stove with the weight of the iron behind the blow and caused a serious laceration. She said she forgot about the stove being so close.

That, too, was inattention in a degree, but inattention nevertheless.

The next day another man was in the waiting room. He had his whole hand bandaged. Then the question:

"How did you get yours?"

"In cog wheels. I didn't notice my hand was so close."

Another case of inattention.

The next day a young man with his arm in a sling was waiting his turn for a dressing.

"Is yours serious?" he was asked.

"Broken at the wrist and the shoulder."

"How did it happen?"

"I was on a bicycle going down a road to go out on the highway. I had to go to the left as soon as I reached the road. When I went out of the gate a team of big horses pulling a dray was coming towards me. I had enough space to cross in front of them and did so but didn't see an automobile that was racing to pass them on the other side. As soon as I cleared past the horses it struck me. I hadn't thought about the possibility of another vehicle being on the other side of the team."

His case, perhaps, might hardly be classified as momentary inattention. He was alert to an apparent danger but not to the possibility of a second though unapparent one. His terrible experience illustrates how alert the rider or driver of a vehicle on the road must be to all possible situations of danger. A few seconds' pause would have shown the danger in his case.

All accidents are not caused by inattention. Some are accidents pure and simple, unforseeable and unpreventable. But according to the surgeons, who sest the broken bones and bind up the wounds that arise out of accidents, a large proportion of accidents are caused by allowing the mind to wander while handling dangerous weapons, implements or powerful and swiftly moving machines And it is as often the highly skilled as the ignorant who are hurt. From performing a certain muscular action over and over again the action becomes mechanical and it is then that the mind is apt to stray and lose its apprehension of danger. The most skilled therefore should be the most watchful, watchful not only of implements or machines they are handling but also of themselves.

The only safe way is to think safety all the time.—F.D.

Like a Woman.

"Well, at least I can say I'm a self-made actress."

"Don't bother to apologize, dear. I'd just make the best of it."

Spring at the Pane.

When Spring peeped in the window
I put my work aside,
The tasks could wait, I must away,
For oh, the fields stretched wide.

Her smile, or was it sunshine?
Turned rug and chair to gold,
And sudden joy possessed me
And more than I could hold.

In garden ways I found her,
The Spring, so young and fair,
And all the op'ning blossoms
Were tangled in her hair.

—Alix Thorn.

Cotton in China.

Cotton is cultivated in virtually every province in China, from Manchuria in the north to Canton in the extreme south. In total annual production the country ranks next to the United States and India.

The "human form divine" was probably discovered by a chiropractor.

COMING TO LEARN CANADIAN FARMING.

A party of young men from public and secondary schools in England leaving Liverpool to take up an agricultural course at Macdonald College, McGill University, Montreal. After a short tuition period they will work on selected farms before returning to the college in November. Afterwards they will set up for themselves.

KEEP CLOTHES IN PAWN SHOP

PADDED GARMENTS FAVORED IN COLD SNAPS.

Small Hot-Water Bottles Are Used, But Western Ideas of Heating Spread.

The first cold snap of winter in China is not the signal for a rush to department stores to lay in a stock of warm clothes. Not that the Chinese are impervious to the rigors of winter. As a matter of fact, they prefer thick clothes and a cold room to living in a warm room with a minimum of clothes. When the first chill blasts of winter sweep down from the north they give the signal for a rush to the pawnshops, which are the wardrobes of millions of people.

Pawnshops in China do not hide their light under a bushel, as in the West. Neither are they mere havens of rest for the financially weary. Pawnbroking is an old and dignified profession, drawing a clientele from the rich as well as the poor, and performs a very necessary function in Chinese social life. Especially in the Yangtze Valley pawnshops play an important role. They are the farmers' trust and credit banks. They finance his crops and carry him over the poor seasons, and so extensive are they that many towns measure their prosperity by the number of pawnships. Nor is pawnbroking an undignified profession.

In the old days many wealthy people invested their money in pawnshops. China's great statesman, Li Hung chang, who left marks of his industrial genius in several enterprises he organized in the Empress Dowager's reign, was enough of a Chinese to put a lot of his money into Peking pawnshops.

The thrifty Chinese have developed the pawnshop to a more useful degree. Pawnshops are now the people's wardrobes. Most people's wealth is tied up in warm winter clothing, such as fur-lined gowns and coats and padded garments. In the summer these clothes are stored away at the nearest pawnshop, not for financial reasons, but because a service has developed whereby such clothing can be better preserved in pawnshops than if it were kept at home stuffed away in some chest. Rich and poor use this useful pawnshop valet service and keep their clothes year after year free from mildew or moths at a slight charge. Moreover, their belongings are in good hands, safe from burglary or fire. And so, as soon as winter comes, the pawnshop rush to redeem their clothing begins. In fact, this rush is a more definite herald of winter than the recklssly inaccurate Chinese calendar, with its fixed and arbitrary days of "Big Cold" and "Small Cold."

Layers of Clothing.

The Chinese have a simple idea regarding clothes. It is all a question of layers, governed by the season. Two layers in summer and six in winter is about the average, to be increased or decreased according to the degree of heat. A man's bulk in winter is just about twice as much as it is in summer and this is the change which most foreigners always regard carefully. It is no disgrace for a Chinese lady of fashion to appear in the streets wearing clothes which give her the appearance of a barrel, or the fat lady at the show. Her progress may be slow, but she knows she is fortified against the piercing winds. A slim and slender figure is fashionable in summer because it is practical; in winter the stout figure is fashionable for precisely the same reason. Except for the ultra-modern women who have adopted the principles of Western fashion in their clothes, Chinese women do not allow questions of figure to dictate to their bodily comfort in winter. And so the pawnshops continue to render their service. The sign "tong," by which all pawnshops rendering this service are known, is to be seen in nearly every Shanghai street and in some cases the big, black character covers the whole side or front of the pawnshop.

Interesting ideas on heat prevail in China. In the interior the "kang," a sort of big stone couch with a fire underneath it, is the family sleeping place and keeps the house cozy. In Shankhai, however, despite the many Western contacts, Chinese ideas of heating do not coincide with Western ideas. Many Chinese who live in big, semiforeign houses do not rely on steam heat. Some have small fireplaces, but there are many houses where a foreigner will call and be received in a room without any heat and must sit and shiver in his overcoat. Most likely his Chinese host, well surrounded by thick, padded clothing, is sitting in a chair with his fingers grasping a small hot-water bottle of a type which sells by the thousand in Shanghai. The hot-water bottle idea is very common and no lady of fashion would go out in her sumptuous rickshaw with its four electric lights without taking her bottle with her to keep her hands warm.

Three Kinds of Heating.

Three different kinds of heating ideas may be cited. At the house of a retired Chinese politician, once Premier of China, you can always find a crackling log fire burning in winter.

"That is one thing I learned in England," he says. "There is nothing to beat a log fire for heat and cheerfulness combined."

Another political leader, who was educated in the United States, favors steam heat. The heat strikes the visitor as soon as he opens his front door. A third man, also a political leader who has traveled in the United States and Europe, has adopted neither method of heating. He still adheres to his "kang" for his bedroom, but the rest of his house is like a refrigerator. He receives callers in a freezing atmosphere, but sticks to the hot-water bottle.

"The trouble with your foreign clothes is that they are not practical and nothing like as warm as Chinese clothes, which are padded and perfectly coldproof," he says. "I learned a lot from my residence in Western countries, but I was never won over to your ideas on clothes. You wear thin and impractical clothes, sit in a hot room all day and then go out into the cold streets and catch a cold. Foreign clothes are just death traps."

The Music in the Air.

There's music in the upper air, not
just when morn is nigh,
But when the twilight shadows come
to veil the evening sky.
So when the chores at last are done,
pull up an easy chair,
And tune the radio to catch the music
in the air!

"The hours I spent with thee, dear
heart, are like a string of pearls.
O take me back, O take me back to
'Gin, 'Gin 'Ginny girls.
The price of eggs is 30 cents, and
cauliflower's high.
For all the lads they smile on me while
coming through the Rye!

"O honey, honey doan you know, I'se
got de home-brew blues?
Your winter hat may be broad-brimmed
or turban as you choose.
O thou sublime sweet evening star,
rest on my spirit's dream,
Red Riding Hood she saw the wolf,
and then let out a scream!

"Some vegetables require, of course,
a light and sandy loam,
'Tis just a love nest (tum te tum) that
we can call our home.
The price of chicken feet is high, but
less in quantity.
So roll 'em, girls, roll 'em—my Swiss
miss misses me!"
There's music in the evening air and
there i also speech,
To entertain or edify, to kill the time
or teach.
So put your good old slippers on, and
pick an easy chair,
Tune up the radio and catch the music
in the air!

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

Sister in Doubt.

"You are the sunshine of my life. Your smile falls like lightning into my soul. With you by my side I would defy all the storms of life."

"Is this a proposal or a weather report?"

Had His Nerve.

A customer went into a store and picked up an article, walked out with it and told the clerk to charge it.

"On what account?" called the clerk.

"On account of not having any money with me."

Electric Lights Help Fish.

Electric lights over the water in fish hatcheries have been found to attract insects and thus aid in feeding the fish.

A faithful friend is a fine image of the Deity.—Napoleon.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

Upwards of 64,000 persons find employment in Canada's mining industry. To these employees salaries and wages totalling $83,000,000 are paid annually. This money is circulated in Canada to pay taxes, purchase food, clothing and the many Canadian-made luxuries that our standards of living demand. But the mining companies spend much in addition for the purchase of machinery and supplies from Canadian merchants and manufacturers; the sum of 20 millions is spent each year for fuel and electricity alone.

Incidentally the profits of the successful companies go to increase the liquid capital assets of Canadian citizens who have invested in the industry. Unfortunately many of these profits go outside the country, since British, American and other investors have been shrewd enough to buy in many valuable properties, and the rewards of development are naturally theirs insofar as actual cash dividends are concerned. Many of the stronger interests operating Canadian mines are far-sighted enough to re-invest part of their profits in the acquisition and development of additional properties so that part of surpluses never leave the country. Fortunately, also, for Canada, wages and other operating expenditures have to be made in Canada, although in some instances the ores are shipped to plants in the United States or Europe for treatment, and other countries receive even greater benefits in employment and investment than does the country which has furnished the raw material.

It behooves us, therefore, as good Canadian citizens, to see that Canadian ores are treated, so far as is practicable, in Canadian mills and refineries, using Canadian power, employing Canadian workmen and buying Canadian machinery and supplies.

It must not be forgotten that mineral resources, unlike water powers or forests or agricultural products, once used, can never be replaced. There is only the one crop. It is not difficult to understand why that single crop should be developed only under such circumstances as will bring the greatest prosperity and benefits to the country.

What Is He Worth?

Talking with a group of friends on the subject of children, a mother made the proud boast that she would not part with her boy for a million dollars. A bachelor who was standing nearby, knowing something of the boy's mischievous nature, remarked in an undertone, "And I wouldn't give ten cents for him." Mothers usually incline to the higher valuation, and they are right: The potential value of a boy is beyond computation. He may become an illustrious leader and benefactor and make the whole world his debtor. In helping a child we can never tell how great the service we may be rendering to the nation.

Liking Nature.

There appears to be no end to my liking for Nature; whether a tree is so leafy that it reduces the whole heavens to a few blue eyes, or whether the twigs are as thin and bare as the birds' legs that use them—it is all the same to me.—W. H. Davies, in "Later Days."

Mexican Children.

Mexico has no courts for juveniles, but the Society for Protection of Children has appealed to President Calles to found such courts.

Get Light From a Tree.

The oil drawn from the shea butter tree of interior Africa provides fuel and light for the natives.

Demand for Classy Pigs.

More than 250 pedigree pigs were bought in Great Britain by the Russian government alone last year, and the export trade generally in British pigs during the year enjoyed a boom.

A New Animal.

The huarize is a recently developed animal, a cross between the llama and the alpaca of Peru.

Two Long Lakes.

Lake Baigal, Siberia, is nearly as long as Lake Superior.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

That's Carrying a Joke a Bit Too Far.