Of Interest to Motorists

CAUTION RULES WOMAN DRIVER WHILE IN CAR.

Women are going into an endless number of new fields. They are found increasingly to be doing the sort of things heretofore supposed to be reserved for men. Consequently one is not surprised to see feminine charm at the wheel of the automobile. The question which naturally arises in this event is whether or not the female of the species will be more deadly at motoring than the male.

Certainly the male is too deadly. The number of accidents which can be checked up against men drivers is more than should be the case. But how about women? Are they more cautious than men as operators? By nature it is claimed that women are endowed with a tendency to caution. If so, do they exercise it as motorists? The answer is in the affirmative.

Most men are impressed by the caution which is apparently felt by women who undertake to direct the driving from the back seat of a car. This same caution appears to carry over to the front seat when these women themselves take up actual driving. Wherever statistics on accidents have been kept it has been found that the number of women drivers involved were in the minority—so much so that even considering the fact that the proportion of women drivers is less the advantage is in their favor.

OBEY TRAFFIC RULES.

Observers of women drivers report that they obey traffic rules better than men. They take fewer chances when touring. They are considerate of other drivers. They are not one-arm drivers. And they know how to drive—that is how to stop, start, turn around, back up, and the like. If they have an outstanding fault it is that of going at too slow a speed. They don't seem to be so all-fired concerned as men about breaking any speed records in getting where they are going.

There is considerable enjoyment for a woman in taking out the family car during the week while the men folks are at business, taking a little drive into the country and getting away from the daily routine of housework occasionally. The woman who knows how to drive makes use of the car for errands, meeting folks at the railroad station if the home is in the suburbs, taking the children to school.

LEARNING THE ART.

According to statistics, one woman out of three of those rural families having automobiles knows how to drive. The proportion may be less in the cities. But any normal woman can master the driving are with no great difficulty. If no friends or relatives will teach her and if she is not near a good automobile school, which would be the best place to go, she can engage the services of a good chauffeur, or, better still, a demonstrator for an automobile service station, and have him teach her. These men are often glad to do a little of this work, and one should not have great difficulty in finding such a person.

The best way to make a beginning is to have the rear of the car jacked up and the front wheels blocked so that there is no danger of the car getting away from her. When learning to operate an automobile the first step is to become familiar with the engine—how to start and stop it—and how to control the speed.

Regarding starting the engine, consult the instruction book that came with the car and if that is not obtainable, secure another one from your local dealer. If they cannot furnish you with one, write to the factory and give them the motor number and where you bought your car.

A Hot Medium.

"She's a hot medium, I hear."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes—she raises Cain and the Devil 'most every night."

Sacred Mountains.

Mount Ararat, the mount upon which the ark of Noah rested, and which overlooked the graves of a ruined world.

Mount Moriah, the mount upon which Abraham offered up his son Isaac; where, afterward, Solomon built the temple.

Mount Sinai, the mount upon which the law was given to Moses.

Mount Hor, the mount upon which Aaron died.

Mount Pisgah, the mount upon which Moses died.

Mount Horeb, the mount where Moses saw the burning bush and where Elijah fled from the face of Jezebel.

Mount Carmel, where fire came down and consumed the sacrifice of Elijah, and where he slew the prophets of Baal; and from the summit of which he prayed for rain, and was answered.

Mount Lebanon, the mount noted for its great and beautiful cedars, etc.

Mount Zion—the literal Mount Zion was one of the hills on which Jerusalem was built, and stood near Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up his son Isaac.

Mount Tabor, the mount upon which Christ was transfigured.

Mount Olivet, the mount where Christ prayed, being in agony, and saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," etc.

Mount Calvary, the mount where Jesus was crucified.

That Would Help.

1st Bug—"Is Mr. Grasshopper intoxicated?"

2nd Bug—"Well, he's full of hops!"

Slouchiness.

Tramps and loafers and the slovenly slouch along the highways and byways of life because they lack that self-respect which braces a man's shoulders and inspires others to say of him, "He's no slouch."

It is undoubtedly true that the slouch habit is often a mental attitude. It is a habit of mind as well as of body, and reflects slack thinking and slack muscles from self-coddling indulgence and a bent and twisted philosophy of life.

Planning a Small Garden.

The ideal small garden is a delightful outdoor living room shut off from view, planned for continuous bloom, arranged to give an impression of as much space as possible, and with comfortable furniture placed in inviting nooks.

Vines offer alluring possibilities for the garden enthusiast in search of quick results. The old fashioned morning glory is a rapid grower. Together with the annuals desirable for the impatient new gardener, biennials and perennials, which do not mature the same year, should be planted in addition for their permanence as well as for their beauty.

The small garden must be planned to give an impression of space by arranging vista effects, even though dwarfed to miniature. This may be accomplished by nothing more than an unfoldment of green lawn reaching off through an irregular lane of trees and shrubs. Perhaps a little path will curve beckoningly about the house, carrying the eye pleasantly beyond the foreground. The protecting wall may give the effect of distance by means of a lattice panel devised to produce the semblance of perspective. Small-sized garden furniture may be employed, and the farther points may be equipped with very small pieces indeed, so that the eye is deceived into believing them farther away than they really are.

In the planning of a small garden, care must be exercised not to break up the ground area into too many units, either by paths or flower beds. It is better to have one main path wide enough for two people to walk abreast, than a number of unnecessary little ones that encroach upon the available working area. Such garden paths as there are should always arrive at specific points of interest. They should never end suddenly at nothing in particular.

Coffee.

It is rather remarkable that the two chief products of the West Indies, namely coffee and sugar, are both natives of the Old World, and have been acclimatized in the New.

Coffee, as its name imparts, Coffaea Arabica, is indigenous to Northern Africa, and was imported into Europe as a curiosity. Not much more than a hundred and fifty years ago a single layer of two slips was taken from Holland to Martinique, and it throve so well that it furnished a supply for the whole of the West Indies.

There is a romantic story connected with its introduction. A Frenchman, named Descliеux, had charge of the plant. On the voyage the vessel fell in with a series of storms, and all on board were put on short allowance of water.

The heroic Frenchman divided his share of water with the coffee-plant.

"And Martinico loads her ships
With produce from those dear-saved slips."

It belongs to the useful group of Cinchonaceae. Even the leaves possess many of the qualities which make the seeds so useful.

A bottle thrown overboard from a British steamship about 750 miles south-east of Africa was discovered three years later off the coast of Chile, having travelled nearly 9,000 miles.

One of the Greatest Cases Before the Priv y Council

MAP SHOWS THE AREA WHICH TWO GOVERNMENTS CLAIMED

To the left is Aime Geoffrion, of Montreal, who headed the Dominion of Canada delegation of barristers. To the right is Sir John Simon, who handled the case for Newfoundland.

The Labrador boundaries dispute has been one of the greatest cases in the history of the privy council. The actual question askel was as follows: "What is the location and definition of the boundary as between Canada and Newfoundland in the Labrador peninsula under the statutes, orders-in-council and proclamations?"

It took five years alone to decide upon the exact wording of this question. The whole case was in preparation for twenty years, costing the two governments nearly a million dollars.

The hearing was fraught with historical romance. The vast Labrador wilderness is thought to have been known to the Norsemen nine centuries ago. It was part of John Cabot's discoveries but it remained a no-man's country. After the British conquest of Canada, a southern strip was given to Quebec in 1763. But east of the St. John river the coast was given to Newfoundland. Much of the legal argument hinged around the meaning of the word "coast."

In 1809 the territory in question was restored to Newfoundland, most of it appearing as part of Newfoundland in all official Canadian maps until the end of the 19th century. Then as now the population consisted of a few hundred Indians and trappers. Throughout neither the Quebec nor the Newfoundland governments had attempted any effective administration, though the Newfoundland game laws were enforced.

With the start of the present century interest began to be aroused in the territory, owing to the timber and power potentialities. The ownership became a wrangle. Finally, the federal government standing behind Quebec, the case was taken to the privy council.

Libraries and museums were ransacked and expert witnesses were summoned not only from the countries concerned, including the United States, but also from Norway and Sweden. The testimony was collected into eight stout volumes, containing over 4,200 pages.

The actual coastline was not disputed belonging to Newfoundland. But interests in Canada have been anxious to acquire, no matter the decision, some part of the coastline. The negotiations for sale were entrusted in 1924 to Premier Munroe, who represented Newfoundland at the imperial conference.

What is a European?

Paris Opinion: (What is meant when one speaks of a "good European?" One must first of all define European. And before we can do that we must define Europe. The true Europe is not the same as Europe, the geographical entity. North Africa and Algeria are largely European. Much of the Balkans is not. Russia is Oriental. Prussia once used to be called Borussia). As for Great Britain, her position is a peculiar one. On several counts she is part of Europe; on others she belongs to that sixth part of the world which is called the British Empire. It is this amphibian character which has frequently, and quite wrongly, laid her open to the charge of perfidy. When the British, after the Great War, appeared to desert their Allies, it was no case of treachery. It was merely that, after having for four years acted in the character of Europeans, they once more assumed the character of citizens of the Empire.

At the Gallery.

"Don't you think it a great exposition of female figures?"

"In the sense of exposure, yes."

Jewish farmers have during the present century increased their American holdings to about a million acres. They have increased in number from 1,000 to 75,000, says a report of the Jewish Agricultural Society, Inc.

The Mother Heart.

I never touch the wonder of her hair—
Her golden nimbus, like a sunlit mist—
That curls of other children are not there,
Wee heads unkempt, unkissed.

I never feel her small confiding hand,
Slipped softly, like a flower, within my own,
But other little ones beside her stand
Unloved, untaught, unknown.

I never bend above her rosy sleep,
Or kneel in gratitude beside her bed,
But other babes in outer darkness weep,
Unwatched, uncomforted.

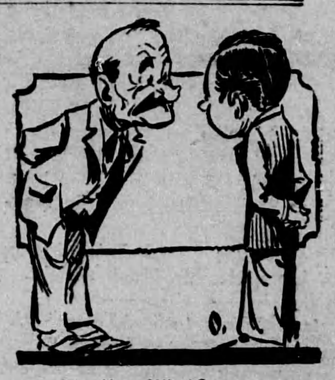
O little daughters whom no mother tends!
O wee lost lambs that stray in stony ways!
How shall we find you?—and how make amends
For our child's happy days?

—Robert Emmet Ward.

The Supremacy of the Intellect.

Winnipeg Liberte (Ind.): The cult of the intelligence, and the preference given to spiritual values over worldly things has always been one of the most striking characteristics of the French race and the reason for its widely-diffused influence throughout the world. The energy and prestige of the (French) Canadian soul depends for the most part on the same cause, and to lose our taste and respect for the things of the spirit would be worse than decadence for us. It is a crime against the French ideals which it is our duty to defend and protect in this country.

Rosewood is not the wood of any kind of rose tree. It is obtained chiefly from various Brazilian trees. The name is due to the faint smell of roses when the wood is freshly cut.



Now What?

"Son, don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"I agree with you, father, but what in the world would I do with any moss?"

For Next Day's Column.

If Love will only lead us
We should not ask the way,
Or if it's wild with Winter,
Or blossom flown with May;
If thorns—we should not heed them;
If blossoms, well-a-day!
If Love will only lead us
We need not ask the way.

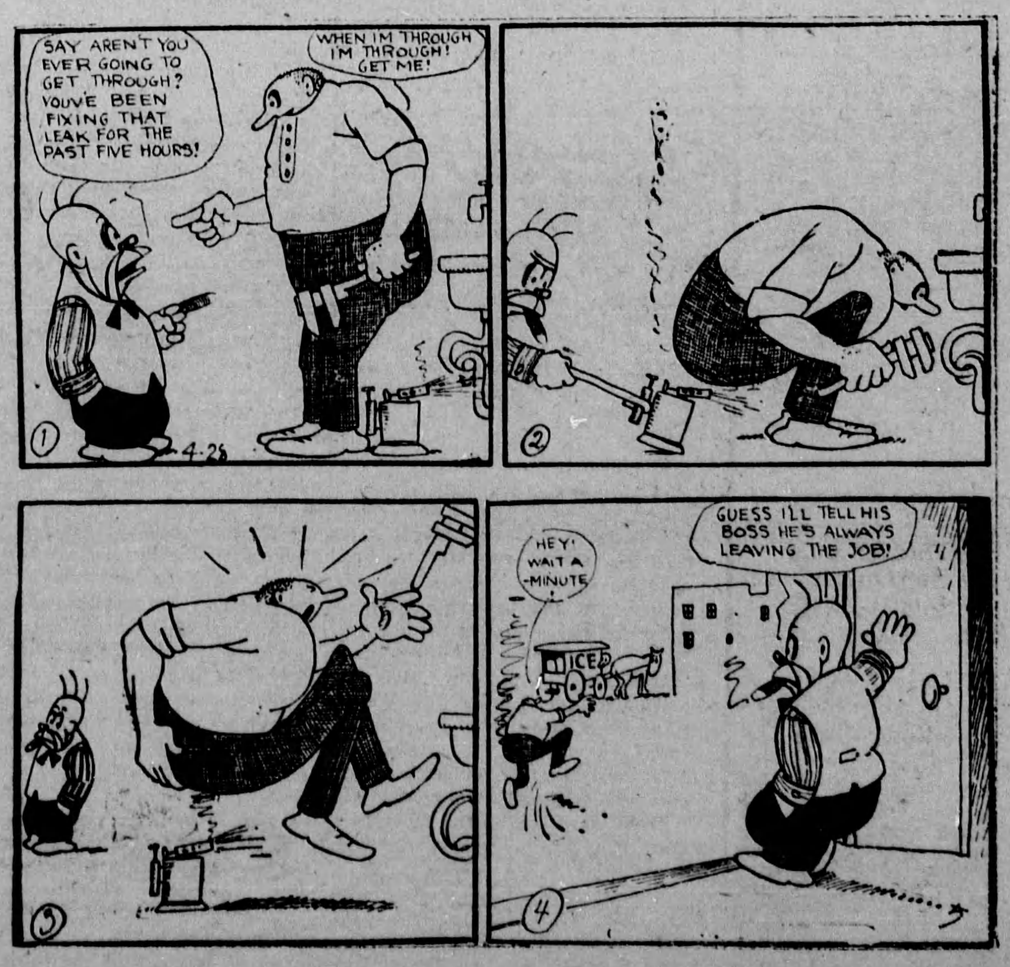
If Love will only lead us—
Will hear the prayers we pray,
In even the darkest midnight
Our souls will dream of day,
The thorn will know the blossom,
The night the morning's ray;
If Love will only lead us
We need not ask the way!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Appreciation.

The first time that one sees a glorious thing, one's heart is lifted up towards it in love and awe, till it seems near to one—ground on which one may freely tread, because one appreciates and admires; and no one forgets the distance between its grandeur and one's own littleness.—Charles Kingsley, in "Two Years Ago."

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



Preparing to Swarm.

It is the spirit of the hive that fixes the hour of the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race, . . . when we find a whole people, who have attained the topmost pinacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandoning, to the generation to come, their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labor; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. . . .

They will not leave at a moment of despair; or desert with sudden and wild resolve a home laid waste. . . . No, the exile has long been planned, and the favorable hour patiently awaited. Were the hive poor, had it suffered from pillage or storm, had misfortune befallen the royal family, the bees would not forsake it. They leave it only when it has attained the apogee of its prosperity; at a time when, after the arduous labors of the spring, the immense palace of wax has its one hundred and twenty thousand well-arranged cells overflowing with new honey. . . . Never is the hive more beautiful than on the eve of its heroic renouncement, in its unrivaled hour of fullest abundance and joy; serene for all its apparent excitement. . . .

As the beautiful day advances with radiant and tranquil steps beneath the trees, its ardor, still bathed in dew, makes the appointed hour seem laggard. Over the whole surface of the golden corridors . . . the workers are busily making preparation for the journey. Each one will first of all burden herself with provision of honey sufficient for five or six days. . . . Absorbed by the cares, the prodigious perils of this mighty adventure, they will have no time now to visit the gardens and meadows. . . . It is the festival of honey, the triumph of the race, the victory of the future; the only day of joy, of forgetfulness, of folly. . . . They exult, they cannot obtain the joy that is in them. They come and go aimlessly—they whose every movement has always its precise and useful purpose—they depart and return, sally forth once again to see if the queen be ready, to excite their sisters, to beguile the tedium of waiting. They fly much higher than is their wont, and the leaves of the mighty trees round about all quiver responsive. They have left trouble behind, and care. They no longer are meddling and fierce, aggressive, suspicious, untamable. Man,—the unknown master whose sway they never acknowledge, who can subdue them only by conforming to their every law . . . on this day approach them, can divide the glittering curtain they form as they fly round and round in songful circles; he can take them in his hand and gather them as he would a bunch of grapes; for to-day, in their gladness, possessing nothing but full of faith in the future, they will submit to everything and injure no one, provided they be not separated from the queen who bears that future within her.—Maurice Maeterlinck, in "The Life of the Bee."

Character.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The pronouncement of the dying Jacob upon his eldest son is an indictment that forever runs against those lacking in character. Now, as in the day of the shepherd patriarch, the ultimate test and estimate of an individual depends upon character or the lack of it.

Character does not exempt one from the difficulties of life, but it enables its possessor to meet them more confidently and overcome them more readily. In natural consequence, character inspires the confidence of others. For even those who fail to apply it have faith in the precept, "This above all: To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

No other quality will stand the individual in so good stead; no other endowment is so worth conferring upon one's children. But he who would build a life so that character will be ever at command must choose his materials well. There may be other sources of materials, but none so tried and sure as religion. Whoever relies upon that source has this testimony and guaranty found in the Thirty-seventh Psalm:

"The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide."

A Handy Man.

The term "handy man" would seem to fit a certain resident of a town in England, for he advertised in the local paper as follows:

"James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, town-crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, etc., likewise hair and wigs drest and cut on the shortest notice. N.B.—I keeps an 'evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates reading, riting and rithmetic and singing. N.B.—I play the hooboy (hautboy) occasionally, if wanted. N.B.—My shop is next door where I bleed, draw teeth and shoo horses with the greatest soil (skill). N.B.—Children taut to dance if agreeable at sixpence per week by me. J. Williams, who buy and sell old irin and coats—boots and shoes cleaned and mended. N.B.—Look over the door for sign of three pidgeons. N.B.—I sell good ayyle and sometimes cyder. Lodgings for single men. N.B.—I teach jografy, algebry and them outlandish kind of things. A ball on wednesdays and frydays."