PLAYING SAFE

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

PART I.

Having nothing else to do, Claire MacNorton went down to the station early, then fretted about, calm outwardly, but raging within, until the gates opened and she was permitted to take her seat in the sleeper.

Traffic was heavy at the moment, and having suddenly decided to leave, she had been able to secure only an upper, which was well in the middle of the car. This, if possible, added to her fury, which was of a particularly upsetting sort, being mingled with a really sincere grief and a tremendous disappointment.

It is always grievous to find one's self left out of an expected large inheritance, especially where this had been very definitely promised. But when added to this there is an honest mourning for the deceased because of past ties of love and gratitude, the conflicting emotions are disturbing in the extreme. The mind is angry, the heart is hurt, pride is humiliated and confidence in human nature crippled.

Claire had traveled two days and nights by rail to reach the bedside of her dying godfather, a millionaire and a past benefactor of many acts of kindness and generosity. She had hoped to arrive in time to minister comfort to his last moments, but had reached her destination too late, and she had remained to hear the reading of the will. Expecting with just cause to inherit richly, she had managed to secure the proper mourning, including a veil which, as one very close to the deceased, she had not raised. And now she was glad that she had not done so.

Later the lawyers had explained the reason of her omission as a legatee.

"When our late client learned of your engagement to marry Mr. Van Schaick he was furious," the dry little councilor had said, "It appears that Mr. Van Schaick's father was not only a business but a personal enemy, and a man by whom he considered himself to have been defrauded and vilified. He swore that the son should never profit by a penny of his, and he therefore caused your name to be stricken immediately from the will."

"But I had just written him to say that I had broken the engagement," Claire protested, in a choking voice. "I learned a few things about Reggie Van Schaick which made all idea of marrying him revolting."

"Alas! my dear young lady," said the lawyer, "your letter must be among those which arrived after the stroke. Let me see." He summoned a clerk, who brought a heap of correspondence, and from this he selected and handed to Claire the letter which, by its retarded delivery, had cost her perhaps a quarter of a million dollars.

Since the death of her parents her home had been made with a rather tyrannical widowed aunt, whom she suspected of being by no means averse to a second marriage, and Claire had reason to believe that her entertainment was largely due to her usefulness as a decoy. There was nothing of the flapper to her. She had just turned twenty-five, was possessed of sense and character, alluring of face and with a ripeness of physical charms rather unusual for her age. Moreover, she was steady of head, cultured, and she regarded social problems squarely.

But underneath was a burning rage, this directed not against her kindly godfather, but the vultures who had profited by his bequests. She was convinced that a swarm of these had profited by her own fall; so that when presently the porter conducted to the seat facing her's a lean but squarely built young man, whom she recognized instantly as having seen at the reading of the will, Claire's emotion was for the instant homicidal.

The young man who was to occupy the lower berth of the section appeared incumbered with a good deal of hand luggage, which the red cap had set down indiscriminately, and the Pullman porter, observing this as he passed, proceeded to stow these pieces in more orderly fashion. A suitcase went under one seat, a soldier's seabag was stuffed under the other, while a roll of steamer rugs with the corner of a Navajo blanket protruding was hung from a hook overhead. The porter then stooped to pick up a small square black valise which the young man had set down in such a manner as to incommode his feet. But this inconspicuous bit of luggage did not come up. The porter had reached for it negligently with one finger, and the expression of his sable face was that of one who might lay hold of the empty bunk left by an indigent boarder and finds it nailed to the floor.

"Lan' sakes!" said he, and tried again, this time with success, though at the cost of some considerable effort, then stood staring with perplexity at the fine steel chain that was attached at one end to the valise and at the other to the wrist of the passenger.

"Never mind that, George," said the young man, crisply, "Just a little White Mule. We have to ride close herd on it nowadays."

The porter gave an explosive Negro laugh. "Yassir," said he, "but I never hefted no White Mule weigh lak that." A knowing look spread over his face as he turned and went about his duties.

Claire had missed no part of this, she could easily guess that "White Mule" was a term for the country's forbidden fruit, but she knew that no spirits could so ballast the little valise, which was not more than the size of two shoe boxes. A solution of the problem flashed immediately across her quick mind. Here apparently was a fore-handed young man, who was taking no chances on the prompt custody of his inheritance. He had evidently by some especial favor secured his legacy in gold and put it in the baby suitcase, which he had secured to his person by a chain. The roll of rugs suggested a sea voyage in immediate prospective. She thought it probable that he was leaving the country, and wondered by what right he could expect to take with him what must be a considerable fortune in gold.

"Here," thought Clare bitterly, "is a man already well provided for who is making off with a good part of what should be my inheritance." She glanced at the end of his suitcase under the seat and saw the label of a Washington hotel, also the remains of one of the French Line. This suggested that he might be in some branch of Government service, a naval officer, perhaps, about to be ordered to European waters.

A dining car steward announced the first call for dinner. The young man opposite laid down his magazine and rose, when for the first time he appeared to take an active interest in her presence. His features relaxed in a friendly expression and he spoke to her in the pleasant, inoffensive way of one accustomed not only to travel and its exigencies, but courteously offering to render service to his fellow travelers.

"Perhaps you'd rather have the lower berth," said he. "It's rather awkward for a lady to scramble up and down the ladder, and I am quite accustomed to it."

"Thank you," said Claire, "If you're sure you don't mind."

"Not in the least. The upper is really better on a sultry night like this, more free air, and I'm used to that, too." He glanced through the window. "Looks as if we were going to catch a cyclone or cloudburst or something. Hope it doesn't blow the train off the track"—he glanced at his valise and smiled—"just when I've got all my eggs in one basket. I believe I saw you at the funeral of Mr. Lothrop."

"Yes," answered Claire, surprised that he should have recognized her heavily veiled. "My Lothrop was my godfather."

His eyes flashed at her a look of sudden interest. He reseated himself. "Then you must be Miss MacNorton. Mr. Lothrop often talked to me about you. I am Stephen Goddard."

Claire's gray eyes hardened. Her godfather had also spoken frequently to her of Stephen Goddard, whom she knew to have been a sort of protege for whose scientific education he had paid.

"Yes," she answered, "I've heard him mention you."

"I owe him everything," said Stephen. "I have delayed the sailing of a Government vessel to go to his funeral."

"Your duty appears to have been well rewarded," said Claire.

He looked surprised. "I don't think I quite get you."

Claire glanced significantly at his wrist to which the light chain was attached. He caught the trend of her mind and smiled, then frowned.

"If you'll pardon me for saying so, I was intensely surprised at not hearing your name mentioned in the will."

"So was I," said Claire, bitterly; "but that is a matter which I prefer not to discuss."

She turned to look out of the window with the manner of one who desires a conversation discontinued. Stephen appeared to hesitate for a moment, then picked up his valise and walked down the aisle toward the head of the train, indifferent to the curious eyes of such of the passengers as happened to observe his manner of safeguarding the small piece of luggage.

Claire continued to stare out at the dull, monotonous country with eyes as hot and brooding and sullen as the lurid sky, now thickening into a dark opacity as the daylight waned.

She was angry with herself for having accepted the offer of this complacent young stranger whom she felt had profited at her cost. "Playing safe," said Clare to herself, and her full lip curled scornfully. "That's the way to get what you want in this world. Play safe. If I'd had the sense to play safe I'd be safe now instead of a beggar and prospective outcast."

For it was borne in upon her mind that the reception of her aunt and hostess was apt to be affected by the knowledge of her disinheritance.

She sent the porter for a sandwich and a glass of milk, then waited in another seat for him to make up her berth. Inside it with the curtains drawn she felt as though buried alive in a misfit coffin not far removed from the infernal regions. Nervous depression added to the intensity of her bodily discomfort. The perspiration ran from her in little rills, but without the agreeable sense of depletion to be found in a Turkish bath.

She woke suddenly and flung up her hands. They struck a hard, smooth surface, which slanted down across her and completely blocked her exit from the berth. The car was keeled over at a slight angle to the other side and the air was filled with muffled shrieks and shouting and the roar of waters. Terror stricken, Claire reached for her light, only to find it extinct. She thrust up the curtain of her window, but the darkness without was impenetrable, and there seemed to be a flood pouring down the glass. She was imprisoned in a triangular space and immediately guessed that the chains supporting the upper berth had parted, and that it had fallen, to leave an aperture of not more than six inches on the aisle of the car. Through this she shrieked wildly for help.

"One minute!" shouted a vibrant voice. "I'll get you out."

The cries and screams seemed growing fainter, and from a little distance came a smashing, splintering sound. She heard the man beside her roaring for help to raise the berth, which had jammed, but there was no response. Then, presently, as he struggled, it seemed to yield.

"Lie on your back and shove straight up with your arms when I count three," he said. Claire obeyed, and they seemed to gain two or three inches.

"It's jammed against the partition," he panted. "Don't be frightened. I'll get you out."

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education and desirable qualifications for becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Somewhere.

How can I cease to pray for thee?
Somewhere in God's great universe
thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee
I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
Oh! true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'r
In His great universe thou art to-day.

Nancy Knew.

Little Nancy—"Mother, I know what drawing is."

Mother—"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"Drawing is thinking, and then drawing round the think."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A Village of Chess Players.

If a visitor to the ancient village of Stroebeck near Halberstadt, in Saxony, should wander through the streets just after breakfast, he would meet little troops of boys and girls on their way to school carrying very strange school luggage. Every one of them would be burdened with a full set of chess-men.

According to a writer in Blanco y Negro, Stroebeck is a veritable rookery of chess players. From the children in primary grades to the doddering ancients in the chimney corners all the inhabitants devote the greater part of their leisure to acquiring proficiency in the fascinating game. During one of the frequent wars between the Poles and the Germans in the Middle Ages a Polish prince, the story goes, fell into the hands of the German army near Stroebeck, and for his own safety they shut him up in the castle that still dominates the village. To while away the tedious hours the prince, who like many of his countrymen was an accomplished chess player, taught the game to his jailers. They became infatuated with it, and the passion spread until every man, woman and child in the village was neglecting his affairs in order to checkmate his neighbor. The devotion to the game was transmitted from generation to generation; even to-day nothing seems to dampen the ardor with which the Stroebeckian pursues the intricate moves of his beloved game.

It is one of the prescribed subjects taught in what we should call the grammar schools. Nor do the pupils, as soon as they leave school, try to forget what they have learned. It is their lifelong pursuit. In offices, in stores, everywhere about the village, the traveller will encounter couples who have dropped their work to engage in a contest. Even the village blacksmith, placing his board on his anvil, plays with the neighbor who has brought his horse to be shod. No bets are made, no prizes offered; the sole ambition of the players is to win. If defeated they console themselves with the reflection that they have learned something that may help them to win the next game. Everywhere in the town are evidences of the cult. The mouldings of the schoolhouse door are ornamented with magnified figures of chessmen, in the public reading room are all the periodicals that treat of the game, and in the public buildings are portraits of many famous players.

Stopping a Grizzly.

Everything about the little power plant was running so smoothly that Edwin Green took out a book and sat down by an open window. It was the first warm day after a hard winter in the Rockies, and Green became so deeply interested in his book that he did not notice the sound of a slow, heavy breathing outside.

When he looked up he saw a huge grizzly bear standing at the window. Fortunately, the window was barred and the door closed, but Green was so surprised that it took him several minutes to realize that he was not in immediate danger.

The affair soon took on the aspect of a siege. The bear seemed greatly infuriated when Green tried to frighten him away by throwing things at him or by making a noise. At the end of an hour Green began to be worried. His friend Egerton would return soon, and Egerton carried no gun. Moreover, he would come from behind the power house and would not see the bear until he was right on it. Green could not warn him, since there was no opening of any kind in the back of the building.

Finally, he hit on a plan. Although the house was built of brick and concrete, the bars of the windows were entirely embedded in wood. That would serve as an insulator. One of the electric wires leading from a terminal of one of the transformers he connected with the bars of the window; the other wire he grounded.

The next time the bear appeared at the window Green seized a bamboo fishing pole and began to poke him with it. The animal let out a roar and, rising on his hind legs, brought both of his front feet down on the iron bars. There was not a sound, not a whimper. For the fraction of a second every muscle in the bear's body was tense. Then his muscles relaxed, and he fell limp to the ground. Such a current would have been too much for any grizzly.

The World's Most Wonderful Gardens

For eighty years Kew Gardens, in London, have been the Mecca not only of the world's horticulturists but of millions of admiring visitors.

Kew Gardens do not exist solely or even primarily for the purpose of providing relaxation for jaded Londoners or wondering visitors from every land. Their chief object is the advancement of the study of plant life, combined with the introduction into Britain of new and rare foreign plants.

The Gardens, which cover 288 acres, contain 25,000 different varieties of plants arranged systematically in hothouses and in the open. The Palm House, which attracts more visitors than any other building, is 362 ft. long and 66 ft. high. It is warmed by huge ovens, the heat being conveyed through 17,500 ft. of pipes.

One of the treasures of the Gardens is the Victoria Regia, the queen of water-lilies and the biggest flower known. Its leaves are so broad that they are capable of supporting the weight of a child of five. This wonderful plant, which has a house to itself, was discovered in 1801 by a Spanish monk, who described in a report to his Government his astonishment at first seeing the glorious blooms.

Thirty years later an English botanist found the plant floating on the Berbice River in British Guinana, and his description created tremendous interest. Soon afterwards it made its appearance at Kew, where the wonder plant has received the homage of hundreds of thousands of visitors.

Another source of attraction are the pitcher plants. The Flytrap variety is almost uncanny. No sooner does an insect alight on the inside of its cup than the lid shuts down tightly, remaining closed until the prisoner has been completely digested by the plant.

But to catalogue the plant marvels of Kew would be to essay a gigantic task, just as to inspect the contents of the Gardens thoroughly would occupy many days. For the visitor who is interested in Nature and who has an eye for beauty, the possibilities of Kew are inexhaustible.

Are You Keeping Up?

What would you think of a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher or a teacher who laid aside all his books when he quit school and announced to the world that he was through studying? You'd say right away, "Here's a party who is headed straight for failure. I'll give him two years to keep his first job, and in five years he'll be a day laborer. Why doesn't he know the world moves? These are stirring times, and if he isn't going to read and study, how does he expect to keep up with the times?"

Yet how many housekeepers adopt the attitude they condemn in other professional folks? How many housekeepers make it a business to study and keep in step with the progress that is being made in their profession? Did you even know that housework is now dignified by that name?

In no science have greater strides been made in the past decade than in the science of nutrition. Just the matter of eating vegetables alone. Ten years ago we thought vegetables and fruits were the cause of bowel disturbances in summer time. We were told not to give green vegetables to children under three years of age. Now we cut out animal foods in cases of "cholera morbus," and we calmly feed the three-months-old baby spinach and other vegetables. We'd have had a fit if anyone had suggested tomato juice for ten-year-old John when he was a baby, but we give it to his six-months-old sister if the oranges are not handy.

This is only one instance of the many changes which have taken place in our ideas about feeding the human family in the light of the experiments of the past ten years. Do you know about them? Don't you think you should? Certainly if you want to keep your family in trim the only way to do it is by feeding them right.

Don't say you have no time to read and study. Take it. Take fifteen minutes right after the folks get out in the morning. Or in the middle of the day when you are tired to the point of dropping, why just drop and spend a quarter of an hour studying up in your profession. It is the most important thing you can do; far more so than pulling threads out of a piece of muslin and sewing up the holes or crochetting miles of edging for the parlor curtains. It means health for your family.

Some Canning Suggestions.

Devotees of the cold pack method of canning are firmly convinced that this is the only successful method of preserving fruit and vegetables. But housekeepers who for years have canned by the open kettle method and had their fruit keep without spoilage are hard to convince. From my own experience, I must say I side with the housekeepers. During the war when we all did everything as suggested with the idea that we'd help win the fight that way, I tried the cold pack method, but with no better success with fruit, so far as keeping properties was concerned, than when I followed the old-fashioned method of canning. For vegetables, however, I am firmly convinced the cold pack method is the best and only reliable way.

The general directions for cold pack canning are simple. Cans, tops and rubbers must be sterilized, that is, boiled, at least five minutes. Put in cold water and bring to boil; keep in the hot water on back of range until used. Vegetables should be blanched—parboiled—then dipped in cold water, then packed in the sterilized cans, until they just touch the rubbers, and the can plunged into a boiler of water as hot as the product in the can, and deep enough to come over the top two inches. Water in the boiler must be kept boiling the length of time given for each vegetable or fruit. If vegetables are to be canned, hot water and salt are poured in to fill the can to within one-half inch of top; if fruit is used hot syrup is put in, though it can be canned with hot water, and sugar added when opened.

After boiling, the technical word is processing, the required time, remove from water and tighten tops, invert to see they do not leak, and when cool store in a dark place. For blanching vegetables a square of cheesecloth or a wire basket is a necessity. Place the vegetable in the cheesecloth, twist the four corners together, and lay over the side of the kettle in which you are to blanch. You then have them ready to pick the product out as soon as the blanching is finished.

Corn.—Corn should be canned as soon as it is picked. Government experts claim that corn loses half of its sugar if allowed to stand only over night. Select between milk and dough stage; remove husks and silk; blanch on cob five minutes; plunge in cold water ten seconds; cut from cob, pack into sterilized jars to within one inch of top; add one teaspoon of salt and one of sugar; screw on top, and process four hours. Cans must be put immediately into the boiler of water. If allowed to cool they are apt to crack when plunged into the hot water. Corn on the cob is done in the same way, packing the balanced ears in wide-mouthed cans instead of cutting from cob.

Peas should be blanched five minutes, plunged ten seconds, and processed two and one-half hours if fresh. If not strictly fresh picked, process three hours. The cans must be filled with hot water and a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt added.

Succotash.—Blanch and plunge the corn and cut from cob as if for canning separately. Mix with equal measure of shelled lima beans, which need not be blanched, and process for three hours.

Peppers are much prized for winter use by housewives looking for a change in diet. Sweet green, or bullnose peppers are best. Cut in halves and remove seeds; pack in jars; cover with boiling water; add two teaspoons of salt and process two hours. They need not be blanched and dipped. A government bulletin advises baking in the oven until skin will come off easily, packing in jars and processing one and a half hours.

Removing Mildew.

Chloride of lime used intelligently will remove mildew. Do not use too much. A teaspoonful to a small tub or pail full of water is plenty. Be sure lime is thoroughly dissolved, or better still, tie it up in a stout piece of cloth and run water on to it, pressing cloth with a stick; then allow to float in tub. Immerse article to be cleansed and allow to stand several hours. Remove and rinse thoroughly in several waters. Repeat if necessary, but do not increase quantity of lime, as it will eat the material.

St. Swithin.

"Bury me," the bishop said,
"Close to my geranium bed;
Lay me near my gentle birch.
It is lonely in the church,
And its vaults are damp and chill!
Noble men sleep there, but still
House me in the friendly grass!
Let the linnets sing my mass!
And for censors bid the breeze
Waft me its perfumeries."

Dying within had his whim,
And the green sod covered him.

Then what holy celebrations
And what rapturous adorations,
Joy no worldly pen may paint—
Swithin had been made a saint!
Yet the monks forgot that he
Craved for blossom, bird and bee,
And, communing round his tomb,
Vowed his narrow earthen room
Was unworthy one whose star
Blazed in Peter's calendar.
"Who," they asked, "when we are gone
Will protect this sacred lawn?
What if time irreverent gust
Should disperse his holy dust?"
Troubled by a blackbird's whistle,
Vexed by an invading thistle,
They resolved to move his bones
To the chaste cathedral stones.

But the clouds grew black and thick
When they lifted spade and pick,
And they feared that they had blundered
By the way it poured and thundered.
Quoth the abbot: "Thus, I deem,
Swithin shows us we blasphemed!
He was fond of wind and rain;
Let him in their clasp remain!"

Forty days the heavens wept,
But St. Swithin smiled and slept.

—Daniel Henderson.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Marconi Develops New Radio Receiver.

William Marconi has retired to his yacht Electra, where he is making experiments with a new receiving apparatus which he says, when perfected, will revolutionize wireless telegraphy, says a London despatch. He is communicating with the powerful Fishguard station, and is arranging long distance signals with American stations, testing the elimination of atmospheric disturbances. He is taking advantage of a long dry spell because he says that the atmospheric conditions aid him now.

His new device is calculated to increase the range of the wireless considerably, and it is hoped that it will also be applicable both to the telegraph and telephone. The secrets of the new device are being closely guarded, and it will probably be several months before it will be covered by patents enabling it to be applied to commercial uses.

Little Willie went with his mother to visit his sister who was teaching in a neighboring town. He sat for awhile quietly listening to his sister as she talked to the pupils, then in a high, shrill voice he called out: "Jennie, you talk too much."

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INVADING HOSTS OF DREADED LOCUST

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS

Grasshoppers Rank Among the World's Greatest Pests —Helped Allied Cause.

Thous[illegible] the locusts found near Lon[illegible] don recently caused some alarm, they are by no means the first seen in Eng[illegible] land, and French scientists, who predicted not long ago that one of the plagues of Egypt would be added to Britain's other post-war troubles, are not likely to be able to say, "We told you so."

In semi-tropical countries, and [illegible] in parts of Europe, the appearance of a couple of locusts may be of [illegible] graver import, since they may [illegible] to be the advance guard of an [illegible] countless millions.

A pair of the pests were [illegible] Port St. Louis, near Marseilles, 1817. Three years later the district was invaded by the very [illegible] sects and the inhabitants [illegible] than twenty communes abandoned their farms, which had been [illegible] bare. Trees, vegetables, everything had gone. Usually, however, they came like thieves in the night, [illegible] would be thus that they would [illegible] upon us [illegible] they paid us a visit.

Locomotives Held Up.

A long, dark cloud is seen [illegible] the horizon. Nearer and [illegible] come, and louder and louder [illegible] an ominous sound—a sound which Wise Man of the Bible compared to that of "chariots of many horses running into battle." Soon the sky overhead and a moment later [illegible] is alive with buzzing, whirring [illegible] which crash into people's houses, their houses, perish by millions, water troughs, and settle on everything.

Birds by the thousand devour them, for they have been [illegible] from far by flocks of bird-locust eaters, which in turn are pursued by hawks, kites, and [illegible] But their natural enemies appear to diminish their numbers.

The invading host may cover a comparatively small area, as in South Africa, the pests have been at once on nearly two thousand miles of territory, and formed a mass so that when they were driven to the sea their bodies formed a three-foot bank along the [illegible] fifty miles.

Against such an army even [illegible] tives are powerless, for they [illegible] stretch. Near the Vaal River, South Africa, locusts once swarmed [illegible] the railway, in such hosts that no engine could not make its way through them, and during the plague [illegible] which parts of Europe are suffering, a train has been stopped by [illegible] gossa, the wheels skidding on the [illegible] of the pests.

But the devastating effect of vegetation is always the same. In a few hours the ground on which they settle is cleared of every green [illegible]. Trees are stripped of leaves and [illegible] and if there is any fruit on them [illegible] the stones and stalks remain.

Regiment Saved from Disaster.

In Canada they often work havoc among the crops. For this reason grasshoppers rank among the world's greatest pests. Yet often they have been of great assistance to British arms, which they have helped materially to victory.

During the South African War they did Britain several good turns, [illegible] by saving the Household Cavalry Regiment from disaster. On this occasion, as out one day it was overwhelming force of Boers; but at the right moment a cloud of [illegible] appeared, and formed a screen behind which our troops were able to [illegible] their escape.

Visiting Palestine and Syria in the early part of 1915, they devoured the country and hampered the movements of Turkish forces on the Egyptian front so greatly that they were worth at least a couple of armies to the Allied cause.

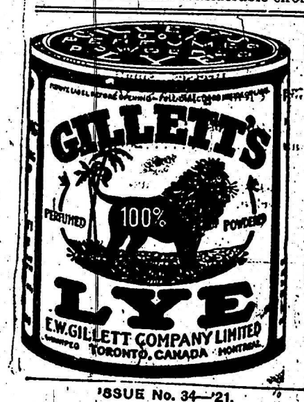
Census of Motor Cars.

Dealing with the motor industry in 1920, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has published statistics showing that the United States possessed 9,211,295 motor vehicles. Great Britain, by the latest returns of the Ministry of Transport, had [illegible] were in use in that year.

About 3,000,000 of the United States total were in use on farms. In passenger cars the number in use was 8,[illegible]197. Of these about 33 per cent. were owned by farmers.

The figures show that 83 per cent. of the world's motor cars are in the United States.

To continue the list: Canada with one car to every 21 persons, New Zealand with one to 41, Australia with one to 64, Cuba with one to 94 and Great Britain with one to 110 are the largest users of motor cars in proportion to the population, while Liberia, with a ratio of one car to 250,000 of the population, is at the bottom.

Sailor's Collar Once Useful.

The bluejacket's collar is a survival of the days when sailors wore pigtails. The collar was to protect their jackets from the grease with which the pigtails were oiled.