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# THE AUTOMOBILE



### Locating Ignition Trouble.

The modern spark plug is so well made and gives so little trouble that many owners are puzzled when the engine begins to miss. Often they do not recognize the trouble as missing, and even when they do they do not know how to go about finding it. If the engine is provided with pet cocks the missing cylinder may be located by opening the cocks one at a time and noting what cylinder is not firing. Flame may be observed at all cocks except at the one that is missing. It is likely that if a new spark plug is placed in the cylinder the missing will be cured.

### Lubricant for Springs.

One of the best lubricants and preservatives for the leaves of automobile springs is flake graphite and lubricating oil mixed to a consistency of a paste and applied with a paint brush. This prevents the accumulation of rust and contributes to the easy riding qualities of the part.

### When Wheels Wobble.

Wobbly wheels, besides wearing bearings and otherwise racking the machine, have an equally destructive effect on tire treads. A slight wobble of only one degree actually drags the tire sidewall 920 feet in each thousand miles. This rasping increases with the seriousness of the trouble. Such a condition is easily corrected and saves not only tires, but the car from excessive strain.

### Adapt Brake Adjustment.

In adjusting brakes, they should not be drawn up too tightly, for on many cars brakes that are all right with one or two passengers aboard will bind severely when it is carrying its full quota. Therefore, when tightening up on the adjustments, they should always be left loose enough to allow for a full load of passengers. Even when this precaution is taken the drums should be watched. Brakes which are not tight enough to cause smoking in two or three miles may still be tight enough to produce smoke after twenty or thirty miles of hard driving.

### Measuring the Star's Heat.

The smallest and most sensitive instrument in the world has been constructed by Dr. W. W. Coblentz, an American scientist. Used for measuring the heat given off by the stars, it will respond to the heat of a candle fifty miles away!

### Twilight Caused by Dust!

For an hour after the sun has set, it is still light enough in this country for us to see quite well; and in the early morning, the twilight begins to come along before the sun makes its appearance.

### History in the Atlas

If you wished to annex a Frenchman, you could hardly do so more effectively than by calling him a German. Yet look at the word "France" printed large across the map of that country, and consider its origin. Is it not derived from the Franks, a tribe—or, rather, a confederacy of purely German tribes who descended from the Hartz Mountains and conquered France in the sixth century, Clovis, their king, making Paris his capital?

Ireland was originally Hibernia, a name said to be derived from a Phoenician word meaning "furthest habitation." It goes to prove that, even in the days of King Solomon, there was trade between the Eastern end of the Mediterranean and the British Isles.

Portugal is another country in the name of which is enshrined a fact of its history. Oporto, as we call it, is the principal seaport of Portugal. This town was given as dowry to Teresa when she married Henry of Lorraine. He styled himself Earl of Portugal because Oporto then was known as Pertus Galorum (the port of the Gauls). Eventually the name was extended to include the whole country.

As we all know, Captain Cook was the first white man to land in New Zealand. Has it ever occurred to you to wonder why he, an Englishman, should have given to the new territory a Dutch name? The fact is that Captain Cook had nothing to do with

### Excessive Oiling.

Excessive burning of oil in cylinders may be remedied by using a different grade of oil, probably a heavier grade, or, if necessary, by removing pistons and rings and cleaning away the carbon that has unobtrusively accumulated on them. Sometimes the trouble lies in the use of too much oil in the crank case, or in engines that have had many thousands of miles of travel. Worn cylinders, pistons and rings would cause this sucking of oil into the combustion chambers.

### Modern Motor Sweeties.

Still motors run sweet. Home is where the car is. A soft tire turneth away cash. While there's gas there's hope. Wheels pass on hills and curves. A wise driver maketh a glad auto. It is better to be slow than sorry. Declines make the wheels go faster. Dry springs squeak louder than "birds."

### Health Rules for Motorists.

The following precautions should be observed in all garages:  
First—Always open the garage door before starting the engine.  
Second—Do not allow the engine to run for any length of time in a closed garage.  
Third—Do not work near the exhaust of a running automobile engine.  
Fourth—Special precautions as to ventilation are necessary when in garage pits.  
Fifth—When the exhaust is used for heating a closed car, the system must be free from leaks. Persons overcome by exhaust gases from automobiles and gasoline engines should be removed to fresh air and artificial respiration performed until a physician arrives.

### THE CRIMES OF KING MYRRHUS

By Helene Picard  
King Myrrhus was weighted down with years and crimes. He was weary of his burdens. He wished to make confession and die, and thereafter to enter into the peace of the gods. One morning he quitted his palace, a staff in his hand. He directed his steps toward a forest in whose depths lived a wise man, sanctified by silence, abstinence, poverty and meditation. At the end of the afternoon a vagabond, who smelt of the bark of the trees and of the damp grasses, pointed out to him the way to a clearing. There King Myrrhus found the hermit's cabin. He knocked at the door. The once potent but now humble monarch saw before him a man taller, older and more furrowed than himself. This man also had a white beard and a brow creased with wrinkles. But he was weighted down not with sins but with virtues. This was manifest in his quiet movements, his low and even voice, his clear eyes and his gentle assurance of manner.

Some forest animals lay at his feet. A cardinal in a saucer sent forth a few feeble rays of light. "Welcome, stranger!" the sage said to Myrrhus. "Here are bread, water and fruit. If you wish to sleep there is a bundle of dry moss for you. You will dream of your youth and of the brookside where you were born!"

"I poisoned my father in order to succeed him." And when he had made this terrible confession Myrrhus fell at the sage's feet and bowed his head in the dust. "If you repent," said his host, "and your crime is forgiven, this heavy stone will turn in your hand to a frail, dry leaf. Take this stone, Myrrhus, and in your soul exorcise your paricide."

Myrrhus, almost in a faint, took the stone, and suddenly he felt in his hand a dead leaf, which blew out through the cabin door. The king smiled sadly. Still kneeling at the wise man's feet he said: "I stole a box of jewels which my sister entrusted to me. It represented the ransom of her husband and the fortune of her son. But I repent."

The hermit dropped another stone into Myrrhus's hand. It also changed into a leaf. A hare ate it. Myrrhus wiped the sweat from his brow. "I have tortured my dogs, my horses and my slaves. But I repent."

He stretched out his hand toward the mysterious sage and the sharp stone, smooth and glittering as a knife blade, which the latter put into it, was also transformed into a dead leaf. The sigh which Myrrhus gave rose in the air and was lost in the thin smoke of the twigs which burned in the fireplace.

"What are you cooking in that pot?" asked Myrrhus. "Some roots which I am going to eat for supper."

"How good they smell! What do you season them with?" A lamb bleated at the sage's naked feet and the rays from the candle shone in his tranquil face. "Ah! hermit," said the king, "how I envy you! The presence of the gods makes itself felt about you and it seems as if they were going to take their places at your table or play the forest flute, seated on your cabin stools."

"Talk to me about yourself," said the sage. "Your heart is not yet purged. I am still listening." Myrrhus offered his open hand to his confessor and judge. He finched a little under the weight of the stone which the latter next gave him. But, it changed to a dead leaf and he banished it back. The sage crushed it under his foot and bent over Myrrhus. "Speak!" he said, in a low voice.

## and the worst is yet to come



The conversation lasted a long time. The night had come and a sudden storm tossed the branches of the pines and the fir outside.

"Speak!" the sage continued. And each time Myrrhus found a dead leaf in his hand, instead of the stone he had entered the hermit's hut. The storm frightened him. He trembled like a tree shaken to the roots. "You haven't told everything," the sage whispered. "No." "I am listening." "I corrupted a man who sang, who loved life and who worked in his shop. I was jealous of his industry, of his freedom from care, of the winged phrases which came out of his mouth. I taught him to drink, to blaspheme, to gamble, to insult women, to scorn mercy, to renounce hope and to hate the sun. I made him rich and sad. He died cursing me."

Deadly pale, torn with anguish and despair, King Myrrhus again extended his hand. The stone which the sage dropped into it escaped and fell to the floor with a crash that shook the cabin. It turned to a rock at Myrrhus's feet. The tempest tossed the trees and the recluse lifted his head.

"I repent, old man. I am ready to do anything you command me to do to expiate my misdeeds. But tell me, is there no pardon? Can't I be washed clean of this crime?" "I don't know," the sage answered. "I am not yet close enough to the gods, in spite of my eighty years of contemplation and solitude, either to condemn you or to reassure you in their name, my son."

"After all, what do the gods care for the bodies out of which you have driven the spark of life, for the beasts and the slaves whom you have tortured under the lash, for the wealth which you have seized, even for the poison which you gave your father? What do these crimes matter so long as you didn't touch the souls of your victims?" "But how," the old man concluded, breaking into tears, "could I tell you that you will be pardoned—by you who have murdered joy?"

At this moment a violent wind uprooted a tree, which fell against the hut. The animals howled and fled and the candle which the hermit kept burning day and night went out. The hour of pardon wasn't near and the gods, by bringing terror into his house, had made the hermit understand.

"Go!" he said to Myrrhus, in a gentle voice. "I repent," groaned the aged king, who felt that the relief he sought in death was still far off. "Go!" the hermit repeated. And with a gesture he waved Myrrhus out into the forest, still filled with the fury of the storm.

Firm Supplies Tea 300 Years. Tea is still being supplied by one London firm to the descendants of their customers of 300 years ago.

He is not really rich who is liable to be poor to-morrow; he is not rich who can be made poor by theft, by fire, by flood, or disaster at sea, or by business failure at home. He only is wealthy who carries his riches with him, who would still retain his greatest wealth if every material thing he possessed were burnt up or lost in a shipwreck. Many a man who prides himself that he is rich and powerful to-day, to-morrow may be a failure, by some great financial disaster.—Marden.

## Foreign Greetings That Amaze and Amuse

The average Canadian who, when he meets a woman friend in the street, raises his hat, shakes hands, and says, politely, "How do you do?" would be astonished if he could see some of the strange forms such greetings take in other lands.

Thus, when a South Sea Islander meets anyone whom he wishes to honor, he pours a jar of water over his head; and the native of Central Africa on such an occasion strips the other man of his robe and ties it round his own waist.

The native of the Gold Coast favors a form of salutation little less strange; for, after bowing profoundly, he slips his outer garment from his shoulders and tucks it under his arm; while in Morocco, when a man on horseback sees a friend approaching, he charges full tilt at him, reins up his horse suddenly within a few feet of him, and fires a revolver over his head.

To uncover the head is the Canadian way of showing politeness and respect; but the Chinaman, when he wishes to be polite, puts his hat on his head if he is not there already; while the gentleman of Japan shows his respect by taking off his shoes. If, whilst walking in Mandalay, you should chance to meet the King of Burma, you would be expected to stop and remove your shoes; but you would be allowed to approach the Shah of Persia only if your feet were bare.

If the natives of Chittagong should chance to see two Canadian women kiss each other on meeting, they would open their eyes in wonder; for their method of greeting is to place mouth and nose on each other's cheek and take a long and vigorous sniff. Translated into English, they would

say to each other, not "Kiss me," but "Smell me." And when a Mongolian father is in an affectionate mood, he does not kiss his children; he smells their hair.

Among Arabs the common practice is to kiss the feet or knees; but if the person saluted is of higher rank, the kiss of the hand is given.

Where the Briton says, "How do you do?" the Frenchman, "How do you carry yourself?" and the German, "How does it go?" or "How do you find yourself?" the Arab, after shaking his friend's hand about a dozen times, greets him with the words, "Peace be upon you," to which he replies for answer, "Upon you be the peace."

When he inquires after his friend's health, the stereotyped reply is, "Praise be to God!" "Is it well with thee?" he continues. "God bless and preserve thee!" answers his friend; and thus the dialogue continues for some minutes before the two men "get to business."

If you were to make a formal call on a Jupi of Brazil, your host would offer you a seat and would sit absolutely silent for about a minute. Then he would startle you by exclaiming in a loud voice, "Are you there?" as if he were still doubtful of your presence.

When a Basuto greets his chief he addresses him as "Wild Beast," which, however uncomplimentary it may sound, is music to the chief's ears, for it is a tribute to his courage and ferocity. And if a good Moslem meets a Jew he greets him with the words, "Death to you!" to which the Jew, not to be outdone in politeness, responds, "The same to you!"

Bits of Canadian News. Only 5 per cent. of the soldiers on farms who were given assistance by the Soldier Settlement Board had had no previous agricultural experience, according to Major Barnett, Chairman of the Board. Fifty per cent., however, were not on the land at the time of enlistment. In many cases men, who were farm laborers before enlistment, had taken up land for themselves. The total value of loans actually made was \$87,740,000, of which sum \$11,885,000 have been repaid.

Employees as a class paid the largest amount of income tax in Canada during 1921, according to an official statement of the Department of Finance. Their total was \$11,261,805. Manufacturers were next with \$8,217,730; merchants, including wholesalers and retailers, paid \$7,689,521; farmers paid \$661,736. The balance of the 1921 total of \$48,351,896 was made up of \$11,823,563 credited to "all others," and \$4,094,964 from groups not classified.

Nova Scotia fishermen have decided to ask the Canadian Government to assign aeroplanes to aid them in finding fish schools, following a plan of the seal hunters of Newfoundland, who use aeroplanes to locate seals on the ice. The success of the French experiments in spotting schools of fish from the air is cited by the Nova Scotia fishermen. It is claimed that French aviators assigned to this work by their government were able not only to find fish, but to distinguish the variety.

Lobster fishing on the Cape Breton coast began May 1st, instead of May 16th as formerly. The opening of the lobster season at an earlier date is the result of representation made by fishermen to the Fisheries Department, who claimed that the regulation fixing the opening date as May 16th was a hardship.

With touching ceremony the Governor-General, Lord Byng of Vimy, unveiled at Windsor Station, at Montreal, the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the statue in memory of the employees of the company who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. Simultaneously similar unveilings were taking place in all parts of the world—in London, Liverpool, New York, Hong Kong, Vancouver, Winnipeg and other Canadian divisional points—centres of the far-flung transportation system for which 11,600 employees joined the colors, out of whom 1,100 were destined to remain in the soil they fought upon. A total of 18,339 ex-soldiers have found employment with the company.

## A British Solomon

In the northwest province of India religious animosity between the Mohammedans and the Hindus runs high, especially in the districts where the two sects are almost equal in numbers. And unfortunately the annual Mohammedan feast of Muharram happens to fall on one of the feast days of the Hindus. Inevitably on that day the rival parades are sure to collide, and the result is a riot, with consequent ill feeling against the British for not affording better protection. Then both sides treasure their grudge against each other until next year. It is not easy for the authorities to give the desired protection, for the native police themselves are likely to be more or less partisan. Of course the authorities could refuse permits for the parades, but they refrain from doing that, because they dislike to interfere in any way with the religion of the natives. About the best they can do, therefore, is to pass an uneasy and perspiring day in the hope that somehow the festivities will end without bloodshed.

Then uprose a British Solomon among them—a deputy commissioner in one of the larger cities. The feast of Muharram was at hand, and all reports brought to him indicated no parade for that riotous day at any Sirha or Mohammedan could hope for. The deputy sat down to think. When he rose he had determined that it would be better to use diplomacy than to put his trust in force. So he sent for the leaders of the Hindus, who, like the Mohammedans, were about to present their annual request for a permit to hold a procession.

"Listen to what I have to say," he told them, "or else there will be no permit granted this year. Now, tell me, in which direction lies your holy city of Benares?" "In the east, sahib," the Hindus replied. "Very good!" said the deputy. "So, as the sun rises in the east over your holy city, you shall have permission to hold your procession in the morning, since that would be in honor of your religion. But by noon, when the sun begins to sink into the west and no longer shines with full splendor upon your holy city, it must be all over and everyone dispersed. Do you understand?" "We do, sahib!" "And you agree to the plan?" "Indeed, we think it well arranged for us," the Hindus replied triumphantly, for it seemed to them that the deputy commissioner by this arrangement was favoring their religion above that of the Mohammedans.

When the Hindus had assented and gone the deputy sent for the leaders of the Mohammedans. "Now, you Mohammedans," he said, "I have called you in order to speak with you concerning the permit for your procession. First of all, however, I will ask you to tell me in what direction lies your holy city of Mecca." "In the west, O sahib," they answered with some surprise. "True," said the deputy. "Thus I have decided it will be most fitting for you to hold your parade in the afternoon when the sun begins to descend toward the west and to cast his golden rays on your holy city of Mecca. Tell me whether the plan seems good to you."

"We find it to be most acceptable, sahib," the Mohammedans cried. To their minds the commissioner had shown their religion a singular mark of favor, and they thought to think how disconcerted the Hindus would be when they understood what a compliment the sahib had paid to the Moslem religion.

Thus the Hindus and the Mohammedans had chosen to hold their processions at different periods of the day, and as it turned out the feast of Muharram in that city had never before been so peaceful. While both factions paraded with the glitter of tined, with banners and elephants and drumbeating, each in turn was merely an onlooker of the other, and there were no casualties to report. Moreover, both were pleased with the wisdom of the sahib in thus impartially honoring their holy cities, and subsequently they sent a united deputation to him to express their thanks.

"You," they asserted after their fashion, "are not only as a father and a mother to us, but you are in truth a second Suleiman (Solomon) in the seat of authority. We wish that you may so continue forever!"

So There! "Daisy," remarked her Sunday School teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?" "Oh, yes, teacher; I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people." Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly, "Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the Promised Land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"

Integrity, fidelity and unselfishness form the tripod of successful co-operative effort.

House flies have a considerable range of flight. Some that were dusted with finely powdered red chalk and afterwards released were taken within less than twenty-four hours in flights six miles away. Observations at Key West, Fla., showed that flies came down the wind from Cuba nearly five miles away.

Strange? The doctor had called at Dan Jones' home. The occurrence was so unusual that Sid Smith, from the next farm, decided to investigate. "Yes," answered Jones, upon being questioned, "my wife is ill. Don't know just what's ailin' her. She got up this mornin' and had breakfast for me and the hands at five, and then she did some washin' and some bakin' and the churnin' and a little cleanin', besides a-diggin' some taters and a weddin' a patch of garden. She got dinner, and was sewin' and mendin' this afternoon when she sort o' heeled over. I can't think what can be the matter, for she's been doin' nothin' but keepin' house here, easy-like, for the last fifteen years."

Musical Novelty. Singing a song without any instrumental accompaniment is a musical novelty which is becoming popular; the songs must be specially written to be really successful.