

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rossler, his stepbrother Lady Rossler and her son Gordon. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe and fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; that she is impulsive, larger fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden she finds Kempton Rossler (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days, to shield his father's name and in consideration of the fact that six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Gordon. After the secret marriage ceremony Rossler and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Rossler's portrait, paints it by Trask. Lady Rossler claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heir discovers that she loves Waldron but keeps him at a distance. Waldron discovers the penniless state of his life-long friend, Rossler, offers him a partnership, then announces his intention of marrying Marcia.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd.)

Lady Rossler sank back into a corner of the luxurious car with a long sigh. As it started she looked at Marcia and spoke impulsively. "You're a lucky girl! Everything in the world you can wish for, every desire gratified—no worries, no wretched bothing about money." She laughed rather harshly. "I wonder if you ultra-wealthy women ever realize what the want of money means."

Marcia's face had been averted. She looked round now, faintly smiling. "You forget," she said, "that I have known the want of it all my life until quite recently. But, surely—" She hesitated and Ruth laughed again. "Surely I do not? Was there what you were going to say? But, my dear, indeed I do. I've always known the want of it; I've never had enough—and now—"

"You're late!" he complained, and she slipped a smoothing hand within the curve of his arm. "I'm so sorry. Lord Rossler was in a trying mood this morning—I think he really is. Gordon, do you know—and then I met Kemp, and he hindered me. Marcia Halstead drove me here or I should have been later." She tightened her hold on his arm. "She added slowly, "Then, meeting his eyes, "Indeed, I rather regret that you and I are going to find her quite a useful person."

"She was unwontedly gay for the rest of the time that they were together; but all the time the look of calculating curiosity was at the back of her eyes. They passed out together and Gordon signalled a taxi. He did not get in and a faint relief crossed her eyes. "Going to your club?" she asked. "Don't be too late, that's a dear boy. What? Oh, yes, home, please."

But immediately after the car had turned the first corner she leaned forward and checked the driver. "I've changed my mind," she said. "I want to go to Finsbury-pavement first—to Moore & Moore, solicitors."

Marcia had a theatre engagement that night, but at the last moment she telephoned that she was not well enough, and dined with her mother at the flat. All day long she had been striving to forget herself, Waldron, those new issues with which she had been brought face to face. And the strain was beginning to tell. She felt exhausted, mentally and physically.

Bessie, she knew that she must make up her mind quickly about what she was going to do. Waldron was only to be away for ten days; she felt vaguely that it was just possible he might return sooner. And what she had said to Kempton Rossler she said truthfully.

She was not strong enough to meet him again; to hear him say that he loved her. Not strong enough to deny him that answer for which he would come, and bid him go from her. So she must choose the coward's part, and run away.

The perfectly served meal was very silent. Mrs. Halstead had essayed a few cheerful remarks, but the girls answered them monosyllabically and without interest. In the drawing room, she wandered restlessly about the room, finally coming to a standstill by her mother's couch. "Mummy," she said rather quickly, "would you dislike very much to leave here, and come away with me abroad? I'm bored; tired of London. I want a change."

Mrs. Halstead glanced at her keenly, opening her lips half protestingly, and closing them again. Of late her daughter had perplexed her. Since the coming of her fortune she was completely changed—restless, feverish, unlike herself. But there was something in the young, tired face that checked any manifestation of surprise.

"I shouldn't mind it at all," she said with a matter-of-fact quiet that brought a sigh of relief to Marcia's lips. "Where do you think of going?"

Marcia looked at her for a moment before answering. Then she bent and kissed her. "I don't know," she said as she stood upright. "I think Egypt—but

things from that point of view! I don't know—I wish—"

She paused, biting her lip. She was thinking rapidly, her eyes ablaze under her lowered lids. She was a clever woman and she showed, and long ago in life she had learned to make the utmost of opportunity.

Her acting now was worthy of a better cause. Her unmutated hesitation was perfect; and all the time she was repeating to herself, with a curious, stifling feeling of excitement: "Gordon would benefit—Gordon would benefit!"

It was wholly unexpected, that ill-uttered piece of information. It made her regard Marcia and her fortune in quite a different light. Already, though she herself scarcely realized it, the envy of the girl had changed to a vague feeling of resentment.

But nothing of this was noticeable in her voice. "For myself," she went on at last, "I would say yes. I—things are really so desperate, that I should have to sink inclination—pride. But my husband would be furious. Gordon—"

"Need they know?" Marcia spoke quickly. The car was slowing up. Still, Lady Rossler's eyes remained veiled.

"I suppose not!" She looked up, out of the window, then back at the girl. "It really—is most awfully sweet of you."

Marcia smiled suddenly, a quick, coyly tried smile that lighted her whole face. "I will send you a cheque to-night," was all she said, and as the car stopped, held out her hand.

Lady Rossler took it, gave it a momentary pressure, and a second nodded and leaned back. But as she was pulling the door to Lady Rossler made an impetuous movement.

"Oh, by the way, I wonder who are your solicitors? I want legal advice on a small matter—and I detest my husband's advisers! They are old-fashioned and, I am sure, do not approve of me. And I don't exactly care about choosing someone hap-hazard—"

She paused with a little air of helplessness. And Marcia answered in all innocence of her motive for the question: "My solicitors are Moore & Moore—old Mr. Moore is awfully nice. I think you would like him."

A moment later the car moved forward, Lady Rossler stood quite still looking after it, oblivious of the crowds who jostled her—oblivious even of her son's presence until he touched her arm. Then, with a start, she turned and looked up at him, blinking a little.

"You're late!" he complained, and she slipped a smoothing hand within the curve of his arm. "I'm so sorry. Lord Rossler was in a trying mood this morning—I think he really is. Gordon, do you know—and then I met Kemp, and he hindered me. Marcia Halstead drove me here or I should have been later."

"She added slowly, "Then, meeting his eyes, "Indeed, I rather regret that you and I are going to find her quite a useful person."

"She was unwontedly gay for the rest of the time that they were together; but all the time the look of calculating curiosity was at the back of her eyes. They passed out together and Gordon signalled a taxi. He did not get in and a faint relief crossed her eyes.

"Going to your club?" she asked. "Don't be too late, that's a dear boy. What? Oh, yes, home, please."

But immediately after the car had turned the first corner she leaned forward and checked the driver. "I've changed my mind," she said. "I want to go to Finsbury-pavement first—to Moore & Moore, solicitors."

Marcia had a theatre engagement that night, but at the last moment she telephoned that she was not well enough, and dined with her mother at the flat. All day long she had been striving to forget herself, Waldron, those new issues with which she had been brought face to face. And the strain was beginning to tell. She felt exhausted, mentally and physically.

Bessie, she knew that she must make up her mind quickly about what she was going to do. Waldron was only to be away for ten days; she felt vaguely that it was just possible he might return sooner. And what she had said to Kempton Rossler she said truthfully.

She was not strong enough to meet him again; to hear him say that he loved her. Not strong enough to deny him that answer for which he would come, and bid him go from her. So she must choose the coward's part, and run away.

The perfectly served meal was very silent. Mrs. Halstead had essayed a few cheerful remarks, but the girls answered them monosyllabically and without interest. In the drawing room, she wandered restlessly about the room, finally coming to a standstill by her mother's couch. "Mummy," she said rather quickly, "would you dislike very much to leave here, and come away with me abroad? I'm bored; tired of London. I want a change."

Mrs. Halstead glanced at her keenly, opening her lips half protestingly, and closing them again. Of late her daughter had perplexed her. Since the coming of her fortune she was completely changed—restless, feverish, unlike herself. But there was something in the young, tired face that checked any manifestation of surprise.

"I shouldn't mind it at all," she said with a matter-of-fact quiet that brought a sigh of relief to Marcia's lips. "Where do you think of going?"

Marcia looked at her for a moment before answering. Then she bent and kissed her. "I don't know," she said as she stood upright. "I think Egypt—but

perhaps France first—for a week or two.

Mrs. Halstead glanced around the pretty room and sighed a little. "It should be delightful—when do you want to start?"

Marcia made a restless gesture. "At once. There's no reason for delay. We could take Toilette and leave the other servants here. You're fond of this place—it would be always ready for you to come back to. How about to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XLII.

Two short months ago Mrs. Halstead might have protested that a departure so unprepared for was impossible. But in those two months she had learned that nothing is impossible where there is great wealth.

As Marcia said, there was nothing really to arrange. Toilette, the maid, was invaluable, and there was no reason to shut up the flat.

She would send an address for letters to be forwarded later. She spent the morning cancelling engagements for that day, but whether by accident or design, she made no mention of her impending departure.

In the afternoon she wrote two letters and posted them that evening at Charing Cross. One was to Audrey Alden and the other to Araby Trask. Both were very brief. She had been conscious of a sharp pang of pain, a hard contracting of her throat as she had penned them.

Though their readers never guessed what they were in the nature of letters of farewell, she realized it herself with a rather sickening sense of shock. It was unlikely—if she remained out of England, as she must if she was to avoid any future meeting with Waldron—that she would never see these merry, happy-go-lucky, kindly folk again.

The knowledge stunned her at first; then it hurt intolerably. She felt, with a shiver, as if she were writing a letter on her deathbed.

Audrey she had always liked; of late that liking had become something deeper, truer. For Araby her feeling of friendship had been singularly instantaneous, and it had developed rapidly into affection.

(To be continued.)

A Doctor's Thumb.

Not long ago a famous physician in Saxony, Dr. Metzger, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He had retired from active practice for some years, having become immensely wealthy through the thumb of his right hand.

This thumb stands out at a right angle from his hand and, it is said, cannot be bent back automatically. He soon found it of great service in massage, and when he became a specialist in intestinal disorders he was called as assistant to the greatest surgeons of Europe, bringing relief to many illustrious patients.

The Queen of Rumania sent for this doctor with the curious thumb when she suffered from a fatal neuralgia, while the late King of Sweden once drove a beautiful span of horses over the border of his kingdom to consult the doctor and on returning left the horses as a token of gratitude to his preserver.

There was a time early in his career when the use of this curious thumb was looked upon as a form of charlatanism, but so well did Dr. Metzger establish his reputation that the medical profession accepted his thumb for what it was worth without trying to explain the phenomenon.

During a thunderstorm the safest place to be in is a train, with bed as a good second. Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Plants That Shine in the Night.

There are a number of plants and flowers which give out a phosphorescent light in the dark. Linnaeus first noticed this phenomenon in the common mustard, whose flowers seemed to him to have a faint iridescence at night.

Later observations by others showed that the light was stronger after plants very sunny days. Among other plants which possess this singular property are the marsh lily and the flax-lily. The last named secretes a volatile oil which oozes out in hot weather, spreads over a thin layer over the flowers, and forms a vapor which becomes luminous in the darkness. In the coal mines near Dresden grows a species of fungus which exhibits the appearance of shifting colors.

A Blowout.

Bold Sultor—"What would you do if I kissed you?" Electrician's daughter—"I would use one hand for insulation and with the other I would create a short-circuit by a quick connection against your cheek."

Typewriting Competition at The National Exhibition.

The business woman is to have unprecedented prominence in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition this year when a typewriting contest has been arranged on a large scale. A circular just issued from the Exhibition offices in the Lumsden Building, Toronto, tells of eight evenings daily: three typewriting classes afternoon and evening, a class in the operation of adding machines, and a friendly contest between the stenographers and the business woman.

Application forms are already being sent out to prospective contestants so that they may register in advance for the day and hour when they wish to take part.

The three classes arranged provide for expert typists, those of comparatively recent graduation, and those just through Technical School, Business College, or whatever institution they have attended. First and second prizes in each class are bronze medals and certificates and either entitles the winner to a place in the big final competition in the Dairy Theatre, for which the Canadian National Exhibition Association is awarding silver cups. This contest will take place on the last afternoon of the Exhibition.

No, this is not a picture of a railway strike. It is the result of the inhabitants of Swindon (England) going away for their annual week's holiday. When 25,000 workers go on their holidays the place is deserted. The upper photo shows the main street absolutely deserted and the lower photo shows a few of the inhabitants about to board trains for points all over Great Britain.

Wireless Wonders.

Until now wireless messages have fallen like the rain from heaven, and anyone who had a proper instrument could reach out his cup and receive his fill. A message intended for the information only of the sender and addressee is poured into the ears of thousands of waiting listeners, and except for what protection a private code provides, it is known to all the world.

And now Marconi, the original wireless wizard, announces through the American Institute of Radio Engineers his newly discovered method of so directing radio waves as to concentrate them on a desired spot; instead of the rain driving where it will, broadcast, Marconi now forces it through an invisible hose as it were, and delivers his waves on a selected object.

Not only can he already project thus definitely to a distance of 100 miles, but the reflector used in the wave thus hurled toward the listener, and this enables the sender to determine both distance and direction. In the case of navigators seeking out the location of the lighthouse which they can neither see nor hear, this "sounding" of distance through the air will be quite dependable as the time-honored custom of locating position in fog or darkness by sounding bottom. With the two methods to check against each other, the mariner should be able to navigate in fog through difficult courses and around unseen islands and projecting points of land. The sailors' dream for centuries has been of some magic vision which would permit him to see through fog, and while actual sight is not yet available, this "second sight" promise to be hardly less important and serviceable. More and more the sailor's life comes to be one of safety compared to that of the landsman who must cross streets where automobiles are passing.

What will be the next surprise of this astounding radio? We have already had so many evidences of things accomplished which were previously "known" to be impossible, that should Marconi or one of his thousands of disciples succeed in communicating with Mars or other planets I fear we would not be half properly shocked with that surprise and disbelief which such an event really deserves.

Enamel Your Rusty Bred Box.

Nearly every farmer's wife owns a japanned bread box and cake box. There was a time when this tinware didn't cost much money. If a box rusted out it was carelessly tossed on the rubbish pile and a new one purchased. But price one of these boxes now! You will think twice before you chuck it. And really, it isn't at all necessary to let it get into a condition that will suggest discarding it. If the japanning shows signs of wear go to the store and buy a small can of colored enamel. Clean the surface of the box and apply a thin coat of the enamel with an ordinary varnish brush. The rust will immediately be checked.

Mealy Bugs.

What can I do for my plants? They are covered with little white lice. I have tried to kill them but have been unsuccessful.—Mrs. A. H. S. The small white lice on your house plants are mealy bugs.

Ferns, cactons, colesias, ivy, penies, geraniums, palms and many other house plants are apt to be infested with these insects. The dorsal surfaces of these bugs are covered with a white powder-like dust or wax and for this reason they are commonly known as the mealy bug.

The cheapest and most effective way of control is to give the plants a bath several times a week. Place the plant out of doors where the water can be applied freely, or where this is impossible hold the plant under the tap in the kitchen sink.

Where one does not have water pressure it is always possible to give a plant a good bath in soapuds, after which it should be rinsed with clear water.

There is a proprietary preparation on the market, sold by all big dealers in seeds and greenhouse supplies, known as lemon oil. It should not be in any way confused with the ordinary oil of lemon sold over drug counters. Lemon oil should be diluted, using one part of lemon oil to sixteen of water and applying either as a spray or as a dip. Dipping should be avoided when plants are in bloom or are well budded, since dipped buds sometimes blight.

Those Reading Mothers.

I had a mother who read me to me Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea, Cutlasses clutched in their yellowed teeth, "Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a mother who read me lays Of ancient and gallant and golden days; Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe, Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a mother who read me the tales Of Gelfert, that bound of the hills of Wales, True to his trust till his tragic death, Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a mother who read me things That wholesome life to the boy heart brings— Stories that stir with an upward touch, Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold: Richer than jewels and coffers of gold. Richer than I you can never be— I had a mother who read to me. —Strickland Gillian.

Bird Lore.

All the world over, and from the earliest times, much mysterious lore has attached itself to birds. It is a very old belief that the souls of the dead pass to Heaven in the form of birds, and in the East it is still believed that some of these souls flutter about us in bird form.

Some Indian tribes will never hurt or even touch certain birds, regarding them as the abodes of the animated souls of their dead chiefs. Old prints and carvings nearly always picture the soul as leaving the body in the shape of a bird.

In England and in Scotland especially, the robin is regarded as sacred. Its red breast is supposed to be of that color because a drop of Christ's blood fell on a robin, and thenceforward all robins were so marked.

It is deemed unlucky to kill a swallow or to destroy its nest. That is because swallows were said to have flown round the Cross of Calvary crying, "Svala! Svala!" which means "comfort."

It will be noticed that the swallow gets its name from this peculiar cry. The wren is another sacred bird, because, according to an old belief, it brought fire from Heaven to the earth when the human race had no knowledge of how to create fire. The dove has always been an emblem of fidelity and gentleness. The thrush is a bird of luck, and to have one build in the garden of your home is said to be a sign of coming good fortune. Peacocks are unlucky. One raw vegetable or one raw fruit should be included in every meal. Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Woman's Sphere

Picnic Lunches With Little Work.

Resting in the porch swing or hammock, these hot summer days, and reading the task of fixing a regular dinner, one becomes interested in watching Robin Redbreast or Mr. Catbird catching his noonday meal, and one gets to thinking what a bother a civilized meal really is. Not that one minds her ordinarily, but during the hot summer months when appetites seem so fickle it is different.

What you and the family need at such times is a picnic; not the old sort which took a day to prepare for and two days to get rested from, but an easily prepared meal which you can tuck under your arm or in the tonneau of the car and hit the trail to some favorite nook or spot where one can really rest, where it is possible to forget for the time being, all the little worries and vexations that seem a part of everyone's life.

The man of the house will enjoy this little change from his usual routine quite as much as the children and yourself.

Webster's dictionary defines a picnic as "A pleasure party whose members carry provisions with them." Surely a party whose members had tired themselves out with elaborate preparations could not be called a pleasure party. So when you begin your preparations, you should plan for something easily and quickly prepared. It is a wise plan to keep a few cans of something which may be used for sandwiches, on the emergency shelf.

The first food one always thinks of when picnics are mentioned is the sandwich, as this is the one staple food of the meal. These need not be elaborate but should vary from time to time.

Cut the bread in thin slices and butter lightly. The butter will spread more evenly if well creamed with knife or spoon.

Various leftovers may be utilized. Boiled or baked beans, mashed and mixed with mayonnaise or salad dressing and spread on buttered brown bread are good, as well as hard-boiled eggs, mashed and mixed with grated cheese, and seasoned with salt, pepper, sweet cream and mustard.

Leftover chicken, either boiled, baked or fried, may be made into sandwiches that would be hard to beat. Run the chicken through the food-grinder and mix in enough melted butter or well seasoned stock to make a moist paste. To each two cups allow a pickled beet the size of an egg, well chopped. Add a little mustard and mix. Spread between buttered squares of white bread.

Canned salmon, shrimp, tuna fish, sardines and potted meats are all very good.

Salad at a picnic is usually a difficult proposition. However, if the salad prepared is not mixed with the dressing beforehand, the dressing being dressed in a sealed jar, you will find that all the annoyance and confusion will disappear.

One of the simplest and best chicken salad recipes is as follows: Cut cold chicken in small pieces, add half the quantity of celery cut fine, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. When ready to serve, mix with mayonnaise dressing.

Shredded cabbage, fresh sliced cucumbers and onions, make an unusual and delicious salad when mixed with sour cream dressing.

Of course, a picnic lunch would not be complete without some sort of cake or cookies. To supply this need, there is nothing more liked or easier made than drop cookies and gingerbread.

A favorite gingerbread recipe is as follows: Cream one cup of shortening and one one-half cup of sugar. Add two cups of molasses, two cups of sour milk and three eggs. Mix and sift five cups of flour, one teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of ginger, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, three teaspoons of soda and one teaspoon of baking powder; beat for two minutes. Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Typewriting Competition at The National Exhibition. The business woman is to have unprecedented prominence in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition this year when a typewriting contest has been arranged on a large scale.

A circular just issued from the Exhibition offices in the Lumsden Building, Toronto, tells of eight evenings daily: three typewriting classes afternoon and evening, a class in the operation of adding machines, and a friendly contest between the stenographers and the business woman.

Application forms are already being sent out to prospective contestants so that they may register in advance for the day and hour when they wish to take part.

The three classes arranged provide for expert typists, those of comparatively recent graduation, and those just through Technical School, Business College, or whatever institution they have attended. First and second prizes in each class are bronze medals and certificates and either entitles the winner to a place in the big final competition in the Dairy Theatre, for which the Canadian National Exhibition Association is awarding silver cups.

This contest will take place on the last afternoon of the Exhibition.

BRITISH RESOLVED TO SCALE EVEREST

MEN UNDER 30 AND PERFECT WEATHER NEEDED.

Returned Climbers Assert Information Available Should Assure Future Success.

Mount Everest undoubtedly can be conquered, but it must be done by men under thirty years of age who will be fortunate enough to encounter perfect weather conditions. This is the opinion of Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. T. G. Longstaff and George Finch, who have arrived in England and who have made a preliminary report to the Royal Geographical Society.

Their idea is that men of more than thirty have not sufficient vitality to stand the rigors and terrible cold that sap one's vitality at that tremendous altitude, even under the best circumstances with which neither of the expeditions of last year or this year were favored. In fact, they said this expedition had only two days of favorable weather during the time they were making the supreme attempt to reach the summit.

The report asserts that at Camp Three, from which the final attempt was made, the expedition was working under a haze of a temperature of 29 degrees during most of the time.

Lieutenant Colonel Strutt was unable to continue higher than 23,000 feet, but George Finch held out to 27,500 feet, while Major H. T. Morshod will have a permanent remembrance of the expedition through the loss of the last joints of three fingers by frostbite.

Final Ridge is Difficult. While reiterating much that has already been told, it adds that, notwithstanding the troubles the expedition had in the early stages with the native porters, the Tibetans were very friendly, which is an important adjunct to any expedition that may go out again.

Finch, in his first verbal report, said: "From the highest point reached, 27,300 feet, an excellent close-up view of the final ridge leading to the summit was obtained. The opinion was formed that while this final ridge was almost certainly able to be ascended, it contains two severe obstacles in the nature of steep steps, the ascent of which would entail not only difficult and steep rock climbing, but also very probably a considerable amount of step-cutting at altitudes over 28,000 feet."

The bravery and determination of this year's Everest expedition, which met tragedy in its third attempt to scale the mountain, is praised both by the British press and British mountaineers. Judging from the comment which has been heard since the news of the party's return became known, England will be disappointed if its explorers give up the fight against the world's highest mountain before the summit has been reached.

Others Will Make Attempt. "Once more brave men lost their lives in an effort to penetrate the secrets of the eternal snows," says the Times. "Once more their surviving companions did their utmost for hours to rescue their poor bodies from an icy tomb. They were splendid men. The work they did was, as General Bruce says, prodigious and unparalleled, and no travelling expedition either in the Himalayas or in any other part of the world was ever better served by its subordinates and it may be that they or the others may some day once again try to conquer this terrible mountain. But in any case, apart from the mighty feat which they actually accomplished, there is no more glorious chapter in the history of mountaineering than that of Everest explorers."

Everest is still a virgin peak and it has claimed its victims," says the Daily News. "Last year it defied us. This year a way was found almost to the heart of the mystery, but Mount Everest's proud and cruel head remains inviolate for at least another year. There will be some one to ask again, is it worth it? They will ask in vain, for there will always be others to whom the challenge of the highest peak in the world will signify nothing."

"Last year showed the difficulties, the less we believe that the dangers. None will yet make its print on that proud summit hitherto untroubled save by storm and wind which scarcely ever leave it."

Cleaning Auto Running Gear in a Washbowl. The automobile owner who cleans his own car and who, after hours of back-breaking effort and at the expense of bruised knuckles, has managed to get the mud from the running gear only to find the paint underneath scaled and chipped, will welcome a novel aid in the auto-washing job. This consists of a shallow concrete basin that is described in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. The basin is filled with water to a certain level and built with easy-sloping ramps for driving the cars into and out of it. Curcations in the bottom of the bowl cause the car to vibrate as it is driven around, and the accumulated mud is jarred loose and washed off.

Winds of adversity cause weak vessels to flounder, but merely speed staunch vessels on their way.