

The AUTOMOBILE

Practical Paragraphs.

Emergency starting.—When the electric starting system refuses to start and the crank has been left home in the garage, the motorist still has methods of getting the car going. The best way, perhaps, is to jack up one of the rear wheels and turn it by hand with clutch engaged and high gear shifted in. The spark should be retarded and only a small throttle opening allowed. Before removing the jack the gears should be shifted to neutral again.

To hold up timer wires.—It is advisable to hold up the timer wires on the Ford engine, to keep them from becoming drenched with oil and also to prevent their rubbing through by swinging loose. Take two pieces of tin, about six inches long and drill a hole in the end of each. Catch them under two of the manifold studs. Now loop the lower ends around the wires and there will be no further trouble.

Wheel bearings.—Every time a wheel is removed the bearing cup is removed with it, and consequently the bearings must be adjusted properly when the wheel is replaced. The best method of doing this is to turn the bearing up tight and then revolve the wheel a few times by hand, which overcomes any tendency to backlash.

Don'ts for Truck Drivers.

To insure better care of its motor-trucks by their drivers, one company operating a fleet of trucks keeps the following list of don'ts posted in a conspicuous place on its loading platform:

Don't try racing with a touring car; your truck was built for strength, not for speed.

Wash your truck frequently; a dirty car can spoil a lot of our advertising.

Street car tracks are nice on springs, but hard on tires, and steel costs less than rubber.

Don't neglect a loose part, even though it seems to operate more freely that way.

Don't forget to watch the other fellow ahead; a slow stop on your part nearly always costs you a punctured radiator.

Use your brakes when getting "spotted"; platforms were built to lead from, not for bumping posts.

Don't drive too close to the curb; edge-trimming is a fine institution for pie crusts, but too expensive for truck tires.

The steering wheel is vastly important, but it is well also to give the grease cups an occasional turn.

Don't slide the rear wheels when stopping; rubber pavement polishers are too much of a luxury.

and the worst is yet to come



Hints for the Sleepless.

There are almost as many remedies for sleeplessness as there are for seasickness. In either case, the difficulty for the sufferer is always to hit on the right one. What cures one falls to alleviate the other.

Common causes are over-fatigue, unsuitable food, over-smoking, anxiety, external noise, "stiffness" of the bedroom, extremes of heat and cold, neuritis, and so on. Some of these causes are avoidable, and can be avoided. Painful conditions like neuritis can be specially treated, when sleep should follow the removal of pain.

Even at this season cold feet are a common cause of wakefulness; this calls for warm socks, and even for a hot-water bottle in bad cases. Any kind of mental exertion involving close concentration, such as a study of a difficult problem, argumentation, laborious creative work, and heavy brain work of all kinds, last thing at night should be avoided by all who have difficulty in going to sleep soon after getting into bed.

But there are many people in whose case it is impossible to find any very obvious reason for their bouts of sleeplessness. A doctor may, of course, be able to find some physical abnormality which would account for the insomnia, when treatment would be directed towards the cure of that particular aberration from health.

Nevertheless there remain large numbers of restless folk, the cause of whose involuntary nocturnal vigils remains obscure and indefinite.

When everything else has failed, a simple cupful of something hot in the very early hours of the morning will often soothe the weary mortal into slumber. It is only necessary to see that the hot drink is in a thermos by the bedside, so that the wakeful one can help himself or herself when the limit in waiting for sleep is reached.

The drink may be either hot milk or water, meat extract, beef tea, or of all things, ordinary tea. Tea, which in theory ought to increase wakefulness, has practically the opposite effect in many cases. It must, of course be made in the ordinary way in a teapot, and when passed into the thermos care should be taken to exclude all tea leaves. Add milk and sugar, if desired, when serving. A breakfast-cupful in the small hours often turns the scale in favor of prolonged slumber.

The Balloon Man.

The children, whose eyes are clear, called him the old balloon man. On their way to school there was another man who looked much like him except that his eyes were bright and twinkling; they never called him old.

The children were right of course. The balloon man was old—old because on his long journey through the years he had lost the beautiful comrades of youth—love, hope and ambition. The persons who for a little while had taught him love had become a dim memory; there never had been anyone except her. For a while he had tried to do things for her sake; then illness had come. For years he had sold balloons; his only forward-looking thought was to buy an occasional hot dinner; his only emotion was bitterness toward the younger men who sold balloons and toward the other old man whom the children never called old. "Older'n me, he is," he would mutter to himself. "Five years older'n me. And acting like he was forty!"

And then one day Marjorie Allen dragged her adored visiting cousin to buy of the old man. "I like him," Marjorie declared.

"Then we surely must buy of him," her cousin Alie replied. "We'll buy a balloon made of a little piece of the sky."

Marjorie gave an ecstatic skip; she knew that her cousin would understand.

Cousin Alie, looking into the tired old face with the dreary eyes, felt a sudden lump in her throat. Gay dancing children all around him—and a face like that! "They are such beautiful things," she said, watching while he detached a blue balloon from his bunch. "I never have outgrown my love for them."

"They're right pretty," he answered dully.

"Have the children a favorite color?"

He shook his head. "I dunno. I reckon it don't make much difference."

Cousin Alie tied the string of the blue balloon carefully round one of the buttons of Marjorie's coat; but she was not thinking of Marjorie. "It is such a beautiful thing to be doing," she said to the old man softly, "making little children happy with clean and beautiful things, even making a street corner happy! You must love doing it. So many people haven't time to make children happy, and so many others do the wrong things."

The old man stared at her in dull astonishment. "I dunno," he muttered.

"Haven't you ever thought of it? It's such a happy way to think of it! It's wonderful to be a friend to children. They'd miss you, the whole street would miss you, if you weren't here."

The old man looked after her and then looked at the dime that was lying in his knotted hand. Putting it into his pocket, he slouched back into his old attitude; but there was something different in the dim eyes, a shade less of hopelessness and indifference.

"It's wonderful to be a friend to children. The whole street would miss you."

SUNKEN TREASURES FRINGE ALL BRITAIN

SEVEN MILLION TONS OF SHIPPING LOST.

Fishermen's Trawlers Suffered Most and Many Have Been Raised.

The romance of treasure seeking, whether it be on coral islands, in the Rockies or in the awkward spots chosen by the ragged heroes of Mark Twain, always seems to stimulate that streak of adventure with which most men are blessed.

All around the British Isles at the present moment, and for the last few years, the seas have been dotted with sunken treasure about which it is almost impossible to think without weaving mentally some wild and thrilling adventure. The entire idea and scene of men diving down to the uttermost depths of the sea, through the green seaweed and hordes of swiftly gliding fishes, to the slimy rocks at the bottom, arises vividly before the mind. The bare thought of exploring the intricacies of a dented, broken or embedded ship under the water has stirred even hard headed business men since the termination of the war to place the adventure on a business basis and make searching the depths of the sea a profitable business. They have tried to steal the glamour from wild and intimate contact with nature and cloak it around their commerce.

Result of German Destruction.

The coasts of the British Isles are fringed and embroidered with nearly seven million tons of British ships sunk by the Germans during the war. That means to say that there are more than 2,000 wrecked ships lying around the coasts—more than 2,000 treasure hunts, with the scenes in every case varying. Some are lying in the rocks off the Shetland Islands, where almost Arctic conditions prevail; others are in shallow water off the gorgeously picturesque Atlantic seaboard of Ireland.

There is perhaps no nation in the world which can be so easily thrilled by the thought of delving into the fascinating sea, and the tremendous length of their seaboard gives a great proportion of Englishmen more intimacy with the sea than is the case in most other countries.

Needless to say, a great number of the ships which at the conclusion of the war were lying at the bottom of the various big ports and harbors have been raised. Dozens of trawlers and small tramp steamers in quite shallow water around the coast have been dived down to and examined. The majority of them were carrying metals and other things of war utility. Hundreds of tons of various war materials have been rescued from the bottom and long since been turned into implements of peace. Many an automobile now rolling through the streets of London is built of steel which in its earlier stage of development was pig iron lay at the bottom of one or other of the seas, and has been rescued after the manner of stories which have set many an English boy and young man dreaming of treasures to hunt down anywhere in the world. Of treasure trove!

Nature's Wonderful Lamps

Only rarely do we get glimpses of the wild lights of nature, of the flashing furies of the night and the shining glories of the day. Upon the untoured minds of remote ages they wove terrifying impressions, from which sprang a host of superstitions. Little wonder the "fire-breathing mountains of Baku" excited the terror of the East.

The whole country around Baku has, at times, the appearance of being enveloped in flames. The fire seems to roll down from the mountains in large masses with incredible velocity, and during clear, moonlit nights in the last eight weeks of the year a bright blue light is observed at times to cover the whole western range. "This fire does not consume," says a writer, "and if a person finds himself in the middle of it no warmth is felt."

Abodes of Evil.

A similar absence of heat is a characteristic of the ghost fire, fox flame, or badger glare which the peasants of Nippon regarded as the manifestations of invisible agencies. Legends record the presence of movable balls of fire on a lake in the province of Omi that expand from a few inches to the height of an ordinary man as they move towards the hills in the vicinity.

According to a legend, two human beings embrace within each fire ball as it rolls toward and vanishes between two hills near the lake. The natives dare not go near these balls, and regard the valley as an evil abode.

English folk-lore contains much mythical narrative about ignis fatuus, to which the fire balls bear some slight resemblance. The gradual disappearance of this apparition during the last century may be attributed to the draining of marshes. It has been variously christened Jack o' Lantern, Will o' the Wisp, and Spunkie, and its light appears as bluish, reddish, greenish, or yellowish, merging into purple.

As a rule, it is found in a fixed position shining steadily either close to the ground or a few feet above it, and illuminating the surrounding reeds and grasses, and has been also seen in motion bounding rapidly over the country, and sometimes rising high in the air, occasionally separating into smaller flames, which advance, retire, and combine in complicated movements.

Tell-Tale Thumbs.

How large is your thumb? If it is big, you possess a sign of intellectual strength, good judgment and a firm character. But if your thumb is small, it indicates that you are one of those people who act first and think afterwards, and who are ruled by the heart and not the head.

The thumb is the most important part of the hand. Without it the hand is almost useless. Consequently, it is not surprising that occultists attach such value to it. The ruling impulses of man, judgment and passion, are to be found in it.

Successful men of business, scientists, tool-users, and so on have large thumbs, while poets and singers have small ones.

In old days the thumb was recognized as an important member, and it has always had a special significance. In the Roman duels upturned thumbs were a sign that the vanquished gladiator was to live, while if they were turned down the beaten man was killed.

Making Black Men White.

A young Brazilian scientist, Octavio Felix Pedro, has invented a device whereby Negroes can be changed into white men without difficulty.

Up to the present color transformations have been conducted with rats, and they have been successful.

A blood irrigation device is the means. This is a pump whereby the blood is drawn from one arm or leg into a series of rubber coils, where it can be treated by heat or inoculation with serum, and returned to the body through the other arm or leg.

About a month is required to change a black skin into a white one, the change being accomplished by the introduction of white corpuscles and the elimination of black corpuscles in the blood.

In the experiment on rats a change of color occurred at the end of fifteen days.

Statues on Spoons.

The most ancient piece of hall-marked British plate in existence is the spoon.

In the reign of Edward IV. the spoon is mentioned in English literature. Apostle spoons came into fashion during Edward V's time, and became very fashionable as christening presents.

Until the time of the Commonwealth it became the custom for well-to-do godfathers and godmothers to give a child a complete set of these spoons, or less, according to their means. With the poorer classes the child very often got only one silver spoon, with a figure of his patron saint or that of the giver.

This custom is mentioned in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and also in Ben Jonson's works. There are only two complete sets of thirteen apostle spoons in existence now. One is owned by the Goldsmiths' Company, London, and the other is in the possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

In both these sets Our Lord is represented, but not Judas Iscariot; his place is taken in one set by Paul and in the other by Matthew.

The oldest hall-marked apostle spoon that is known to be in existence was made in 1493.

It does not seem to be the fashion to present them any more at christenings. The custom dwindled at the time of the Puritans, who were great image-breakers.

From the Dead.

Mike was working diligently on his potato patch when he saw the postman coming up the road, bearing for him a black-edged envelope.

Mike became uneasy, and showed it. "Hope it's not bad news," said the postman.

"It is that," said Mike, glancing at the address. "It's upset I am intirely. My brother Mike's dead. I can tell by his handwriting!"

Knows Their Haunts.

One day while a farmer and his men were digging potatoes, a tramp came along and stopped to watch the workers. The boss, being short of help, asked the vagrant if he wanted a job.

The man of leisure replied, "Sure! What do I have to do?"

"Dig Potatoes."

The tramp started to walk away, and with a look of disgust replied, "Let the man who planted them dig them. He knows where be put them."

Quite True.

Teacher—"Tommy, why do you spell bank with a large B?"

Tommy—"Cause pa said that a bank was no good unless it had a large capital."

A Long Job.

Patrick did not usually wait long before he attacked his food. But one day his mother noticed that he was sitting resignedly before his plate of beef.

"Come along, dear," she said. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, mummy, very."

"Then why don't you start?"

"Oh," said little Pat. "I'm just waiting for the mustard to cool."

The New Hired Man.

"How is your new man a-gettin' on?"

"Well," said the farmer, "he broke two handles yesterday!"

"Workin' so hard?"

"No, leanin' on 'em!"

Coffins are spoken of but once in the Bible.

Maritime Iron and Steel Industry

The iron ore, coal, and fluxing materials which are found in abundance in the Maritime Provinces of Canada have given rise to the iron and steel industry of that area, which has developed to be the greatest of the Maritime's industrial activities.

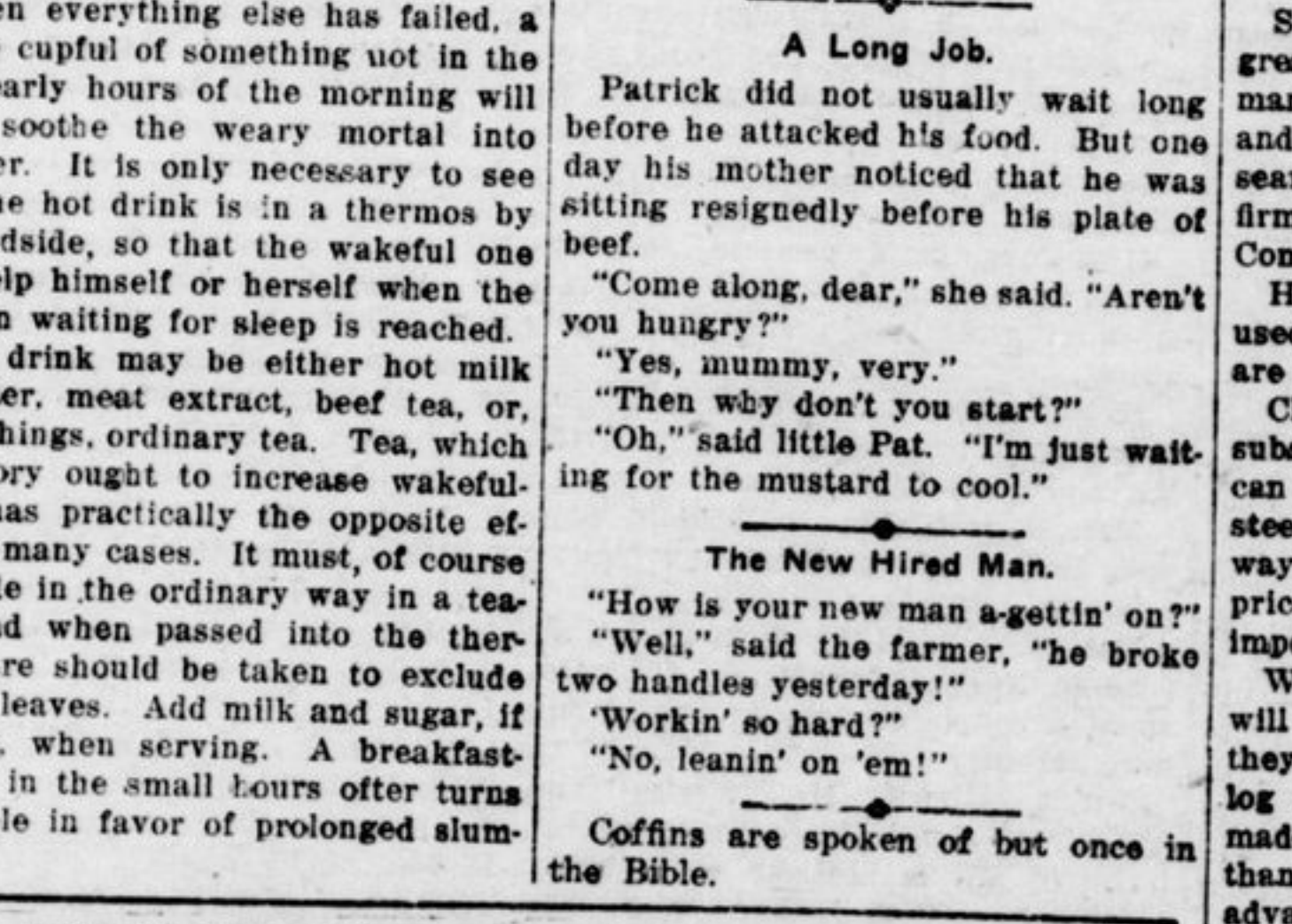
The growth of the industry has been gradual but steady, and its history over the past hundred years has been one of progress towards giving the area a signal renown in this regard. The annual production of this industry is about \$35,000,000 per year.

Nova Scotia has numerous deposits of iron ore of limited extent, some of which are of considerable value, but profitable only as they complement other sources of ore supply. In other necessary materials Nova Scotia is likewise well favored, there being plenty of limestone for flux in various parts of the province and several important coalfields. In New Brunswick several deposits of iron ore have been discovered, but the majority are as yet of little economic importance. As this province has not the coal resources of her sister province, the iron and steel industry is not so important as in Nova Scotia.

The Maritime steel industry had its small origin at the hands of English capitalists in 1825 when ore in Annapolis county was developed. Deposits at Stellarton, Woodstock and other places were subsequently developed by enterprising concerns, the industry on a whole passing through many vicissitudes and tribulations. The real history of the gigantic modern industry which exists to-day dates from 1909, when the Dominion Steel Corporation was formed by an amalgamation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company.

The greatest development in the Nova Scotia steel and iron industry was the formation in 1920 of the British Empire Steel Corporation with an authorized capital of \$500,000,000. This was a merger of the Dominion Steel Corporation, the Nova Scotia Steel

JUST AS THE VILLAIN WAS ABOUT TO FORECLOSE



Guns Made of Clay.

Some time in the next fifty years a great change is to take place in the manufacture of guns, ships, buildings, and so on, according to the Head Research Engineer of the greatest steel firm in the world, the Carnegie Steel Company of America.

He says that common clay will be used to make all these things which are made of steel to-day.

Clay contains iron, aluminum, and a substance known as "silicon," and it can be made as hard and as useful as steel, when dealt with in the right way, which is by using oxygen. The price of this gas makes the process impossible for the present.

When clay is used, ten-inch guns will be lifted by four or five men, as they will weigh no more than a large log of wood; and buildings will be made with girders that are no heavier than bamboo poles. Clay has another advantage over steel—it does not rust.

Much Loot Washed Up.

The fisher folk around Britain, a hardy body of people to whom the water, on which they gaze every morning and by which they are roared to sleep every night, means life. To judge by their actions and record alone, they see absolutely no terror in the sea—it's an old friend of theirs. For the last few years these people have had every possible incentive to explore the floor of the ocean. Day after day all sorts of stuff is washed up to them from somewhere in the water. Some of the treasure that has been washed up on the coasts of the British Isles is amazingly interesting. It comes from all sorts of countries.

Not so long ago a bell buoy belonging to the Canadian Government was washed up on the shore of the west coast of Ireland. The Canadian Government made a present of it to the town body who found it.

But things of great value have been washed ashore from the sea of recent years, since the bottom of the sea has been so full of really valuable stuff. Again and again these tough, tawny skinned, hard fisted, slow moving sailors have risked their lives and boats with a carelessness bred of custom, searching the great craggy fringes of their island country for whatever booty or loot its merciless roughness has exacted from the sea. Scores of almost unbelievable stories are told of the adventures, out of all accord with the twentieth century generally, which these real "sailors" have gone through carrying out at sea the work of the venture. But others, less romantic folk, have also attacked the sea thus.

Spared His Feelings.

A little girl has been deeply concerned about the possibility of sacrificing the exact shape of the earth by means of synchronized wireless messages. A few random experiments seem to show that the term "globe" is not quite a happy one, and that Mother Earth may indeed be pear-shaped. Mary has been duly impressed.

"Mother," she exclaimed, on coming home from school, "our teacher said today that the earth is round."

"Well," ventured her mother, interrogatively.

"I didn't tell him he was wrong," said Mary, loftily.

Enforcing Discipline.

While a detachment of American negroes were hiking through a small French town, a chicken, unaware of the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of them. With much zeal a soldier broke from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" belovied the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge and, grasping the chicken by the neck, stuffed it, struggling, inside his shirt.

"There!" he panted. "Ah! I learn you to halt when de captain says halt, yo' dis obedient bird."

Hops for Job.

The Sunday-school lesson was on Job. The superintendent was endeavoring to picture the painful existence of Job to his youthful audience. To this end he was dwelling at length upon poor Job's sufferings and the futility of medical treatment.

A small boy who had been absorbed in the tale held up his hand.

"What is it, Willie?" asked the superintendent.

"Have they tried Dr. Smith?" asked Willie, naming the family physician.

Amazing—But True.

The late Sir Wyville Thomson wrote that after he left Cape Verde Islands the sea was a blaze of phosphorescence. "There was no moon, and although the night was perfectly clear, the lustre of the heavens was fairly eclipsed by that of the sea. It was easy to read the smallest print sitting in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening ridges of radiance so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows."

It was a different and more terrifying conflagration that turned the night white in the Straits of Sundra. August 26th, 1853, for forty miles around. The eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa was an immense wall of flame with bursts of forked lightning darting through it, and blazing serpents playing over it, as the hungry fire below burst forth in tongues of dazzling brilliancy. Electricity did incredible things in the heavens; balls of fire rested on the masts of ships, and lightning struck the maimed. No illumination has ever equalled this colossal spectacle.

Some of the tropical forests seen at times to be lit with fairy lanterns that take the forms of plants and birds with phosphorescent leaf and plumage. Nature's lamps are truly wonderful.

Thoughtful.

Ikey and his small son were walking down the street, when the former happened to glance at the boy's boots.

"Got boots are those you have on?" asked Ikey.

"My new ones, father," replied the son.

"Vat, those I paid \$1.25 for?" queried Pa.

"Yes, father," said young Ikey.

Father was furious.

"Then take longer strides, you young rascal!" he shrieked.

To Remove Rust.

Trust the rusty knife through an onion and let it stand for a day. Remove and polish with sandpaper and wash.