

# The AUTOMOBILE

**Closed Cars Are Popular.**  
Automobiles are like women in several respects. Both cater considerably to the prevailing styles of the day.

Picture in your mind's eye the sort of appearance women made in the streets in the styles of 1902, twenty years ago, as contrasted with what you see clothing the feminine life of to-day. The contrast of styles in automobiles would seem even greater. Just now women are submitting to modes not so comfortable as last season. On the other hand, the latest styles in motor cars are marvels in comfort as well as striking in their beautiful lines. The disk wheel is one of the newer fads that give to a car a trim appearance. It looks as if this feature had come to stay, although many people still prefer the artillery or wooden-spoke wheel or the wire wheels. Another popular innovation is the drum-shaped light and another is the substituting single steps for the running board.

A particularly noticeable advance in automobile designing is the closed body. Closed cars are tremendously popular these days. The reason for the popularity of closed cars are evident. It is an all-weather proposition. It is warm in winter, especially those which are equipped with radiators, and it tends to make a car usable with comfort all the year round. It is a sure protection against inclement weather, which protection adds no little enjoyment to the owner of such a machine. During hot weather the windows can be lowered and riding can be as cool as a touring motor.

Of course any car can secure some such advantages by putting on side curtains, but this arrangement is not nearly so satisfactory, especially from the standpoint of the driver, who is greatly handicapped by his inability to see out on either side of the road. He has little difficulty in seeing in any direction through the clear glass windows of a sedan. The winter tops that are made for touring cars have some of the advantages of a sedan.

One new development in closed cars which seems to be rapidly growing in favor with the public is the four-passenger enclosed coach. This usually has but one door on each side, as in the case of the coupe, yet will accommodate four or five passengers in comfort. It has therefore about the

same capacity as the sedan, which has two doors on each side and is necessarily heavier in weight.

The name sedan for a closed car comes from the sedan chair of Queen Anne's time, which was developed at Sedan in northern France. The word limousine comes from the province of Limousin, France. It first applied to a cloak and then to a car, because it acted as a cloak to the passengers, although the driver's seat, while not covered, was not inclosed. The brougham, also an inclosed car similar to the coach, was named after Lord Brougham, an Englishman. Coupe comes from the French and means to cut. Coupe usually refers to a one-seated closed car and runabout or roadster to a one-seated open car. Then there is the more high-toned landaulet style, which gets its name from Landau, Germany, where it was first made, and the cabriolet, which comes from a French word meaning to caper or dance.

It is quite likely there will be very few radical changes in automobile styles for some time to come.

## Half a Million Motors in Canada.

It is conservatively estimated that the number of passenger cars and trucks in use in Canada at the present time is approximately 500,000, says Consul Johnson, Kingston, in a report to the Department of Commerce. The number of motor vehicles in Canada is steadily increasing, particularly in the prairie provinces, where a more extensive system of good roads is being urged. The prospects for the present year are exceedingly promising, as the large crops of grain have assured better times and more cash for all classes.

A classification of owners of cars in the Province of Ontario shows that out of the total of 181,978 passenger cars registered in 1921 over one-third were owned by farmers. Tradesmen constituted the second largest owning class, with over 23,000 cars to their credit, with merchants in third place, owning over 16,000 cars. Other classifications show that commercial travelers own 5,311; doctors, 3,934; real estate agents, 1,098; contractors, 2,961, and drivers, 651.

It is estimated that the replacement needs alone will amount to 80,000 cars per year.

## Industries Destroyed by Insects.

Seven hundred and sixty million dollars. That is the amount of the loss caused this year to the cotton growers of the United States by the ravages of the boll weevil.

This insect threatens to destroy one of the greatest agricultural industries in America.

While everyone is vaguely aware that injurious insects destroy man's crops, his stock, and his property to the tune of many millions yearly, it is only of late years that anything like definite estimates have been made of such losses.

Take the warble fly, the ravages of which are felt by the leather trade and the meat industry. These insects lay their eggs on the hides of animals, and the chrysalis bores through the hides. Several hundred holes may be found in one hide, and the British Board of Agriculture estimates the loss in Great Britain from this insect at \$10,000,000 a year.

The blow-fly costs Australian sheep farmers between \$1,500,000 and \$2,500,000 yearly, but this is a small matter compared with the ruin caused by the cattle tick, which, appearing in 1860, has now become a threat to three great States. Whole herds have been destroyed, and the damage done is said to exceed \$100,000,000.

In one year \$2,500,000 worth of damage was done by locusts to crops in one section of the Transvaal. The only way of destroying them is by treating their breeding places with an arsenical solution.

Italy's plague is the oil-fly, which devastates the olive yards. In southern Italy this insect has done \$35,000,000 worth of damage within the last twelve years.

In a bad year hop aphids is reckoned to cost English hop growers as much as \$15,000,000. The aphid increases more rapidly than any other insect, and the numbers infesting a single cherry tree have been calculated at

Small broods that visit lowly Bethlehem  
And only wear the stars for diamonds,  
May, too, envisage empire for awhile,  
Unknown they wander through the lonely hills  
Till some young shepherd watering his sheep  
Hears the imperial murmur of the deep  
Under the splash and bubble of the rills,  
And a new dream world-free or world-beset  
Floats down the courses of a rivulet.

—Wm. Bowry.

**Sea Language.**  
Mrs. Smith was on her first ocean voyage.

"What's that down there?" she asked of the captain.

"That's the steerage, madam," he replied.

"Really!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "and does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"



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## Do or Go!

The world owes none a living.  
But a living's there to win.  
And more—aye—fame and riches.  
For the fellow with the grin;  
For the man who takes his coat off,  
And with confidence sets to,  
Who squares his shoulders boldly,  
And who says, "I'm here to do!"

There's a job—your job—before you.  
It is up to you to work.  
To do, and do your darndest.  
Nor vacillate nor shirk.  
Put trust not in excuses;  
Results show, they alone,  
If a man's a man or—nothing.  
If a worker or a drone.

Life has no use for whiners  
Who whimper for "a chance";  
It has no use for slackers  
When the watchword is "Advance!"  
But it needs, oh, men are needed  
Who can laugh at every blow,  
So to your job! And do it!  
Do it honestly, or—go!

—Edmund Leamy.

**Chinese Logic.**  
A gentleman formerly attached to a mission in China tells of an occasion when, in Pootchow, he entered a Chinese shop to purchase tea. He found, to his amazement, that five pounds of a certain tea cost two dollars and a half.

The gentleman protested at these prices, but the shopkeeper insisted that they were perfectly logical. And he put it:

"More buy, more rich—more rich, more can buy."

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the thoroughfare flinging out melody and harmony through the air to everyone far and near who listens.—Henry Ward Beecher.

**Where Birds Beat Us.**  
Nothing that man has ever invented can compare with the wonderful flying mechanism which Nature has given to birds.

Gulls, in particular, are far ahead of any aeroplane or glider. Their movements through the air are amazingly graceful and effortless.

When a gull starts on its flight it lifts its wings, thus trapping a volume of air beneath its body. On the downward stroke this air is compressed and forced out, and in its efforts to escape it naturally forces the bird upwards and forwards. Then, when it has reached a sufficient height, the gull can glide for enormous distances without any effort.

In landing, too, birds can achieve what no machine has ever done. They can alight against a vertical cliff, using their wings as brakes and holding on with their specially-equipped feet. Compare this with the space required by an aeroplane before it can come to rest on the ground!

**The Dawn of Wisdom.**  
Now let me go unto my one-time foe  
And by my treatment of him clearly show  
I have grown big and wise enough to know  
I was, or could have been, the erring one.

Then if he spurn me—well, I should have done  
One of the bravest things beneath the sun.  
People of every size make stupid breaks;  
None but the big acknowledge their mistakes.

—Stickland Gillilan in "Success."

**This Day.**  
Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterday.—Emerson.

## The Wanyamwezi Carries the Mail.

There should be more men like the Wanyamwezi who served Mr. W. D. M. Bell in South Africa. He has courage; he has shrewdness—and he has carried his "Message to Garcia." When Mr. Bell, who relates his experiences in Country Life, left his cattle ranch to hunt for elephants his mail was forwarded to him properly until a new district commissioner came. The new commissioner did not know that Mr. Bell was not at his ranch; so one day when one of the old Wanyamwezi caretakers made his bi-weekly report the commissioner told him casually to take some letters to his master.

The old man, says Mr. Bell, took the letters without a word. Though he knew that he had a journey of six hundred miles before him, he went straight back to the ranch and prepared to follow me into country much of which was quite unknown. Being a thrifty old soul—he was then sixty-five years old—he had a large stock of dried smoked beef from cows that had died. His preparations, therefore, were soon made. An inveterate snuff taker, he had only to grind up a good quantity of tobacco, and he was ready for the journey.

Shouldering his rifle and carrying the packet of letters cunningly guarded against wet, he set off through the wilderness and headed due north. Sleeping by night alone by his camp fire and traveling the whole of the day, he came wandering through what to almost anyone else would have been hostile tribes and hostile tribes; countries where, if I sent at all, I sent at least five guns as escort. He came through without trouble. So sublime-ly unaware was he of any feeling of nervousness and so bold and confident was his bearing that nothing happened.

He chose the routes that led through the most populous centres; he did not dodge along neutral zones between tribes as a nervous man would have done. Wherever he went he slept in the largest village and demanded and got the best of everything. Eventually he reached me with the letters. He walked into camp as if he had left it only five minutes before, and he still had smoked beef and snuff.

**Her Age.**  
It is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age, as was illustrated in a case recently tried in a Pennsylvania court.

"And what is your age, madam?" asked the attorney.

"My own," she answered promptly. "I understand that, madam, but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation. "I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me." "All?"

"I never heard of them stopping." "Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you refuse to answer my question," said the attorney, coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell you how old I was if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there."

And the attorney passed on to the next question.

**Kind, But Superfluous.**  
A Scotsman bought his mother a barometer as a present, and explained how she could tell if it was going to be wet or fine by inspecting the position of the hands.

"Ay," said his mother, "it's a fine thing; but we ken ye've been wasting your money. What do you think Providence gave your father the rheumatics for?"

A bird more frequently mentioned in Burns's poetry than either the blackbird or the song-thrush is the linnnet, or lintwhite, or "linnie" (a word that seems to include the various finches). It appears to have been the favorite bird of the Ayrshire bard.

**The Eclipse.**  
Astronomers everywhere are rejoicing that the expeditions that observed the total eclipse of the sun on September 21 were completely successful. The sky was cloudless, and the photographic apparatus worked perfectly. The American, the Canadian and one Australian expedition set up their instruments at Woolal in Australia; the British, the Dutch and the Germans on Christmas Island. All the expeditions observed the eclipse when the sun was high in the heavens, and where the totality lasted longest; that is, nearly five minutes.

The most important object of all the expeditions was to test the Einstein theory—that there is no absolute space and no absolute time, but that every point in space, and every moment in time, is merely relative to other points and other moments. The theory also carries us to the conception that the constitution of the universe is not limited to the three dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, which our senses perceive, but that there is a fourth dimension, consisting of space-time, which our senses cannot comprehend as a dimension of material things.

One of the tests of Professor Einstein's theory is determining whether a ray of starlight that passes near the sun on its way to the earth is diverted by the gravitational power of the sun. Does it come to us in a straight line, as we have always supposed, or is it bent? That will appear when the photographs that have been taken are studied and measured—a process that will require months of mathematical work.

The region of the sky where the sun was during the eclipse had been photographed months ago when it was black at midnight, says a writer in Youth's Companion. Accordingly, the test will be whether certain stars appear in exactly the same places with relation to other stars on the midnight and on the eclipse sets of photographs. If not—if they support the Einstein theory—we may have to believe that there is a fourth dimension, which the human mind can no more comprehend than it can comprehend infinity. We know that infinity must be a fact, though we cannot grasp the idea. Why not also this incomprehensible fact in the mechanism of the universe? Although accepting Einstein's theory will require us to surrender our faith in the absolute truth of the geometry that we have learned, and in Newton's law of gravitation, the variations are too small to be important or even to be discerned by any but the most learned mathematicians.

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**Proud Vessels Reduced to Scrap Metal.**  
Lying in the mud on the foreshore of the Mersey is the ex-German submarine, the Deutschland, whose short, inglorious period of active service ended with her surrender to England after the Armistice.

Costing \$500,000 to build, she frequently changed hands after being surrendered. Figuring in a disastrous case and as the scene of a disastrous explosion in a Birkenhead shipyard, she has continued to bring trouble through stripped of armaments.

Now, completely gutted, she has been sold to the shipbreakers for \$11,000. "Cut her up for scrap," is the terse order that precedes her consigning to the furnace. Piece by piece, each five feet by two feet, is carved from the body by the piercing jet of the oxy-acetylene blowpipe. Even with this wonderful device it is a big task, for, with characteristic German thoroughness, the double shell of the submarine is stiffened and braced in every direction.

As each piece is cut from the hull it is tumbled into a barge alongside, where it loses all identity and becomes merely "sheet scrap."

Stripped and gutted though she has been, the Deutschland can still spring unpleasant surprises on the breakers. Tucked away in her bows, overlooked, screen cylinders had been, or overlooked, and when one of them "went off" it nearly suffocated all on board with an enormous volume of poisonous smoke. It barely a hundred yards from the spot where the Deutschland is being demolished there are the remains of the actual bed on which, about forty years ago, the Great Eastern was broken up. There was something like 19,000 tons of the Great Eastern, and the job of breaking her up took three years.

There were no cutting blowpipes in those days; all the work was done by hand, with sledgehammers and "cold sets." But there was probably some profit in it, according to the records, the boat was sold for \$80,000, whilst the materials realized \$300,000 when sold piecemeal.

Unexpected profit was made out of an old liner in whose bilges, when broken up, were found, amongst the debris of years, two bars of solid gold. An uncomfortable job awaited the shipbreakers when they tackled a ship that had foundered with a cargo of beans. The water caused the beans to swell with such force that the ship was literally burst. Strong steel angles and tie-bars were pulled in two, and stout oak planking was bulged and splintered by the terrific pressure.

The shipbreaker's lot is not a happy one, for he is harried by all manner of by-laws. Not one shovelful of rubbish may be deposited on the foreshore. The hull he is breaking must not project into the fairway, and a light must be shown on it every night. Lastly, the Port Sanitary Authorities are on his track, because of the rats which find their way ashore from the vessel he is breaking up, and which may carry disease.

**Nature Cooks the Dinner.**  
One of the most remarkable districts in the world is to be found in New Zealand. In the hot-spring country you may catch a trout in one pool and place him in a second to boil in the meantime you can enjoy a warm bath in a third, a few yards away, whilst the dinner is cooking itself.

Hot water laid on by Nature is found in several other parts of the globe, but nowhere else do the same extraordinary variations of temperature occur in pools and streams that are quite close together.

The Yellowstone Park, in the United States, is famous for its boiling springs and geysers, some of which shoot up great columns of spray more than 100ft. into the air.

Iceland has a plentiful supply of natural hot water. No one thinks of using kettles, and washing is done in long stone troughs through which flow never-ending supplies of clean hot water.

Geysers are not always spouting. They do so as a rule at quite regular intervals. They always occur near active or extinct volcanoes. Far below the surface is a "pocket" in the rocks filled with water kept at great heat by the temperature of the soil. Steam is given off continually until the pressure in the "pocket" becomes terrific. Then, with the noise of a dozen express trains, a huge column of vapor and water is shot high into the air, where it remains for some moments before sinking again into the basin below.

**Apples Like Onions.**  
An apple, an onion, and a potato taste alike. It is necessary to see and smell them to detect the difference.

This is not a riddle, but a fact, stated by Dr. J. A. Haffield in his lecture on "The Psychology of Feeding" at the Nations' Food Exhibition in England.

Another statement he made that will astound most people is that we do not smell chloroform, but only taste it.

The mind has a powerful influence on digestion, he said, and instances the case of a man who became sick when he took milk simply because in his childhood he had been compelled to take medicine in it.

Shanghai imported 143 British motor cars in 1921.

## The Sixth Sense.

Next to the senses of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling ought to come the sense of humor. We cannot exercise properly any of these physical faculties without the sixth sense that should correct, if not control, the use of them all. The man who cannot take a joke against himself has but half learned how to live. He is both a poor sport and a poor neighbor. If he cannot see the funny side, he takes but a half-view of life and its problems and perplexities. No matter how anxious the dilemma in which we find ourselves, it is hard to imagine that at some unexpected moment an amusing phase may not suddenly disclose itself. The rain clouds, the cloud breaks and the sun of laughter brilliantly shines through. There should be a special beatitude for those who in the midst of tragedy can discover some sunny, funny aspect—which does not imply that they are either irreverent or frivolous by nature.

Of course the idiot who interrupts solemn proceedings with asinine guffaws is worse than his opposite, the kill-joy who by his very presence puts a quietus on good cheer. There are times when dolt-headed, hob-nailed horseplay is altogether out of place, and he who perpetrates it deserves no censure. It is likewise true that a stereotyped, perfunctory, professional gladness, that puts on a sociable face and puts out a hand from an obvious and painful sense of duty, is a sorry counterfeit of the genuine commodity. Those who bring happiness where they move may have to make a determined effort of the will to suppress grief or a malady, or a misfortune of their own, but they have it in their natures to be those radiant, heartening presences that others are cheered and delighted to behold.

You can tell if a man truly cares for the rest of his race by his cheer-

fulness. The best form of humor is not the pointed anecdote. It is a genial atmosphere. A man may be a public benefactor as a humorist even though he has no great fund of "funny stories," because by his brotherly, friendly, neighborly manner he gives the sincerest pleasure to others wherever he goes.

**Rivers of Empire.**  
Tiber and Danube, Ganges and the Nile,  
Have all reflected crowns and kingly gems,  
And e'en the sulky waters of the Thames  
Have sometimes caught the true imperial style,  
And other streams that scarcely flow a mile.

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And only wear the stars for diamonds,  
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