

The AUTOMOBILE

YOUR SHINY NEW CAR IS YOUR MASTER, BUT LATER IT'S YOUR GOOD OLD SLAVE.

Servant or master a car must be. The "owner" is first the proud servant, later the comfortable master. There is a certain joy in each relation. But the vast bulk of satisfaction from the possession of a motor is found in the latter state. For cars really were meant to be used for the convenience of mankind; they were not invented primarily and essentially for mankind to wait on and dry-nurse.

I have lived through both these phases of motor association, even as you and the other fellow. I have steered hard and fast, for a piece of mechanism that I sort of worshipped, with eyes and heart as idolatrous as those of any pot-bellied Afrite before a jade deity. Later on that same journey—or what was left of its original, pristine magnificence—has waited on me, wheel and engine, meekly, faithfully, dependably, and has proved itself the good old family friend.

When first the new car arrives and is delivered into your hands, it shines like the morning sun on a clear day. These makers certainly do know how to get a glitter on that flash that is mighty alluring. The glass is noticeable, yet elegant; the metal work ornaments like a sparkling streamlet; the wheels like a sparkling streamlet; the rays of sunlight as though they were superabundant and intrusive; the whole outfit is speckless and immaculate. You look at the equipage and choke with emotion. You call the family out. They must be impressed, as you are impressed, with one fact: That is the way a car ought to look, not only at first, but afterward. What's the need for a car's looking any other way any time? You say:

"There, now, is the way we are going to keep that car. Look at the time and pains and expense and labor that have been expended on this piece of work, and for what? In most cases to have it soon looking like a friendless piece of junk. Is this car to look that way? Are we going to make the mistake so many people make—have the thing soon dinged and dull and dented and scratched and dusty and scarred? Are we?"

With one voice your half-terrified-with-pride family answers you: "No, siree! We are going to keep her looking just as she is!"

And the whole bunch of you believe it. You do so for awhile. Rather than go out in the rain with it, you would stay at home from a show you had to take to. You would wait an hour at an intersection to avoid the faintest possibility of the shaddest chance of a slight collision; you rub it with faintly scented chamois before you drive it forth in the morning; you go over its bright work with exactly the proper sort of metal polish; you avoid laying your hand on its hood. You make little stay in a dark closet for two hours because he dropped a crumb on

the upholstery when he was eating a cookie; and Evangeline is paddled ferociously and with common consent when she puts her foot up against the back of one of the seats. That car has to be kept immaculate at any cost. You are happy as you can be in its possession, yet your sleep is disturbed by agonizing visions of somebody spilling something on the hood or some garage man tracking oil and grease in on the floor rug.

But a change comes. The strain is too great to keep up. One at a time things happen. You get caught in a rain storm and can't help it. You simply have to splash through a puddle, which retaliates by shooting your car with drops of soiled water. A chap at a gasoline station drops some oil on the fender when putting in a quart. A drayman gets too close in the congested traffic and rubs against the body near the rear. The lustre grows less and less, the dust stays on a little longer each time, the chamois is lost, the metal polish—where did I put that stuff the last time I used it?—is not to be found; ever since that bottle of milk was upset on the rear-compartment carpet, it doesn't seem to matter much what else gets on it; that suitcase of Aunt Nellie's put a permanent kibosh on the back of the front seat so far as its old-time gleam is concerned, and—you begin to enjoy the car.

It is your servant now. It goes where you want it to, when you want it to, regardless of weather; it hauls any sort of load needed to be hauled; its finishment is secondary to the family's happiness and convenience, and everybody loves the old boat. She is a member of the family—not uppity or snippy or dressed up in the height of fashion and worrying you by telling you: "Look where you're going! Don't get me all smeared!" Instead she says: "Let's go!" with all the rakish abandon of a two-year-old; and the whole tribe looks upon her as a rollicking playmate and good fellow, not as a touchy something to be handled gingerly and fearfully.

The friends we revere and have to be mighty careful late we offend them may be and remain valued friends. But the old standbys are the ones we don't hesitate to run in on when they are in their working clothes and can talk to us as we feel like without a feeling that we are in danger of hurting them. Familiarity is traditionally supposed to breed contempt; but it doesn't unless there is something intrinsically contemptible there to assist in the breeding. No one creature ever bred anything!

Yes, every car passes through the painfully new stage where we work for it and belong to it and are its proudly unpaid serfs; and then it progresses on to the more soul-comforting stage where it belongs to us and is our willing side-partner and ally. Great is the car in both stages!

The ways in which application forms for insurance are filled up are often more amusing than enlightening. Here are some examples:

Insurance Laughs.
Mother died in infancy.
Father went to bed feeling well, and the next morning woke up dead.
Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he had fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant did not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.
Applicant did not know cause of mother's death, but stated that she fully recovered from her last illness.
Applicant had never been fatally sick.
Father died suddenly; nothing serious.
Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.
Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism but she was cured before death.

A Perfect Right.
The lady would insist on entering the church at a fashionable wedding.
"Friend of the bride or the bridegroom?" asked the vergor.
"Neither," she said with pride. "I'm the organ blower's young lady."



But He Only Stared.
Miss Sharpe—"So that's your scheme, is it, Mr. Sapp?"
Ruggie—"Yes; I see it all with my own mind's eye."
Miss Sharpe—"Oh, that accounts for your wanting to get into a blind pool, I'm sure."

Pop's Fault.
"Pop, I get in trouble at school today and it's all your fault."
"How's that, my son?"
"Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"
"Yes, I remember."
"Well, teacher asked me to-day, and believe me, I ain't the right answer."

Taking off the glove when shaking hands is a link with the time when it was used to show that no knife was concealed.

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

WEARINESS

I'm tired of the voter who comes to my door and brags of his motor for three hours or more. I know that his wagon no triumph could win; it's nothing to brag on, it's fashioned of tin. It's creaking and hissing and groaning in pain, its cylinders misfiring—a seedy old wain. And yet like a fountain he gurgles his yarn of climbing a mountain and jumping a tarn, of whizzing through gravel and swimming through mud—his triumphs of travel would curdle your blood. In vain my endeavor to boost my own bus, for hours and forever he kicks up his fuss. I strive every minute to edge in a word, but when I begin it his thunders are heard. His voice is appalling, it stabs like a lance, and when he is howling I haven't a chance. My car is a dandy and I'd relate to anyone handy its victories great. My larynx is sagging, my voice is too low; when people are bragging I haven't a show. So come dippy creatures to boast of their cars, and blow in my features the fumes of cigars. They know I can't belch and roar like a gale, so I am the fellow who lists to their tale.



Discoverer of Insulin

A unique tribute is being paid to Dr. F. G. Banting, the youthful discoverer of the insulin cure for diabetes. He has been invited to open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, and has accepted, though much against his will, for he is very reticent about public appearances. In his honor it is to be International and Science year, and the foremost scientists in the Dominion will be invited to meet him on opening day. He is at present in Great Britain.

How to Run.

To run properly requires regular training, but some hints may be useful. Never lean forward. You will never see a crack sprinter in any other posture except an erect one.

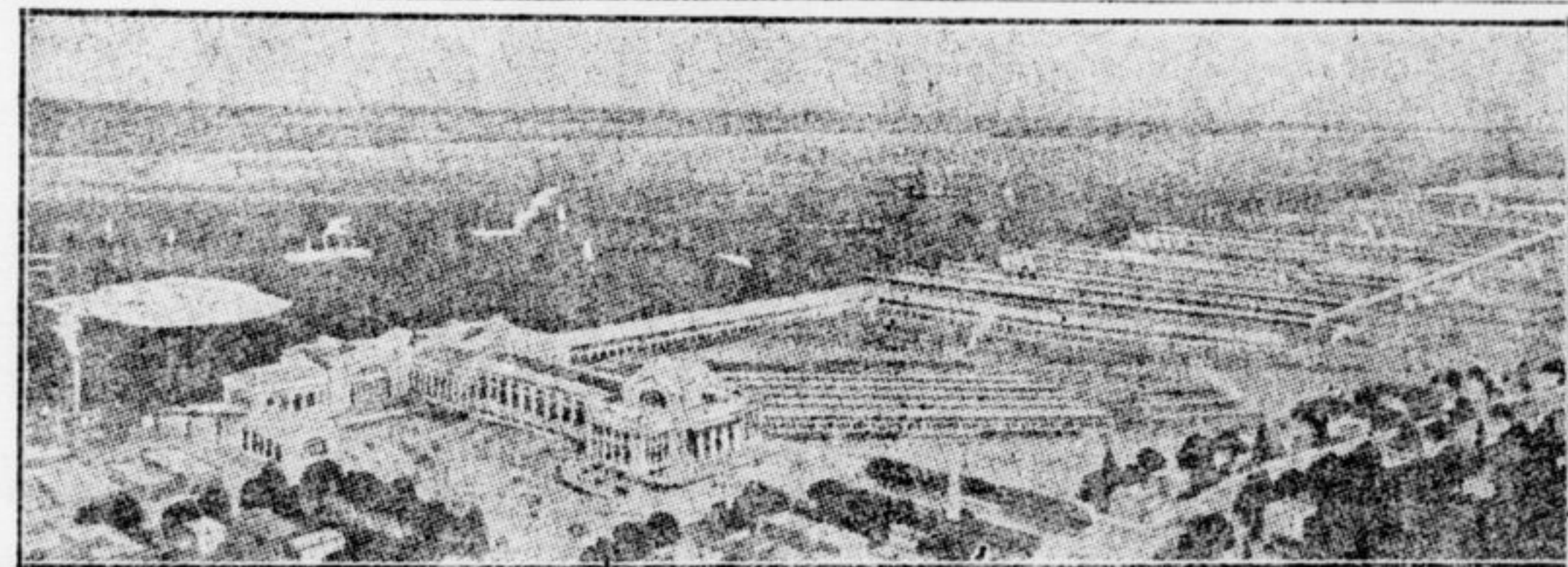
All distances up to a mile should be run upon the toes. For longer distances one should run on the ball of the foot.

Be very careful not to over-stride. Anything over seven feet four inches is too long a stride, and will speedily tire the runner.

Care must be taken not to run heavily, for you will bruise the feet and jar the whole body. Nothing causes fatigue more rapidly than this jarring.

Do not kick up heels behind you, for this means wasted energy, and do not spread your feet widely apart. The best runners put their feet out in a perfectly straight line.

The arms from the shoulder should swing in unison with the legs, the right arm moving with the left leg, and vice versa.



HALIFAX HARBOR MAY COME INTO ITS OWN

British shippers are being urged to transfer from New York and make Halifax their port of call on this side of the Atlantic to avoid difficulties with the United States Government over both prohibition and immigration regulations. Halifax has the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast, and when its construction program is complete will have one of the finest ports in the world. A transfer of Atlantic shipping routes to Halifax would mean a tremendous boom to Canada. British postal authorities are being urged in the Parliament to transfer the mails to a Halifax route. The picture shows the harbor as it will appear when complete.

Wonder of Nature That Sailors Dread.

No one who has seen an iceberg can ever forget the beauty of the sight—a glistening mountain of the sea with breakers roaring into its caves and streams of water pouring from its pinnacles in the warmer air.

But this sight is more appreciated by the passengers than by the crew of a passing ship. Luckily modern inventions have made icebergs much less dangerous than formerly, but woe to the ship that through some mishap comes into collision with one!

Consider this remarkable fact alone. A berg is sometimes so delicately balanced that the touch of a man's hand would upset it. This delicate poise is caused by the constant rays of the sun on the exposed portion (only one-eighth of the whole), and by the corrosive action of the salt water on the submerged portion.

Thus it has often happened that Newfoundland fishermen, while engaged in cutting fragments from bergs to pack round their fish, have been killed by the huge hummock right over their heads.

When a ship comes into collision with an iceberg she can be destroyed in two ways. Thousands of tons of ice can fall down on her from the exposed portion, or her keel can be shattered by the action of the submerged part.

Sometimes it happens that a vessel is accosted right out of the water by the sudden heaving of this submerged part. An almost incredible case was reported a few years ago of the P. P. Portia, when sailing for Newfoundland, struck a berg, with the result that she was lifted high and dry twelve feet above the surface of the sea!

There are people still living who can recall the gruesome story reported in 1841 of an especially large iceberg seen off the coast of St. John's Island, Newfoundland. In the centre of the berg, embedded between two hills of ice, were two ships, with no living being in them and their masts gone.

Not Active.

Mrs. X—"Is Mrs. de Muir an active member of your sewing circle?"
Mrs. Y—"My goodness, no! She never has a word to say—just sits there and sews all the time."

Comfortable Beds for Camping

Camping out in the woods or at a lake for a while during the summer or fall is something that everybody enjoys. Of course, when you are camping you want to be comfortable so that you can fully enjoy your time in the open and vitalize faded energies; consequently you must prepare yourself a good bed, because on this depends much of your comfort. Sleep well, and your camping time will greatly build you up.

In your tent you should have a serviceable bed and warm bedding. Very likely you do not care to sleep on the ground. Many people because of insects and other crawling things and also because of dampness in the soil, especially during rainy periods, have an aversion for sleeping in beds that are not elevated. Sleeping on damp ground for more than a night or so is not healthful. The three beds described in this article can easily be made wherever timber grows, and they will keep you off the ground.

Bed No. 1 rests on four corner posts, each one having a crotch. The crotches hold the poles running the length of the bed and across these poles more flexible slats are laid at short intervals to hold the material that is used for mattresses. Willow wands are excellent for this purpose. The slats should be fastened with a nail at each end, or they can be tied to the poles with rope. Nails, hammer, saw and ax should always be included in the camping outfit, as they will be found almost indispensable. The corner posts need not be more than fifteen inches high, but they should be set deep enough in the ground to make them stand steady.

The holes for the posts can be made with an iron bar or a sharpened pole. Where the soil is hard it may be necessary to put water into the hole while working the bar up and down. After the posts are set pack ground and

small rocks about them and they will stand firmly. If the slats are smooth and springy an old blanket folded once is all that is necessary for a mattress. This bed, as well as No. 2, can be made large enough to hold two persons.

No. 2 is made like a crib and is a very comfortable bed for one person. Two crossed poles at each end lift the bed off the ground. These cross poles must be set firmly in the ground, and one or two nails should be run through at the crossings. Another pole, resting in the crotches of the end pieces, makes the bottom of the bed. A stick of wood is nailed over the supporting poles at the head to serve as a brace, and softer wands are nailed on lengthwise on both sides to keep the bed clothing in place. A canvas or a few old gunny sacks can be spread inside the bed and some dry leaves or a quantity of pine needles with the cones removed put in afterward to make a mattress. You will find this bed a soft and cozy one.

No. 3 is perhaps the simplest bed to make. It is something like No. 1, but is supported by sawed off logs instead of posts set in the ground. Nail to the log blocks quite heavy poles for the sides and more slats crosswise to support the bedding. A log can be placed at the head for a pillow rest. This bed is easy to construct, as it requires no posts to be set in the ground. The supporting blocks need not be very large to elevate the bed sufficiently to keep it away from dampness. Gunny sacks partly filled with leaves or pine needles make a good mattress.

With beds like these you need not carry along much expensive bedding on your camping trip. An old canvas, a few gunny sacks and a couple of quilts or blankets are all you require for each bed. Pillows can be made by filling gunny sacks with leaves or pine needles.



He's Still Under the Bed
Hubby—"There's only one thing I like around this house!"
Wife (bristling)—"Indeed! And what's that?"
Hubby—"The yard."

Both Wrong.

The oldest inhabitant was entertaining his grandson with stories of the severe winters he had experienced as a young man.

"I remember one very bad winter," said the old man, "when it was so cold that the river here was frozen nearly solid, and the thermometer stood at fifteen degrees below Cairo, and—"

"Below what?" asked the boy.

"Below Cairo. That's a very hot place in Egypt, and when it freezes there it's mighty cold, so they say that the temperature is so many degrees below Cairo."

"Oh, I didn't know that," said the boy. "I thought it was called Nero, after the man who killed during the fire of London."

Misunderstood.

Boy Scout (small but polite)—"May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

Old Lady—"Certainly you may, my lad. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

Natural Resources Bulletin

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, says:—

It is interesting to note in connection with the development of Canada's natural resources that Canadian tobacco is looked upon very favorably by the British importer and manufacturer on account of its superior flavor, and in this respect is superior to tobacco imported from other British colonies, such as South Africa and Rhodesia, while at the same time it compares favorably with that imported from the United States. So great is the demand for Canadian tobacco that over one million pounds, grown in Essex county, Ontario, was shipped to Great Britain during 1922 to be used in the manufacture of cigarettes, pipe tobacco and twists. In anticipation of increased requirements of this commodity in Great Britain it is reported that a British tobacco firm has purchased land at Kingston, Ontario, and proposes to erect a modern factory there for the processing and curing of Canadian leaf tobacco. The Canadian Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Company has entered into a contract to supply the new British firm with 2,000,000 pounds of dark leaf tobacco.

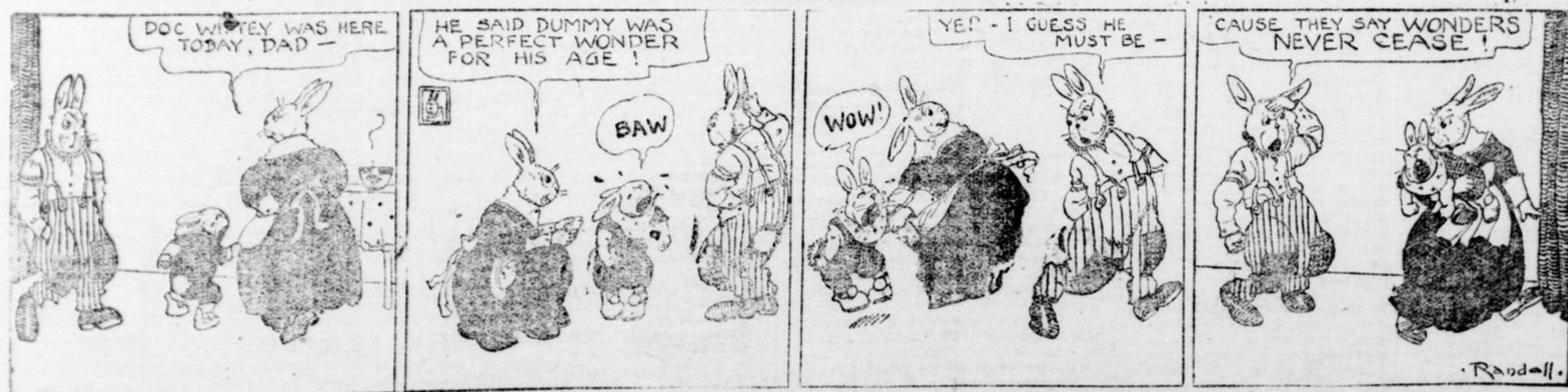
In Canada there is something of a feeling toward the United States in regard to Europe. That is also true of South Africa and New Zealand. Lloyd George raised a big issue last year when he appealed to the dominions after a crisis had arisen over Chanak. The replies he received left him far from satisfied, but it was recognized here that the dominions were fully justified in their caution. They had not made the crisis; they were even poorly informed as to the facts, and they refused to pledge support blindly. An effort will be made in October to prevent a recurrence of a similar situation. Something will be done to give the dominions a practical share in the shaping of a foreign policy. Premier Hughes of Australia has said the voice of the dominions amounted to a "mere echo." Perhaps the plan of each dominion having a Cabinet Minister in London will be accepted. The very fact that improvement in world conditions since the last conference has been extremely disappointing may result in a closer union of the members of the commonwealth.

She—"You distinctly said that I could flirt all I wanted to if I'd come to the shore with you."
He—"I meant you could flirt with me all you wanted to."



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IN RABBITBORO



TO SHAPE WORLD POLICY IN AUTUMN

IMPERIAL CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN LONDON.

Effort Will be Made to Harmonize Divergent Interests of Various Parts of Empire.

A conference of Dominion Premiers will be held here in October, when an effort will be made to agree upon a world policy, says a London despatch. In Downing Street, as well as in government offices in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India, experts are preparing plans which will be considered at the meeting, which probably will last a month.

This conference is the first normal one since 1911, as post-war problems occupied most of the attention of delegates at the last gathering. Much will depend upon the course of events this summer. If real progress is made toward re-establishment of economic order and Anglo-French relations, the Imperial Premiers will have a different program to consider from the one which now presents itself.

An expert with a broad outlook describes the problems as follows: First restoration of Europe to stable conditions in which world trade will move freely; second, the relation of the British Empire with Russia, which offers a great market but is now a law unto itself; third, the relation of the United States to the British Empire and more particularly to the whole of Europe.

Dozen Other Questions.

There are a dozen other questions, such as Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, Kenya, the League of Nations, Singapore, air service—but all are more or less dependent on the answers to the three problems mentioned. Not all representatives of the dominions may hold the same views on these questions, but that is an additional reason why the conference should be held this year.

The English government is primarily interested in the course of European events, while some countries forming the British commonwealth are focusing attention on other parts of the world. Can the various views be harmonized? Will Canada and South Africa agree to co-operate with Great Britain in the international program, or will they reserve the right to complete national and international independence?

The answer to these questions is profoundly important to the world as well as to the English government. At Washington the conference of British delegates made their decision as to "invisible unity." Will the nations forming the British Empire be more closely united at the close of the conference, or will a step be taken toward dissolution?

See Basis of World Union.

As a rule, British imperialists believe that countries in the empire will become more closely knit, largely because the League of Nations is ineffective through the absence of the United States, Germany and Russia. This group is working hard, and with some success, to make the British commonwealth of nations the basis of a world commonwealth. It is prepared to invite the dominions to take a larger responsibility in the conduct of a foreign policy, but whether that invitation will be accepted is another question.

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If We Took Things Literally
Friend—"Hey, Bill, got some news that's going to turn you upside down!"
Bill—"Wait a moment till I stand on my head—then it'll turn me upside up!"