

MOMENTARY INATTENTION

How Some Accidents Occur.

"There is only one safe way to hold a hammer or a hatchet," said the surgeon with a frown, "twinkle in his eye, as he prepared some bandages."

"How's that, doctor?"

"With both hands."

Though suffering some physical pain along with a great deal of remorse, the waiting patient, who had crushed the tip of a finger by the inadvertent blow of a hatchet, could not forbear a laugh.

"I think you're right, doctor," said he, "but the way I feel now is that it would be safer still not to hold one at all."

"Well, let's have a look at it."

The patient held up the incriminated index finger of the left hand and the surgeon as he went on with the application of the dressing said:

"I see hundreds of accidents like these, some more severe, some less. Most of them are accounted for by momentary inattention. In the handling of a machine or even such a simple implement as a hammer or a hatchet, the muscular action after a time becomes a mechanical habit. It is then that the attention is apt to stray from the task in hand and while the hammer is swinging almost automatically through the air, the mind may avert to something else. It is in that moment of inattention that accidents occur. I think that most of the automobile accidents occur through momentary inattention on somebody's part. In dealing with weapons, tools, implements, anvils, machines or heavy weights, the mind should never be allowed to wander, no matter how skillful the man or how accustomed he is to the task."

"A day or two ago," the surgeon went on, "a man came here with a crushed hand. He had been a printing pressman for forty years and never before had a serious accident. By keeping his attention on his task he could have run his press safely in the dark. I needn't go into the details of how it occurred. His accident was readily interpreted as one of momentary inattention and a printing press has no mercy. It takes a terrible grip and there's no saving a hand once it goes under a roller."

"There now," said the doctor as he clamped a piece of adhesive on the gauze, "you've lost the nail, but you'll have another in six months. The finger won't be the same but you'll be surprised how much it will be restored. Come and have it dressed every day for at least a week."

As the patient left the office two words kept sounding in his brain—"Momentary inattention."

And when he recalled his state of mind at the time he banged the head of a hatchet on the tip of his own finger he felt inclined to confess to himself that they applied also to his case.

Next day in the surgeon's waiting room he saw another man with a bandaged hand. Fellow suffering was sufficient introduction, so he asked:

"How did you get your?"

"In a stencil-cutting machine."

"How did it happen?"

"I was working at the same machine as I have had for eight years. I was plugging along as usual and for a moment didn't notice where my hand was. I was too sure of myself. My hand was just under the cutter when a woman at the next machine shouted 'look out for your hand.'"

At the instant she spoke I had tripped the machine and though I pulled my hand away I didn't pull it away fast enough and the cutter caught this finger. If it hadn't been for the warning I'd have lost my whole hand."

"For a moment I didn't notice where my hand was." That was how he described it.

That day in the surgery the doctor told of a patient he had attended that morning. A woman was ironing. She was standing close to the stove, which was on her right. Holding the heavy iron in her hand she drew it back vigorously for the next stroke. Her elbow hit the sharp corner of the stove with the weight of the iron behind the blow and caused a serious laceration. She said she forgot about the stove being so close.

That, too, was inattention in a degree, but inattention nevertheless. The next day another man was in the waiting room. He had his whole hand bandaged. Then the question:

"How did you get yours?"

"In cog wheels. I didn't notice my hand was so close."

Another case of inattention. The next day a young man with his arm in a sling was waiting his turn for a dressing.

"Is yours serious?" he was asked.

"Broken at the wrist and the shoulder."

"How did it happen?"

"I was on a bicycle going down a road to go out on the highway. I had to go to the left as soon as I reached the road. When I went out of the gate a team of big horses pulling a dray was coming towards me. I had enough space to cross in front of them and did so but didn't see an automobile that was racing to pass them on the other side. As soon as I cleared past the horses I struck me. I hadn't thought about the possibility of another vehicle being on the other side of the team."

His case, perhaps, might hardly be classified as momentary inattention. He was alert to an apparent danger but not to the possibility of a second though unapparent one. His terrible experience illustrates how alert the rider or driver of a vehicle on the road must be to all possible situations of danger. A few seconds' pause would have shown the danger in his case.

All accidents are not caused by inattention. Some are accidents pure and simple, unforeseeable and unpreventable. But according to the surgeons, who see the broken bones and bind up the wounds that arise out of accidents, a large proportion of accidents are caused by allowing the mind to wander while handling dangerous weapons, implements or powerful and swiftly moving machines. And it is as often the highly skilled as the ignorant who are hurt. From performing a certain muscular action over and over again the action becomes mechanical and it is then that the mind is apt to stray and lose its apprehension of danger. The most skilled therefore should be the most watchful, watchful not only of implements or machines they are handling but also of themselves.

The only safe way is to think safety all the time.—F.D.

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COMING TO LEARN CANADIAN FARMING.

A party of young men from public and secondary schools in England leaving Liverpool to take up an agricultural course at Macdonald College, McGill University, Montreal. After a short tuition period they will work on selected farms before returning to the college in November. Afterwards they will set up for themselves.

KEEP CLOTHES IN PAWN SHOP

PADDED GARMENTS FAVORED IN COLD SNAPS.

Small Hot-Water Bottles Are Used, But Western Ideas of Heating Spread.

The first cold snap of winter in China is not the signal for a rush to department stores to lay in a stock of warm clothes. Not that the Chinese are impervious to the rigors of winter. As a matter of fact, they prefer thick clothes and a cold room to living in a warm room with a minimum of clothes. When the first chill blasts of winter sweep down from the north they give the signal for a rush to the pawnshops, which are the wardrobes of millions of people.

Pawnshops in China do not hide their light under a bushel, as in the West. Neither are they mere havens of rest for the financially weary. Pawnbroking is an old and dignified profession, drawing a clientele from the rich as well as the poor, and performs a very necessary function in Chinese social life. Especially in the Yangtze Valley pawnshops play an important role. They are the farmers' trust and credit banks. They finance his crops and carry him over the poor seasons, and so extensive are they that many towns measure their prosperity by the number of pawnshops. Nor is pawnbroking an undignified profession.

In the old days many wealthy people invested their money in pawnshops. China's great statesman, Li Hung-chang, who left marks of his industrial genius in several enterprises he organized in the Empire Dowager's reign, was enough of a Chinese to put a lot of his money into Peking pawnshops.

The thrifty Chinese have developed the pawnshop to a more useful degree. Pawnshops are now the people's wardrobes. Most people's wealth is tied up in warm winter clothing, such as fur-lined gowns and coats and padded garments. In the summer these clothes are stored away at the nearest pawnshop, not for financial reasons, but because a service has developed whereby such clothing can be better preserved in pawnshops than if it were kept at home stuffed away in some chest. Rich and poor use this useful pawnshop valet service and keep their clothes year after year free from mildew or moths at a slight charge. Moreover, their belongings are in good hands, safe from burglary or fire. And so, as soon as winter comes, the pawnshop rush to redeem their clothing begins. In fact, this rush is a more definite herald of winter than the recklessly inaccurate Chinese calendar, with its fixed and arbitrary days of "Big Cold" and "Small Cold."

Layers of Clothing. The Chinese have a simple idea regarding clothes. It is all a question of layers, governed by the season. Two layers in summer and six in winter is about the average, to be increased or decreased according to the degree of heat. A man's bulk in winter is just about twice as much as it is in summer and this is the change which most foreigners always regard carefully. It is no disgrace for a Chinese lady of fashion to appear in the streets wearing clothes which give her the appearance of a barrel, or the fat lady at the show. Her progress may be slow, but she knows she is fortified against the piercing winds. A slim and slender figure is fashionable in summer because it is practical; in winter the stout figure is fashionable for precisely the same reason. Except for the ultra-modern women who have adopted the principles of Western fashion in their clothes, Chinese women do not allow questions of figure to dictate to their bodily comfort in winter. And so the pawnshops continue to prosper by their service. The sign "tong," by which all pawnshops rendering this service are known, is to be seen in nearly every Shanghai street and in some cases the big, black character covers the whole side or front of the pawnshop.

Interesting ideas on heat prevail in China. In the interior the "kang," a sort of big stone couch with a fire underneath it, is the family sleeping place and keeps the house cozy. In Shanghai, however, despite the many Western contacts, Chinese ideas of heating do not coincide with Western ideas. Many Chinese who live in big, semiferocious houses do not rely on steam heat. Some have small fireplaces, but there are many houses where a foreigner will call and be received in a room without any heat and must sit and shiver in his overcoat. Most likely his Chinese host, well surrounded by thick, padded clothing, is sitting in a chair with his fingers grasping a small hot-water bottle of a type which sells by the thousand in Shanghai. The hot-water bottle idea is very common and no lady of fashion would go out in her sumptuous rickshaw with its four electric lights without taking her bottle with her to keep her hands warm.

Three Kinds of Heating. Three different kinds of heating ideas may be cited. At the house of a retired Chinese politician, once Premier of China, you can always find a crackling log fire burning in winter. "That is one thing I learned in England," he says. "There is nothing to beat a log fire for heat and cheerfulness combined."

Another political leader, who was educated in the United States, favors steam heat. The heat strikes the visitor as soon as he opens his front door. A third man, also a political leader who has traveled in the United States and Europe, has adopted neither method of heating. He still adheres to his "kang" for his bedroom, but the rest of his house is like a refrigerator. He receives callers in a freezing atmosphere, but sticks to the hot-water bottle.

The trouble with your foreign clothes is that they are not practical.

Like a Woman. "Well, at least I can say I'm a self-made actress."

"Don't bother to apologize, dear. I'd just make the best of it."

Spring at the Pane. When Spring peeped in the window I put my work aside.

The tasks could wait, I must away. For oh, the fields stretched wide.

Her smile, or was it sunshine? Turned rug and chair to gold, And sudden joy possessed me And more than I could hold.

In garden ways I found her, The Spring, so young and fair, And all the opening blossoms Were tangled in her hair.

—Alex Thorn.

Cotton in China. Cotton is cultivated in virtually every province in China, from Manchuria in the north to Canton—in the extreme south. In total annual production the country ranks next to the United States and India.

The "human form divine" was probably discovered by a chiropractor.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

Upwards of 64,000 persons find employment in Canada's mining industry. To these employees salaries and wages totalling \$283,000,000 are paid annually. This money is circulated in Canada to pay taxes, purchase food, clothing and the many Canadian-made luxuries that our standards of living demand. But the mining companies spend much in addition for the purchase of machinery and supplies from Canadian merchants and manufacturers; the sum of 20 millions is spent each year for fuel and electricity alone.

Incidentally the profits of the successful companies go to increase the liquid capital assets of Canadian citizens who have invested in the industry. Unfortunately many of these profits go outside the country, since British, American and other investors have been shrewd enough to buy in many valuable properties, and the rewards of development are naturally theirs insofar as actual cash dividends are concerned. Many of the stronger interests operating Canadian mines are far-sighted enough to re-invest part of their profits in the acquisition and development of additional properties so that part of surpluses never leave the country. Fortunately, also, for Canada, wages and other operating expenditures have to be made in Canada, although in some instances the ores are shipped to plants in the United States or Europe for treatment, and other countries receive even greater benefits in employment and investment than does the country which has furnished the raw material.

It behooves us, therefore, as good Canadian citizens, to see that Canadian ores are treated, so far as is practicable, in Canadian mills and refineries, using Canadian power, employing Canadian workmen and buying Canadian machinery and supplies. It must not be forgotten that mineral resources, unlike water powers or forests or agricultural products, once used, can never be replaced. There is only the one crop. It is not difficult to understand why that single crop should be developed only under such circumstances as will bring the greatest prosperity and benefits to the country.

What Is He Worth?

Talking with a group of friends on the subject of children, a mother made the proud boast that she would not part with her boy for a million dollars. A bachelor who was standing nearby, knowing something of the boy's mischievous nature, remarked in an undertone, "And I wouldn't give ten cents for him." Mothers usually incline to the higher valuation, and they are right: The potential value of a boy is beyond computation. He may become an illustrious leader and benefactor and make the whole world his debtor. In helping a child we can never tell how great the service we may be rendering to the nation.

Liking Nature.

There appears to be no end to my liking for Nature; whether a tree is so leafy that it reduces the whole heavens to a few blue eyes, or whether the twigs are as thin and bare as the birds' legs that use them—it is all the same to me.—W. H. Davies, in "Later Days."

Mexican Children.

Mexico has no courts for juveniles, but the Society for Protection of Children has appealed to President Calles to found such courts.

Get Light From a Tree.

The oil drawn from the shea butter tree of interior Africa provides fuel and light for the natives.

Demand for Classy Pigs.

More than 250 pedigree pigs were bought in Great Britain by the Russian government alone last year, and the export trade generally in British pigs during the year enjoyed a boom.

A New Animal.

The huarize is a recently developed animal, a cross between the llama and the alpaca of Peru.

Two Long Lakes.

Lake Baikal, Siberia, is nearly as long as Lake Superior.

Electric Lights Help Fish.

Electric lights over the water in fish hatcheries have been found to attract insects and thus aid in feeding the fish.

A Faithful Friend Is a Fine Image of the Deity.—Napoleon.

OWL-LAFFS



O. W. L. (On With Laughter)

Many a wife who cares nothing for her husband lives on his account.

An old French philosopher said: To know how to wait is the greatest secret of success." Yes, a good many men who have done that have saved up enough tips to buy an apartment house.

If a man loves his wife he shows it by doing things for her. Ditto his home town.

It's perpetual hard times for the fellow who waits for soft snaps.

Civic pride is just another name for patriotism locally applied.

The short skirt has also revealed the fact that all family skeletons are not kept in closets.

Old Maid—"In all my life I have never seen a man make an improper advance to me."

Flapper—"But I'll bet you've witnessed some rapid retreats."

"Keep that schoolgirl complexion," advises an advertisement, and every druggist does.

An absent-minded professor thought he heard a noise upstairs. "Who's that?" he called. "Nobody," answered the burglar. "Funny, I could have sworn I heard a noise."

No, Gladys, a powder magazine is not a cosmetics' trade paper.

What's the Use? What's the use of loving? It cannot last always.

What's the use of kissing? You'll tire of him some day.

What's the use of eating? It only makes you fat.

What's the use of sleeping? I'd rather be a bat.

What's the use of pleasure? You have to pay a price.

What is there to treasure? It always ends with life.

My girl is so fat that the only thing she can buy ready-to-wear is a handkerchief and an umbrella.

"Mother, are we going to heaven some day?"

"I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go too."

"Well, don't you think he will?"

"Oh, no. He couldn't get away from the office."

Any old cat may be the cat's whiskers, but it takes a tom-cat to be the cat's paw.

Many men lie best when they are trying to impress upon the dear public how truthful they are.

"I must see the doctor today. I don't like the look of my wife."

"That's an idea. I'll come with you, old man; I can't bear the sight of mine either."

He Understood "Fatigue" Duty Anyway. In Mr. Seymour Hicks' amusing book, Chestnuts Rottened, there is this story of a British regiment that was stationed some years ago in Egypt.

The full strength were taken on a route march of sixteen miles into the desert, and on being ordered to halt the colonel addressed them, saying, "The officers will lunch—the men can do for themselves." When he and his subordinates had finished their rest it came to his knowledge that there was a great deal of grumbling amongst the rank and file, who had been badly fed and were footsore and weary.

So when the order had been given for the men to fall in he took his stand before them and asked with some severity if they knew what discipline meant. He followed with a severe lecture on the subject and ended by saying, "Any man who does not want to march the sixteen miles back to barracks take three paces to the front."

Like a flash the whole regiment stepped forward with the exception of a very small thin Tommy, who did not budge an inch.

The colonel looked at him with pride and, putting him on the back, said: "So you, my man, are the only soldier who understands what duty really means. I am proud of you. You are a credit to the regiment. You of all these men are ready and able to march back the sixteen miles, are you?"

"No, I'm not, sir," said the private; "I'm not able to walk the three paces forward."

Are You a Musician?

"A musician," says the ditty "is one skilled in the art of music in the light of the above ditty and in answer to the above question most people would probably reply the words of the old negro when he thanks you for the compliment but ah can't do it."

A musician, in the popular sense, is one who is skilled in the practice of music, and very few claim this function. This is a day of spectacular specimens that the person is a bit apt to feel down to his ability, and to all he watch the stars, instead of his wagon to one.

But this popular opinion is one-sided one. Many a person filled with the love of music, an intense longing to express it, but his vocal chords simply will not function as he is that any reason why he is shut out from the enjoyment for which his soul craves?

Even if, as the old negro says, "There is music in me, I can't get it out," is that any reason why I cannot become an artist of music, in