

PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF

HE has arrived—the chauffeur. She is destined to be one of the "its" of the twentieth century.

For the woman who runs her own automobile is always, if you will notice, crisp and snappy in manner and in dress.

San Francisco is in line with the rest of the world now. We have our own chauffeurs, and they are growing in numbers.

Two of them, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Baird, have been through the park examination. Moreover, they have passed it.

There is no city law compelling an examination to be passed by the runners of automobiles, so the park has to look out for itself.

So it came about that a park ordinance was to be driven within park limits unless the driver thereof had obtained a permit by means of various red-tape-tied devices.

Mrs. Charles C. Moore acquitted herself with glory, so they say, when she was put through her paces on her locomobile.

This machine is a natty little runabout that she handles no more dextrously than she does the heavier surrey and dog.

"I was a little bit nervous about the examination when I started in," says Mrs. Moore, "because I had heard that Mr. Saville was a very strict examiner."

H. D. Saville, park engineer, certainly does mean business when he goes about his test. It is all up to him, you see, and if any of the autos that he has passed should "get fresh" afterward within park domain, he says he would hear of it.

It was on a Tuesday that the test came off. Tuesday is the day set aside for these examinations, and Mr. Saville's business, from 3 to 5 on that day, is to probe the would-be chauffeur.

When Mrs. Moore started out she thought she knew all about her little machine. She was certain of the reason for every lever and gauge and she was certain of her steady hand.

He looked over the locomobile and he looked over her. Then he leaned an elbow on the dashboard and glanced casually at the brake.

"What's that for?" he asked suddenly. "That? That's the brake," she answered, puzzled.

"Yes. What's it for?" It had always seemed plain enough what it was for. It was plainly meant to keep your right foot busy. It occurred to her that this was a very simple examination

after all and that she needn't be excited over it.

"It's to stop the machine," she said glibly.

"All right. Now suppose the brake breaks and you want to stop in a hurry, what are you going to do?"

"Why, it never does break," she stammered, and with the thought of her permit ahead she couldn't for the life of her think of a better answer.

The examiner saw that this sort of a test was hopeless. "Let me get in there," he said, and took his place on the seat.

He started the machine whirling along the South Drive, where all automobiles are confined. He covered the brake with his foot.

"You can't touch the brake," he said. Then, on the instant, "That team is frightened. Stop," he cried.

And automatically she closed the throttle, turning off the steam, and the ma-

chine came to a dead halt.

"I did know, after all," she said, "of course I knew all the time."

She laughed then and her nervousness was over. The examination went on with the smoothness of a well-rehearsed play, and the word was passed from one wayfarer to another to come and admire.

As she drove smoothly over the rolled surface of the South Drive her examiner asked questions and proposed problems

that were to test her quickness and understanding. The preliminaries are quickly sailed over.

"What do you know about the throttle?" "It is used to shut off the steam or let it on."

"And how do you open it when starting up the power?" "Very slowly." She illustrated, bracing her hand by hooking the third finger into the iron so that the hand found it easy to move slowly instead of in jerks.

It is this throttle that keeps your right hand busy in running the locomobile, which is a steam-propelled machine with a gasoline engine to do the heating.

Mrs. Moore then showed the deftness of her left hand with the steering bar which is to be held lightly, not gripped. If you ride a wheel you know all about that. The auto-

tle, giving the steam full sway to do the hard task ahead, while the machine snorted and puffed up the slope like a pudgy, apologetic old man.

"Down we go now. What about it?" "The slope was sharp, and she turned off the steam altogether, leaving the brake off, and coasted. "No use of wasting steam when gravity will do the work," she said.

"Didn't you know that you threw a child off a wheel as you passed—at the top of the hill? Go back, quick."

Mrs. Moore paled like a Laura Jean Libbey lady, for she did not yet know the extent of Mr. Saville's imagination. "Quick," he urged.

She drew the steering bar inward in order to turn. "No, no; this road is too narrow. You can't turn around here," he exclaimed.

Then her color came back, and she grasped the idea that the narrow road

counted.

Before they started off again the engineer made an excuse to jump out and speak to a park policeman on business.

Looking over the machine before he climbed back he contrived to put out the fire.

As Mrs. Moore opened the throttle slowly there was no sign of renewed life in the vehicle.

"Hello! What's the matter?" "I'll find out what's the matter," she said, and descended. "The fire's out," she exclaimed. "I never knew the wind to

When Mr. Saville had impressed upon her the obligation of a maximum ten-mile rate he tried her judgment of the rate.

This is a test where the average applicant fails. It is a hard thing to gauge your own speed, and it is guesswork at best.

However, Mrs. Moore's guess appeared to be a good one. Going up the next slope—"That horse ahead of you is frightened," he cried.

Mrs. Moore saw nary a horse in any direction, but she showed presence of mind. A quick turn to the side of the road. Off with the steam. On with the reverse brake, and there they halted, stock still, in the midst of ascending a hill.

For the rule of the park is that if anything, be it man, woman, baby or horse, shows fright at the new-century steed that steed shall be halted until the victim be calmed. Just how long this halt shall last, supposing the baby continues to weep, Mr. Saville says, becomes a matter of sentiment.

As they started the engineer was seized with a desire to go back. "This road is wide enough to turn in," he said. "Turn short."

There on the hillside she did it, by a delicate handling of the steering bar, a keen hand on the throttle, a foot quick at the brake and two eyes everywhere.

Both feet and both hands are always occupied in the driving, to say nothing of both ears and both eyes; and it is only the expert who dares to talk. The locomobile which Mrs. Moore handles gives occupation to the eyes part of the time in calling upon them to keep track of the water gauge. It is reflected in a tiny mirror at the right—it looks like a thermometer filled with pink mercury. If the water rises above half or sinks below it, then something is to be attended to.

As they rode along, fictitious carriages and pedestrians and frightened horses sprang up in every direction at one wave of Saville's wand. In every case the chauffeur turned to right or left, slowed or stopped as the case might be. Near the end of the journey:

"I hear a runaway coming around that curve," he shouted.

She laughed with the fun of the game and on the instant glanced up. There, from the tree-hidden curve, dashed a maddened little sorrel with a powerless driver clinging foolishly to the lap robe while the reins trailed the ground.

Mrs. Moore's face tightened. It was all in an instant. A sharp jerk on the steering bar that twisted the loco to the side of the road, a closing of the throttle, and there the machine stood against the grass and out of the way of danger, while the horse flung itself into the trap of a mounted policeman's bridle.

"You're all right for your permit," said Saville.

But there can't be a real runaway made to order for every Tuesday's test, and unfortunately there isn't one. So Saville says that he hopes in time to have matters arranged as they are in Paris. There, in an enclosed space are dummies—people and horses and vehicles. They stand in your way, they jump out at you, and they weigh your presence of mind in the balance.

There are plenty of smart automobiles appearing in the neighborhood of Burlingame. Lawrence Scott has a beauty, which has already made trouble for him. It gave out when he and his fiancée were many miles out in the country and after waiting hours for something to attach themselves to, they saw the morgue wagon and halted it as a life saver. Hitched to it, they were towed into San Jose.

No doubt the ladies of Burlingame will distinguish themselves as chauffeurs before long. In the East those of the smart sets have taken to the sport with a vengeance. Mrs. Hermann Geirichs and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt are hot enthusiasts.

Mr. Vanderbilt following in Willie K.'s footsteps thereat.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish taught herself to drive and did much damage to Newport property in the process. Before she finished her first lesson, she had driven directly up the steps of her own high veranda, which would have been considered an expert feat if she had meant to do it.

Lily Geirichs is a skilled chauffeur, and if Peter Martin brings her out here as Mrs. Martin she will boom the fashion hereabouts.

WITH THE 20TH CENTURY COMES THE CHAUFFEUSE.



MRS. CHARLES C. MOORE, CHAMPION CHAUFFEUSE OF SAN FRANCISCO

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As she drove smoothly over the rolled surface of the South Drive her examiner asked questions and proposed problems

responds as quickly as a perfect horse to your lightest turn of the bar.

"Go fast," ordered the engineer in a smooth stretch of road, and she turned on the steam and z-z-z, they were off, her left foot attending to the bell.

"Stop quick, now," and the well-trained steed halted within its own length.

"Here we are at a hill, and a pretty steep one at that. How are you going to climb it?" And she threw open the throt-

and the injured child were the fictitious emergencies that it is Mr. Saville's business to invent. She entered into the spirit of the thing with gusto.

"I'll get back up that hill," she announced firmly, and she proceeded.

You have got to know your machine pretty well if you are going to make it run backward up hill by reversing the steam arrangement. When Mrs. Moore did this she had scored a point that

blow it out before."

"What are you going to do about it?" "This," and she took from a pocket a box of non-blow-outable matches. With a Golden Gate gale sweeping in along the drive she lighted the mimic engine and they were off again.

"How fast are you allowed to go in the park?" he asked as they coasted.

"Twenty miles," she replied, sinfully, for she knew the truth.

What Nightmare Really Is and Its Prevention.

THE nightmare has nothing to do with horses, although they occasionally have it; the word more really means in this connection a specter.

According to the Bavarian popular belief the nightmare is a woman who appears in the morning asking to borrow something. To keep her away at night they promise her the three white gifts if she will come for them the next morning, and when she does come, as she surely will, she is given a handful of flour, a handful of salt and an egg. In Morocco it is customary to place a dagger under the pillow at night to ward off the nightmare, and in Greece a black-handled knife is supposed to have the same effect.

The ancient Germans believed that nightmare was due to a demon who, during sleep, seated himself upon the chest of the sleeper and oppressed his breathing.

The symptoms of nightmare are variable, though they may be always extremely disagreeable. It may be a realistic sensation of falling from a high place, such as the summit of a steep precipice; or one may suffer all the horrors of a flood or fire or a struggle with enemies superior in force and number. Frantic animals may attack or spring upon the sleeper, and with all these visions there is an inexpressible anguish and pain, with a sense of imminent danger, escape or defense seeming impossible, while the victim is unable to cry out for assistance, or in the always present struggle at last utters a groan or two which may awake him.

Nightmare is especially distinguishable from dreams by the sensation of depression and suffocation. It is, in fact, a true

temporary, miniature delirium. Sometimes long after awakening it leaves the subject a prey to nervous anxiety, violent palpitation and unusual debility. In fact, it has a marked analogy with insanity, and if it is constantly recurring it may be of serious portent, pointing to some affection of the brain or mind. Not that nightmare causes nervous disease or insanity, but that nervous disease pre-existing causes, on the contrary, this special disposition of the brain to temporary delirium.

From this it can be understood why nightmare is often hereditary, just as abnormal nervous impressionability may be inherited. The child, too, sensitive to the slightest impression, a living bundle of nerves, is more especially subject to night terrors, even while awake, owing to the power of the mind to project ideas into space and with the eye to see them as actualities imbued with life. Next in susceptibility are women and some men whose brains have remained in the infantile state properly called simple-minded. Anæmia, fever, disturbance of the circulation, caused by diseases of the heart of the large blood vessels; disturbed respiration, due to asthma or a full stomach, are the most frequent predisposing causes and are as powerful as nervous disturbances, such as hysteria and hypochondria, in causing nightmare.

Sometimes nightmare is due to prolonged wakefulness, a radical change in diet, or faulty position of the body, such as lying upon the back or face. Sometimes it is due to some mechanical interference, such as an aneurism or even swollen tonsils. West has reported a case in which, in spite of all hygienic treatment,

nightmare continued every night for a long period, due, as was discovered after careful consideration, to a prolonged awful, which, during sleep, in the prone position hindered free respiration. Cutting off the point of this mischievous uvula caused the permanent discontinuance of the visits of the nightmare.

In nervous persons emotional in character nightmare may be caused by gruesome tales or woful spectacles, grief, discouragement, hatred, anger, etc. In fact, the most intense nightmare is due to exhalations of passion, due to the loss of dearly

loved relatives or friends, sudden and extreme reverses of fortune, disappointed ambition, the fear of disease, or even a shock to one's self love and esteem, which, as has been aptly said, slays more victims than love.

The treatment of nightmare consists in awakening the subject, and, if there is perturbation of mind, giving some mildly sedative potion, such as warm water sweetened with syrup of lettuce. Following this, care should be taken to remove the supposed cause, to prevent recurrence of the nightmare. In the case of children

Wonderful Instinct of the Wasp

ONE of our commonest and most interesting insects is the thread-waisted wasp, which builds the mud nests which are so numerous in old outbuildings. The children usually call these insects "mud daubers." It is intensely interesting to watch these light, slender-bodied wasps busy with their masonry. The mud of which their nests is composed is often carried for some distance, as it is essential for them to use good, stiff clay. At the edge of some pond or stream you may see these insects running about, continually twitching their glossy wings, their black backs showing a fine steel blue in the strong summer sunlight. Some of them are nearly standing on their heads as they roll sticky little balls out of the stiff mud with their heavy jaws. With this heavy load of mud they rise slowly, and having gained some height they get their bearings and fly in a straight line to their nests. In this they resemble the bees; indeed, all the wasps and bees seem to have a wonderful fac-

ulty for flying directly home from any point. The expression, "making a bee line," is derived from this habit of the bees and their close kindred.

When the wasp has gained the place it has selected for a building site she puts the tiny ball of mud against the wall of the building and rubs it tight by moving her head from side to side very rapidly. When doing this the insect makes a low, rapid buzzing sound. This operation is probably performed to insure the proper texture for the mud, just as we work the clay with a big wheel when making brick.

The outer surface of the nest shows a series of rings with sharply defined lines between most of them, but the interior is always extremely smooth and almost a perfect cylinder. While building her nest the insect is very careful and continuously runs in and out of the tiny cylinder, examining it minutely with her "feelers." If a rough place is felt on the inner surface she carefully smooths it out and rubs it smooth. When the cylinder is finished the wasp goes hunting for spiders,

intense moral impressions, weird stories and gruesome tales should be avoided, especially before bedtime.

The child should be put to bed early to avoid the exciting environment of the social circle, of animated conversation and convivial jollity. The evening meal should be a light one, both as to quantity and quality of food and drink, avoiding highly spiced relishes and stimulating drinks. The chamber should be spacious and well-ventilated, the bed not too soft and without too much bed clothing. Perfect muscular relaxation, avoidance of false positions and perfect freedom, all compression interfering with respiration or circulation must be avoided. The feet ought to be warm and lower than the head. The body should be extended and not cuddled up into a ball. When the bed is in an alcove or surrounded by heavy curtains nightmare is sure to lurk within, for they prevent the free circulation of air, and the brain is stupefied, as it were, by laughter over him being breathed over and over again.

The bed ought to be slightly inclined from head to foot, but the proper elevation of the head varies according to temperament. Anæmic people need to have the head quite low, but full-blooded people rest-easier if the head is higher. An excitable, congested brain may be relieved by warm baths, tonics and anti-spasmodics like the bromides and valerian. If there should be upon the right side; if the liver is disordered by chronic digestive troubles the person should lie on the left side. The stomach should be in good condition, es-

pecially if there is flatulence due to gastric torpidity, leading to fermentation of food, and dilation of the stomach should be energetically treated.

In Bacon's "Natural History," which is quaintly worded and based on very crude knowledge of natural history, as it is understood to-day, the author says, "as a great of truth," "mushrooms cause the incubus of mare in the stomach." The same might be said of Welsh rarebits and similar indigestible delicacies eaten just before retiring; these lie hard on the stomach and cause more horrible dreams in those not hardened to such gourmandism. But it is equally erroneous to go to the opposite extreme and prohibit all food before retiring, for often a light repast is a most excellent nightcap, and the pleasant and safest remedy against insomnia and, in fact, against nightmare, for an empty stomach may cause it just as much as an overloaded one.

Not less important in the treatment of nightmare is an endeavor to neutralize, as far as possible, all injurious moral causes. This is often simply a matter of good counsel and caution against the dangers of poor hygiene and excess of passion. The friends should especially endeavor to reassure and render cheerful those unfortunate beings who have a morbid fear of disease (nosophobia, as it is technically called), to discourage their broodings and encourage them not to give way to despair. Unfortunately, the physician of to-day too often scorns and neglects this animallatio, this solace of mind, which is none the less often far superior to and more efficacious than the most potent drugs.—Indianapolis Journal.