

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR

Watch Your Generator and Storage Battery Carefully During Season Changes.

PROPER RATE FOR CHARGING

Great Care Must Be Exercised in Putting Right Amount of Current Through Battery to Restore Energy Contained in Cells.

Due to the change of seasons from the cold weather conditions to warmer it is well to see that the generator that may have been boosted to take care of the cranking conditions should be changed to take care of the cranking conditions brought about by warm weather. It is not necessary to have as much current flowing into a storage battery during the warmer weather as it is during the cold, because of the fact that the oil is not as heavy and the engine is not so hard to crank, says a writer in an exchange. The gasoline is easier vaporized and the ignition has more voltage, due to the fact that the battery can exert its full energy.

Change in Charging Rate.

The reason that we advise a change in charging rates at this season of the year is because of the fact that a great many batteries that have been used abnormally at this season of the year and during the cold weather have been worked to their limit; in other words they have been almost entirely exhausted and to start recharging these batteries, even while on the car, at a high rate will cause a rapid deterioration of the plates and also is liable to cause a great deal of trouble from armatures becoming overheated and burning up, also the regulator or cutout on the machine becoming overheated and causing it to burn out. The charging rate considered which is proper for generators of certain types is between 10 and 15 amperes and it is not advisable to carry the charging rate higher than this because of the reflex action that this has on the generator and battery and regulating apparatus. It is always good to take into consideration that the lower charging rate is the better for a battery that has been worked hard than to start a rapid charging rate.

Bring Back Gradually.

There is a very similar condition existing between the charging of a storage battery and the case of a sick man. When the patient is on the road to recovery, the physician always advises that the food be carefully selected and the patient gradually be brought back to his full strength. The same applies to a storage battery. Great care must be taken with the proper amount of current put through the battery to restore the energy contained in the cells. It is also advisable at this time of the year before going into summer driving to have the voltage and gravity tests taken periodically so that the battery's recuperation will be brought back to a normal state without causing undue danger.

REMOVING CAPS FROM HUBS

Most Stubborn Cases Can Be Remedied by Use of Jack and Long-Handled Wrench.

Hub caps won't always come off merely by wrench persuasion, even when considerable manual effort is also used, says Motor Life. If the cap is so tight that you cannot budge it by your own efforts, bring the jack into the matter. Use a fairly long-handled wrench, and place the jack under the end of the handle. A few strokes of the jack will get the best of the stubbornest hub cap.

LITTLE AUTO NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Iowa has more than 362,000 motor vehicles. The history of the motor-truck antedates the passenger automobile.

Between 6,000 and 7,000 motorcycles are in use in the Netherlands.

The British army employed 413 women motor drivers during the war.

There are only 296,135 miles of improved highway in this country.

More than 3,000,000 horses were displaced by motortrucks last year.

The largest motorcycle factory in the world is at Springfield, Mass.

Sales of automobiles in British Columbia totaled 6,000 cars last year.

Rubber tires on motor trailers are required in Michigan and Wisconsin.

Motortruck trains moved between points 1,000 miles distant during the war.

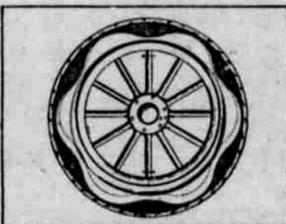
As a part of its collection of freaks, the first motor vehicle to be exhibited around the country was among the big attractions in a circus in 1896.

WHEEL WILL ABSORB SHOCKS

Outer Rim Provided With Channel Fitted With Thick, Specially Prepared Lubrico.

The Scientific American in illustrating and describing an automobile wheel, the invention of A. W. Althoff of Tulsa, Okla., says:

This invention relates to wheels of the floating-hub type, an object being to provide a wheel which will absorb shock. The outer rim of the wheel is provided on its inner surface with a channel in which the edge of the inner or floating portion movably fits, the channel being fitted with thick, specially prepared lubrico to absorb shock. An extra compartment in the



Perspective View of Wheel at Rest.

rim carries the over-compression of the movable substance supply and eccentric movements of the inner floating portion places the supply again in communication within the channel. Another feature is a tread composed of traction plates or blades with a concrete material interposed between them.

AUTOMOBILE PAINTS

Whatever alcohol you use put it in the radiator.

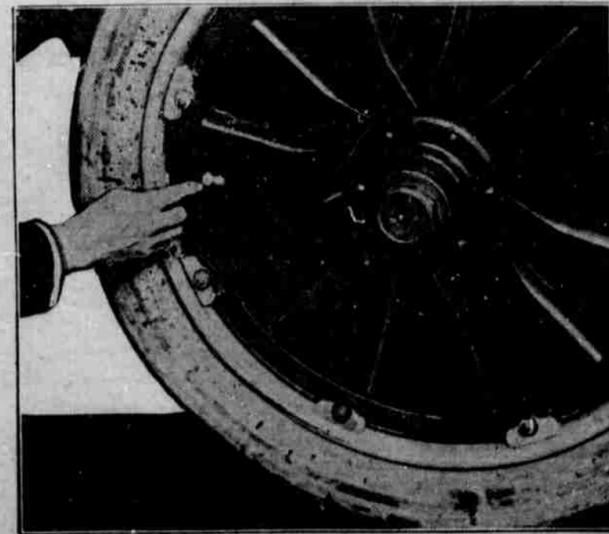
Don't drive fast with a soft tire or one that is nearly worn out.

Soap should never be used on the body except for removing grease or oil spots.

Many a driver who keeps the exterior of his car spotless neglects his engine.

Car owners should not forget that one part of the battery system which needs attention is the distributor head.

"AIR LOCK" VALVE WILL PROLONG LIFE OF TIRES, SAYS AN EASTERN INVENTOR



F. J. Griffen of Dorchester, Mass., has invented a new air lock valve which he claims will increase the life of pneumatic tires 50 per cent. This valve locks the air in the tube for all time or until a blowout or puncture releases it. It does away with rubber collars and plungers. This is now a prolific source of slow leaks in all plunger valves caused by rebound and drag on road and the fault of at least 75 per cent of rim-cut tires. The photograph shows the new valve attached to an automobile tire.

DECORATIVE FROCKS FOR BRIDESMAIDS



WHEN the talk is of bridesmaids frocks there is no telling the wide ranges it will travel, for here is where the bride may give range to her fancy, especially if she is to have a bevy of maids. She may choose to lead them back a few centuries in choosing styles or she is more than likely to pick out some period not so remote and revive its charm of quaint dress or she may decide to be very modern and frankly frivolous. But if she hopes to please everybody let her decide that her maids shall look demure and beautiful. They can do this in clothes with either an ancient or a modern flavor.

Taffeta, georgette and fine net, all make lovely frocks for bridesmaids and each of them amounts to an insurance of success; yet they are as different as can be. All are beautiful in light colors, and net, in white, used to veil a color, makes a practical frock that will give a great deal of service after it has played its part at a wedding. Georgette is astonishingly durable in spite of its fragile looks, and everyone knows the virtues of taffeta. A net gown that ought to please

the bride who has decided to draw upon 1920 to supply the style her maids shall wear, is pictured here. Tucks and frills, all at their pretty best in net, are used for trimming. An underskirt of net has two groups of narrow tucks about the bottom and over it a long and full tunic, wired about the hips. A frill over the wired line proclaims its allegiance to the old hoop skirt effect, which is the inspiration of this frock. Below the frill two groups of narrow tucks give an embroidered band of net the proper setting. The short sleeves are very frilly, with three narrow flounces as a finish, headed with a group of tucks.

The bodice is slightly low, giving a line across the bust and shoulders that is in keeping with the hooped skirt. A frill at the neck opening has tucks and embroidered band below and at each side plain net gathered in and extending to the waist, gives an added fullness. The sash of narrow satin ribbon with hanging loops and long ends set on at each side is a charming accessory, the loops falling from clusters of little chiffon roses.

Formal Afternoon Frocks



GEORGETTE holds its own as the superlative in elegant fabrics for afternoon gowns, and will until some genius comes along who is able to excel it. It seems improbable that anything more beautiful can be made and the refinement of georgette has made it so great a favorite with designers that they use it for many things and for all ages. But where the advantages show at their best is in those lovely gowns for afternoon—beautiful and restrained in style—in which women put their very best efforts at gowning and which are the delight of costumers.

One of the two gowns shown in the group above, reveals what has been done with georgette in an afternoon frock for this summer. Imagine this in pale tan or in tawny color with white beads used in its embellishment, and little medallions of flet lace set in and edged with embroidery silk, like the gown in color. The skirt has a wide front panel of the georgette, gathered at the waist and decorated with lines and crossbars of beads. Ac-

cordion plaiting and georgette were made for each other, and at the side of the skirt there are three tiers of plaiting, followed by a gathered pane at the back like that in front. The bodice, with elbow sleeves is decorated to correspond with the front panel and has a perfectly plain vestee of the crepe. A very wide sash of satin-striped crepe is especially interesting in this dress and it is finished at the ends with tiny silk balls.

Another dress of satin and georgette, is a model that stout women may pin their faith to. Its long straight lines are accented with small tassels on the skirt and the bodice is a brief affair with short sleeves that aids the skirt in its striving for graceful lines. These are formal afternoon frocks in which one may face great occasions with assurance.

Julia Bottomley

THE DREAMERS

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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The dreamers sat side by side on a log, looking away out over the waters of the lake. The scene was strangely peaceful—tiny, rippling waves gently kissing the wet line of the beach, mistle the only sound. Then from out of the horizon rose a thin, black line, a line that widened as the minutes passed, widened and swelled into smoke clouds. Fascinated, the pair watched until the great lake freighter, with its belching smokestack, was clearly outlined and gained monopoly of the scene. Nearer and nearer came the freighter—a steady, onward force that rode the mighty waters with the air of a conqueror.

"Someday I am going to be like that," The girl broke the silence. "I am going to spring up out of the background and swiftly take a place of prominence in the world. Like that steamer, I will travel on and on, nothing will stop me, nothing can, until I have achieved greatness."

The boy smiled. He, too, had dreams.

"I will be like these waves," he said. "I will travel slowly, gently, surely. I will go around the things in my way, pass over or carry with me the small things. I may be pushed back, like the waves, but like them I will come back again. Always I will be reaching out, out, out."

It was many years later. Jack Temple, millionaire broker, left his office, his head heavy and aching. Big business had meant always a headache for Jack. Despite his remarkable achievements and his world-wide fame as the cleverest and coolest financier on Wall street, he still faced every battle nervously, still battled at a tension; but none save Jack knew that—to Wall street he was a man without nerves, a man with an iron constitution.

It was for men like Jack "the tired business man" form of entertainment was invented, but the "girly-girl" shows had no attraction for him that night.

"Anything but a musical show," he told his chauffeur, after he had given up the thought of eating. "I don't care where. Even melodrama would be welcome tonight."

So it was that the car drew up at a small theater playing "The Bubble Breakers." The name could apply to any show, but the glaring lithographs displayed in front of the theater proclaimed it melodrama without a doubt. Jack went in without flinching. He smiled when his chauffeur declined an invitation to accompany him—that in itself was sufficient guarantee that the show was a poor one, but Jack was there at his own bidding, and he never went back on himself.

The house was well filled. The cheaper seats were all occupied, but some of the more expensive ones were vacant. Jack's seat was near the front. The curtain went up on the first act before the millionaire had a chance to study the types around him.

The scene was a beach. The water in the background was a poor scenic effect, but the log and the pair seated upon it looked natural enough. Then appeared at the head of the canvas a black line. It was some time before the audience could grasp that it was intended for smoke, but when lights appeared and the form of a poorly painted lake freighter attached itself to the thin smoke line the riddle was solved.

Then the pair began to speak. The girl spoke first. Her voice was low and sweet; there was nothing of the forced melodrama in her tone. She was just a child, barely fourteen, Jack thought. His mind was more on the little actress than on the words she was saying, but when the boy spoke he realized that they were dreamers, dreaming of the future. Such a foolish, useless pastime it was.

But Jack could not become bored by the play. The plot was ragged, but the bright little actress portraying the child's part kept life enough in the play to hold his interest.

It was between the third and fourth acts that Jack came to his decision. His life had been such a lonely, barren sort of thing, why couldn't he do something worth while now? he asked himself. Here was his chance to spend some of his millions on another, here was his chance to give this child-dreamer the means of realizing some of her dreams.

Lenore Rosely sank to the chair before her dressing table and gave a sigh of relief. The play was over, and she was glad of it, for her part was a hard one and she had exerted her every effort to portray it. Her maid entered with a card. The actress gave the card but a fleeting glance. Cards meant only one thing in her life—stage Johnnies, and experience had sickened her of that type long ago.

"He was prosperous, rich looking," her maid whispered. "And he was persistent."

Lenore glanced up. It took almost a minute before she connected the maid's comment with the card; then she picked the small shiny bit of cardboard up once more.

"Jack Temple," she read aloud, and then as she turned the card over read the pencilled note on the back. "An old middle-aged man who can perhaps help you. An admirer who does not want to make love to you."

The text of the note was so unusual Lenore gasped.

"Why," she started; but a tap on the door stopped her. Something seemed to tell her that Mr. Temple was waiting in the corridor. "Show him in," she said suddenly.

Jack felt very much at home as he found his way into a chair opposite Lenore.

"You must know that we do not receive visitors in our dressing rooms," Lenore started in. "Even small show actresses have pride, Mr. Temple."

"Well spoken, little girl," Jack said in his most fatherly tone. "I was sure I should find you a modest little girl like this. I have come to make a proposition to you. I would like you to leave this life—I would like to educate you—give you the chance the modern girl craves for in social life."

"Mr. Temple," Lenore had risen to her full height, and her head was held high, "you must think, indeed, that I am inexperienced to be so taken in by such an impossible offer. The thing is preposterous!"

"There! I guess I have gone the wrong way about it. I am a foolish old man," Jack muttered half to himself. "I am more at home on the stock market than in a young girl's dressing room."

"There was a genuine note in his tone that Lenore recognized. "But why should you make me such an offer—a stranger?" she asked in wonder.

Like a father to a child, Jack started in. It was an ordinary story of a broken romance—a girl with big ambitions and a man who wanted to stay at home. The broken engagement—the departure of the girl for the city—his search for her, which ended in bringing him to the whirl of the city's business and eventually to the success of his career.

"But in all these years I have never even heard of her. Her ambitions were great, her ability was of the best, but somehow she didn't realize her hopes; while I, the man with the small dreams, achieved undreamed-of success and stand today a man big in the affairs of the world, but, oh, so small in the joy of it! It was to try to steal some of these joys I wanted to help you—that is all," he finished.

"And you thought I was a child!" Lenore had risen and was quietly rolling her curls high upon her head. The baby stare had fled from her eyes, and Jack was facing a beautiful woman in her thirties.

"Why, I had no idea—I did not know—I—"

"You didn't know me, you don't know me now. Oh, Johnny Temple, can't you see it is I—just Betty Ross, the little girl with the big dreams but the small ability? Oh, Johnny! Some day I hoped to find you again, and you the same old plunger with the same old-fashioned ideas, and I was going to tell you you were all right and I was all wrong. I was going to ask you to take me back, take me back into your love—those have been the dreams that have kept me up these last few years of failure, but now they are only dreams."

"But they are not dreams. I am still plugging, still the old-fashioned, hang-on, stick-to-it sort of cuss I was in those days, though I am hanging on and sticking to it in a new world. I may be a millionaire, I may be feared by all Wall street, but inside I am just Johnny Temple, the kid with the big heart and an empty feeling I want some one to fill."

And as these two sat side by side in the little dressing room in that third-rate house they went back in fancy to a log on the beach. From over a lake they could see tiny rippling waves and then from out of the horizon rose the masts of two ships. Together they traveled the waters, onward, onward, ever onward, side by side. It was a pretty dream, and as the dreamers dreamed their hands went together and very closely the man drew the maid. Let's leave them there to dream.

Keep in the Game.

Just as soon as you take time to sit on the sideline you begin to worry about yourself and your possessions. So the only way to keep an open mind is to keep busy. Besides there's a satisfaction in it that grows with each achievement. However dark the morning, noon, and evening are bright when you start things early enough. It's nature's way of bringing contentment. When you are kept busy enough you have no time to watch for slights and chills from cold shoulders. As long as you can make the days produce something that helps the world there is something that keeps adding joy to your life and years to your future. The best of all ways to keep abreast of the times is to start something.—Exchange.

Viennese Landmark.

Legend, as well as quaint fact, adheres to many of the landmarks of Vienna. To the south of the city is a beautiful cross, the Spimerin am Kreuz. The site was a rendezvous for tourists because of the panorama of the city it afforded. Though the present cross is more than five centuries old, it replaced a simpler crucifix, which is said to have been placed there by a woman whose husband went away on one of the crusades. While he was abroad she went to this point every day to spin and to pray. When he returned she erected the cross, as a symbol of gratitude, with the money she earned by spinning.

A By-Issue.

"The prisoner contends that while the fight was going on, he was in an adjacent alley."

"I see; he wants to establish an alley-by."