

might be cited. It is far safer to clean clothes with something else.

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"Old Hand" sends a useful tip to the *Motor Car Journal*.

It has long been a mystery to me why motorists and motor drivers almost universally use the right hand for starting the motor. As petrol engines nowadays nearly all revolve like the hands of a watch—from right to left—there is always a possibility of injuring the hand or wrist should a back-fire occur when turning the starting handle by the right hand. And, again, the position which the body must assume when the right hand is used is awkward in the extreme, and being twisted around that more force may be exerted, the balance of the body is not at all secure. Back-firing accidents may be averted by employing the left hand. In this case the motorist stands squarely in front of the car, the right hand having a firm grip on the radiator or dumb iron. The handle is grasped firmly, but loosely, with the fingers of the left hand curved around the handle. As the feet are placed widely apart, a good balance of the body is assured, and, if a back-fire should occur, the elbow is not cramped, as is the case in the right hand method, but the hand is thrown outward and upward, the loose grip permitting the fingers to fly open, and all risk of injury is done away with. More power may also be exerted, as the right hand on the radiator materially assists the other member to turn the motor over quickly and without undue effort.

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The Motor Grand Prix in France is a thing of the past. Motor manufacturers plead that the Grand Prix causes great cost and perturbation in the factories—a flimsy excuse enough. The fact is that in France, with the aviators so much in the forefront, the interest in great autocar races is steadily declining. While the public can see flying machines soaring pretty well every day within sight of some one or other of the great high roads, people are not specially enthusiastic about motorcars as spectacles. In short, the autocar is not the attraction that the aeroplane is. So the manufacturers talk of cost and perturbation, and there is to be no other Motor Grand Prix. The great makers who have boycotted the race are:—Benz, Berliet, Leon Bollee, Brasier, Clement-Bayard, Darracq, Delaunay-Belleville, Germain, Isotta-Fraschini, Lorraine-Dietrich, Mercedes, Minerva, Motobloc, Panhard-Levassor, Peugeot, Pipe and Renault.

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The Torkington solid tyre, which is built in sections to bring it within the category of cushion tyres, is attracting great attention in Europe just now. Owners who have depended on pneumatic tyres, and become abundantly familiar with the pneu's occasional disadvantages, are especially hopeful. A powerful Daimler has been fitted with the new tyres for a journey which is to include some very hard and heavy going over the Italian Alps. So that the non-skidding quality of the Torkington (of which much has been said and written) will be thoroughly tested.

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In motoring, as in most other things terrestrial, the small boy has his place. A few weeks ago, General Smith-Dorrien was motoring from London to a country place in Essex, and in Whitechapel Road

he had to slow down in a press of traffic. Just then, a small boy seeking his amusement jumped on to the luggage-rack at the rear of the car, and was too scared to jump off when the big car resumed its average speed. The General didn't know he had a passenger, and the small boy was carried 23 miles before he was discovered. The first man to make the moon will probably find a small boy clinging to his gear somewhere.

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On Broadway, New York, a motorcar-firm has opened a branch establishment for the sale of airships. The cheapest offered is for £20,000, to seat eight persons, with a guaranteed speed of thirty miles an hour. Pretty soon, we shall have "elegant" New Yorkers enjoying musical-comedy, while their "carriages" flutter in the mist above the theatres.

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We hear so much of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's socialism and contempt of money that we are apt to overlook the fact that Mr. Shaw, despite his protestations of simplicity, is really a very well-to-do and comfortable man. He has recently had made to his order a 28-30 h.p. De Dietrich car which is as speedy and comfortable as any millionaire need desire. However good a socialist one may be, the temptation to motor is difficult to resist.

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Motorists who suffer the irritation of squeaking cars are apt to forget that the springs require occasional lubrication between the leaves or plates of which they are composed. If your car squeaks, satisfy yourself first of all that the squeak is not mechanical. See that the universal joints and clutch-collar are well oiled and all the running parts properly lubricated. Then turn your attention to the springs and brake-rods. Oil all pins and bearings, and see that the lubricators themselves are right. Then you will probably find that there is no more squeak.

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The motorcar is the best friend of the prosperous farmer, especially in countries like New Zealand, where many commodious homes are well removed from railways. The man with the car has the city always at his doors. That numbing sense of isolation vanishes. No place is inaccessible, so long as it is served with a passable road. The car is an agent of healthy circulation: it not only brings the city to the country, but it opens up the country to the city. A ride in a car has all the attractions that the ordinary train-ride lacks. There is no banality of station buildings and goods-sheds, no pressure of the peering crowd, no raw cuttings and suffocating tunnels. Also, the car is speedier than the train—at any rate, in this country.

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A deputation of anti-motoring members of Parliament recently waited on Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, asking him to issue a general notice that when a local authority made application for the fixing of a speed-limit not exceeding ten miles an hour in any town or village, the application should be granted provisionally until good reason was shown to the contrary. Mr. Burns promised nothing, and was not at all encouraging. The fact seems to be that motorists would not object to going through a town or

village at ten miles an hour; but they know quite well that if that limit were fixed, the village-constable would cheerfully swear that a car going ten miles an hour was travelling twenty. It is far better to have the limit left at twenty, and on that risk the passage at ten.

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Dr. H. W. White, of Bradford, England, has driven an 8 h.p. single-cylinder De Dion car over 70,000 miles in three years. The district covered is remarkably bad, and many of the roads are exceedingly bad. So that the record—working out at about fifty-seven miles a day—is a wonderfully good one. "Looking back over the records of the past few years," says the *Autocar*, "it must be admitted that there is nothing to surpass it as a consistent proof of reliability."

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The motor-launch for Mr. Shenley's new steam yacht was recently launched at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The launch has a guaranteed speed of twenty-five knots, is designed and built by Saunders, and is engined by a single eight-cylinder 200 h.p. Wolseley-Siddeley motor. Hung in davits, the launch will weigh a trifle over two tons.

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Again from America there come some entertaining rules for motorists. These were compiled from the Wasau Chaffeurs' Club, Wisconsin:—

1. On discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop offside and cover his machine with a tarpaulin to correspond with the scenery.
2. In case a horse does not pass an automobile, the tarpaulin to the contrary notwithstanding, the automobilist will take his machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.
3. The speed limit on country roads will be secret this year, and the penalty for violation will be 10 dollars for every mile an offender is caught going in excess of it.
4. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead, the automobilist must stop awhile, then ring a bell, fire a revolver, halloo, and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.
5. Automobiles must be seasonably painted; that is, so they will harmonize with the pastoral ensemble and not be startling; thus in spring, green; in summer, golden; in autumn, red; and in winter, white.
6. Automobiles running on country roads at night must send up a red rocket every mile and wait for the road to clear. They must proceed carefully, blowing their horns and shooting roman candles.
7. In case an automobile approaches a farmer's house when the roads are dusty, it will slow down to one mile an hour, and the chaffeur will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler worked over the dashboard.

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Mr. C. J. Glidden, the wealthy round-the-world motorist who was in New Zealand some years ago, is now in Algeria, whence he proceeds by way of Tunis, Tripoli, the Sahara Desert, and Sicily. Since setting out, he has covered 46,528 miles over all sorts of roads and no roads, and seen a good deal of thirty-nine different countries. He will be quite a travelled man in a year or two.