

The Advertiser was established in 1863 and is published four times daily by The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London Advertiser

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1923.

What the Entomologist Can Do.

A person has to work in a garden or on a farm only a short time to find out that new bugs, new grubs, new worms, new beetles continue to arrive. To the doctrine of birth control they have all turned a deaf ear. Their chief occupations seem to be eating and destroying plant life in any and all of its stages, and making provision for producing more and still more bugs, grubs, worms and beetles.

In many parts of Ontario it has been found that where the ground is not cultivated these pests reproduce themselves with the greatest ease, as much of the eggs laying is done three or four inches below the surface.

It is in bringing out proper methods of combating these pests that the trained entomologist does his best work. This branch has ceased to be a fad or an academic study. It is going along today hand in hand with the agriculturist, the fruit grower and the gardener, studying the problems of these men and seeking the surest method of doing away with the animal life that makes such inroads on his powers of production.

The fruit growers have been bothered with a beetle known as the rose chafer, particularly in light or sandy soil. In 1921 it destroyed the whole crop of certain grapes. Growers in affected districts found that ordinary methods had proved of no avail. The chafer fed on blossoms, fruit and leaves; it was the most omnivorous thing that had been found for years. It eats holes in apples, peaches—in fact, as many as twelve of these chafers have been found in one apple. Some idea of the range of vegetation tackled by this beetle can be gathered from the following list on its menu card: Grapes, roses, peonies, sumac, cherries, strawberries, apples, peaches, raspberries, Virginia creeper, corn, beans, rhubarb, beets, cabbages, peppers, plums, birch, grasses, clover, quince, and practically all sorts of weeds, and even to poison ivy. The only cultivated plants on which the chafer was not found were currants, gooseberries, potatoes, tomatoes. The chances are that other worms and bugs were looking after these so well that the chafer found little room to work his way in.

One of the worst features of this beetle was that it was deadly to chickens which ate it. In one district 100 chickens were killed, most of them from five to six weeks old. Hens and turkeys refused to touch the beetles, proving that a little chicken doesn't know as much as an old hen. In one of these dead chicks 68 chafers were found, although they are not a pleasing looking thing to eat, being slender, long-legged, about three-eighths of an inch long; wings are reddish-brown, head black, and body covered with small yellow hairs, making it look fawn colored.

Entomologists found these beetles coming out of the ground about five days before the Concord grapes blossomed; eggs had been laid in this light soil previously, and had not been disturbed by cultivation. Neglected raspberry patches, old grape vine land, sod fields, places where there was no cultivation, made the greatest breeding grounds. The inference is quite clear, viz., that the more land Ontario has that is not well and continuously cultivated, the more chance there is for beetles to deposit their eggs and grow their larva undisturbed. Experiments even in caged land proved that disturbing the soil as is done in cultivation was a 100 per cent method of killing the hatch. For dealing with the full-grown beetle it was finally found by the entomologists, after three months of experimenting, that a solution of four pounds arsenate of lead and one gallon molasses to 40 gallons of water gave best results.

Cultivation, though, about May 20 to June 10, worked the greatest havoc with the rose chafer, killing them off before they had a chance to get in their ruinous work.

Using the Swimming Pool on Sunday.

There seems to be some misunderstanding about the opening of the Thames Park swimming pool on Sunday. The Advertiser believes in a sane attitude toward the observance of the Lord's Day, and would positively oppose anything here that looks like the continental Sabbath.

It is hard to see, though, where there is anything wrong with a man, boy, girl or woman entering the bathing pool on Sunday. The man who has a car can take his family to the lake, and they can bathe there, and nothing is urged against the practice. If he has the time or money or the inclination he can go on the electric road to the Port and do the same thing.

The one big point, and it is well taken, is whether it is right for the corporation of the city of London to use its money to equip places of amusement, the opening of which on Sunday is an objectionable thing to many of the people who contribute this money.

The practice of today becomes the policy of tomorrow, and it should be well considered.

When the Giant Spells.

C-A-T spells cat, but C-I-T-t-e-n doesn't spell kitten. London Rotarians and Kiwanians decided to battle it out on Monday to see which of these august bodies possessed the better spellers. Ever since the youngsters of London battled it out in The Advertiser spelling match the adults have been itching for a chance to get at it.

And so at the close of the Monday luncheon the Rotary Club and the Kiwanians lined up their best spellers. Those who arranged the words let the contestants off to an easy canter at first. Before they plunged into the deep they let them wet their toes on such words as cat, cow and hat. And while this was going on the word "lividum" was waiting for its chance. The grand old classic "phthisis" or "phtisis" was on the score card with crepe behind it. A man going down on the word "aphrodisiac" feels quite like a hero that had a leg blown off with a 16-inch shell; he bears his honorable wounds well.

"Stationery" claimed a victim who put an "a" in the end, recalling the days when it used to be remembered by that "e" in the ending standing for envelopes and the "a" in stationary for ashes from a stationary engine.

The fine old chap "idiosyncrasies" went along with ease and was nicely handled, while even "periwig" was taken without a run.

Strange too, that after all the entertainment stunts Rotary and Kiwanis clubs have tried in London an old-fashioned spelling match should have been voted the best event held in months.

That Peterboro Paper is Wrong.

The Peterboro Examiner comes out with that remark about the 1923 strawberries running true to form, with the big ones on top of the box.

Now, look here, what could be expected? If a power put all the big ones in the bottom of the box,

and covered them with little ones, the housewife would pass by and say, "Do you think I'm going to buy those miserable little berries?"

When the Examiner has a good piece of news it goes on the front page, right near the top. When the editor turns out an article that he thinks is good enough to set the community talking or thinking, he gives orders that it shall go right up at the top of the column. Of course he does; he wouldn't think of putting his good stuff down at the bottom of the box.

Likewise when the young man goes out calling in the evening. Does he put on a dirty collar and a tie that looks like a shoestring? No, sir, not a bit of it, and we'll bet the Examiner man never did either. He put on the biggest and cleanest collar he had; he surrounded himself with a clean shave and a little talcum on his chin, and then set forth to show himself. Why, then, does he think the grower of strawberries should fail to put the best he has on top of the box?

He does it for exactly the same reason that the small boy puts blacking on the toes of his shoes and lets the heels take care of themselves.

Fear of Thunderstorms.

The St. Catharines Standard has a word for those who seek to poke fun at the uncontrollable fear of thunderstorms that takes possession of some people.

Fear of lightning and the consequent thunder is something that may afflict a person who is normally brave in facing other dangers, and it is poor taste to seek to make sport of that feeling of dread.

Nor is it a sign of bravery to take unnecessary risks during the progress of such a storm. Some people seem to prefer showing their indifference by getting in open doors or in other places where there is a current of air; some women persist in working around the kitchen stove, and express surprise that others prefer to go to other parts of the house and stay there until the storm is over.

There should be every sympathy for those who dread thunderstorms; they are quite justified in closing doors and windows and seeking what seems to them the safest spot in the house. Anything approaching ridicule of this feeling of dread is nothing short of cruel taunting which can accomplish no good purpose.

The Work of the Rural Trustee.

The annual exchange of teachers is taking place through the medium of the daily press. Most of the moving is done in rural schools, and the good judgment of the rural trustees is all that is available to guide them in this matter.

The larger organization a board of education in a city has at its disposal simplifies this work to a great extent. There is the report of the inspectors, the moves recommended by them. It all helps to make the work easier for the city trustee.

The rural trustees face a different problem. They are called upon very often to sit down and select one teacher who represents "the staff." If that one teacher is poor then the whole school suffers. In this way the rural trustees have a greater responsibility. And yet they do their work well. We believe the standards in the rural schools are high in Western Ontario. A pupil coming from a country to a city school generally is found to be well abreast of the same class in a city school. The teaching has been thorough and careful, yet back of it all the work of selecting the teachers has been wisely and well done by the trustees of the rural schools.

With a somewhat limited knowledge of the applicants, these trustees seem to have the faculty of applying a considerable share of common sense to their work.

Note and Comment.

London has some roads on the west end of Oxford street and on Richmond north where there is no need of speed signs.

A real busy man is the agent at the door trying to talk and get his toe inside the door, and at the same time keep an eye on the family dog.

As one exchange well points out, we have a peculiar sense of values. The discoverer of insulin gets an annuity of \$7,500, while Jack Dempsey carries off over \$250,000 for fighting 15 rounds.

Our neighbor had a scarecrow in a pea patch. It didn't scare standing up, so he put the stuffed figure in an old chair, and the crows found it a great place to perch after getting filled up with green peas.

Hon. Howard Ferguson says any appointments made by the Drury government since June 25 will be disallowed as they were patronage appointments. Mr. Ferguson will proceed to dismiss them and appoint others. Of course this will not be patronage.

President Lewis of the United Mine Workers says Nova Scotia miners broke their contract when they struck, and further adds that they must return to work. The observance of a signed contract is one of the sanest things any union or any union official can adhere to.

Hon. Mr. Nixon's election hangs on the point of the deputy returning officer in one subdivision failing to tear off the foil or stub end. While he should have done so, the larger issue is that the voters who marked their ballots in this place did so in good faith. The fact that there was a technical error afterwards is of secondary consideration.

WHY PEOPLE DOUBT THE PAPERS.

(From the New York Herald.)

It appears that Shelby is not alone in having fistic complications. A writer in Le Temps of Paris, a journal which is invariably referred to as the "mouthpiece of the French government," and prides itself on its omniscience, has unearthed some secrets about the American ringside which have remained strangely unknown during the past decade despite the prying eyes of the members of the clan of sports writers. Witness the following:

"Almost immediately before the war a most serious moral crisis nearly swept over the United States as a result of the victory of the negro Johnson over the white man Jeffries, up to that time the world's champion. The white man's defeat had produced such excitement among the negroes that American statesmen took it upon themselves to counteract its effect. A bout was therefore arranged between Johnson and a man named Willy, which was to bring a victory to the white race. Johnson, paid in advance, was to let himself be beaten; and in order to make assurance doubly sure, during the entire fight men armed with Browning guns stood right against the ropes, in order to make him understand what would happen to him if he broke his agreement. In this manner the superiority of the white man was speedily reasserted. Immediately thereafter, in order to avoid the risk of the repetition of such an affair, with its possible social consequences, the parliament in Washington voted a law forbidding all bouts between black and white boxers."

The Peterboro Examiner comes out with that remark about the 1923 strawberries running true to form, with the big ones on top of the box.

Now, look here, what could be expected? If a power put all the big ones in the bottom of the box,

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Your Health

WHAT SCIENCE NOW ADVISES IN INFECTION OF THE ANTRUM.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

United States Senator from New York, Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Under the cheek-bone is a hollow space which opens into the nose. This is called the "antrum." Sometimes it becomes inflamed and its tissues pour out pus. The cavity fills up, and as a result of pressure there is pain.

There is a peculiar thing about the pain from antrum infection. It may not be continuous throughout the 24 hours. It may come on at 10 or 11 o'clock in the forenoon, steadily increase without any change of position, and then till midnight, and disappear in the early evening.

The patient may sleep well, get up refreshed, and feel himself that the trouble is gone, only to have the same cycle of events through another day. There may be no pain referable to the cheek itself. The pain may appear to be in the teeth. It is impossible, however, to tell which tooth or teeth may be involved, but very commonly the victim goes to a dentist, sure his trouble is toothache.

An X-ray picture taken in such a case will reveal dulness over the antrum, showing accumulation of fluid within that sinus. A small electric light is placed in the mouth, the patient and doctor being in a dark room. In a normal person, the light shines through the cheekbone, as the light of the candle shows through the Halloween Jack-o'-lantern. In antral infection there is darkness over the affected side, and full illumination of the other side.

The infection of the antrum may be due to decay of abscess at the root of one of the teeth at the floor of the antrum. Sometimes the roots extend right into the antrum itself.

If the ordinary treatment does not suffice, and if the pain does not disappear on the application of hot compresses, and the patient is observed constantly, and the kid-nerious. Discretion in the diet must be observed, you should consult your doctor. It will be safe to try the compresses for a day. Dip a towel in water hot as can be borne, squeeze out the excess of water, place the towel over the affected part of the face and cover all with a dry towel. Repeat the towel every few minutes. Keep up this treatment for 15 minutes and repeat it every two hours.

Do not mask the symptoms by taking narcotic drugs. Use the simple measures suggested, and, if they fail, call on your friend, the doctor.

Answers to Health Questions.

L. C. B. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to use yellow oxide of mercury ointment to increase the growth of my eyelashes?

A.—Each night apply 1 per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment to your eyelashes. Rub it in gently.

J. A. M. Q.—My gums are all receding from my teeth. Will you kindly tell me what to do for this condition?

A.—You should consult a dentist for an examination and he will advise you.

J. E. L. Q.—Is there any treatment for diseased tonsils, other than an operation?

A.—An operation is the only cure for diseased tonsils. You should have them removed without delay.

MRS. B. D. Q.—What can I do to reduce the size of my ankles?

A.—Large ankles may be due to fallen arches, varicose veins or kidney trouble. Bandaging is helpful in reducing the swelling, and I would suggest a pair of well-fitted high boots.

J. S. W. Q.—What is the cause of a sty on the eye and what can I do for it?

A.—Indigestion, constipation or eye-strain may cause this. Have the eyes examined and correct the cause of the trouble. Apply 1 per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment to the lid, and as a wash use a solution of 5 grains of boric acid and 30 drops of adrenalin chloride (1-100 solution).

Elephants To Solve Labor Shortage. Many scientists who are familiar with the remarkable intelligence of elephants, their giant strength and the wide variety of useful things they are taught to do in India are of the opinion that the huge beasts could be trained to do a large part of the heavy work, pulling, hauling and lifting, impossible for machinery to do. They think that the importation of herds of elephants and the training of them for the numerous tasks for which they are well adapted would be a sensible way of relieving the present labor shortage.

Contractors, railway presidents, steel manufacturers and other employers complain that they cannot find enough men who are willing to do overtime and rubber bands and

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

ALL THE DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.

I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—Psalms xxiii, 6. It is not hard to be an optimist when you are young.

But how will it be when you grow old? Will not the joy vanish, and the cup be empty, and the sense of being at home in the world which gladdens youth, give place to that feeling of estrangement which saddens age?

Not if you know that you are dwelling in the house of the Lord, for then his goodness and mercy will follow you all the days of your life to remind you where you are.

"For he hath not left himself without a witness in that he did good, and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness."

There is no reason why we should ever lose this deep and joyful sense of domesticity in God's world. The discoveries of science need not take it from us, but only deepen its wonder and reverence.

I remember one of the wisest of modern scientific men, the physical geographer, Arnold Guyot, whom it was my privilege to know well. He kept the faith of a little child, and whether he was botanizing in his garden, or geologizing on the top of some high mountain, he rejoiced like one who was at home in the house of his Father.

(Copyright, 1923, by the Republic Syndicate.)

to an ounce of water. AN AMERICAN FRIEND. Q.—I have severe pain in the soles of my feet, particularly if I walk in my bare feet. Will you please tell me what causes this and what to do for it?

2.—What causes the skin to peel off my finger-tips?

A.—This condition is probably due to callouses on the soles of your feet. Apply warm linseed oil to the parts at night and in the morning scrape away the dead skin. If this does not help you consult a chiropodist for further treatment.

2.—Using strong soaps would cause the skin to peel. Massage your hands with cocoa butter. This will keep the skin soft. Use castile soap on your hands.

tackle the hardest, most disagreeable kinds of labor. They have urged Congress to relax the immigration restrictions so that more common laborers could be brought from Europe.

Of course, elephants could never be taught to get down into a ditch and wield a pick and shovel, but they could be trained to pile, unpile and carry from place to place logs, steel girders and heavy timbers, to lift telegraph and derrick poles into position and do many other similar things. All this would release thousands of men for other work.

The Lonely Hour

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

All day there is the busy world to face. For loneliness there is but little place.

The morning brings its common-place affairs. The children must be dressed and bathed, the breakfast prepared.

Oatmeal and orange juice and eggs just so. Concern us in the early morning glow.

Then noon, and hungry children drag their feet. There's much of laughter, and a constant din.

Of merry childish voices; not much within this hour on grief and loneliness.

But as the day dies slowly to a close. A heaviness upon our spirit grows.

Tonight he will not whistle from the street! Tonight we will not hear his eager feet!

Tonight the children shun the open door. They do not watch for daddy any more.

Oh, dearest, if I only had the time To clasp you once in this most lonely hour!

(Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Elephants To Solve Labor Shortage. Many scientists who are familiar with the remarkable intelligence of elephants, their giant strength and the wide variety of useful things they are taught to do in India are of the opinion that the huge beasts could be trained to do a large part of the heavy work, pulling, hauling and lifting, impossible for machinery to do. They think that the importation of herds of elephants and the training of them for the numerous tasks for which they are well adapted would be a sensible way of relieving the present labor shortage.

Contractors, railway presidents, steel manufacturers and other employers complain that they cannot find enough men who are willing to do overtime and rubber bands and

Looking Abroad

By DOUGLAS McREYNOLDS.

Tales of the Savages, members of that unique club made up of actors, writers, artists, statesmen and men prominent in the Bohemian life of London, reflect an interesting and in some respects a little known phase of life in the British metropolis. At the famous clubhouse on Adelphi terrace, overlooking the Thames, the Savage have held forth for many years, entertaining at their Saturday night dinners the best known men of the empire and from other countries.

The club has been always celebrated for its raconteurs, among whom perhaps the most celebrated is Edward A. Ward, the well-known portrait painter, who, besides having an intimate appreciation of his fellow members, has had close contact in his professional work with some of the most interesting figures of the last four decades.

Among the things Mr. Ward is fond of speaking of is the friendship between John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, and Phil May, the caricaturist, who sketches of London life are still regarded as the most accurate depictions of the types he was so fond of studying.

Another story he tells concerns E. J. Odell, the oldest member of the club, and the late Lord Kitchener. It appears Lord Kitchener, who very rarely accepted invitations to club affairs, showed up at the Savages an hour earlier than he was expected. There was practically no one in the house and the attendant failed to recognize the great soldier, who was shown into the reception room and left to his own resources.

A member who entered the room quite accidentally saw Kitchener sitting there wrapped in gloom. Rising to the emergency, he searched for him and found him upstairs with his pipe and glass. Knowing he could sing a song and tell a story well, he dragged Odell down to where the great soldier sat and introduced him as the Welsh bard of the club.

Odell immediately launched upon a series of Welsh stories that so captivated the great soldier that when the Savages began to arrive for the evening's entertainment Kitchener, re-listening to Odell, said he believed he would not take a chance on having his pleasure spoiled by mixing with a large company, and left the club after profusely thanking his entertainer.

Ward is very fond of stories that concern two figures of wholly antagonistic personalities—Whistler and Cecil Rhodes. Shortly after the libel action which Whistler brought against Ruskin, the plaintiff was violently holding forth against his adversary when a lady who was sitting near him observed: "You perhaps are not aware that Mr. Ruskin is an uncle of mine?" To which Whistler replied: "Never mind, dear madam, we have all relations of whom we are more or less ashamed."

Another story concerning Whistler which Ward tells is of an accident at the Hogarth Club when a fellow member exclaimed, "Mr. Whistler, you are a liar and a blackguard," whereupon the artist seized him by the back of the neck and kicked him out of the room. A special meeting

of the club was called to pass on the occurrence and considerable feeling was shown against the artist. But it was Whistler who remained in the club, the other member being forced to resign or be expelled.

Whistler, who was generally known as the "Butterfly," was notorious for the talents of other artists and even referred to Watts as a "damned old muddler."

Not only naturally he was greatly prejudiced against Aubrey Beardsley, who created a sensation with his "Yellow Book." But he also was quick to make amends and one evening, according to Ward, when Whistler arrived at the house of Joseph Pennell, he found Beardsley and Pennell engaged in examining some proofs of the former's work. Beardsley, with nervous, trembling hands, hastily attempted, by turning them face downward, to conceal the sketches of which Whistler had previously expressed his unmitigated contempt.

Whistler, however, insisted on seeing the drawing and, turning it over on the table, he placed his hand upon Beardsley's shoulder, who was waiting in deadly fear for the utterance of some biting critical badinage. "My dear Beardsley," said Whistler, "be your pardon for anything disparaging I may have said about your work. I fully realize now that you are a great artist."

When Pasteur, the noted French scientist, was asked if the study of scientific truths did not tend to shake his faith in a higher power, his reply was: "The more I study, the more my faith becomes that of a Breton peasant, and I have little doubt but that if I studied more I would become the faith of the Breton peasant's wife."

Keep Your Hands Soft and White With Cuticura. The daily use of the Soap, with occasional touches of the Ointment, is very effective for keeping the hands soft and smooth. For red, rough or sore hands: On retiring bathe in hot water with Cuticura Soap, dry, and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

Small Size, Ointment 25 and 50c. Soap 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Dispensary, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Novelist and member of the American Institute of Arts and Letters; fellow of one Royal Geographical Society; author of "The Red Rover," "The Red Rover," "Blazed Trail Stories," etc.

Emerson's Essays. "Westward Ho!" (Kingsley). "A Dreamer's Tales" (Dunsany). Thackeray.

"Wolfville" (Alfred Henry Lewis). "Moby Dick" (Melville). "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Stevenson."

"Fira and Sword" and "Pan Michael" (Sienkiewicz). And a hundred or so others.

Copyright, 1923, in U. S. and Great Britain and South America by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.

Nujol. A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE.

Don't ask for "Long Distance" to call St. Thomas

Your local operator can connect you.

Simply give your operator the St. Thomas number you want, and hold the line.

You will be connected immediately, unless the number you call is busy or all the trunk lines to St. Thomas are busy.

In either event the operator will tell you at once.

If you are calling from a party line, the operator will ask "your letter, please." Tell her the letter which follows your number, or your ring number.

This type of service applies only on Station-to-Station calls.

Make sure of the number you want by consulting the directory, give the number to your local operator and hold the line.

You can talk for 5 minutes to St. Thomas for 15 cents.

C. H. Beard, Manager.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada

