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London, Ontario, Thursday, August 11.

## A HAPPY SETTLEMENT.

The world will rejoice that an agreement has been  
arrived at in connection with the delimitation of the  
Upper Silesian boundary. For a time this question  
assumed a somewhat sinister aspect, and it was hinted  
that the Germans were endeavoring to create bad  
blood between the British and the French. There  
was no doubt that for a time the situation was ex-  
tremely acute. While France appeared to favor the  
pretensions of the Poles to the rich mining regions  
in dispute, Britain stood firm for the provisions of  
the Treaty of Versailles, and the result of the plebiscite,  
by which the Germans were allotted the region which  
the Poles claimed. It was felt, however, that both  
France and Britain would ultimately come to an  
agreement and that the matter would be amicably  
arranged.

Happily for the peace of Europe and for that  
of the world as a whole, a settlement has been arrived  
at, M. Briand and Lloyd George coming together at  
the Supreme Council of the Allies, held in Paris, and  
arranging the points in dispute to their mutual satis-  
faction. Whether the Poles will be satisfied is an-  
other story, but whether they are or not, the Allies  
will see to it that the terms of the agreement are  
put in operation without more ado.

M. Briand put the matter in a nutshell: "If one  
examines the result of the plebiscite in a general  
way," he said, "there is no doubt that the German  
mass is in the west, and the Polish mass in the east.  
Thus, geographically speaking, the solution is easy  
to be seen, and even obligatory." It is upon this  
basis that the boundary line has now been defined.  
At the opening of the session Lloyd George made the  
British attitude clear. He pointed out that Silesia  
had belonged to the German race for 700 years, and  
that the British Government would not consent to any  
division not founded on the votes of the two nations  
concerned.

The compromise boundary line begins west of Pless,  
on the River Vistula, and running west of Gletwitz,  
west of Tost and Gross-Strehlitz, north to between  
Rosenberg and Kreuzberg, terminating at the frontier  
of Northern Upper Silesia.

But altogether, apart from the agreement which  
has been come to in this vital matter, the meeting  
of the Supreme Council will be rendered memorable  
by Lloyd George's declaration that the British Empire  
will never be dragged into another war caused by  
the oppressive use of superior force or the abuse of  
justice in a time of triumph. This declaration more  
than anything else indicates the determination of  
Britain that nothing will turn her aside from the ob-  
jective upon which her eyes are firmly fixed, and  
which she has made great sacrifices to attain—the  
preservation of the world's peace.

## GOING TOO FAST.

The loss of the steamer Alaska, with nearly fifty  
lives, through striking a sunken reef, is one more  
illustration of the madness for going fast which at  
present appears to possess the world. On the admis-  
sion of the engineer, the vessel was going full speed  
at the time, despite the fact that a dense fog pre-  
valled.

The grim and terrible lesson of the fate of the  
Titanic appears to have been forgotten. It will be  
remembered that the Titanic crashed into an iceberg  
in the North Atlantic and shortly afterwards went  
to the bottom, with an appalling loss of life. The sea  
was covered with mountains of floating ice at the  
time, but this did not prevent the ocean greyhound  
from trying to make a record.

This insane desire to make speed records, both  
by land and sea, is responsible at the present day for  
the sacrifice of thousands of lives. Day after day  
souls are hurled into eternity at express speed, and  
for what—merely that somebody has been seized with  
the vain-glorious notion of reaching a certain point  
sooner than somebody else, and of being able to boast  
of this accomplishment. In the case of a sea captain  
it is sometimes a question of pleasing the owners,  
who wish to cut out some rival concern; in the case  
of speeding on land it is frequently due to the driver  
of the train or car being behind or overstaying his  
time, but in order to "get there" all are alike in  
"taking chances."

Unfortunately in such circumstances it is often  
the innocent who suffer, those who have no voice in  
controlling the speed or directing the man at the wheel,  
whether it be on the fog-darkened ocean or the  
treacherous highway. The pity of it is that in the  
majority of instances the victims are drawn into the  
danger without in the slightest degree being conscious  
of its proximity. The faith of ocean voyagers in a  
capable commander is infinite, and whether on train  
or road-vehicle the judgment and skill of the driver  
is seldom questioned.

The inculcation of the precept of "safety first"  
seems futile and almost ironical, so long as the fren-  
zied desire for rushing over land or sea at lightning  
speed remains an obsession in the minds of so many.

The world would be none the worse of slowing up a  
little and thinking things over. It is getting too giddy.

## STUDYING YOUR CUSTOMER.

In the British House of Commons attention has  
been drawn to the fact that the recently published  
statistics of the Canadian trade year ending March  
31, show that imports from the United States were  
four times the amount of those from the United King-  
dom. As a remedy for this it was announced that  
active steps were being taken by the trade department,  
and that within the last few months his majesty's  
trade commissioners from Toronto and Winnipeg had  
toured the United Kingdom and interviewed over 700  
firms with the object of devising means for meeting  
the competition of American firms.

The quality and general excellence of British goods  
has never been disputed, and it has often been con-  
jectured why these goods do not command a more  
ready sale in different parts of the world. One reason  
may perhaps be found in the circumstances that they  
are not sold at a price calculated to effectively com-  
pete with the products of other countries, and that  
their merits are not sufficiently advertised; but the  
main reason is the conservatism of the British man-  
ufacturer, his reluctance to adopt new methods, to de-  
velop the old ones, and to make an exhaustive study  
of the requirements of his customers. His organiza-  
tion is also far behind that of his American cousins,  
and his lack of enterprise prevents him from sending  
men adequately trained in salesmanship to push his  
interests abroad.

One of the elementary principles of working up  
a business is to study your customer, find out what  
he wants and supply it to the utmost extent of your  
ability. In pre-war days, and we are afraid to a large  
extent now, the policy of the British merchant and  
manufacturer was almost exactly the reverse of this.  
He produced a good article, it is true, but he tried to  
sell it on its merits without regard to the likes or dis-  
likes of his prospective customer. In other words,  
he assumed the role of an arbiter, and claimed the  
right to lay down the law to the customer as to what  
he ought to buy and what was good for him. Those  
days are past. It is now the buyer who indicates  
what he wants and he is determined to get it. If,  
therefore, British producers do not study the tastes  
and fancies of those to whom they wish to sell, others  
are bound to capture the trade.

Tastes change from time to time and must be kept  
pace with. There is also the craving for novelty that it  
so pronounced these days, and which the Americans  
are adepts at catering for. From these facts also the  
British manufacturer must take a lesson if he wishes  
to reduce the ascendancy which the United States now  
holds in regard to its trade with Canada.

## STRACHEY ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

Lyttton Strachey, who attacked the "Victorians" a  
while ago with his irony, has lately proceeded to a  
biography of Queen Victoria herself. He dares to  
draw word-pictures of the good queen as she was, or  
as he thinks she was, adroitly bringing out anything  
ludicrous.

According to her new biographer, Victoria had  
at 18 years, when she became queen, "blue prominent  
eyes, an open mouth, revealing the upper teeth, and a  
tiny chin." Thus it is suggested that her countenance  
was somewhat rodentian in effect. She was then at  
her best, and as time goes on Mr. Strachey takes pains  
to show how much coarser she grew, her narrowness  
and mediocrity. She raves over Albert's "delicate  
moustaches and light but very slight whiskers." We  
see Albert playing with the royal babies and designing  
a new pigsty (very Teutonic this). Under Peel, too,  
or over Peel, he was assuming the actual control of  
the forces of Great Britain, like a real German king.

Later, Victoria appears drinking up musky flat-  
teries from Disraeli, who compared her to Titania the  
fairy queen! A rather girly Titania. Her fairy mind  
failed to understand Gladstone's Irish Church Bill,  
but she disliked it like its author. One thing she  
did tackle with feeling, the proposal that sailors be  
allowed to wear beards. She instructed the First  
Lord of the Admiralty that personally she favored the  
idea, but would rather the men shaved the upper  
lip to distinguish them from soldiers. "on no  
account should moustaches be allowed without beard."

At the same time, for all Victoria's pettiness and  
sentimentality, she is fairly shown by her latest  
biographer as sincere, truthful and undisguised. Stupid  
she may have been, but her hands were quick under  
good, and she was even great in her way.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Irish stock is still rising.

Port Stanley, thy name is Hibernia.

Now that Byng has arrived things are likely to go  
with a bang.

It is predicted that the bootleggers will soon be  
extinct. Departed spirits, no doubt.

Men who drive motor cars while intoxicated ought  
to be sent to Bedlam for the rest of their unnatural  
lives.

A man claiming to be an Austrian nobleman with  
vast estates has been arraigned as a vagrant at Brant-  
ford. He may be a Perhapsburg.

There is a man in London who owns a whole  
street. There are about a thousand others who imagine  
themselves in the same position.

When a horse bolted on Welland market the other  
day there was a good deal of scrambling, especially  
among the eggs, 35 dozen of the hen-fruit being  
smashed.

Many men are "going west," not at the behest  
of the grim reaper in France or Flanders, but at the  
call of the golden harvest, which only awaits the  
gathering in.

Wisconsin passed a law permitting women to chew  
tobacco and then passed one permitting them to wear  
trousers, no doubt with the object of providing the  
necessary hip pocket for the plug.

The high cost of dyeing is agitating the minds of the  
people in the United States, owing to the embargo.  
They are also much concerned about the high cost  
of dying in the hospitals, owing to the fees exacted.

Fraulein Ruegg, a Swiss Communist, who formerly  
preached the doctrines of Lenin and Trotsky to  
crowded audiences, has just returned from Russia  
entirely cured of her Communism. That proof of the  
pudding is the want of it has been the experience of  
poor Russia.

## OTHERS' VIEWS

### DEVELOPING THE NORTH.

The constant stream of highly placed  
C. P. R. officials northward is impres-  
sive. It indicates that that corpora-  
tion has become keenly interested in  
the country that it is serving through  
its contract for the operation of the E.  
D. & C. and that the great resources  
are likely to be applied to making  
northern Alberta better known to the  
world and promoting its development.  
General Manager McGregor of the E.  
D. & C. last week put into circula-  
tion some very striking information as  
to the progress of Marquis wheat,  
which was seeded at Fort Vermilion  
on May 1st. The wheat commenced  
growing on June 15th and on June 20th there  
was an average of thirty to forty-five stems.  
On July 15th the height, including the  
head, was 55 inches. When it is con-  
sidered that this growth occurred at a  
point further north of Edmonton than  
Edmonton is north of the international  
boundary, an outsider must get a new  
idea of the possibilities of the province.

### A SURE CURE.

The only sure cure for the "divorce  
evil" would be to make a constitutional  
amendment forbidding marriage—and  
even then a lot of men who never  
thought of marrying before would go  
around swapping remedies for the good  
old home-made domestic tie.

### THE PRIZE BOOMERANG.

Hard knocks are the only way a man  
unless he's doing the knocking.

### LAW ENFORCEMENT.

The importance of law enforcement is  
becoming more pronounced as the prob-  
lematic law become more rigid, and as  
people realize the full significance of  
what law violators mean to the com-  
munity. The business of law enforcement  
concerns not only those who believe in the  
law, but every patriotic citizen who is  
loyal.

The measure of prohibition we have  
in Ontario has been brought out by  
constitutional means, and, while it is  
law, should be respected as is any other  
enactment upon the statute book. Loyal  
citizens cannot, will not, and must  
not, single out a particular law for  
nullification.

While a law is law it must be en-  
forced, and only constitutional means  
should be used to overthrow it. Non-  
observance of law should never be a  
reason for the repeal of that law, but  
rather for enforcement, and so long as  
there are disloyal citizens who have  
authority and position, others must  
not, single out a particular law for  
nullification.

### THE TENACIOUS CLASSICS.

[Kansas City Star.]  
It does not appear likely that the  
numerous spokesmen for the cause of  
the classics will reinstate these once  
popular studies in a predominating place  
in modern education. But one should  
not form hasty conclusions as to the  
passing of these studies or as to their  
lack of value. For the classics are dis-  
playing a wonderful tenacity on life.  
Though dead, their language speaks.  
And in all its simplicity it is best this  
way. There is a place for both the  
good of the old days as well as the good  
and practical of the present. The final  
development of education, so far as the  
classics are concerned, probably will be  
to give these studies their proper rela-  
tion to other branches that also have  
been found to be essential in real train-  
ing of the intellect and preparation for  
life.

### TWO DOLLARS A LOOK.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]  
Landlords in Toronto have been  
charging would-be tenants \$2 merely to  
look at apartments. Two dollars a look  
exceeds the rate collected at Artemus  
Wagon hotels in Richmond, where it  
was 50 cents a breath. Two dollars a  
look suggests new possibilities in  
proteffing. For the former price of a  
theatre ticket, think of the joy of be-  
holding at a glance the interior of a  
parquet floor, a radiator painted a beau-  
tiful high tide clearly marked, and a  
kitchenette for a fireless cooker. It's  
a wonder they can do it at the price.  
"Look-tickets" might be issued, and  
perhaps the landlords would take some-  
thing off for purchasing in quantities—  
say six for \$10 for family parties. Look-  
ing on Sunday and on holidays might be  
the least—or more—than other fees.  
and children might be charged half-  
or double price. The free art galleries  
will be depopulated if this new form of  
indoor diversion becomes the popular fancy.  
Why look at Rembrandt, or Franz Hals,  
or Titian for nothing, when you may  
behold all the glories of Grand Rapids,  
plus an ornate clock and a bird cage,  
for \$2. Why give Mount Vernon or  
Valley Forge the once-over without an  
admission fee when you have the priv-  
ilege of laying down two "berries" for  
a private view of a \$10,000 apartment  
in an exclusive neighborhood?

### BASED ON THE HOME.

It is written in the annals of history  
that the welfare of the state and its  
permanence must be based on the home  
and the family life. It is only when it  
is so based that the nation can endure.  
It is only when our ideals about the  
home grow out of the teachings within  
the home that we may most effectively  
conserve the nation.

### THOSE ORCHESTRAS.

[Le Devoir.]  
"It is announced that a number of  
proprietors of moving picture houses in  
New York have decided to abolish or-  
chestras from their theaters. The result  
will not be any loss to music, for too  
often the orchestras in certain of the  
moving picture shows make more music  
with their noise, rather than appeal to  
the taste for sweet harmony. The president  
of the Theatrical Managers' Association  
of Philadelphia has recently character-  
ized a number of theater or-  
chestras as nerve wreckers. Judging  
from what we have heard in a  
number of picture shows in Montreal,  
the description is not exaggerated. It  
is in only a few of the picture houses  
that real music may be heard."

### ALBERTA'S PREMIER.

[Montreal Star.]  
Herbert Greenfield, of Westlock, who  
is to succeed Premier Stewart, in Al-  
berta, has a big job on his hands and  
plenty of opportunity for hard work.  
Premier Stewart says he is the right  
man for the task that the U. P. A.  
have set before him. Mr. Greenfield  
comes of the common people, the people  
who work. He has been working for  
thirty-five years as a thespian, and in  
regard to this qualification for office and  
responsibility, he can measure up with  
any other Prime Minister in Canada.  
His part in public affairs has been  
much the same as that of many other  
prairie farmers of ability—secretary-  
treasurer of his school district, active  
in the agricultural society, and a dili-  
gent worker for the advancement of the  
U. P. A. organization; an active Liberal  
in politics previous to the U. P. A.  
movement, and so forth. It is the story  
of a hard-working man, a producer,  
anxious to render what public service  
came to his lot, keeping himself in-  
formed and buttressing an insufficient  
education by constant reading and study.

## Hits and Misses

By OLAF REX.

### THE LIARS.

I know a guy with millions Per  
Who owns a yacht and country house.  
A dozen servants call him "Sir."  
His life is just one mad carouse.

His liver's always on the blink;  
He's surfeited with earth's delights;  
He finds it difficult to think  
That anyone but he has rights.

Now which to he would you prefer:  
The gentleman described above,  
Or one who gets \$2,000 Per,  
Who lives only on that and love;

A man who owns a garden plot,  
Some bright-eyed kids, a pretty wife;  
A man contented with his lot,  
Who lives a quiet, placid life.

Free from the ills that flesh is heir.  
Which do you think you'd rather be?  
The bird with but \$2,000 Per,  
Or he whose liver's gone screw-gee?

Sixty men were asked this query,  
Sixty men at once replied:  
We'd rather have the poor gum-  
cherry  
Wife and home." (The blighters lied!)

Red Ideas are responsible for many  
blue ideas.  
The redeeming characteristic of "ex-  
clusive" persons is that they take care  
to exclude themselves from the unex-  
clusive.

We would like movie actors a great  
deal more if they would only keep their  
personal affairs behind the "screen."

If Americans elected their most popu-  
lar citizen president, Mr. Harding  
would have to resign in Babe Ruth's  
favor.

If brevity is the soul of wit, the  
dresses the modern flapper wears are  
huge jokes.

## POETRY AND JEST

### CARUSO.

Grantland Rice, in The New York  
Times.

Where the twilight is deep by the last  
lonely hill,  
No warrior sleeps where the last moun-  
tains throng;  
No warrior sleeps where the world's  
voice is still  
But one from the silence who came  
with a song.

The dawn winds are hushed, for their  
master has left;  
The streams that are singing their way  
to the sea  
Are soundless and shadowed, as singers  
bereft.  
Of the last chord of morning, uncon-  
quered and free.

He came with a song. Is there more  
to be said  
For any who sleep where the last flag  
is furled?  
The twilight has called him, the gray  
soul has sped,  
But its melody waits in the heart of  
the world.

### SLOW BUT SURE.

A very shy youth sat on a sofa with  
his lady-love. Too diffident to pop the  
question, he gradually slipped his arm  
round her waist, and after a long  
silence, blurted out, despairingly:  
"I don't seem to be making much  
progress."  
"Perhaps not," replied the lady; "but  
anyhow you are holding your own."

### THE MORNING.

[Theodosia Garrison.]  
The glad, mad wind went singing by,  
The white clouds drove athwart the  
blue;  
Bold beauty of the morning sky  
And all the world was sun and dew,  
And sweet cold air with sudden glints  
of gold  
Like spilled stars glowing in the cedar's  
hold.

### SAVING SYRUP.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]  
"What flavor?" asked the pretty girl  
dispenser.  
"Never mind the flavor. Flavor it  
with 'That girl is going to save money  
for me this summer,'" said the druggist  
sotto voce. "I can see that."

### HAYSEED IS RISING.

[A. T. Worden, in Judge.]  
We kin all of us remember, along about  
September,  
The papers used to tell us about the  
caucus and the fair,  
And them fellers from the city used to  
get almighty witty  
On the feller with the duster what  
had hayseed in his hair.

They had fun in legislators with the  
man what raised petters,  
If by any hook or crook or chance  
elected and sent  
End the reportorial friskers used ter  
comment on his whiskers,  
End the carpsack of Billson, what  
had hayseed in his hair.

Yes, 'gosh, he rid his pass out, and  
he used to blow the gas out,  
End he used to drink hard cider  
when he went out on a tear;  
End he used to pinch a dollar till the  
buzzard used to holler,  
End the man cut up ree-e-dikulous  
what had hayseed in his hair.

But, by gum! if you've been readin'  
you observe a strange proceedin'—  
It's the feller with chin whiskers that  
is slowly gettin' there,  
End it won't be too surprising, if by  
slowly organin'.

Old parties may wake up tew find  
the hayseed in their hair.

When the fashions change, you fellers  
will all carry green umbrellas,  
End the trousers wide across the seat  
to make the duds stare;  
In them times if you pass muster, you  
must wear a slim tie duster,  
And if you wint tew throw on style  
put hayseed in your hair.

### HO HUM.

[Exchange.]  
Lawson Riggs was the laziest col-  
ored man in town. Everybody admitted  
it. So Mandy Riggs was to be for-  
given when she went at her spouse  
somewhat hotly.  
"Man," she ejaculated, "You all is  
too dog gone lazy to die, you is!"  
"No, Mandy," he replied feebly, turn-  
ing over on the other side. "You does  
me wrong. Ah ain't too lazy to die.  
But Ah hopes when I does die, Ah dies  
at six o'clock in de mawnin'."  
"Six o'clock in de mawnin'? How  
come you poor trash?"  
"Cause dat'll be one mawnin' Ah  
won't have to git up and dress."

### HIS ONLY RUTH.

[New York Sun.]  
"My husband complains that I haven't  
a sense of humor," confided the tired  
woman, "so I make it a point to re-  
member jokes and conundrums and  
spring them on him to rid myself of the

stigma. Last night I tried it like this:  
"Ruth, what did Boaz say to Ruth  
when she entered his field?" The an-  
swer, of course, is "Don't step on my  
corn."  
"You'd think he would know some-  
thing of the Bible, wouldn't you?" At least  
enough to make an intelligent guess.  
Instead he said: "Ruth? What Boaz?  
That slab better keep off Babe Ruth,  
whoever he is. Had his nerve saying a  
word to the mighty Bambino, no mat-  
ter what he was doing on the field."  
"I tried again, but his ears so deep in  
the sporting page I couldn't signal  
him."

### THE MIRACLE.

[Exchange.]  
When William brushes back his hair,  
Which, only just last fall,  
His sisters bitterly declare,  
Was never brushed at all.  
And places, in a new red tie,  
An imitation pearl;  
Which he saved up a week to buy,  
What ails him is a girl.

He has no loathing now for spats  
Or coats with swallow tails;  
He doesn't call boys sissy cats  
Because their finger nails  
Who clean their finger nails.  
He doesn't strew his clothes about  
But folds them on a chair,  
And every evening he goes out—  
He never tells us where.

He seems sedate and staid, somehow,  
Concerning his years.  
We never have to tell him now  
To wash behind his ears.  
And all the family rejoice  
This miracle to see  
And think the lady of his choice  
A wonder girl must be.

But mother bravely makes believe  
It brings her happiness  
That she no longer has to grieve  
Because she hates his dress.  
And yet she wears a troubled frown  
It's fine, she says—but still,  
She knows there's not a girl in town  
Half good enough for Bill.

### A RESEMBLANCE.

[Exchange.]  
"Your husband says he leads a dog's  
life," said one woman.  
"Yes, it's very similar," answered the

other. "He comes in with muddy feet,  
makes himself comfortable by the fire,  
and waits to be fed."

### THREE GIRLS.

[Hazel Hall.]  
Three school-girls pass this way each  
day.

Two of them go in the flutter way,  
Of girls, with all that giranoob buys;  
But one goes with a dream in her eyes.

Two of them have the eyes of girls  
Whose hair is learning the scorn of  
curls,  
But the eyes of one are like wide doors  
Opening out on misted shores.

And they will go as they go today  
On to the end of life's short way;  
Two will have what living buys;  
And one will have the dream in her  
eyes.

Two will die as many must,  
And fifty dust will welcome dust;  
But dust has nothing to do with one—  
She dies as soon as her dream is done.

## THE SILVER LINING

By Fullerton Waide.

### WHAT YOU ARE.

Emerson says that what we are  
speaks more loudly than what we say.  
When a man comes into a room all  
that he enters with him.

He carries to private meeting or pub-  
lic conference his whole career.  
One man has the respectful atten-  
tion of a gathering or of a solitary  
hearer from the start to the finish of  
what he says because there is a man of  
honor, of rare unsuitableness, of devo-  
tion to the common good standing be-  
hind every syllable he utters.  
He isn't a windbag. He isn't talk-  
ing through his hat. He hands it  
straight to those who hear him out of

the length and breadth and depth of  
three-dimension life.

The eyes ratify what the tongue de-  
clares. You say: "I can see right off  
that this is a fellow I can trust."  
Another man gets but a distracted  
and indifferent hearing. His neighbors  
sized him up and took his