

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1923.

The Summer Slump.

In addition to mosquitoes and sunburn one of the unfortunate concomitants of summer is a slowing up of business. Summer sales, any retailer will tell you, are mighty difficult to make and the holiday season is regarded, from a business viewpoint, the most trying period of the year and a necessary evil.

Why wheels of industry should revolve with less speed in hot weather than in cold is a problem never satisfactorily solved by economists. It has become tradition to say business is rotten in hot weather. Perhaps the main reason why it is rotten is that everybody expects it to be so and few make any really strenuous efforts to correct the condition.

Summer business depression is about 20 per cent physical and 80 per cent mental. A slackening all along the line develops and sales efforts lose their aggressiveness. This is called the "summer slump" and most men actually believe it quite in order that sales should fall off during the dog days. It has become tradition.

Business can be made abnormal in the summer. Even the ice-man would find it hard to get customers if he did not go after them. And that, possibly, is the big cause of the annual hot weather slump. Business is here, but we simply don't want to go after it.

It takes a little more effort, a little more perspiration, but as long as there must be perspiration it is far better to sweat because of good business than to sweat worrying about bad business.

Activities and interests in the home, too, seem to be subjected to hot weather depression when, logically, summer weather should be the time to clean up all the home duties pressure of time, shortened daylight, low temperatures prevent in winter. Household improvements, decorating, gardening and a thousand other activities could well be done after working hours and enjoyed. Hot weather lethargy is really a state of mind which reflects itself on business and home interests. Our dispositions are so disturbed by the heat that we feel "business is rotten" and don't take any measures to make it better.

Across the border a campaign is on to "slam the summer slump." Retailers are urged to forget the ancient fallacy of summer depression and go after business instead of waiting for business to walk blindly into their stores. The slogan "Slam the Summer Slump" is a good one to remember. A few years ago the cry was "Swat the Fly" and an extraordinary thing happened. The fly disappeared in millions of homes because people were determined to get rid of it. The same thing applies to "summer slumps." A few hard-hitting, well directed punches and the slump will be slammed out of existence.

Safety First for the Farm.

It will have been noticed that during the past few weeks there has been an unusual number of farm fires in Western Ontario. Barn after barn has been destroyed, the season's crops have been consumed, and in several cases valuable livestock has been lost. In some instances these fires have broken out during an electric storm, but in others there has been no apparent cause. There is no doubt that where insurance has been carried a thorough investigation will be made, but these investigations will be futile, so far as future protection is concerned, unless remedies are evolved to prevent further trouble. The destruction of property and tons of good food in this manner is not only a distinct loss to the farmer, but to the province at large, and it would be well for all concerned if every avenue of danger was explored and some measure of safety reached. "Safety first" is an excellent precept, but it is altogether meaningless if not put into practice. This is a matter which the provincial government would do well to take in hand, not only for the safeguarding of a staple industry, but for the credit of the country at large, for it will be a distinct drawback to any movement for the encouragement of British agriculturists to take up farms here if it once gets abroad that their property is apt to go up in smoke without any tangible reason.

Another thing for which this summer has been remarkable is the number of accidents, some of them with a fatal termination, which have occurred to farmers while engaged in their daily avocations. Perhaps the most common of these misfortunes took place during the haying season, when farmers perched on the top of their loads fell to the ground and received serious bodily injury. It is just as important that life should be protected on the farm as in the factory, and there seems to be a slackness in this respect so far as the farm is concerned. Prevention is better than cure, and there appears to be room for some "safety first" work in this direction.

The Trained Man Wins.

No one today believes that all men are born equal, but day by day it is becoming clearer and more evident that the right kind and amount of training will achieve wonders in this way. It has never been charged to the account of the rich men of the world that they suffered from an overdose of modesty, yet without exception those of them who care to tell us of their early life and efforts point to the strict training they underwent, and to it attribute much and sometimes all of their success.

Training is the basis of all athletic success. Training will always allow a second-rate man to beat a champion who is at the time out of condition. In fact, it is no great exaggeration to say that any average man in the "pink" is a worthy opponent for the best of untrained champions. All athletes will acknowledge the truth of this statement, having seen the fulfillment of the result so often.

Training is only enforced custom and regular usage. Again, men tend to grow in the form their environment demands. Great Britain, an island, inhabited by men who have lived within call of the deep waters as far back as their history goes, has found her success on the face of the seven seas. Chinamen, especially those from the southern parts of the country, are second to none as gardeners and growers of vegetables, unless it be the Italian terrace farmers. Their own country has made frugality and careful tillage a first call on the exertions of its inhabitants, and training makes them careful and industrious.

Whenever any sudden demand forces a number of men or women to act with no time for anything more deliberate than a snap decision it is training that counts and produces the man of the hour, other things being equal. Those who worship the old order of things and preach the gospel of the thoroughbred forget that, even in the case of the aristocrat, any merit he may inherit

is nothing more or better than the accumulated training of a long line of ancestors.

Training is knowing the ropes. For the lawyer the principles of logic and the rules and devices of debate. For the doctor the secrets of the sickroom and the way in which every fresh emergency is to be met. A young man of 20 on the farm knows more of the right way to make hay, or swing a scythe or build a mow, because he is trained. Training offsets natural ability to a much greater extent than people think.

It is one of the things which serve to make this democratic age worthy the name. It may not be true that there is a marshal's baton in the knapsack of every recruit, or that every boy has the opportunity of reaching the premier's chair, but it is surely beyond all doubt that early, careful training in the line that is to be his work in life pays a greater dividend in the long run than any natural ability, poorly cultivated or left untouched.

Trying to Confuse a Witness.

The wonder is that there are any lawyers in the country, either of long standing or of the school where the gilt letters are hardly dry on the window, who follow the poor tactics of trying to confuse a witness.

A case which took place this week north of London illustrates the point. A lawyer for the defence in a liquor case undertook to handle two crown witnesses who swore they drove from a neighboring town, secured liquor, got drunk and were arrested. He first started out with the idea of showing that they were out in their opinion as to the hour of their arrival in the town where they secured liquor. When did you quit work, where did you go, how long to eat supper, how long to dress, how long to shave, how long to get oil and gas, how long to drive fifty yards around a corner to put in water. Then at exactly what time did the car arrive, which way was it pointing when it stopped at a garage; what kind of a bottle was secured, who took the first drink, who opened the bottle, was a corkscrew used. In all there must have been hundreds of such questions poured out, and each one was put again to the next witness in order to find some split-hair detail in which the two stories differed.

It was quite evident all through that the main idea was not to bring out the real facts of the case and place them plainly before the presiding magistrate. The whole drift of the cross-fire was to get one witness to differ in some petty detail from the other.

Another poor method was the addressing of witnesses: "Now be very careful what you say, or you are liable to find yourself in serious trouble." Fortunately there are many magistrates who would stop this sort of business right at the start, but in this case it remained for the crown attorney alone to lodge his protest for the protection of his witnesses from intimidation.

On behalf of the legal fraternity it can be said that the most of them, when acting as counsel in a court case, feel their responsibility, and consider that they have done their part when they present their case fully to the court. If they find a weakness in the opposing evidence they proceed to analyze it, but never in a manner that would cause a witness to become confused, and having become confused, cease to be a competent witness.

A court sits and witnesses are heard with only one point in view, viz., that the magistrate who has to give his decision may have all the facts bearing on the case placed fairly before him. Questioning that does not help in this direction has no right to be permitted in any court, and should at once be stopped.

Note and Comment.

The dynamite sensation begins to look like a fish story.

The Western Fair gives promise of the biggest year in its history.

A cable despatch from Dublin says that Eamonn De Valera may be held in prison until Ireland is peaceful. What a hopeful prospect for Eamonn!

Sir Auckland Geddes says it took him 36 hours to get rid of the smell of Ellis Island. Immigrants to the United States are given a strong reception.

Principal Everton A. Miller has tackled his new responsibilities with energy and efficiency. The reorganization plan announced yesterday seems to be a workmanlike proposition.

Mr. Nickle is now somewhat in the position of upholding Mr. Raney by his decision to appeal against the judgment of Judge Denton, who yesterday declared the anti-betting act invalid. There's a difference between being attorney-general and an unfettered member of the opposition.

The mysterious disappearance of W. A. Shaw from his editor's office in Tilbury brings the sympathy of all Western Ontario to his distracted relatives. It is a bewildering thought that a man could walk down the street of his home town and apparently disappear into thin air without clue to any purpose.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

"Love me, Love my dog." It's just one of those hackneyed phrases which we have come to accept as part of the world's supply of worthless and rather trite sayings, and in fact it has reached the stage where it has only a humorous flavor, reminding us of a fat old dowager accompanied by a fluffy and exceedingly bad tempered atom of dog.

Recently a student, both of human nature and of dogs said: "If a man's dog does not benefit by his religion, I put very little store by his religion." So many eulogies of the dog have been written, in verse and in prose that the entire subject of four-footed love for man has been traversed. There is nothing finer in the English language than "Owd Bob," "The Call of the Wild" and all those entrancing stories of "Laddie" which Terhune has written. They are all epics of the dog, from the stories of Owd Bob the sheepdog of the Yorkshire dales, and "Buck," the great 150 pound Huskie who answered the call of the wild, down to those of "Laddie" the little collie, the gentleman and the thoroughbred.

What is there to compare with a dog as the companion of golden youth? What other friendship so well and completely sympathizes with the boyish spirit of old "Tige" is more to be trusted with the youngsters? Every boy in the country and on the farm grows up with a dog. With the patter of his dog's eager feet, beside him, every country boy splashes in the old swimming hole and goes hunting coons. Out in the bush, he and his chum lie in the shade and rest after the exertions of the chase. They search together for hidden treasures, follow the trails of their wanderlust and seek far countries in the glorious vision of a mutual exhilaration.

Perhaps it is the wild instinct in the boy which has not yet succumbed to the busy office where nature is almost entirely excluded. Perhaps the latent savage in the boy reminds his subconscious mind of the day when his ancestors hunted with their half wild dogs for their daily food supply.

And if that is the case then it is evidence that a man still retains some of the spirit of the boy and of the great outdoors when he loves a dog, and what is even more important, is loved by his dog—J. F. D.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

THE OPEN DOOR.

The door to my heart was fastened and barred. With chains of steel, and a merciless guard. Was my cynical youth and my pride. And I thought I was safe and impregnable, too. It was closed and locked, but it opened for you. And you settled yourself inside.

I gave you the key and I gave you my trust. So your perfidy came as a heart-rending thrust. Which only the future can ease. But still I must thank you for doing your part. For now it's been opened, the door to my heart. Has a hundred more duplicate keys.

Doctors are using monkey glands to rejuvenate men. But the girls have long since learned how to make monkeys of them.

In New York it is fashionable for housewives to reduce their figures. It will never be thought fashionable, of course, for them to reduce household expenses.

A tobacco-chewing contest was held in Jonesboro Tuesday. And now that the girls have taken up athletics so seriously we suppose the next innovation will be a rag-chewing competition.

MOTHER'S RUIN.

They call it that in Hingham. Where the pubs are open wide. And cheer and beer await a bloke. Who steps the doors inside.

But that was only playful. A name for gin—just guff. They ought to come to this 'ere town. And taste synthetic stuff!

Here's a bit of news from the Catskill Reflector which we are sure will appeal to all automobilists and their friends: "Mr. W. McCune has traded his Pierce Arrow for a Ford."

A motorists complains there are too many forks coming to London to make driving comfortable. Really, these campers should be more careful with their silverware.

Our conception of 'humiliation is for an old-fashioned mother to spank her daughter with the poor girl's swaggar-cane.

The ladies are not a military race, but it doesn't require great powers of divination to see that they are baring arms.

A REQUEST.

If women's charms are women's arms. Oh, give us back, we begs. The bold bad flirts with half-time skirts. And black silk-stockinged legs!

At the ball park the other day a youngster yelled "Pop!" and a timid-looking man in the bleachers nearly painted the town red—with blushes. If he is taking short, little steps in

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE FOUNDATION OF PEACE.

The work of righteousness shall be peace.—Isaiah 32:17. The wise and upright of heart in all nations are now studying how to secure the peace of mankind.

The horrible memory of the last great war, and the lurid fear of the next, urge on that study as with mental whips of scorpions. A generous American offers a prize of \$100,000 for the best plan of world peace.

But the rewards of success will be far greater than that, and they will be given to all. There is only one basis upon which a working plan can be built. The sense of justice which is innate in the majority of men must be reasonably satisfied.

Until that is done, we shall have resentments and fears, tumults and perturbations, wars and rumors of war.

I say "reasonably satisfied" because there is small hope that it can be completely, perfectly satisfied while human nature remains as badly mixed as it is now.

But when the nations unite their good intentions, and when the majority of men are convinced that governments are really working toward righteousness, then we shall have a solid foundation for peace. But you have got to "show them," as they say in Missouri. (Copyright, 1923, by The Republic Syndicate.)

order to keep in step with her, they are engaged. But if he is taking one step to her two, they are married.

What France needs is more babes in arms and fewer men in arms.

After a man sizes himself up in a mirror he admits that he is either good-looking or clever.

Buckwheat Field

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

We saw the farm, and all agreed That buckwheat fields are fair, indeed. White fields, white birch and whiter cows In meadowlands turned out to browse.

White clouds adrift in azure sky; White blowing dust on paths nearby; White sand beside a silver creek; A lazy horse, pure white and sleek.

And later, as we rode to town, A pale white moon was shining down. We looked our last, and all agreed That buckwheat fields are fair indeed. (Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.)

WAS RECLINING ON COUCH WATCHING STILL AT WORK

Special to The Advertiser.

Catham, Aug. 16.—When prohibition officers raided the farm dwelling of Andrew Bryden of Oxford township they found the latter reclining on a couch in his cellar watching an up-to-date liquor still at work. The apparatus was seized together with about 80 gallons of liquor mash.

Bryden claimed that the still had been placed in the basement by a foreigner whose name he did not know, and that he was merely watching it.

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Your Health: What "Tachycardia" Is and the Way To Avoid It.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Doctors have a way of giving big names to diseases. This is not intended to confuse the layman. It is done to insure uniformity in the naming of human ailments. By reason of this practice doctors of all lands can converse together, at least in the diagnosis of disease.

There is a big name—"tachycardia"—which is derived from two Greek words, meaning "swift" and "heart." This is applied to any disturbance of the heart's action in which macked increase in the pulse rate is observed.

Bear in mind all the time that rapid pulse is not a disease. It is merely the sign, or one of the signs, of some remote disturbance. Usually the trouble can be traced back to the nervous system. Fast action may indicate nothing wrong with the heart itself, any more than a galloping horse can be blamed because he is pounded into violent action by a cruel driver.

Emotion has a lot to do with the rapidity of the heart's action. Don't you know how your pulses beat if you are frightened or excited? Of course, such experiences are brief. There are a few moments of very rapid action and then the heart settles down to its regular work.

There are certain physical states, however, in which the nervous system seems on edge. It is constantly stimulated and all the movements of the organs controlled by the sympathetic nervous system are speeded up. Among such organs is the heart and that portion of the anatomy is whipped and pounded until it runs like a trip-hammer.

The thyroid gland is the structure which makes up a large part of the prominence some persons have in the neck. It lies at each side of "Adam's apple."

The thyroid gland is one of the mysterious "ductless glands," the secretions from which affect many of the vital organs. If the thyroid is too active, the excess secretion gland or some other similar gland may cause the heart to pump too forcibly. It is as if alcohol were constantly fed—there is overstimulation of the heart.

There is a disease called "exophthalmic goitre," which has thickening and overactivity of the thyroid as one of its signs. In this disease, perhaps because of the overaction of the thyroid, tachycardia is present.

In nervous prostration, after severe illness with fever, in certain forms of female disease, during the

change of life, because of excessive use of tobacco, tea, coffee or alcohol, and in certain brain and nervous disturbances, habitual rapidity of the heart may be a symptom. What I have said about the cause of tachycardia, will naturally suggest what should be done to get rid of it. Sensible living will prevent its onset. That is more important than any discussion of cure. Copyright, 1923, Newspaper Features Service, Inc.)

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