

Setting-Up Exercises Are Roundly Condemned

One by one the old gods go, and become half gods or no gods at all, but superstitions. A philosopher once said that the human race was governed by catchwords. Somebody says a pungent thing. Somebody else hears it and without inspection adopts it and passes it on. Presently it has become an axiom, a principle of action. Then after a generation or so, when the original pungency has somewhat departed from the dictum, somebody takes the trouble to make a close examination of it. He finds it hollow, and either worthless or injurious. Something of this kind has been happening to the general belief that morning setting-up exercises, beginning with the alarm clock and ending in the cold shower, are beneficial to the human race. The first blow was struck by Dr. Williams, professor of physical education at the Teachers' college, New York. He condemned them all. A confused uproar immediately arose, in which expressions of dissent mingled with expressions of approval. The general public has not yet cast its vote, but may well suspect that there is a good deal of truth in what Dr. Williams says.

The Unnatural Way to Get Up

The alarm clock is condemned because it administers a shock to the nervous system. It falls with hideous clangor on the ear, and the physical and mental effect is that of a blow. One naturally then arises in a bad humor, unconscious of the fact that the mere getting up is not the cause of the thinly veiled abhorrence of the world in general, but the way one was awakened. We infer that the proper way to arise is to wake naturally about half past nine, stretch, yawn, roll over, reflect for a while, perhaps take a short doze, and eventually crawl out with a good deal of deliberation half an hour later. In the perfectly organized state, in any event, that is the way things would be arranged. On the other hand, it is argued that people do not wake naturally at the time their arrangements make it necessary that they should awake. Meals have to be prepared and it is a convenience if all

the members of the family are ready to eat them at the same time. Trains have to be caught or motors got out and the office has to be reached at a definite time. Without the alarm clock there would be a good deal of confusion, lost time and general chaos.

Setting-Up Exercises

The morning setting-up exercises are criticised because the morning is not the time for them. The moment after a man gets out of bed is not the time to indulge in a lot of most unnatural gymnastics, sometimes involving a lot of hard work, and generally, as we suspect, a lot of useless if not actually mischievous work. For example, the classic exercise of bending forward with stiff knee and touching the floor with the finger tips is likely to do more harm than good. The knees are inserted in the legs for the express purpose of making it unnecessary to bend stiffly from the waist. They should be used when it is necessary to stoop. These setting-up exercises also tend to develop muscles in a way not intended by nature, and are often the cause of strains and stiffness that have to be removed through the services of a skilled osteopath. That ordinary athletic trainers are not inherently competent to prescribe for the human frame is testified to by the recent experience of a member of the sports staff. He fell and hurt his arm on his way to perform official duties at a hockey match. He endured intense pain while the match was in progress and when it was over made his way into the dressing room of one of the teams, and asked the trainer to look at his arm.

Sad Fate of W. M. Tackaberry

"I think it may be broken," he remarked. "Broken, me eye," replied the trainer, whose part in the conversation up to this time had been negligible. "Let me look at it." He seized the arm and for ten minutes, vigorously rubbed and twisted it, while tears streamed from the eyes of the victim. "There!" said the volunteer physician, who was sweating copiously at the end of the exercises. "That will be all right in the morning." But in the morning it proved to be far from all right, and when examined by a doctor, was found to have been broken in two places. We should not like to be understood as casting aspersions upon the qualified athletic coaches and experts who direct classes in physical culture, but merely emphasize that to condition a team of

athletes for a game is quite different from devising suitable exercises for a host of unselected men of all ages, who are invited to leap out of bed to the din of the alarm clock and exercise their muscles at radio commands.

Bad For Nervous System

The main objection to the alarm clock, the exercises and the cold shower is that the human muscular and nervous systems are not at the hour of awakening in the proper condition to stand shocks. Though the hours of sleep the pulse has been slower and the whole muscular and nervous systems at rest. Suddenly to call upon them all to respond to vigorous outside stimuli is much the same, if we regard the human body as a machine, to taking a new motor car out of the factory and drive it at top speed for a hundred miles. In both cases the effect will be unfavorable. Exercise has its important place in keeping the human body fit, but it is perhaps arguable that improper exercise or proper exercise taken at the wrong time is worse than no exercise at all. —J. V. McAree in Mail and Empire.

CUTTEN OF GUELPH GREAT MARKET LEADER

Mr. Arthur W. Cutten of Chicago, formerly of Guelph, being an extremely reticent man, the public does not know how he has been faring in the recent ups and downs of the stock market. Probably he has not done so badly. One of his specialties is buying stocks when they are low, which combines happily with his other specialty of selling them when they are high. He has had plenty of opportunities in the past few weeks to give full play to both hobbies, and if his calculations have been right, as they have been so often in the past, Mr. Cutten need not care whether stocks are high or low at the moment. He has worked on the principle that stocks are made to sell just as well as to buy, and though most of his coups have been the result of low buying and then a careful hoisting up of the price, in the past he has not held on too long. Of course, he has made his miscalculations as other men have done, but on the whole he has been right. Though rated a bull he is known to be a conservative one.

Affection for Guelph

Mr. Cutten has never broken the ties of affection which bind him to Guelph, where he spent his boyhood nearly half a century ago. He is spending money to provide his native village with a great hotel, a golf links and a playground and community centre which many larger cities might well envy. Mr. Cutten is as reticent about his benevolence as about his business activities, and this reticence, we suspect, is somewhat different from a similar reticence often noted in rich men. They do not want it known what they give for fear they will be asked to give more. Mr. Cutten, we should judge, early learned the lesson of saying No, and the fact that a dozen other cities like Guelph might invite him to become their leading patron so far as philanthropies are concerned would not disturb him. Particularly pleasant are the memories of Mr. Cutten of St. George's church, where for many years Mr. H. C. Schofield, who represents St. George's division of Toronto in the Ontario legislature, was a warden.

Chimes for St. George's

Here Mr. Cutten learned the catechism to whose wisdom he ascribes much of his success in the wheat pit and stock market. Here, more than two years ago, he had installed a set of chimes imported from England. They were made to Mr. Cutten's order by the same firm which made a set for John D. Rockefeller. When news of his benefaction was made public a reporter found Mr. Cutten in the office of one of his famous brokers and asked him about it. He was visibly embarrassed and said, "Oh, I don't want anything said about that. It was just an insignificant gift. I only paid \$30,000 for the chimes and was glad to do that little bit." Mr. Cutten's dislike of publicity was manifested in 1925 when it was revealed that he was the largest payer of income tax in the city of Chicago. This fact came to light when the newspapers published the names of the important income taxpayers. "It's nobody's business how much I make during the year nor how I make it," said Mr. Cutten. It is of interest to only a flock of gossips riding down on the train in the morning. The law is a brazen violation of personal rights and should be repealed. As a matter of fact, the law was repealed, and the gossips are now deprived of solid foundation for their speculations about a man's wealth. Mr. Cutten has what is called a poker face. He can be seen glancing at the tape when the market is in an uproar but nobody can judge from his expression whether he is pleased or nervous. He will not talk about his business, but as far as a discussion of the weather is concerned he is one of the most engaging conversationalists in the Chicago Stock exchange.

Few Successful Brokers

Judgment and nerve are the two essential qualities for success in speculation, according to Mr. Cutten. He declares that the general public has no business to play round the pit or in the stock market. "There are so many wrecks down there in the pit. If I had a son I would not let him touch it with a ten-foot pole. People call themselves brokers, but they are only part of that—the 'broke' part. Not more than ten per cent. of men who go into grain remain. The rest pass out and those who stay are broke brokers, mostly. Their failing seems to be lack of nerve. They seem to lose it when they handle their own money. So they have to trade for others on a salary." It was as a grain speculator that Mr. Cutten first became renowned. Two years ago he was supposed to have made between \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000 in the grain pit. Then because of what he regarded as a vexatious restriction imposed upon traders he withdrew and gave his attention to industrials.

One of the "Big Ten"

He is now supposed to be one of the leaders of the group called "The Big

Ten," composed of some of the most daring and powerful speculators in the United States. Some of the stocks which are known to have considerably augmented his fortune are Baldwin Locomotive, Montgomery Ward, Sinclair Oil, Union Carbide, Radio, International Harvester, United States Steel, Westinghouse, Texas Corporation, Simmons Bed and Schulte Stores. He bought Montgomery Ward about \$6 and when it reached 420 his paper profits were estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$35,000,000. Associated with the Fisher Brothers of Detroit he began buying into Baldwin Locomotive. On the eve of the annual meeting it was hinted that there might be some changes on the board. The morning it was held this was denied by Samuel Vauclain, the president. Later in the day Mr. Cutten became a director. Practically the same thing happened to Sinclair Oil. Nobody seemed to know what was happening, but again Mr. Cutten became a director. When we say nobody, we except one. Mr. Cutten knew what was happening and what was about to happen. It is a gift that has richly rewarded him.

Druggists Defend the Seemingly High Cost of Small Prescriptions

The prescription department is their sales counter. In reply to jokesmiths the newspaper jokers are going a little too far in the editorial opinion of the Druggists' Circular (New York). The negro who explained his charge for killing a calf by the statement that most of it was not the killing per se, but for the "know-how" had the right idea. When a prescription is filled, one pays not for the components, but for the "know-how" to obtain which the pharmacist has spent years in study and experience, and without which his product would be as likely to kill as to cure. This, at any rate, is the gist of the editor's argument, to which he respectfully calls the attention of his jesting colleagues, meanwhile beseeching them to "have a heart" lest the prescription-using public lose faith in those who serve them. The editorial runs substantially thus:

PAYING THE COST OF THE "KNOW-HOW"

"When the funny man in the newspaper runs short of subjects, he can always fall back on a joke about druggists' prices. Almost everybody has a prescription filled some time or other and the jokesmith is sure of having a sympathetic following. There are lots of things that the man whose sole object is to amuse does not consider it necessary to mention, and of which the uninformed and unthinking part of the public takes no cognizance. In the first place it may be stated frankly that prices charged in the prescription department for a mixture of two or three drugs are greater in proportion than for the same quantities bought over the sales counter. The reasons are well known to everyone who has given the matter mature thought. "The pharmacist in the prescription department receives a higher salary than a mere salesman. He is more nearly in the position of the physician who charges two dollars for writing the prescription than that of the young man in the front part of the store who sells ammonia water by the bottle. Even aside from this, however, the prescription department is on a footing very different from that of the sales counter, merely from the merchandising standpoint. Says the editor:

"In his prescription department the druggist cannot choose the lines he will carry, but must be prepared to supply at once what any physician may order at any time. In many cases he cannot buy often, as an original package of some little used item may last a long time and cost more than the profit on the first half-dozen prescriptions in which he uses a few grains of that item. If the original package deteriorates before it is used up, it may prove a net loss to him. "Time is a big factor in any business. It takes very little time to weigh and wrap an ounce of zinc sulphate or of camphor, but when a few grains of these substances are to be dispensed in the form of eye water, more time and care are required to weigh them accurately, more time and care are necessary to see that either they are completely dissolved or that any undissolved residuum is filtered out. Further time and care are used in making sure that the bottle is sterile, and that many other precautions are observed in order that the product may give the desired results. "Before a druggist can hold himself out as being a prescriptionist, he must equip his store with various kinds of more or less expensive apparatus. He must have balances accurate to the fraction of a grain, measuring glasses graduated with almost microscopic accuracy, filters, percolators, facilities for heating and cooling, special provisions for keeping certain drugs in a proper state, stills, mixing machinery and other things that the public knows little or nothing about, but all of which add to the overhead of the pharmacist. "We wonder if it ever occurs to the man who writes the pithy paragraphs for the newspapers that he is inconsistent in his drug-store jokes. He talks about overcharging for filling prescriptions, and he talks about the department-store appearance of the front of the drug store. If there is so much profit in filling prescriptions, why does the druggist find it necessary, in order that he may make a living, to put in hardware, jewelry, sta-

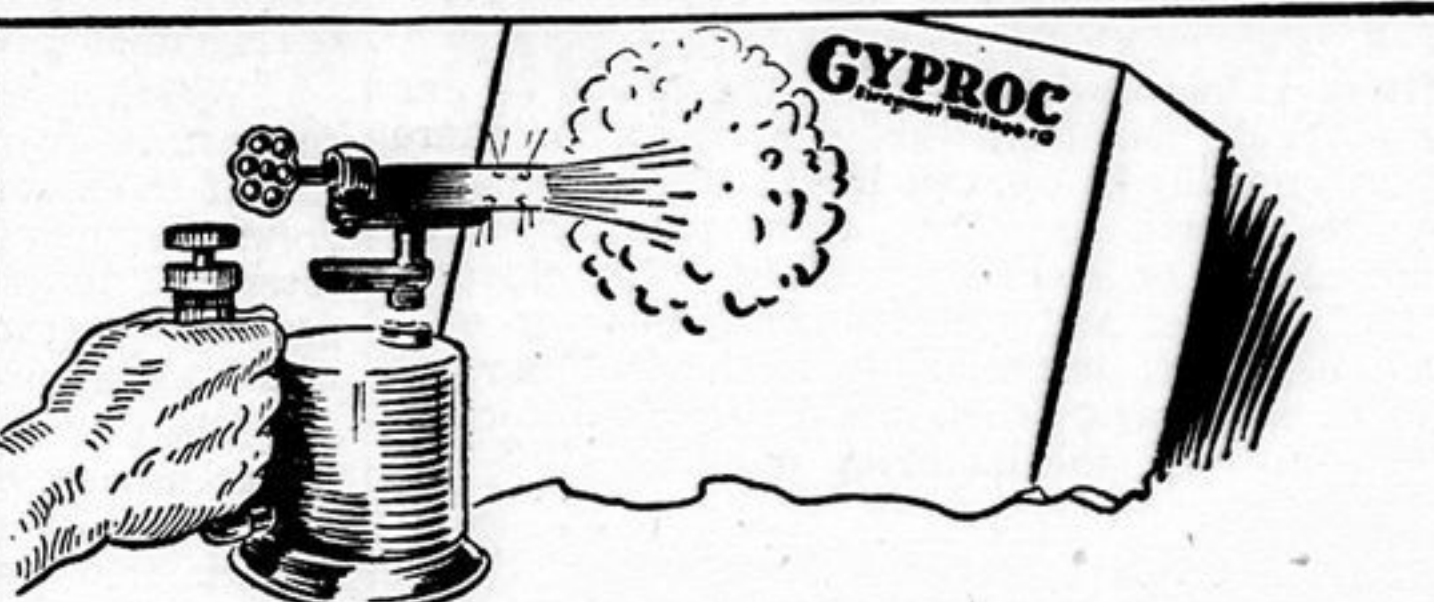
tionery, candy, a lunch counter, phonographs, radio sets, umbrellas, clocks and all the rest of it? Some of the larger drug stores have found that the prescription department is their least profitable one. Still, such a department is necessary to make a store a drug store, and there is a peculiar drawing power about a drug store.

CANADA'S FIRST FARMER

Canada's first farmer was Louis Hebert, who on February 27, 1626, was granted a thousand acres of land near the present city of Quebec on conditions of seigniorial tenure, under which he was to bring and settle a certain number of men annually, who were also required to render military service when required. A fine statue of this premier agriculturist occupies a site in Quebec near the City Hall. Descendants of the Hebert family have distinguished themselves for centuries in Canadian life, and some still survive. —Tara Leader.



SISTER (To brother, who has tried to shoot an apple off his sleeping father's head): "There! —I told you you'd need a lot more practice before you were as good as William Tell!" —The Passing Show, London.



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