

ESTABLISHED 1872



BANK OF HAMILTON
 JARVIS BRANCH—J. H. Brown, Manager
 Nanticoke—Tuesday and Friday

If the average man would keep a detailed expense account for a month showing every trifling expenditure, he would find that without missing anything worth while, he could have made some very good deposits in the bank—safeguards for the future—material for business progress.

Get Your  **Printing**
 At the Record Office

"The Latest in Shoes"

... is what we term the shoes with the Military Heel.



For Ladies just now they are the latest styles, but in addition to the Military Heel we have all other styles of Shoes at

\$5.00, \$6.00 & \$7.25

Oxfords, Oxford Ties, Pumps
 at \$4.15, \$4.50, \$4.85 & \$6.00

A. H. LANGRAF, Harness and Shoe Store

McLaughlin Motor Cars

MADE IN CANADA

Full Line Always on Hand

Demonstrations at Any Time.

Used Cars Taken In Exchange.

Also a number of good Used Cars For Sale.

Call or Write for particulars.

W. E. TODD & E. A. TODD
 Hagersville, Ont.

MEN OF STATURE

Only a Few Have Been "Giants in the Land."

Johann Van Albert, Recent Importation From Holland, the Tallest Specimen of Humanity Ever Seen in Modern Days.

When Johann Van Albert stepped from the gangplank on a recent arrival of the Mauretania he had the distinction of being the tallest man who ever entered the United States. His 8 feet 5 inches of height required that a special berth, made up of two cots placed end to end in a large companionway, be furnished for the trip from his home in Amsterdam, Holland. Since Johann has left his quiet home out among the nearby windmills of Amsterdam and intends to enter the show business over here, it will be interesting to dig up some giant history and see how he compares with previous competitors who used to be great attractions. Probably no living giant in the United States ever exceeded the 8 feet attained by the late Captain Bates, who was a native of Kentucky. The word "living" is used here because of the fact that for some time during the year 1869 the famous Cardiff giant led many people to believe that a 10-foot man had once lived in Onondaga County, N. Y. The story of this monstrous fraud perpetrated on the American public makes such unusual and interesting reading that it will bear repeating.

The idea had its inception out in Fort Dodge, Ia., when an adventurous fakir purchased a huge block of gypsum from a quarryman of that place. The block then was shipped to Chicago, it being taken in charge by a sculptor, who chiseled it into a 10-foot giant. The surface was pricked with needles to give it the appearance of pores in the human skin, and then treated with a variety of acids which made the entire statue appear of ancient origin. After completion the giant was securely packed in an iron box and shipped to Union, N. Y., where the owner claimed it, loaded the bulky box upon a large wagon and hauled it fifty miles to a farm near Cardiff. The giant form was then removed from the box and secretly buried, remaining under the ground nearly a year, until it was "accidentally" discovered by some workmen who had been engaged to dig a well by the promoter of the fraud.

This great discovery was made on October 16, 1869, and news of the wonderful petrified giant spread all over the country. The lucky finders covered it with a tent and put it on exhibition, while special trains were run from New York city and other nearby points so that the clamoring multitudes could see the astonishing remains at the earliest opportunity.

Until the deception was discovered it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons jostled each other in order to view the wonder, paying a dollar apiece for the remarkable privilege.

But, passing on from this greatest hoax, it is found that Captain Bates was the tallest of our modern American giants, although his 8-foot height was slightly exceeded by that of Anna Swan, a native of Nova Scotia. Going further back into giant history we find that Queen Elizabeth's head porter was 7 feet 6 inches high, probably being given this exalted position on account of his ability to see what was going on at all times.

Among royalty itself it is claimed that one of the Roman emperors was nearly 9 feet high, but the measurements of those days may have allowed him considerable more height than he would be entitled to at this time, though no doubt he was a person of great stature for history to make note of the fact.

World's Strongest Child.

Natalie Owens of Los Angeles, Cal., aged nine years, is said to be the strongest child in the world. She easily lifts a man of 175 pounds. In her father's dairy she handles cans of milk of all sizes, the largest weighing over 100 pounds, with as little effort and concern as the sturdiest farm hand about the place. In the public school she attends, she outruns all the boys of whatever age or size, and can trounce any two of them if the occasion arises. She has done this thoroughly several times. She is slender, not tall for her age, and weighs but 61 pounds, yet she amuses herself by lifting burdens that would tax an ordinary man, as readily as a woman raises a small basket of eggs—Montreal Herald.

Hunt Sardines With Seaplanes.
 California promises to be the greatest sardine canning center of the world as the result of the use of seaplanes in the industry on the Pacific coast. Since the first of the year naval seaplanes have been flying out from the sea coast, sighting schools of fish and sending a wireless back to the naval station giving the direct location. The naval station then telephones the information to the San Diego office of the fish and game commission. Fishing fleets are immediately directed exactly where to seek their prey and are consequently assured a big catch.—Wall Street Journal.

Describing It.

"What sort of a store is the Right one?" inquired a guest.
 "Well," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern, "I'll tell you. They not only sell suspenders, but actually sell 'em galuses."—Kansas City Star.

CARRY INSIGNIA OF HONOR

War Department Has Decided That Planes Shall Retain Distinguishing Marks Earned in War.

Buddy back on the farm is going to get an awful shock one of these days when he looks skyward during a lull in the plowing. A plane is going to appear overhead and he will instantly recognize the insignia painted on the fuselage of the stellar aero squadron that worked for his division at the time they were hoeing their way through the Argonne. In the Home Sector, Frederick J. Darle says: "The decision of the war department to retain the distinguishing insignia will in any event make the identification of the planes easy for civilians. More and more the army planes—old as they are—are undertaking long flights. They appear unexpectedly over cities far away from their stations and many a farmer these days sees a gargantuan propelled beetle settle down in his back pasture. When an army plane comes flying by or lands near us, we will soon look for the insignia, just as everybody once looked for the state automobile license tag when the tourist's dust covered auto passed. When the pedestrian sees a plane decorated with the painting of a kicking mule, a silhouetted, scythe-swinging skeleton or a witch astraddle a broomstick, he may wonder what battle record the insignia stands for. He may guess rightly that the tiny winged elephant on a plane is a sarcastic commentary on the plane's speed, but he probably would like to know whether this plane is from a burden-bearer squadron that hauled tons of bombs over the lines to drop them on German railway junctions."

MADE FEAST FOR LOBSTERS

Crustaceans No Doubt Highly Appreciated Mackerel That Seemed to Be Provided for Them.

"Charlie" is well known in his home town of Rockland. While covering his route along the south shore, he got a trade on some nice lobsters and purchased six dandies. A fat mackerel also caught his fancy while speculating in sea food and he took along the handsome specimen. Charles put the mackerel in with his lobsters and, cranking up his truck, headed for home.

"I've got something here, all right," said Charles to his better half as he carried the big bundle into the house. He dumped a crawling mass of crustaceans on the table but nowhere could he find his mackerel. Back to the auto he went but the fish had disappeared. When the lobsters were boiled and served it was noticed there was a decided flavor of mackerel to them. The diners' suspicions were aroused and, seeking authority, Charles was told that he had guessed correctly—the lobsters had eaten his mackerel. The hungry shellfish, being brought up on salted herring in the traps, were not slow to realize that an epicurean dish was being served them on the long ride home. They made the most of it, too.—Brockton Enterprise.

Modern Morals.

Lady Duff Gordon said at a tea at the Ritz:

"There are young women who would rather be ultra-fashionable than anything else. In their eyes nothing matters but that."

"Two young women were lunching when a third young woman passed in the company of an elderly married pair."

"There goes Maud," murmured the first young woman. "They say that she and old Mr. Goldie spent the weekend at Atlantic City together."

"Oh!" said the second young woman in shocked tones. "Oh, what a libel on poor Maud! You know you couldn't drag her with wild horses to such a vulgar, common resort as Atlantic City."

Commercial Airlines.

The regular commercial air line has already come to stay. At present the longest passenger air service running, or rather flying, on regular air service is between London and Paris. The distance of 250 miles is flown in about three hours, often less. The fare is at the rate of a shilling a mile, or \$67 for the trip. Even today these air passengers enjoy all the luxuries of modern travel. Nearly a score of passengers are carried in a comfortable cabin, seated in upholstered chairs. The cabin is lighted with electric candles and decorated with gilded mirrors. Several transatlantic air lines are planned. It is calculated that they can be run at a profit by charging \$500 for an air passage.—Boys' Life.

Success and Failure.

Ellihu Root on his seventy-fifth birthday reception in New York, talked philosophically about success and failure.

"After all," said a poet, "it's no disgrace to fall if you have done your best."

"Maybe not," said Mr. Root, "but all the same it's pretty rough to have to admit that the best you can do is to fall."

China's Potential Armies.

If, in a war, an enemy started killing Chinese soldiers at a million men a year, and if China were using 10 per cent of her population in that war, it would take fifty years to destroy her first armies, and in that period two further Chinese forces of fifty million would grow up to confront their enemy.—Basil Mathews in the British Review of Reviews.

Falls' Store News Can Rest This Week

We believe the below article will do more good—it undoubtedly will if acted upon. The paper containing the article was sent to us by an old Norfolk boy now residing in Baltimore. He always was strong on milk. Fifty years ago, when he walked nearly three miles to school at Simcoe, he always had a bottle of it in his dinner pail.

We are not interested in any Dairy.

KING MILK IN MARYLAND

AS ONE walks along the streets of any large city, here or abroad, it is a common experience to meet pale, frail-looking children. In the European capitals they are more frequently seen—pitiable reminders of the far-boorne evils of the war.

But we in America had no war experience sufficient to affect the health of the little boys and girls. Such food rationing as was necessary four years ago entailed no disastrous measure of privation on these youngsters. So we blame "city air," crowded living quarters and allied causes.

As a matter of fact, those acclimated to the city have proven themselves better able to fight off common disease foes than those accustomed to the purer atmosphere and wider spaces of the open country. They evidence a higher degree of resistance against infection. Yet the country children, as a rule, are sturdier in physical build and radder.

The country children get more milk. That is the secret of child health, and in large part of adult health also. As we often have pointed out in these columns, the cow is the best of all doctors, so far as health making is concerned.

Where pure milk is plentiful and generously used in the daily diet, doctors' bills dwindle and the death rate decreases. Where cows are scarce progress halts. This we have learned of late years, that milk is one of the basic arbiters of human advance, and we are beginning to appreciate the value of health as a moral, mental and political asset.

In many American cities "More Milk" campaigns have been launched within recent years, and some of these have been so successfully carried on as to deeply impress the people with the value of this incomparable foodstuff. It remained for Baltimore, however, to most effectively prove the power of such a movement. And the results there are so notable that we think this effort deserves the widest publicity and thorough consideration on the part of all interested in matters of public welfare.

Baltimore is fortunate in the possession of a certain transplanted citizen, Dr. E. V. McCollum, who came to John Hopkins several years ago from Kansas, by way of the University of Wisconsin. When the Sunflower State and this institution of learning join forces, something is bound to happen. When they co-operated in producing, McCollum, they conferred a favor on humanity in general.

He it was who, in conjunction with other men bent upon getting at the root of food values, demonstrated milk as the most perfect food for the growing animal. Others who worked in the same field deserve large credit, but it is generally admitted that this modest scientist had more to do with popularizing the vitamin than any one else. And by this time nearly every one knows how important a role is played in nutrition by these mysterious accessory food factors.

So essential are they that their indispensability in the daily diet is not questioned by any one. After proving his case on calves, McCollum turned to white rats, which remarkably resemble human beings in their food needs and reactions. Then he turned to children. Test after test upheld previous results with animals. Seemingly miracles were performed with mere bottles of pure, whole milk.

Then two years ago, fate or destiny, or whatever force it is paves the road to progress, turned a strange trick in Baltimore. As told in a recent issue of the Country Gentleman, there came a milk surplus in that city, and a row as to the disposition of this overflow.

Some one in the city government had sense enough to see in this an opportunity for service to the people, but the open door thereto was not plainly visible. So a meeting was called. Producers, distributors, city officials and representatives of city organizations were invited—also Doctor McCollum.

There are impassioned speeches; charges and counter-charges. Suddenly there is calm. Frowns gave way to smiles. A suggestion has been made that points the way out. Briefly, it is that the way to take care of a surplus is through increased consumption; that increased use of milk will follow a campaign of education; that the most fertile field for such instruction is the host of growing boys and girls in the city's public schools.

McCollum is naturally chosen to direct the campaign. He leaves the meeting with nearly \$10,000 promised for this purpose.

While posters and publicity matter are being prepared, thousands of Baltimore school children are measured and weighed—and large numbers found wanting.

From 20 to 30 per cent, of those examined were 10 per cent, under weight. They were not getting enough of the right kind of food.

There is much to be remembered in this last sentence. Millions of American children today are getting enough food, so far as volume goes. They are eating as much as they should—sometimes more than is good for them. But perhaps one-third of them are getting the wrong kind of food.

Too much starch and protein and not enough vitamins and mineral salts. Too much meat, potatoes and sugar and not enough milk and green things. Not enough lettuce, tomatoes, spinach, cabbage celery. Too much pie, cake and pastry.

It is a serious situation, for the strength of the nation is simply a matter of the physical strength of its citizens. We do not mean to magnify muscle above mind or any sense to underrate the power of the spirit. But we do wish to emphasize healthy muscles as the most dependable foundation for sound minds and consequent spiritual development.

Most of those Baltimore children, like most children everywhere, drank less than half a pint of milk a day. For years McCollum had been urging a quart a day as the minimum for the child. So the dairy council of that city took for its slogan, and the battle for better health—and wise economic solution of the problem of surplus milk supply—was on.

Milk was put into the schools as one of the most important items in the curriculum. The teachers were urged to teach milk. They went at their task with a will. As soon as a child reported as a regular drinker of the suggested daily quantity, he or she was enrolled as a member of the Milk Army. On a huge chart the progress of this new soldier was noted daily. It is interesting and instructive to observe a few of these entries:

When the nutrition work began in October, 1919, Helen weighed 58 1/4 pounds. For her age and height she should have weighed 65 pounds, with a gradual increase for each succeeding month. It was December before she joined the Milk Army and then she weighed 61 1/2. March saw her at 63 1/2 and vacation time in June at 63. Helen came back to school in the fall weighing 64 1/2. By January she tipped the scales at 71 1/2. Milk did it.

Paul G. weighed 64 1/4 when he should have been in the 96-pound class. Four months after taking up milk he weighed 83 pounds. A strenuous summer vacation brought a loss of three pounds, but a re-enlistment in the Milk Army in the fall saw him weigh in at 90 1/2 in January. Milk did it.

If Margaret H. had been up to the mark she would have made the beam balance at 70 pounds; instead she weighed 59 1/2. For four months she held back from joining the army of milk drinkers and her weight remained approximately the same. June came around and Margaret signed up. She had milk to drink throughout the summer and returned in the fall at 65. By Christmas she had gained three more pounds. Then it was found that diseased tonsils were holding her back, that even with milk she was not making the progress she should. They were removed in January. A few weeks after the operation she weighed 71. Milk helped to do it.

John A. at 14 years weighed 80 1/4 pounds when he should have weighed 91. When he enlisted in the Milk Army in June the scales showed 86. In February he was a husky lad of 98 1/2. Milk did it.

Milk—and the right kind of teachers—will do as much for children anywhere. But the teacher part of this combination is essential. Doctor McCollum is right when he says "you must have the right kind of teachers."

You can't expect boys to believe milk will make them strong and healthy, that proper nutrition means anything, if the instructor is an anaemic individual with biceps like oysters," he says. "A baseball player or someone who is athletic and looks the part can drive the message home because he inspires emulation."

"This phenomenon is equally true with girls. How can you expect them to believe that milk will make them healthy and beautiful if the teacher lacks those blessings? Pick out good looking girls for nutrition workers. Some may have decidedly less brains than their pulchritudinous sisters, but they can get results. Hypnotize them, fill them full of the subject, and they will succeed where others fail."

Within a few months this campaign led to an increase of 8000 quarts in Baltimore's daily consumption of milk. And it led to rosier cheeks, sturdier bodies, brighter minds. Also, less tardiness and fewer days of absence and better behavior and scholarship.

The results were so satisfactory that the milk budget for the present year is \$20,000. And now the workers in shops, stores and factories, and the business men, big and little, are being urged to follow in the footsteps of the children; to drink at least a quart of milk a day. Of course, this will lead to higher efficiency, better health and longer life.

What this Maryland city has done and still is doing should be accepted as food for thought in all cities. To make milk king is to establish the most profitable of monarchies—one kind that can and should flourish in a republic. And no republic has more material for this sort of an experience. Let's make use of it.



Falls' Departmental Store, Simcoe
 Railway Fares Refunded.