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HOPE FOR YOUTH

It has been emphasized repeatedly that the real tragedy of the depression has been its effect on the youth of the land, many of whom have been deprived of the opportunity of getting away to a good start in life. As a matter of fact, there are in this town and in every town and city in Canada and the United States, young men who should be well started on their careers who have never known what it is to have a "regular" job.

Nevertheless the outlook is not as black as one might suppose. From famed statistician Dr. Louis L. Dublin, Vice-President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, comes encouraging word. Dr. Dublin has compiled statistics on practically everything at one time or another and his figures don't lie. So when he assures us that, in spite of current economic conditions, young people of this continent have an excellent chance of obtaining adequate income, being happily married and having children, we are justified in feeling cheered up a bit.

Dr. Dublin reports his results of a survey of millions of cases in an article in *The American Magazine*. "The average white man of twenty years," he says, "now has an even chance to live to be sixty-nine. His chances of getting a job are excellent, so long as he continues to train himself in some particular field. It is true that there is a great deal of unemployment. The figures run into millions. Actually, however, the figures represent less than one-fifth of the employable population. His chances then, are four out of five, even during the depression period. It is almost impossible to have talent, training and energy and not come out on top, even in an era of depression."

It looks almost too good to be true, and yet, as we have already observed, Dr. Dublin has a habit of being right in his figure-founded forecasts.

THE CHANGING HOME

The modern home a few years hence will be as much different from the home of the present day, as far as conveniences are concerned, as today's home is different from the log cabin of the early settler of Ontario.

Professor William F. Ogburn, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, gave an idea of what is to be expected in the modern home a few years hence when he spoke to the alumni of the university recently.

The professor predicted that the home of the future will have artificial sunlight delivered to the occupant through its light bulbs. News bulletins will be flashed every few hours in the living-room through facsimile writing, and telephone calls made during the absence of the family will be mechanically recorded to await their return.

In his forecast, Prof. Ogburn predicted that artificial climate would be manufactured to suit the whims of the home owner. Illuminated panel walls would replace present methods of illumination, and hundreds of new electrical devices would enhance home comfort. He foresaw homes built with miniature theatres in them to take care of the forthcoming results in television.

The motorcar, telephone, radio and motion picture have changed the habits of the people greatly in the past few years, but evidently there are still more and perhaps greater changes to come.

LEARN TO READ

The person who has not learned to sit down and take real enjoyment out of an afternoon's reading is to be pitied. For two reasons. First, he is missing a lot of fun and, secondly, it will not be long before he will be sympathizing with himself. If there is one individual in this world who deserves sympathy and seldom gets it, it is the man who sits around brooding and thinking of himself and his troubles.

We don't know that it makes very much difference what kind of literature one reads, so long as it is decent. If you are a highbrow, then that's the kind you will want. Others like detective stories, others fiction, history, geography, poetry. Like eating, too much of one thing is not good for you, even in reading. Mix them up. If you like Mark Twain, then read his books, and if you feel you want to walk along with Einstein, this is also your privilege.

There's nothing quite so lonesome as a man who has nothing to do and all day to do it. If he enjoys reading, then he can never get lonesome. A good book can transfer one from the troubles of this world to the new ones in the book, and when finished, there is a satisfaction in knowing one is not carting around all the worries of the universe.

Really, we can't understand why some people never open a book, give the newspapers only a passing glance and then expect to be happy and well informed on what is going on around them. There never was a time in *active* or cheap. It is a mystery why all of us do not formative or cheap. It is a mystery why all of us do not make use of it.—*Durham Chronicle*.

DOING SOMETHING

It is a serious thing to do wrong, but it is also a serious thing to do nothing at all. . . . Robert Louis Stevenson once said he was sometimes inclined to think the sins of omission were worse than the sins of commission. So we cannot escape trouble or blame by merely doing nothing.

It is so easy to fall into habits of idleness and indifference. . . . There are so many things to be done that sometimes we do not know just where to start or what to do next; but when in such a mood we should immediately get busy at something and so improve the situation, or at least prevent it from becoming more complicated. Apart from obvious duties, there are always many ways in which we can help others, and we ought never to allow a chance of being of service to pass.

It is reported of a Spanish king that he kept a diary—if it could be called keeping—in which the stock entry for every date was: "Nothing." It is not to be supposed that in the life of the monarch, however foolish he might have been, nothing ever happened; but he was too idle to write down his impressions. What sort of an existence would it be which could truly be represented day after day as a complete blank? Yet this is what some people try to reduce their life to—a mere succession of empty days, nothing accomplished, nothing even attempted, no progress of any kind. In some languages the same word is used for "to do" as for "to live"; the two are really synonymous in meaning.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

SHORT STORY

SUNRISE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Jed Flint rolled cautiously in his blankets and half rose. His head moved slowly, dark eyes peering against the misty dawn. Some one was coming through the scrub-oak; he had heard the swish of leaves and the cracking of a branch. Instinctively he knew that it was Nye Bruce.

Tensely, he threw the covering from him and came to his feet, fully dressed, even to his high-heeled boots. Then with a slow, clawing motion, he reached for his gun, sheltered from the dew beneath a piece of bark, and slipped it into his holster, his hand remaining close by.

"That yuh, Nye?" he asked; the tone was low, but it carried.

There was no answer in words; only a crashing approach. Then Nye Bruce, hatless, his clothing smeared with dried blood, staggered into camp, and suddenly sinking to all fours, crawled weakly to the blanket, where he slumped, gasping.

"Why didn't yuh meet me where yuh said yuh would?" he asked faintly. Flint looked down at him, and turned his head. A bullet had gashed Nye's cheek, giving him a peculiar grinning appearance.

"I waited for yuh," came finally. "Yuh never showed up. I thought yuh'd took another trail."

"Yuh never waited for nobody," answered Nye weakly. He would not last long. Flint leaned forward and gently slid the man's six-gun from its holster.

"There pard," he suggested, "yuh can lay on that side now."

"Don't yuh call me pard."

Flint did not answer. He merely twirled the retrieved gun in his right hand and looked away. The sun was rising, spreading a queer, faintish gold over the autumn-yellowed leaves of the Osage Hills. Here Bill Doolin, the train-robber, had fought to the death years ago—here posses had ridden in search of Henry Starr and the Wycliffes. Through the years, it seemed, there had always been some one to carry the torch. Of late it had been the Flint-Bruce crowds, adding newly devised methods to old fashioned daring.

"Where's George and Luke?" Flint queried.

"Dead."

"Dead?" Flint went hurriedly forward and bent beside the dying man. "How'd it happen?"

That grotesque, bullet-like grin seemed to widen, as if in mockery. "Yuh know how it happened."

"Don't say that pard."

Nye tried to smile; it only made the grin more grotesque. His hand raised, as if to touch that of the man beside him, only to drop listlessly to the rumpled blanket.

"We shore was pards once," he mused. All the venom was gone for a moment. "Me'n yuh—just a couple of cow-waddies, out of a job. But we was pards."

Something out of the past hit Flint hard. He turned quickly, and raising, once again stood looking into the strengthening sun. He and Nye had seen the break of morning many times in this region. There had been many a time when they had ridden, singing into the eastern glow, with no concern for the noise of jingling spurs, the whinny of a horse or the crack of stirrup leathers. Merely cowpunchers, wondering what they would do when encroaching barb wire forced them out of a job.

"Jed." It was a mumble from the blanket. "I wonder what ever would have happened to us if we'd never pulled that first holdup."

"We wouldn't of got sent to the jailhouse like we did," Flint growled.

"I thought yuh said that was the makin' of us?" The bullet crease gave Nye's face a queer, hateful leer. "We shore learned more'n we ever knowed before, there in Leavenworth. Shucks, them Chicago gangsters in the next cell had us gawkin' like a couple of ninnies."

"Take it easy, Nye," Flint said. "No use bringin' all that up."

"I ain't bringin' nothin' up. I'm satisfied. Kind of funny, though, a couple of Oklahoma cow-prods sent up t' th' penitentiary t' make 'em good. Then havin' them city crooks teach us all th' new-fangled ways o' doin' things."

"Yeh, yuh learned plenty. How t' steal a man's gal, f'r instance."

The grinning lips could not hide the cold light in Nye Bruce's pale blue eyes.

"Yuh wasn't no slow-poke. It never took yuh long t' savvy throwin' a crooked loop. Like double-crossin' me on this here jamboree."

Flint dodged the answer. "How'd yuh get away?"

"Oh, I got off clean. Them deputies was so busy pumpin' lead into George an' Luke, t' finish 'em up. They kind o' overlooked me."

"Why didn't yuh let 'em have it

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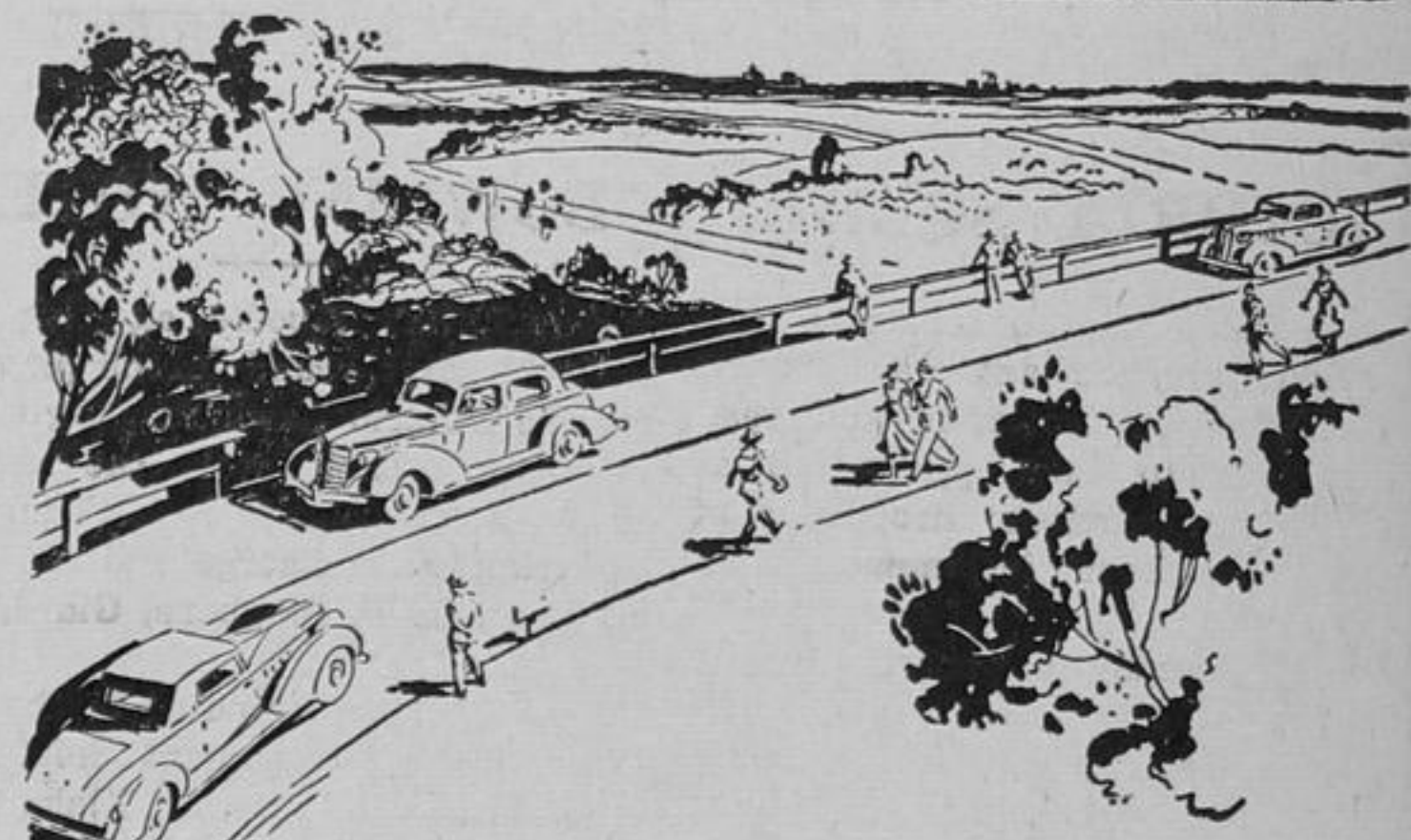
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To Those Who WALK . . .
May I say a word to you?



WE ALL KNOW that it takes at least two to make an accident—you need never be one such person if you "Try Courtesy" and walk with full regard for the motorist and his problem of driving a ton of machinery.

In previous messages, I have been appealing to motorists to "Try Courtesy", when they drive, for their own sakes as well as for yours. Today, I am appealing to you pedestrians to "Try Courtesy" for your own sakes as well as for that of the motorist.

Let us remember that a motor car is a big heavy piece of moving machinery weighing a ton or more and that to stop it or speed it up instantly is seldom possible. You, on the other hand, as a pedestrian, can stop or move more quickly on the instant.

So when you are walking on the same thoroughfare as the one on which the motorist is driving, "Try Courtesy".

Cross the streets with the green signal or if there is none, cross at a reasonably smart walk.

Refrain from jay-walking for this reason: motorists drive their cars according to what they expect the traffic immediately around them to do. And they don't expect pedestrians to go jay-walking. Cross at the crossings where the motorists expect you to cross and for which the motorist makes allowances by slowing down.

When walking at night where there is no sidewalk, carry a flashlight or wear a light garment which the headlights of the oncoming motor car will "pick up".

Courtesy on foot as well as courtesy at the wheel is the mark of a true gentleman. I appeal to you to "Try Courtesy" and set a good example which will make our city streets and country highways safer for everyone.

Sincerely yours,

B. J. Brewster

MINISTER OF HIGHWAYS PROVINCE OF ONTARIO



with th' machine gun?"

"It only worked long enough for me to kill the sherriff, then it jammed, like yuh knowed it would."

answered Nye. Then he began to cough, and wiped his mouth with the back of a shaking hand, starting for a moment at the red mark. Flint pounded a fist into an open palm.

"Yuh ain't making yourself plain, pard."

"Yes I am. Awful plain. Yuh knowed that machine gun'd jam. Jest like yuh knowed there'd be plenty law t' meet us when we went in' that bank. 'Cause yuh'd arranged it."

"Me? Me?" he asked. Then suddenly he stared about him.

"What'd yuh do with the rivetter?"

"Th' machine gun, yuh mean? Yuh're always usin' them gangster words ain't yuh? I had t' leave it."

Again Flint glanced about him hurriedly.

"There—at th' holdup?"

"Yeh." Flint viewed the fact lightly.

"Yuh had gloves on—ain't nothin' to worry about that."

Again Flint looked out over the sunny hills. Nye was mumbling.

"Wonder what Bill Doolin'd think o' us?" he asked strangely. "Or Henry Starr or the Daltons."

"Oh, nothin'. Comin' through th' brush this mornin' kind of reminded me. How Old Bill stood up an' faced that posse, knowin' he didn't have no chance, rather'n turn yaller dog on th' rest of his nals."

"Oh, shut up," snapped Flint.

"Don't ungentle yuhsef about it," argued Nye weakly. "Learnin' bad habits like we did from them there greasy haired fellers—"

Flint whirled.

"Yeh, we's the right word!" he growled. "Layin' it on t' me thet I tipped yuh off—suppose I did. Yuh had it comin' to yuh, stealin' my woman. Playin' up t' me like yuh was my pard—"

"If yuh hadn't been so busy figgerin' how yuh was goin' t' git hold o' all the divvy we've got buried, maybe I wouldn't of had no time t' steal yore woman." It was a long speech. Nye lay back, his grinning features faced towards the sky.

"Anything wrong with that?" Flint asked desperately.

"No, except playin' th' game like them slick-haired fellers ain't been so good for either of us."

"It ain't been good for yuh," Flint cut in. "Yuh're goin' t' die."

"I ain't th' only one."

Flint's eyes narrowed bitterly.

"What're yuh figgerin' on?" he asked crisply. "A last shot—at me?"

Yuh must o' forgot I took yore gun."

Nye Bruce struggled desperately to rise to an elbow and failed. Gasping, he sank back.

"No' I ain't forgot. It's somethin' else. Thinkin' of Bill Doolin an' all them old fellers makes me feel bad about it. Thet rivetter, like yuh call it. Yuh shore was hardlin' it careless like last night, showin' me how to use it—yuh was so awful busy coverin' up that loose clip in th' cartridge drum—"

"What're yuh drivin' at?" Flint's face had gone white. He bent close and shook the man, until his head rolled. "Didn't yuh wipe it off like I told yuh to—didn't yuh? My fingerprints all over it—"

There was no answer. Nye Bruce's eyes were staring. The hands had stilled. Only the grin remained, broad, unflinching, somehow triumphant.

THE END

In the opinion of the *Fergus News-Record*, "examinations are less popular." Can anyone recall a time when they were popular?