

"THE LIBERAL"

Established 1878
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY
J. Eachern Smith, Manager
Advertising Rates on Application. TELEPHONE 9
THE LIBERAL PRINTING CO., LTD.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT RICHMOND HILL
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
Subscription \$1.00 per year — To the United States \$2.00
Covering Canada's Best Suburban District

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1937.

CONQUEST OF TYPHOID FEVER

Typhoid fever is a preventable disease. Its history in this and other countries shows that it can be stamped out. As typhoid fever is an expensive disease its average duration being eight weeks, the elimination of typhoid would be a great economic saving.

How can the disease be prevented? (1) by the use of pure water, pasteurized milk from well-managed dairies and the use of clean food; (2) by vaccination of yourself and the members of your family against typhoid; (3) by having all cases reported at once to the health authorities so that necessary steps against the infection of others may be taken; (4) by the immediate disinfection and removal of the discharges of persons ill of typhoid and their disposal in such a way that they cannot infect food or water; (5) by keeping flies away from food.

NEVER LATE IN 30 YEARS

How many people can equal the splendid record of Sergt. John Smith, of the Hamilton police force, who has been in the service for thirty years and has never been late once? Sergeant Smith has made it a habit of life never to be late for duty. His hours are prescribed and he prides himself, and rightly so, that he has always been on time and that he never has kept anybody waiting.

Sergeant Smith's record is an enviable one and one that many business men should set before them as an example. How exasperating it is at times to have an appointment with a business associate, an appointment to attend a meeting, or an appointment to go somewhere, to find business men and men in various walks of life, are five, ten, or even more minutes late. Their respect for the time they cause others to lose in waiting for them does not seem to bother their conscience one iota.

FLYING

At last the long-talked-of trans-Atlantic airplane passenger and mail service is a reality. The first "Clippers" of the American and British companies have made their initial trips, and it will not be long now before anybody who wants to and has the price can dine in New York one day and in London the next.

Of all forms of air travel, cruising over water in flying boats is so far the safest and most reliable. Not a single passenger has been hurt or lost in all the five years in which the Pan-American Airways has been flying regular routes between the United States and the nations to the South. Airmen look upon the Pacific flights as being less risky than any courses set over land, and see no extra hazard in the Atlantic flights.

The day is far in the future when aircraft will even threaten to displace the cargo steamer, for the carrying of heavy freight which does not need to move swiftly. But it may well come about that the success of the Atlantic Clipper route may prove discouraging to the building of more high-speed de luxe passenger liners. Those who can afford the best will go to and from Europe by air, while ordinary passengers will travel by slower, cheaper, and perhaps even more comfortable ships than the luxury liners.

GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

For the past few weeks the electric fan has droned industriously, the ice has tinkled in the tall glasses—but still it's hot. Beads of perspiration persist in popping out on your face, and our collar is in a sad state of collapse. Some heartless friend persists in reading aloud the cheerful items on the front page of the paper concerning the numerous deaths from heat prostration all over the country, and, turning over to the next page, discourses on the grave danger of a water famine. Outside the green, the pretty green grass that was springing up so verdantly a few weeks ago, is beginning to look dry and lifeless and withered.

You drink another glass of ice-water, mop your brow again, and, drawn as though by a magnet, you turn to the thermometer and see the mercury just below the hundred mark. Here are instruments that weekly assert that it's ninety-two when everybody knows it's hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. A passing acquaintance brutally asks, "Is it hot enough for you?" And an equally pestiferous human calamity grabs you by the lapel and insists on explaining that it's not the heat but the humidity. Your dog lies drooping on the doorstep, his dry tongue hanging out, stirring himself once in a while to shake off the flies and mosquitoes that annoy him.

It's the good old summer time. It's the time that the poets and the song writers praise. And, remember, it's the time you were wishing for four or five months ago when you woke up and found that snow on the ground.

WHAT ANOTHER WAR WOULD MEAN

The public indebtedness of Canada—Federal, Provincial and Municipal—represents over \$700 for each person in Canada.

The annual interest charge on the Federal debt alone amounts to well nigh \$70 a year for the average Canadian family.

Let there be no mistake as to where the money comes from to meet these debt charges. It all comes out of the pockets of the people of Canada.

"Sales Taxes," taxes levied by the Dominion on almost every article purchased by the Canadian people from store or factory, amount to over \$36 a year for the average family.

Customs taxes, imposed by the same authority, cost the average Canadian family some \$40 a year.

The above are Dominion taxes. Then there are Provincial and municipal taxes on top of all this.

Over a score of Ontario municipalities have gone bankrupt under the burden imposed. One Province has defaulted on its indebtedness. Two other Provinces are on the verge of insolvency.

And two-thirds of this burden of public taxation, public debt and public insolvency are due to Canada's participation in one world war. Participation by the Dominion in another like conflict would not only ruin every government in Canada but every bank and life insurance company as well.

1888 Murder Again to Fore

Daughter's Court Move Recalls Killing of Chicago Banker Snell

Still a mystery after nearly half a century, the murder of Amos J. Snell, multimillionaire banker, in Chicago on February 8, 1888, unexpectedly has been brought to the attention of the police of the Illinois city.

Listed as an unsolved crime on the musty records of the department, police were confronted with the problem of digging back into the slaying which occurred before the majority of the members of the force were even born.

The murder of Banker Snell was recalled in a remarkable disposition taken in Los Angeles from his only surviving child. Mrs. Grace Henrietta Love, 76, Chicago belle of the "Gay 90s."

Mrs. Love, once termed "the most married and divorced woman in America," is seeking an increase in her income from the \$1,000,000 estate of her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Snell, who died in 1900.

The deposition was made a matter of record in the court of Superior Judge James F. Fardy. Judge Fardy incidentally, in an unprecedented decision, recently indicated that he would grant Mrs. Love the increase which will allow her to live in the manner in which she had been accustomed, "spoiled as she had been by the extra-vagrance of her parents."

The murder of Banker Snell, once more brought into the limelight, is one of the most impregnable mysteries in Chicago's history of crime. Mrs. Love and her mother were in Milwaukee at the time he was shot in the Snell home in the heart of the then "Gold Coast."

"We had been recalled home by a telegram," her deposition reads. "The telegram merely said that we were needed. I had no idea of the horrible tragedy which had been enacted during our absence. It was on the train that I learned the truth, when I saw the headlines of a newspaper held by the man in front of me: 'Banker Snell Murdered.'"

Chicago's fashionable society was dancing at a ball across the street when Snell was killed.

Police place the time of the murder at 2 a.m., as servants later told of hearing several shots at about the time the doorman was calling carriages of the guests across the way.

Two house servants and two Snell grandchildren were the only other occupants of the grim old mansion. But they did not stir on hearing the shots. It was not until 6 a.m. that the coachman, coming from the servants' quarters, stumbled on the body of his master at the head of the stairs on the second floor.

Snell was half dressed, as if he had either put on his clothes hastily or had not removed them on returning home late. The safe in his basement had been rifled.

On the story of a certain lady, police took up the trail of one Willie Tascot, the black sheep of a respectable family. This gay blade had failed to keep a rendezvous with her and this gave her the idea that he might have been Snell's slayer. The manhunt started, but Tascot suddenly dropped out of sight in St. Paul, Minn. Stories of the dandy and his gold-headed cane being seen came from all parts of the country.

Mrs. Love, who recalled all the details of the crime vividly, was no less minute in the details of her own gay life and loves. She portrayed her life as a continual round of festivities—between marriages and divorces—with horses and carriages at Newport, champagne suppers, and pin money of never less than \$1,000 a month.

The chronology of her matrimonial ventures is interesting. Six times she was a bride and six times divorced. She married, on three occasions, the same man one Frank Nixon Coffin, a coachman, "and, although my family objected, there was no handsomer man walking on the streets of Chicago."

The first marriage to Coffin when she was 16 was in 1884. It was an elopement, with the father vowing vengeance on the man who had taken his young daughter, but later there was forgiveness and reconciliation. In 1894, the year after the Columbian Exposition, Grace divorced Coffin on the grounds of incompatibility.

But four years later she remarried him at the bedside of her dying son. Next year she divorced him again, this time for drunkenness.

Mrs. Coffin was "a romantic woman and not at all hardboiled," as she stated in her deposition. Her next venture the same year was with a man named James C. Walker, a clerk in the then fashionable Virginia hotel. This marriage lasted but two

years and she divorced Walker on the grounds of cruelty. It appeared that he had burned up some manuscripts representing her literary efforts.

Coffin became her husband again a few months later. They had a four-hour honeymoon at the old Metropole Hotel. Then she left him. After divorcing him again she went to the altar with Perkins A. Layman another hotel clerk. Layman deserted her.

In 1906 she married Hugh M. Love, a Los Angeles newspaper reporter. Just what happened to Love is not a matter of record. Mrs. Love was then in her forties and apparently was indifferent to the matrimonial state.

In illustrating how "my father spoiled me and my mother kept it up," Mrs. Love tells how she once received \$65,000 to "buy myself a home and furnish it the way you like." With one of her husbands she took a European honeymoon costing \$25,000, and her mother paid the bill.

"My mother gloried in my social position at Newport," she recounted.

As a contrasting picture, a deposition also was taken from Mrs. Love's daughter, Mrs. Mildred S. Engelke, also of Los Angeles. Mrs. Engelke is one of the heirs to the \$1,000,000 estate on Mrs. Love's death and with several grandchildren and nieces and nephews was a defendant in the suit.

Mrs. Engelke spoke of her mother as a "spendthrift" who gave taxicab drivers \$20 and \$25 to carry her a block, who threw grapefruit at her own mother, smoked incessantly, drank wine "to get a big wallop out of life," hired entire orchestras and gave huge champagne suppers.

Mrs. Engelke termed Mrs. Love "the cruellest mother a girl ever had." She claimed her mother "once kicked me upstairs," again "threw me in the fireplace," and once "chased my brother with a nail file."

Mrs. Love evidently impressed the judge with the fact that she had lived well. In his decision the judge ruled that she was entitled to an increase in her income from the present \$400 a month. When the matter is settled she will probably receive close to \$250,000 in a lump sum.

Horses! horses! horses! Hunters and jumpers, draught, carriage and general purpose animals are provided for in the prize list arranged for the Horse Show at the Canadian National Exhibition.

BROWSED ON TIN CANS

A farmer informs The Advance of a peculiar incident in the life of a cow which he owns and which goes to show that even animals have their tragedies as well as human beings. This animal developed a lump on her jaw. The vet was phoned to and the swelling described. The Dr. said it was probably lump jaw. The swelling got worse and the Dr. was called to examine it. He forced the animal's mouth open and then asked the farmer what he was paying for salmon can tops. He then pried a salmon can top from between the cow's jaws, where it had become wedged so tightly that it was difficult to dislodge. The swelling has now disappeared. That cow will probably not browse any more on tin can garbage heaps. Had that cow been able to talk she would probably have explained that her thought was that it was a condensed milk can instead of a salmon can, and it would help her to give condensed milk for her owner.—Flesherton Advance.

OATS SECOND TO WHEAT

Oats rank second only to wheat on the basis of world production and, although the crop may be grown under widely different soil and climatic conditions, 75 per cent of the world crop of oats is produced in six countries, namely, Canada, the United Kingdom, the United States, Germany, France, and Russia.

STOCK REGISTER

TORRS MARQUIS 27437-22576, Imported Clydesdale Stallion, tracing to noted sires Brunstane Again, Dunure Footprint and Hiawatha. He is an exceptionally well bred horse and was 2nd prize and reserve Championship at C.N.E., 4th at Royal in large class and 1st prize and reserve Championship at Guelph. He will stand at his own stable for the 1937 season. Terms to insure foal \$15.00 payable March 1st, 1938. Owner, Oscar Cox, No. 7 Highway, Unionville, Ont.

DOWHILL PATRIOT, the fine imported Clydesdale stallion, will make the 1937 season as follows: Tuesday to the farm of Charles Rutherford, lot 15, con. 5 Vaughan, for noon. To the farm of Lorne Weldrick, lot 24, con. 7 Vaughan for night. Wednesday to the farm of Hugh Sloan, lot 33, con. 8 Vaughan for noon. To the farm of Arthur Hill, Nobleton, for night. Thursday to the farm of John Gould, lot 10, con. 6 King for noon. The remainder of the week he will stand at the stables of Ernest Carson, Lot 30, Concession 5, Vaughan Township. Terms: To insure foal \$13.00 payable March 1st, 1938, if not paid by this date \$14.00. Harry Ireland, Maple R.R. No. 1, Owner.

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