

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Hello, there, Boy! What improvement is there in those sore eyes? How'll this story suit you?

"Booker T. Washington"

from Archer Wallace's "Stories of Grit"

Some years ago there was born in a little log cabin in Virginia a little negro boy who was given the name of Booker Taliaferro Washington. An odd name, isn't it? That little baby grew up into such a fine man that he made his name an honor, and wherever it is heard today there is respect given to it. This baby's parents were slaves and the majority of slaves had a very hard life. They were bought and sold like cattle and sheep, and a man never knew when he might be sold or when his wife or children would be put up for sale, and thus loved ones were separated. They had to work very hard without pay, sometimes their homes were just miserable huts. The home of little Booker was only 16 feet x 14 feet and was not only their home but also the kitchen for the whole plantation. There were no windows in it, only openings in the side, which let in the light, and in the winter let in the chilly air. A broken down door hung on uncertain hinges, and just as if there wasn't enough of openings, they had a "cat-hole" in one corner to let the family cat pass in and out. There was no floor, just the bare earth, and in the middle of this floor there was a large deep hole which was used to store sweet potatoes during the winter. There was no stove in the hut, all the cooking had to be done over an open fireplace. There were no beds to sleep in. Booker and his brother John and his sister Amanda slept on some filthy rags on the floor. Their poor mother worked very hard—she was cook for the slaves on the plantation and very early in life the children had to work, so there was little time for play.

One time Booker had to go on an errand to a school and he saw white girls and boys learning to read and write. He thought this a wonderful thing to do. There were no books of any kind in his home and no school for negro boys and girls to attend.

Another time he was at the slave-owner's house and he saw two young ladies eating gingerbread. He made a vow to himself that some day, if he could afford to do so, he would buy some gingerbread. In his home nothing but the very plainest food was ever made—no table was set for the family and God's blessing never asked upon the food. The children got a piece of bread at one time, a scrap of meat at another. Sometimes one member of the family would be eating out of a pot or skillet and another from a tin plate on his knees, and no spoon or fork or knife to handle the food.

Booker very early in life learned to clean the yard and carry water to the slaves in the field, and sometimes he had to go on horseback with a heavy bag of corn to the mill. The road was poor and sometimes as the horse joggled along both Booker and the corn would fall to the ground. Then he would have to wait till some passerby came to pick it up for him, and as the road was lonely he would usually have to wait a long time. This would leave him late in getting home, and this poor little chap many a time cried for he was much afraid, and generally, too, he got a severe flogging for being late.

Then there came a great day for the negroes in the United States—they were liberated and were no longer slaves. Booker was just eight years of age at this time and he and his mother, brother and sister set out for West Virginia where his step-father worked in the salt mines. They only had a few belongings and they took them with them and walked most of the way—a long tedious journey of several hundred miles. They slept either in the open or in some abandoned cabin by the roadside, and the children's feet were very sore and blistered with walking so much.

Just think of it, when they arrived at their destination, Booker, though only eight years old had to go to work in the salt mines, and sometimes he had to get up at four o'clock in the morning and work such long hours that he would nearly drop from exhaustion. (To be concluded next week.)

—RUTH RAEBURN

Man So Nervous Gets Sore When Spoken To

"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me. I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fahy.

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OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

This Stupidity of Homework
The curse of these long winter evenings it may be said after wide inquiry, is the children's homework. "Have you finished your lessons?" "Mother, please help me with my arithmetic." "No, I can't go; I've got to do my home work."

What's the sense of a way of study that steals health and eyesight, ruins playtime and family companionship, makes books a bore and pesters the parents besides?

Every child should be allowed to do all his studying in school, where he can get the teacher's help as he needs it. Every child could get done without bringing a single lesson home, if it were not that the school wastes his precious hours. Clumsy organization and a cluttered curriculum, outworn rules and useless drill, the "lockstep" system of grades that keeps a student reviewing subjects he already knows because he has failed in something else, the "recitation" in which twenty pupils who know the answers sit and listen to the agonies of ten who don't know—these are part of the reason for home work. Methods in almost all schools today are based on the convenience of the adults who run them and not on the needs of the students.

When we really plan schools to fit children, instead of making children fit into schools, we may find that the youngsters will spend more hours at the school, and thoroughly enjoy themselves there, but they won't have any home work.—Judge, New York.

The War Derelict's Hard Road

The story of Toronto's latest tragedy, in which an ex-British major holder of the Military Cross, attacked his family with an axe, killing his son and seriously wounding his wife and two daughters, because he felt he had come to the losing end of a four years' struggle against adversity, makes pitiful reading for thousands of ex-service men, reviving as it does that slumbering sense of resentment against the condition under which many soldiers who proved their worth had to again pick up the tangled skeins of civilian life, with the cards stacked against them.

This is not the first tragedy of its kind. There have been many of them and no doubt there will be others. They have occurred in Great Britain, in Canada and in the United States. In France ex-soldiers have not experienced such difficulties, and Germany, having lost the war, still managed to take care of her ex-soldiers in peace time. It is strange that in British countries the ex-soldier problem seemed to present far greater difficulty than it did less favored nations.

There ought to be some organization to give a helping hand to an ex-soldier when the hurdle is an especially difficult one. Men who fought a brave fight in the trenches should not be permitted to come to such desperate straits that homicide or suicide seem to offer the only avenue of escape.

To say that such conditions have prevailed after all wars of the past is very futile and is in no sense a creditable excuse with which to stifle the national conscience. If there is no tribunal to which an ex-soldier can appeal when he feels that he has done all that he can do to come out victorious in the battle of peace, then there ought to be.

Kipling knew and loved the soldier, popular in war time, but forgotten in peace. He tried to shame the Government and the people but failed.—Sarnia Observer.

Just a Nuisance

The public spirited citizen who sets out to perform some civic service may as well settle down in the first place to accept criticism. Whatever is done, no matter how well, is bound to be criticized, most virulently by those who would not have undertaken the task themselves. Of course, a certain amount

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of this is legitimate simply because no two people see anything from exactly the same angle. But the other kind of criticism, which must contain some sort of jealousy, is disheartening, and sometimes hardening, to the one who is honestly striving to help some project which is not his personal concern. The person who always indulges in criticism that is destructive deteriorates in the course of time to being an unmitigated nuisance to his circle.—Winchester Press.

The Co-operative Contract

There is nothing obscure, deceptive or incriminating about the modern co-operative contract. It is simply a pledge, one farmer with another, that they will stick together through thick and thin and refuse to be alienated from their own organization by the temptations and snares of the opposition.

If the co-operative contract does not bind the signer for the period specified it is not worth the paper it is written on. The only contract worth signing is the one that is iron clad and water tight, one that will hold the signer as well as everyone else who attach their signatures.

And practically all of the modern contracts are the same. They are drafted so as to stand any court in law, and yet provide the opportunity for the grower to dispose of his product in a local way if necessary to meet local needs which arise in the case of practically everything grown on the farm.

Producers should read these documents carefully, clause by clause, before signing and understand each and all of the regulations set down. A grower can be a better co-operator when he interprets every clause correctly and understands the reason for all the restrictions and duties imposed. The co-operative contract is a comparatively new document, but inside of ten years, we venture to say, it will be as familiar to growers as is a bank cheque or an ordinary promissory note.—Farmer's Advocate.

A Great Big Leak

Taking it by and large, the biggest leak in the agriculture of Eastern Canada is the neglect and failure to grow more leguminous roughage. Huge sums of money are paid out annually for mill-feeds, particularly those concentrates with a high protein content. Live stock would be just as well nourished and would respond just as handsomely in growth and production if a larger percentage of the protein content of the ration were supplied through leguminous fodders.

Protein is the expensive part of the ration, and it is an essential part. There is no good reason why more of it should not be supplied in the form of alfalfa, red clover, alsike or sweet clover. Legumes of one kind or another thrive as far north as Cochrane, in Northern Ontario; but farmers are so careless in their cropping methods that millions of acres of land are producing timothy, June grass, and plants that have a very low protein content.

The roots of legumes go down into the lower strata where there yet remains large quantities of plant food which is becoming deficient in the upper layers of the soil. By growing legumes farmers may bring to the surface the fertility which is so badly needed and thus increase the production on the worn-out acres of their farms.

We shall not be farming right in Eastern Canada until this big leak is stopped and our fields are growing legumes for the better nourish-

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- Fine Glass Tumblers 3 for 19c.
- Heavy Glass Tumblers, 6 for 25c.
- Plain white Potato Dishes 25c.
- 23-piece China Tea Sets \$2.98
- Glass Fruit Nappies each 5c.

The Variety Store

R. L. SAUNDERS, Prop.

ment of our soil and live stock alike.—Farmer's Advocate.

A Chicago Jury

In the trial of one man charged with murder in Chicago, eleven jurors stood for acquittal. One juror is said to have declared that if he found a verdict of not guilty he would be ashamed to go home and face his family. It is also reported that the others on the jury told him that he would be a mark for a bomb or a bullet if the defendant should be convicted. That is a significant commentary on jurors if it is true. If jurors are to be intimidated by criminals, then what will become of the country? Any juror whose verdict is influenced by fear of revenge by criminals would best give up his American citizenship. Have criminals become so powerful that the honest man is afraid to be honest?—Albany, N. Y., News.

YOU RUN NO RISK

Just get Mrs. Sybilla Spahr's Tonsillitis, use it for Sore throats, Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Catarrh, Head colds, and All Throat and Tonsil Diseases. Success or money back. McFadden's Drug Store, 43

AN UNUSUAL DOG STORY

Last Thursday about midnight when a press telegraph operator in a Toronto newspaper office had completed taking the story of the Allandale hound which had carried a fatally injured Pomeranian to the doorstep of its master and there stood over it till it had died, his interest and curiosity were at once aroused. Here was a story. Not only had a dog performed a most humane act, but the canine hero was of the much despised hound species, perhaps the least liked of all dogs as a house pet. The yarn had a double kick to it. It was real human stuff and he immediately called his editors' attention to it.

Now, the interest and curiosity of a press telegraph operator are not easily aroused. Almost every minute he is hearing of the most unusual things from all parts of the world. Things which excite and exhilarate the average human being are passed almost unnoticed by him. To use a common phrase, most of the day's news goes in one ear and out the other.

But when a hound picks a mortally wounded Pom from the scene of a dog fight and carries it home to its master, that is something to ponder over. The Toronto operator expressed incredulity, as doubtless did many of the newspaper's readers who next day read the story.

The story, however, was not the product of a reporter's imagination, as so many newspaper readers are wont to believe when the almost unbelievable happens. The story of

the hound's humane act had been confirmed with the owner of the Pomeranian, while an added credence was given it in the fact that the operator at the Barrie end, himself an Allandale man, was in a position to personally verify the yarn and told his fellow-telegrapher in Toronto so.

Within an hour that story was broadcast in four directions and next morning literally millions of people from coast to coast, read of it and the United States, read of the most unusual act of a dog performed in many a day—and by a hound at that.—Barrie Examiner.

"The pedestrian only wants an even break," remarks a writer. The average pedestrian would rather not get hit at all.



Sunday night after church

Both the Henderson boys are far away from the home. But Sunday is still a very special day for Father and Mother, for every Sunday night after church the telephone bell rings and the old folks know that one of the boys is calling them from the distant city.

Harry calls one week, and Fred the next.

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CRISP COMMENT

The man who is always telling you how much he does for others needs watching.—Chicago Daily News.

The old-fashioned girls who used to go in for frills are now coming out strongly for thrills.—Arkansas Gazette.

This year is leap year—for those of us who, crossing the street, do not forget to look and leap this year.—Montreal Star.

All men are equal, but the talented women exhibit for getting their own way are varied.—Galt Reporter.

Boys who complain about walking to school these days are able to run bases all summer.—Galt Reporter.

A woman may sometimes be taken for granted, but she never goes without saying.—Kitchener Record.

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In Other

Taken From Out of You

Soldiers' Memorial for Lucknow
Many Lucknow citizens (the we should say all Lucknow citizens) feel that the erection of a suitable memorial village of a suitable soldiers' memorial has been too long delayed it is true, has not been wanted of grateful or patriotic, but mainly to inability upon the form which a memorial should take.

It seems now, however, something definite has been decided. At the regular meeting of the Lucknow Council last week the memorial was taken up and resulted in a semi-public meeting on Tuesday evening. The object of this meeting was to get estimates of cost of a memorial, and also of other forms of memorial might take. A public meeting will be held to thoroughly consider and discuss the matter, and from this it is thought some definite plan will be evolved.

The erection of a soldier's memorial is a matter which wishes to shirk, and the have been giving it though come to the proposed memorial, but to adopt and work whatever line of action adopted.—Lucknow Sentinel.

Young Man Gone Wrong
A number of years ago John Weigel had an English boy employed on his farm Sydney Cooper. The boy was a steady worker, but he some noise he heard for the Anglican ministry. He became a druggery to him, finally gave it up, to follow his ambition to become a doctor. Soon after this he dropped out of sight as far as his acquaintances were concerned, and this week he was surprised to receive a letter from Cooper, written from an asylum in England where a young man is now an inmate. —Midway Gazette.

No Rush at Liquor Store
The dispensary of the Liquor Control Commission been transacting business in Kerton since last Thursday, and, so far, according to the there has been no rush of customers. The line-up of publicans reported in some places, which was absent here, that comparatively few on Thursday until the news was announced the fact, one of the night before, the other, the morning, had some upon the small volume of transacted the first day. However, the customers were comparatively few in number, day and Saturday and this. That a moderate number make use of the privilege by virtue of the enactment new law is the hope of civilization. That is what the plan of the L. C. A. prophesied, trust it will prove true.—Ton Telescope.

Reduction in Light Rates
Users of electric current in village were most agreeable, on receiving their bill the month of January, to the commissioners had reduced rates. The flat rate of 81 stands, but whereas the rate was 10c. per kw. hr., and 5c. per kw. hr. on amount, it is now 8c. and 4c. respectively. This makes quite a considerable reduction to patrons any considerable amount. We hope it may have the effect of inducing more of our residents to gradually-increasingly who are enjoying this privilege, so that in another may expect another cut, and possibly more hours of than at present rendered with Record.

Fined \$500 and Costs
In Midway on Tuesday, John Hohnstein, of Carriestown, was fined \$500, and \$7.78, when he pleaded guilty charge of having liquor premises which had not been chanced from a government. If the farmer fails to pay levied by Magistrate Walker, a warrant will be issued for his arrest.

The case was disposed of the accused putting in no other than his lawyer, Mr. Grant, explaining that the was manufactured for the

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