

The Durham Chronicle

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Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with the Truth.—WATSON.

Thursday, July 4, 1929

A NOBLE FIGHTER

David, the shepherd boy who slew Goliath, had a bigger task than a good many of us imagine. Last Sunday morning at church one of the scripture lessons read by the Rev. Mr. Hayes was from I Samuel xvii, the story of David and Goliath.

As the story went on and the fighting raiment of Goliath was described, it set us thinking, so much so in fact that when we arrived home we got out the family Bible and figured out to the best of our ability the amount of surplus baggage this old Philistine had arrayed about him in the way of armor.

To begin with, Goliath wore a helmet of brass upon his head. Next came a coat of mail that weighed "five thousand shekels of brass". Numerous other impedimenta is also mentioned such as "greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders" of which no weight is mentioned. His spear staff was like a weaver's beam and the spear head alone is said to have weighed "six hundred shekels of iron". Some equipment, even for those days.

Summed up, Goliath stood eleven feet and a half in height, whether with or without his sandals we cannot say. His coat of mail weighed in English pounds as nearly as we could figure it, one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and the head of his spear approximately twenty-five pounds. After digesting the above facts we are more than ever inclined to hail David as a mighty warrior.

All of us, no doubt, are mighty warriors, so to speak—in our minds. Many and varied are those we can "lick", and as in the old school days, "with one hand tied behind our back." The writer has had those fanciful visions, too, at times, but after last Sunday we draw the line at Goliath. Just try and imagine being out in one of Bob Edwards' fields in Glenelg, when up pops an eleven and a half footer with leg protectors of brass, an iron jacket of one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and waving a thirty-foot fence-post with a twenty-five pound iron nob on the end of it, and threatening at the top of his voice what he was going to do with you. What would you do? Just think it over! Personally, *The Chronicle* editor has long got past those days when sprinting was a pleasure, but under such circumstances, we don't think there is a farm fence (or a field either) in Glenelg that we couldn't sail over and not half try.

Not so with David. He coolly reached down, picked up four or five stones, placed one in his sling, and made a bull's-eye on the first try. And so we repeat: "All hail to David!" As a warrior he has all these modern fellows backed off the map. It is a whole lot easier to discharge a cannon at some fellow you cannot see and take a chance on what he may do to you than it is to walk up to some big plug-ugly who is gunning for you with a twenty-five pound sledge with a fence-post for a handle and deliver the punch that is to win you everlasting fame and a kingdom.

THE DECLINE OF SPORTS

Two weeks ago this newspaper referred to the decline of amateur sports throughout the country generally and asked for a solution. In our remarks we stated among other things "it would seem that we are growing too infernally lazy to play any of the harder games," to which the *Fergus News-Record* takes exception, and intimates that *The Chronicle* actually did say that the youth of today are too lazy to engage in strenuous sports like lacrosse or baseball. Not knowing whether they are or not, we could make no direct charge, but still stick to our guns and say that it would seem that they are.

The *News-Record* thinks we are wrong in our hypothesis, while, on the other hand, the *Hanover Post* says that it is inclined to agree with the *Chronicle* that the youth of today are becoming too "soft" to play these games. And there you are.

The *Fergus* newspaper quotes the sports activities in that town to prove that these good old games are not dead. We are glad to see that lacrosse especially thrives down there, and wish it were on as sound a footing here. But it is hardly fair to judge by one town alone. In our article we were not referring particularly to Durham, but to the whole country. Generally speaking, lacrosse is dead as the dodo in the great majority of places. The O. A. L. A. officials will tell you this, and during the past spring emissaries have been sent out from headquarters, wherever that is, to try and revive the sport.

The *News-Record* says that lacrosse is booming in *Fergus* because "a large number of men are interested enough to encourage the young boys to play and are ready to help out the older teams." In Durham this spring a meeting for the purpose of organizing lacrosse was called and turned down cold

by the younger fellows. Why? We don't know.

A few years ago there were lacrosse teams in Hanover, Walkerton, Southampton, Paisley, Port Elgin, Markdale, Owen Sound, Shelburne, Durham and scores of other towns. Not one of these towns is now even interested in Canada's National Game, but in its place we have softball, a game invented originally, so far as we can see, for those of us who have got past the active stage of life and to play which even a bad case of housemaid's knee is no disqualification.

As we said two weeks ago, we have no solution for the passing of lacrosse, and will welcome anything that can be done to revive the best game of all.

Blaming the old fellows for not taking the proper interest hardly appeals to us. It is a young man's game, and as such will have to receive the support of the younger element if it is to go ahead. So far as Durham is concerned, the population here have always supported lacrosse and hockey, good, bad and indifferent, and will do so again.

We must admit that we are just a trifle jealous of *Fergus* that she is able to keep the old game going, but, like a great majority of the towns around us, cannot see any chance of very much activity in getting it again on its feet. So far, it is an unsolved problem. Like Topsy, who "just grew up", lacrosse in Ontario seems to have just naturally tossed in the sponge.

If Durham were situated as is *Fergus* we might have a team. *Fergus* this year has a strong intermediate team, but to do this they had to draw four or five players from Orangeville. As a result, this latter town has passed out of the picture this year so far as intermediate lacrosse is concerned. A few years ago Orangeville had the good team, while *Fergus* citizens had to sit back and watch their best men play with them. It is even said that *Fergus* tried to organize a team in the early part of the season, but the *Fergus* players decided they would not play with the home team, and further that they would hang up their sticks for the season if they could not play with Orangeville. We do not know if this statement is correct, but this is the rumor that was quite general at the time.

While the lacrosse riddle solver is at it he might also tell us why it is that Toronto, which once supported a good many amateur teams and two or three professional ones, is represented this year by only one in the senior series, and that Brampton, with a population of some 6,000 can walk right in to the Ontario capital and beat the best they have 13 to 1. Why is St. Catharines not represented in the senior series this year? What has become of the famous Weston team?

The lacrosse situation may be satisfactory in *Fergus* and a few (and very few) other towns and cities, but taking the country as a whole there has been a serious slump. Surely all these towns are not blessed (or cursed) by a bunch of the older has-beens who have become too enamored of the easier things of life, and who, if we are to take the *Fergus* newspaper seriously, are more responsible for the downfall of lacrosse than the younger sporting element.

Getting back to Durham, we have been told by a former lacrosse enthusiast that he made an honest attempt to run a team here, spent his evenings at the grounds, and finally became disgusted when only two or three players turned out for lacrosse practice, the balance being later found up at the softball grounds.

Notwithstanding what has been said we are still of the opinion that "it would seem that we are growing too infernally lazy to play any of the harder games and have come to depend on the professionals to supply us with our amusement."

A HINT TO COUNCILS

A recent decision given out by Judge McKinnon at Arthur may be helpful to some of our Courts of Revision in fixing the assessment of property. A West Luther resident bought a farm for \$1,200, and the Assessor and Court of Revision placed the assessment at \$2,000. In giving judgment in favor of the plaintiff the bench ruled that the selling price established the real value and that the Court of Revision overstepped itself when it boosted the assessment. Valuation of a property apparently is based on what it is intended for. For fire insurance purposes the valuation is based on the amount it will cost to replace it with a similar building; the assessment is computed from the actual amount of money it will bring in the open market.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

We note that Lord Irwin is the Viceroy of India. To forestall conclusions we might say this does not refer to us. The only occasion on which we are addressed in this manner is when our wife pokes her head into the bedroom and says: "Lord, Irwin, get up!"

Which is correct? Some papers say that Such-and-Such a programme is to be "broadcasted"; others that it is to be "broadcast".

A self-winding watch has been invented that winds itself from the movement of the wearer's arm and will keep going if worn for a few hours daily. If worn by a Frenchman or a Jew there is a grave possibility of broken mainsprings.

CHAMPIONS' EARNINGS EASY COME, EASY GO

Grantland Rice, who knows as much about sport as any American and has in addition the ability to write about it charmingly, says that with few exceptions professional athletes die poor. They have great earning capacity, but not the ability to save, and the lack of ability to save is natural enough for the qualities that distinguish a man on the field of any competitive sport do not, as a rule, include caution. But it is curious that when they are lions they do not have the luck to meet admirers who will give them valuable tips on the stock market. There is a Canadian team of professional hockey players which has gained notoriety for the happy investments its members have been able to make. The boys were much patronized by wealthy brokers who gave them profitable advice. We should think that this kind of good fortune would not be unusual in the case of outstanding athletes who were also decent human beings.

John L. Made a Million Writing under the apt title of "Pro and Con" in *Collier's*, Mr. Rice begins the roll call with John L. Sullivan, who earned probably a million dollars at a time when a million dollars seemed quite a bit of money, especially in a town like Guelph and *Fergus*. He died almost penniless. The same thing probably would have happened if Sullivan had made twice as much. He was a mighty battler with the flowing bowl, but we doubt that he ever drank \$100,000 worth of liquor. But what he did drink, no doubt, helped unfit him for clear thinking. He gave away and made plenty of money, and made silly investments. Belonging to the Sullivan period or a little later were two professional ball players, Ed Delehanty and La Napoléon Lajoie, the latter well and favorably known to many Toronto people through his connection with the local ball club for a season. These men were the outstanding players of their day and when they asked the Philadelphia team for \$2,500, the management thought they were worth it. We do not know just how much money Messrs. Delehanty and Lajoie were able to put by. The point is that in their day the earnings of baseball stars were nothing like what they have since become.

New Professions For Athletes There were hardly any professional golfers in the United States when Delehanty and Lajoie were Philadelphia hold-outs, and there were few football or other professional coaches at the colleges. The coaching was done for the most part by old graduates who would return for a few weeks to show the young fellows how the games should be played. But in the early nineties Stagg Warner and a few others were getting under way and starting a profession that now numbers thousands. College coaches, we should think, would also be in a favorable position to invest their money wisely, but Mr. Rice does not discuss this point, mentioning only to show how new professions for athletes have developed in the past 30 or 40 years. By all odds, fighters have been the greatest money earners among the athletes and this was always so, for it seems that the average man will pay more to see a prize fight than he will pay to witness any other kind of entertainment. It is difficult to find a former champion who retired rich and was able to keep his money. Three or four exceptions will immediately occur: Dempsey, Tunney, Leonard and Firpo.

The End Is Not Yet They are all rich men but they have all some distance to go. Firpo collected some \$300,000 and retired to South America, but if he has not curbed his propensity for cultivating the society of stenographers who suppose that a typewriter is some sort of a sewing machine he may not retain either his Samson locks or his bank roll. Tunney seems to be safely in port, but Dempsey is not past the time when he can lose retirement, had to come back again because he needed the money. Bob Fitzsimmons had nothing when he died, after fighting for 20 years or more. Gans, Griffo and McGovern died in poverty. Nelson, who earned more than half a million dollars, had only a small portion to carry him through after he retired. Ad Wolgast was kept by the charity of friends when his brain became affected in consequence of the punchings he had received and was later removed to an asylum. Stanley Ketchel, one of the greatest middle-weights in ring history, who died in his prime, had hardly anything left. Paul Berlenbach must have made plenty of money but he has been forced to come back and try to make a living at the game which he left to take up boxing, namely, wrestling.

Golf Pays Plenty James J. Corbett is an exception. He is a shrewd man, but he continues to work for a living, and is no plutocrat. Babe Ruth, who earns \$70,000 a year playing ball, and as much more from other sources, was almost broke two or three years ago. He is saving now and has built up a trust fund whose income playing days are over. Walter Hagen, the golfer, is said to earn as much as \$80,000 a year. Golfers have a great advantage over exponents of other sports in that after they are through as tournament performers, they can always get profitable jobs as club professionals. There are many golf professionals, whose names are unknown to the headlines, of championship play, who earn from \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year as instructors, and they can continue to earn good incomes long after the days of their activity have passed. If he has the gift of imparting instruction a professional golfer can earn comfortable money at the age of 70.—J. V. McAree in the *Mail and Empire*.

Jimmie (visiting his uncle in the country)—"Oh, Uncle George, your hired man is not honest. He let the cows drink a lot of water just before he milked them."

A Woman's Heart A woman's heart is a wayward thing Which few can read aright; One brought his love a sapphire ring Like summer's sky by night. And many a rare and precious gift He laid beneath her feet. She sighed: "Where apple blossoms drift,

The air is sweet, so sweet! I could forego your treasures gay, Your gems and coronets, And greet white violets! One took his love to meadows fair, Where nodding poppies dream; One took his love to deck her hair. She sighed for pearls and gleam. For cities roar and gleam A woman's heart is a wayward thing. Yet he who runs can read; Whatever her own true love may bring, His gift will meet her need.

Courage

It stands a bent and broken thing, With scars still plain to see; Above the lark or lifted wing Trills matchless melody. Had storm not come this twisted tree To lofty heights had grown, Its strength was formed for majesty Its grace, to dance windblown. But now by tempest tossed and torn And twisted all awry, It lifts its shattered limbs, forlorn, Protesting, to the sky. Yet, while the world is blossoming And days are bright and long, These gnarled old boughs are gay with Spring.

THE PRODUCTION OF ALSIKE CLOVER SEED

(Experimental Farms Note) For many years quite a number of the settlers in Northern Ontario have been producing alsike clover seed as a cash crop. At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario an experiment has been conducted over a period of years in order to compare the results in yield and quality of seed produced from alsike when sown broadcast, in rows 12 inches, and 24 inches apart. Over a five year period the broadcast method has given a yield of 4 bushels and 1 pound; and apart, 4 bushels and 38 pounds 24 inches apart. These figures would seem to indicate that there is very little difference in the yield of seed from these three different methods of seeding. It is worthy of note, however, that the broadcast seeding has given slightly the best results. This, together with the fact that broadcast seeding tends to give a more even stand with less danger of weeds becoming established than does seeding in rows either 12 or 24 inches apart, would seem to recommend this system.

Thoughtful Driver

Policeman on Point Duty—"Why did you not put out your hand when you turned this corner?"
 Pretty Little Motorist—"Well, you see, it's this way, I've just been out with Jack, and he gave me the most thrilling diamond ring—ain't it a beauty?—and I knew only too well that if I put out my hand the headlights of the car behind would shine on the diamond and dazzle the driver, then anything might happen."

McLAUGHLIN'S GARAGE

For the convenience of motorists during the paving of Durham streets, we have installed a gasoline pump on the street at the rear of our garage.

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If so, You will take advantage of these Bargains

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 In silk knits, crepes, prints, etc. If you want a dress at a bargain see our stock!
- Kiddies' Pantie Dresses, Special 69c
 - Kiddies' Khaki and Blue Overalls, 39c
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 - Ladies' Holeproof Silk Hose, a real hose to wear, pair \$1.00
 - Large size Bath Towels, colored borders 25c
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 - Silk Elastic, 1/4 inch wide, 3 yards for 10c
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 - Felted Mats, assorted patterns, size 14x27, special, each 10c
 - Stone Crocks, all sizes, per gallon 25c
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 Two shows Saturday at 7.30 and 9.30.
 Prices: 47c.+3c. tax; 33c.+2c. tax.

Star Theatre, Durham

CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN BAND
 The members of the Presbyterian church and their friends spent happy afternoon on Saturday at Mrs. N. McCannell's, LaSalle street. The children enjoyed themselves with various sports and in the river. A sumptuous lunch served to which all did justice were provided for transportation from the grounds. Owing to illness of the Mission Band leader G. McKechnie, the children were the supervision of Mrs. A. V. and Mrs. W. C. Pickering.

BAPTIST Y. F. S. P.
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The Annual Garden Party
ST. COLUMBA CHURCH
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will be held on the School Grounds
THURSDAY, JULY 4
 HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
 11 strong, will furnish music early evening and for part of afternoon.
 PEARL NEWTON, Entertainer.
 THOS. McLAY, Scottish Tenor.
 BOOTE TRIO on several instruments all of Toronto.
 MRS. TINKIS, Soloist of notes Orangeville, will delight the audience.
 SUPPER SERVED ON GROUNDS.
 Admission 50c. Children 25c.
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J. S. M.
 "The