

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, February 11, 1932

BREAD AND MILK

So far as this newspaper has been able to learn, the town council has not made very much of a hit with the citizens generally when they decreed at their last meeting the morning meal for itinerants who spend the night at the town hall bunk house shall be a half a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. While they are all agreed that too good treatment may cause a stampede on the local commissariat, they are not altogether satisfied that the handing out of the "punk and cow juice" is very much to the credit of the town or of a supposedly civilized community.

In a year like this with so many men "on the road" it is inevitable that some of the professional bums will cash in on the sympathy of the people, but by far the greater number of out of works who have come to town seem like very decent chaps who are temporarily down in their luck, of good homes, and who would work if work was to be had. Among them are many boys, most of them not far out of their twenties, and the callous treatment of a half a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk, and then the cold highway, may be the means of souring them against society and make for their development into real knights of the road.

All men tramping the country today are not hoboes by any means. They are not on their uppers from choice. Many of them are looking for work. We have in mind one young fellow who called at the Chronicle office not long ago and asked us for the price of a meal. We responded and he went off. An hour afterwards he came back and offered to work it out if we had something for him to do.

No man who has never been what is known as up against it knows what it means to be without food and shelter. Out on the road looking for work, it takes but a few days before one develops that "tough" appearance, and, with the majority of the citizens, we sympathize with anyone in this plight and feel extremely sorry that the best we can do for these young unfortunates is to hand them "a half loaf of bread and a bottle of milk" and bid them be on their way. A few meals like this, and it is little wonder they ultimately come before the courts on a theft charge when all the crime they have been guilty of, possibly, is to steal a good hot meal when they thought nobody was looking or would find out.

Cold bread and cold milk may be the proper thing to discourage the old professional tramps from coming to town, but under present circumstances we believe discretion should be used. Half a dozen boys soured against humanity during the present winter may be more ultimate cost to the country than the serving of something worth while. Let us be at least human in these times of stress and "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us"—or ours—if they were placed in a similar position.

THE BATTLE AT SHANGHAI

From this distance the "war" between Japan and China is something of a joke, to one inclined to have a sense of humor. To those in the area affected the joke is not so apparent. It is a war being waged by one yellow race upon another, and to start with has seen several sharp conflicts without even a declaration of war.

It has been a well known fact that the Chinese army likes to get as much comfort out of a war as is possible. The weather must be right before they will engage. Chinese soldiers will not fight in the rain. They do not care to fight when it is too hot or too cold, and on the approach of weather not suitable will call off hostilities until some more opportune time. This seems a funny practice to westerners, but perhaps it is not as foolish as it looks.

No one has ever credited Japan with having any of these peculiarities. They are supposed to be more westernized than any other nation, are pugnacious, and go in for war for what is in it, fair weather or foul. Even with Japan, however, the apparently ludicrous pops up. The other day in the midst of a naval action, cessation in firing was ordered, the hot

guns were loaded with blank shells, and the customary salute given as vessels of non-combatant naval powers passed. The Japanese even went further and dipped their flags. As soon as the foreign vessels were across the line, the fight went on.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Discussing old age pensions editorially last week, the Fergus News-Record says in part, regarding the January session of Wellington County Council:

"Much of the discussion was merely an echo of what had appeared in the press. When actual instances are mentioned the faults of the system become apparent. John Campbell mentions a man whose wife has to work, while he draws a pension and indulges in the luxury of ten-cent cigars. R. Cherrey tells of three pensioners living in one house with a combined income of \$60 a month, which is comparative luxury for them. A man from Arthur tells of a neighbor who gets drunk the day he receives his monthly check. A friend tells us of a family (not in Wellington) where the income of the unmarried daughters totals \$6,000 a year, and yet the parents draw pensions."

We think the Fergus newspaper has uncovered the reason for the abuse of the Old Age Pensions Act in the above paragraph. The people pay the bills. The people should be interested in who gets the pension, and the people, if they know the Act is being abused, should report these abuses to their local Pensions Board. Either that, or shut up. Two or three men on the County Board cannot be expected to ferret out everything. If a man knows that his neighbor has sworn to a false statement, it is his duty as a ratepayer to pass this information to the authorities. Failing this, he has no other alternative than pay his portion of the pension. It may be a hard thing to do, but we can see no other way out of it.

WE'RE ALL THE SAME

The last issue of the Simcoe Reformer asks its readers to note that when advertisers ask for replies to a box number in the Reformer office, those who answer should follow instructions and not call up the office to see who is advertising. Evidently the advertiser did not want his identity known or he would have had his name inserted in the advertisement. Newspaper offices cannot reveal the identity of advertisers of this kind. The Reformer asks its readers to reply to these box numbers by letter and thus save "your own time and ours".

Evidently human nature is the same all over the world, and there are few newspapers which have not had the experience of the one at Simcoe. No matter how the advertisement is worded, even going so far as to state that the advertisement should be replied to "by letter only", there are some who will grab the telephone, call up the newspaper office, and in the end be just where they were when they started. Newspapers simply cannot tell the identity of advertisers who wish their names kept secret.

Another thing we have noticed is that no matter how the advertisement is worded, applicants for a position seldom answer in the manner requested. If the request is made that the amount of wages should be stated, not over twenty per cent comply. The net result is these replies invariably go into the waste paper basket. An applicant for a position who cannot apply for that position in the manner requested by the advertiser need not be expected to do his work in the manner expected by his employer.

It is the little things that count, and it may be that many who think they are running in hard luck when they apply for a position are not in hard luck at all. They are merely paying for their own carelessness in not living up to the requests of the advertisers.

SALUTING THE FLAG

Rev. Canon Hinchcliffe, minister of education in the British Columbia Government, has issued an edict, now in effect, that each Monday in all the schools of British Columbia, it is compulsory to salute the Union Jack. Naturally the edict has caused considerable discussion pro and con, and while we in Ontario are a long way from the scene of action, it might not be a bad idea if something of this sort were in operation in Ontario.

We haven't much use for jingoism, but there is altogether too much latitude allowed certain elements in Canada. It may not be quite the right thing to insist on the saluting of the flag at any specified time, but neither is it

the right thing to allow some of the tomfoolery pulled off in the name of Communism, and other isms in this country. Waving the Red flag has become quite too much a habit with some people. Preaching the doctrine of Russia, and comparing the conditions there to the disadvantage of living under the Union Jack is something that should not be allowed in this country. We are all Canadians, or should be, when earning our living here, and if we are not satisfied with Canadian conditions, flag and all, then we should leave the country and go to that place which suits us best.

Objection to a compulsory saluting of the flag usually comes from those whom the edict is not intended to affect, and none of us whose loyalty to Canada or Canadian institutions is above question, feel that we should be compelled to stand up and do something which we are proud to do of our own free will. There is no doubt the British Columbia edict was issued for a class of people whose loyalty was under question. It is therefore the duty of others, for whom the edict is not intended, to abide by it willingly, and not only do that which is asked, but see to it that those residents in this country who are always harping on our disadvantages, do it, too.

Ultra flag-waving may be stepping close to the line of national bigotry, but it is a bigotry that will show foreigners and malcontents that even while we welcome them as citizens we do not intend that they shall have the privilege of running things to suit themselves, to the detriment of British and Canadian usages. The tail has wagged the dog long enough in our opinion.

AMERICA AND JAPAN

A British General has said that "only the death of one American sailor at the hands of a Japanese sailor, soldier or airman," is necessary to cause a great war in the East. Perhaps. The statement reminds the writer of a somewhat different feeling in the American army when he shouldered a gun for Uncle Sam. It was in the Philippine Islands, and it was the general opinion among the enlisted men that the Army Department at Washington thought more of the mules than the men. "Take care of those mules," was the cry. "We can get lots of soldiers, but a mule down here is worth \$700."

An exchange says beauty contests are an insult to modesty. But how "modesty" does like to be insulted nowadays!

The Ontario Legislature opened yesterday and this session promises to be a heavy one. A good many changes may be looked for before the present Legislature adjourns.

The pension plan, whereby the Dominion Government is to pay 75 per cent of the cost is to "save \$1,400,000." Well, now, let us see. Where will the Dominion get the money?

It is said that it takes 1,700 quarts of water to produce one pound of wheat. Farmers will receive consolation out of this. Growing wheat is not all loss. They are at least getting paid for the water they put into it.

A woman fainted at the dinner table at the Scott Institute yesterday. She had been unemployed for some time and broke down when given food. Evidently she didn't get her "arf a loaf and bottle of milk" soon enough.

A Toronto alderman objects to the presence of the press at committee meetings of the city council, because the presence of the press would mean a "bridled" tongue. Or a breeching and hold-back!

Russian Communists set themselves back another notch last week when Premier Molotov declared "Scarface" Al Capone the "outstanding American hero of 1931." Again we wonder what's wrong with those Canadians who boast they are "Reds."

An Ontario minister in a recent sermon expressed the opinion that ministers would be delinquent in their duty if they did not keep reminding their congregations of the necessity of raising money for church purposes. He need have no fear. Few ministers of our acquaintance can be classed as "delinquents."

Japan is collecting little sympathy among those who, at the commencement of the trouble between that country and China, were scarcely interested in which side won. The burning of the railway station at Kaopangtze, Manchuria, after capture was an act of vandalism not to be condoned.

An Ontario divine is reported to have said in a sermon last Sunday that he was opposed to war, and even unwilling to enlist to defend Canada from an attacking force. We refrain from expressing our opinion of a man who is so spineless he will not defend his native land. This is not pacifism, but straight darn foolishness.

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

Poor Advertising Medium
A glance at the floor in the post-office the early part of this week gave a practical demonstration of the uselessness of circulars sent through the postoffice as a medium for advertising. If those who find such material in their boxes, however, would give about half a minute of their time in placing it in the waste paper boxes it would very much improve the appearance of that public building and perhaps save a few cuss words on the part of the post office staff.—Tillsonburg News.

An Embarrassing Moment

Appointment of Mr. A. B. Currey, K. C., as judge of Manitoulin, reminds us of an embarrassing moment which he suffered in 1919. Mr. Currey was then practising law in Hanover and was solicitor for Bentinck township. The Hanover council called him in for advice as to the procedure to take in draining McMurrich street, and in the discussion, council blamed Bentinck for dumping water on to the eastern limits of the town. "Have they a right to do that?" was the point-blank query addressed to Mr. Currey by the mayor, the late Dr. Taylor. It was a tough spot for the Bentinck solicitor to be in, but, like the George Washington legend, he couldn't tell a lie and admitted that Bentinck was possibly in the wrong. However the dumping continued, despite the Hanover council's fulminations, and Mr. Currey held his retainer from the township.—Hanover Post.

Playing Up the News

The ridiculous extremes to which daily newspapers will go in their attempts to play up "news" in sensational fashion was well illustrated at the Campbell hanging in Barrie last week. The dailies carried lurid stories about "crowds rioting as man hangs," and "a mad rush towards the wall". One story told of a score of men and women breaking into a coal shed from the street and witnessing the execution. Now we learn from the Barrie Examiner and other Simcoe County weeklies that these episodes were purely mythical, having been fabricated in the mind of an imaginative reporter and exaggerated at the desks of daily newspapers. The proceedings at the execution were carried out without a hitch and without a disturbance or interruption of any kind, and none from outside saw the actual hanging. No constable pulled his revolver. However, this is the sort of trash upon which some dailies thrive, and in publishing it, they hurt only themselves.—Simcoe Reformer.

THE GARDEN BEE-HIVE IS A QUEER LITTLE BOX

When the average person sees a colony of bees tucked away in the corner or some garden it is usually just another reminder that bees and their stings are best avoided. In reality it embraces one of nature's most fascinating wonders, as C. B. Gooderham, Aplarist of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, points out.

While insignificant in appearance, this little box during the summer months has an adult population of approximately 100,000 individual bees, and it is rather difficult to realize that between 2,000 and 3,000 new bees will emerge from their cells every 24 hours; and what is more amazing, between 12,000 and 13,000 baby bees are being fed every minute throughout the twenty-four hours.

Where one is biologically inclined the

drama of life going on within the cubicle is fascinating in the extreme. The queen, while so designated by name, is in fact the best worker of them all. Day in and day out she is laying eggs, often at the rate of 3,000 or more during the twenty-four hours. She lays two kinds of eggs, one that produces the worker bee and one that produces the drone or male. Even stranger in fact is that the young larvae hatched from the egg which produces the worker bee will when placed under certain conditions and given certain food, become a queen. In reality all worker bees are undeveloped females, and despite this handicap the physiologist is amazed to find that the bee colony is the best organized colony in the world.

BROKEN-HEARTED

By Fadrac Kelly

'Twas on the road to the town o' Cong
I met with a tinker lad
Who sang full sweet as he tramped
along—

But never a note was glad.
Says I: "Good-day, and that song you
sing

I never before did hear."
Says he: "'Tis oder far, than the ring
Of hammer on tin, I fear.

"For love is age with the age of man,
And I sing of love and Nell McGann,
Yet I may mend a kettle or can,
But the heart she broke is broken."

I laugh'd me then at the tinker lad
I met on the road to Cong;
For why be sad should a tinker lad
And sing such a mournful song?
The sun shone down on a rover free
And the summer day was fair,
While blackbirds whist'd in bush and
tree

And larks in the fields of air.

But "love is age with the age of man,"
And the tinker sang of one Nell McGann.

Who loved him less than an old tin can
So the heart she broke was broken.
—Irish Travel, Dublin.

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