

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

August Days

August days are busy days
August days are lazy days.
Days of swimming and canoeing,
Days for dreaming, days for doing
All the things that winter bars:
Nights for watching summer stars.
Days for digging bait, and trolling,
Days for lounging, talking, strolling—
Like a cup to thirsty men,
The year gives us once again
August days.
August days!
Healing hearts the months have torn,
Helping hands that toll has worn,
Resting all,
Refreshing all
In a thousand lovely ways.
August days! August days!
Mary Carolyn Davies.

Pansies

You pansies are just like human things.
You stare aloft from your cool, moist
bed
With an innocent face that coaxes and
clings,
In blue and crimson and gold and red.
Children, I think, you seem to be,
With color caught from the air and
sun;
And many a passer-by like me
Will feel like kissing you one by one.
John Crichton.

Get Out of Doors

Get out of doors! 'tis there you'll find
The better things of heart and mind.
Get out beneath some stretch of sky
And watch the white clouds drifting by,
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made.
Go wade a trout stream in the spring
And brother with the birds a-wing!
Know what it means to wander far,
Your guide the sun or evening star;
Who sleeps beneath the open sky
Soon grows too big to tell a lie.
Get out of doors; the fields are clean;
The woods will teach you nothing mean.
Who toils beneath the summer sun
Sleeps soundest when his work is done.
If splendid manhood you would know
Get out where you've a chance to grow.
Read deeply kindly nature's books,
Familiarize yourself with brooks,
And with the majesty of trees,
The constant industry of bees,
And all that shapes the Master's plan—
That'll teach you how to be a man.
Edgar A. Guest.

More Than Wood

A few there be
To whom a noble, stately tree
Means only timber to be cut—
So many feet from limb to butt—
Of boards an estimated score—
So many feet of two-by-four—
Just so much lumber to be made
A barter in the world of trade.
They do not see
The beauty and the symmetry
Of graceful branches reaching high,
Projected on an azure sky;
Do not admire, do not respect
The strength that holds the trunk erect
Nor hear the gentle symphonies
Of breezes playing in the leaves.
But, oh, a tree
Is something more than wood to me!
In time and places without end
A helpful and a loyal friend,
A comfort in adversity,
A teacher of humility,
From the first day it pierced the sod,
Aspiring constantly toward God.
Author unknown.

A Quiet Room

Into its ordered spaces sometimes steals
A brook's soft croon, the sound of
whispering trees;
A thrush's note, and then, the curtain
stirs,
As by the window steals a truant
breeze.
Beyond the meadow, gay with sturdy
blooms,
I joy to glimpse a mountain rising
high;
Above its crest a fleet of snowy clouds
That slowly sail across a summer sky.
Abode of peace, far far from noisy town,
Where care will not intrude, nor sad-
eyed gloom;
I breathe a thankful prayer that I
for just a short, sweet space, a quiet
room.
Alix Thorn.

Bryon has left on record a thought
worth pondering upon—
There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes.
Folk who have never learned that it
is possible to be alone and yet not be
alone, will have no idea of "the pleasure
that one can have alone in the woods,
or, glimpse the rapture that can be
theirs upon "the lonely shore." The
woods are pathless to those who know
them not; and the shore is lonely to
those who are not acquainted with "so-
ciety where none intrudes." There are
many, many places in the great open
spaces where one may find "a quiet
room."

We all need to find recreation in the
quiet places where may be heard "a
brook's soft croon, the sound of whis-
pering trees, a thrush's note." Not until
we have learned the beauty of nature's
quiet places will we realize its benefi-
cence to humanity. August days are in-
deed days of opportunity for many to
"read deeply kindly nature's books," to
become familiar with brooks and "the
majesty of trees." If we are inclined to
let little worries dwell in our lives we
should take Edgar Guest's advice: "Get
out of doors! And all the petty thoughts
will fade before the wonders God has
made."

SUMMER MOON

(By Molly Bevan in The Bluebell)

The moon's a masquerader
With many a strange disguise;
A slender silver sickle
She reaps the evening skies.
Full-faced, with swift impatience,
She shepherds scattered clouds
Across the azure pastures
In little startled crowds.

Again, a golden melon,
She fruits a starry vine,
Or like a paper lantern
Hangs swaying in a pine.
But loveliest when waning,
A pale cool ghost of light,
She haunts with eerie radiance
The ebon roads of night.

The dashing young daughter of a
well-known woman appeared at her
home recently wearing an outlandish
hat.
Practical-minded Mother—"Where
did you get that hat?"
Daughter—"I bought it."
Mother (sneering)—"No, you didn't.
They sold it to you."

Mrs. John Carson and daughter,
Ruby, and Mr. Clarence Klinck, of Kit-
chener, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Carson and other friends for a
few days.

Miss Ella Black spent the week-end
and holiday with relatives in Guelph.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. W. G. Breen and family, of
Port Stanley are visiting with her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGowan.
Mr. Breen accompanied them here,
and returned home after a few days'
visit.

Miss M. E. Ritchie returned to Win-
nipeg last week after visiting with re-
latives around here for the past month.
Mr. Royce Glass and friend, Miss
Trevor, of Windsor, spent the holiday
with the former's grandparents, Mr.
and Mrs. Ben. Sharpe.

Mr. John Turnbull, of Kingston,
spent a few days over the holiday week-
end with his parents in South Bentinck.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Barber and
little son, Douglas, of Alvinston, vis-
ited over the week-end with his mother
Mrs. Richard Barber, of Durham, and
sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Wm. Hill.

Guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs.
W. C. Pickering over the week-end and
holiday were Misses Jean and Isobel
Fraser, of Tottenham; Miss Jessie
Grant, of Ottawa; Miss Madge New-
man, of St. Marys, and Messrs. Maurice
Dickie and Stewart Bolton, of Tor-
onto.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Reid and son
Billy, of Paris, visited over the week-
end and holiday with her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Geo. McKay.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Grasby, of St.
Marys, visited over the week-end and
holiday at the home of the latter's par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McKay.

Mrs. Wm. Ryan has returned from
Toronto where she spent the past week
with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr.
and Mrs. Melvin Ryan. Mr. Ryan and
son Curtis, accompanied her home and
remained for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brigham, and
son, Bruce, of Toronto, spent the holiday
with Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey.

Mr. Wm. McDonald motored to
Huntsville last week and was accom-
panied home by Mrs. J. McDonald and
James, who had been visiting for a
couple of weeks with friends in Hunts-
ville and Gravenhurst.

Mrs. R. Hempstock and Miss Ivy
Hall, of Hamilton, spent over the holiday
with the former's sister, Mr. and
Mrs. J. N. Murdoch.

Miss Eunice Moon, Toronto, visited
with her parents over the week-end.
Her mother, Mrs. W. Moon, accompa-
nied her daughter to the city, and will
visit friends there for two weeks.

Mr. Hugh Thompson, Toronto, spent
the holiday at his home here.

Miss Blanche Murdoch is spending a
two weeks' vacation in Hamilton and
Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Rowe, Hamilton,
visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A.
Rowe, over the week-end.

Miss Mary Kress, of Oakville, is vis-
iting for two weeks with Mr. and Mrs.
M. McAuliffe and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kress, of Oak-
ville, visited over the week-end with
his mother, Mrs. M. Kress.

Mrs. T. F. McGraw and Miss Laura
Whitmore, of Toronto, are visiting for
two weeks with their mother, Mrs.
James Whitmore, here.

Miss Alvera Edwards, Mr. and Mrs.
Alex. Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lang-
moor, Miss Ada McLean, Mr. Fred Pat-
terson, Mr. G. F. Brown, all of Tor-
onto, the latter whose solos in the
Presbyterian church were so much ap-
preciated, were recent guests of Mrs.
N. McCannel and Mrs. McPherson,
Lambton street. Mr. and Mrs. Dan
Campbell and Miss Flora Campbell, of
Priceville, were also recent visitors.

Mr. Eric Nichols, of Toronto, is vis-
iting at the McCocklin camp. Mr.
Nicholls has received an appointment
as teacher in one of the Ottawa Col-
legiates.

Miss Florabel Nichol, of Toronto, is
visiting at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clemens and
family visited with relatives in town
on Saturday when on their way to
Southampton to spend the holiday. Mr.
Clemens, a former member of the
Chronicle staff, was a caller at this
office when in town.

Mr. W. McClyment, of Stratford, is
visiting for a week at his home here.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Towner, of Det-
roit, called on friends in town Tues-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Kelly, Mr. T. P.
Thornton and Miss Berry, all of Tor-
onto, were guests Sunday with Mrs.
John Kelly and Miss Francis A. Kelly.
Mr. Albert Arrowsmith, of Niagara
Falls, Ont., was a caller at the Chroni-
cle office Tuesday while on a visit with
friends in the vicinity. Mr. Arrowsmith
is an old Durham boy, but left here
about 45 years ago, entering the em-
ploy of the Grand Trunk Railway, now
the Canadian National, as track fore-
man, he was with this company for
39 years, and was superannuated re-
cently. Mr. Arrowsmith was on a mo-
tor trip to Ceylon, where he visited
his brother, George Arrowsmith, and
with Mrs. S. Arrowsmith, in town.

Mr. A. W. Davis of Edmonton, Al-
berta, arrived in town last week and
with Mrs. Davis, and children, who
have been here for some time, will
visit with relatives in town and vicin-
ity.

Warden Writes Interesting Book

Experiences of American Prison Life
Revealed.—Many Grievous Happen-
ings.

"I have been directed to kill law-
fully one hundred and fifty men and
one woman." In this striking way Mr.
Lewis E. Lawes, warden for the last
12 years of Sing Sing, the famous
American prison, begins his "Twenty
Thousand Years in Sing Sing," a book
which will astonish English readers.
The "lawful killings" are the execu-
tions which he has attended during
his term of office. These electrocutions
are astonishing in themselves. Society,
represented by some twenty-five news-
paper men, is present to witness the
carrying out of the sentence. During
his wardenship, Mr. Lawes writes "we
have had but one woman witness in
the death chamber. She was Nellie Bly,
who represented a New York newspaper
at the execution of Hamby. She was so
overcome that we literally had to carry
her out of the death house. The next
days she wrote a highly emotional story
of her experience."

Even the hardened warden himself
has been affected. One young man
asked to be given a stiff drink of whis-
key a few minutes before his execution.
Although it was against the rules to
give stimulants to condemned men, Mr.
Lawes brought a two-ounce bottle to
his cell:—

Then for the first time in my ex-
perience the sight of a man going to
his death gave me qualms, nausea. He
was young, virile, brave. My mood
must have been reflected in my face.
The young man scanned me. Just be-
fore the walk to the chair down a nar-
row concrete path... I passed him the
tiny bottle of whiskey. He smiled. Took
a step aside. As the guards turned to
cover him he passed back the bottle.
"You need this worse than I, Warden,"
he said. "Please drink it."
I did, and he went to his death—
smiling.

"Set a Thief....."
As this incident shows, Mr. Lawes
is—in English eyes at any rate—a most
unconventional prison governor. And—
again compared with English ideas—
American prisons are most surprising
places. On one occasion a guard, or
warder, lost his revolver. It was known
that one of the prisoners must have it,
and this was how Mr. Lawes set about
finding it:

I summoned a former gangleader, a
man with many bullet marks on him
and in him, a veteran of innumerable
roof battles and of numerous street
fights.....
"There is a gun loose," I said. "You
know what that means. I want that
gun."
"You're on the square, Warden," said
the gangleader. "If you get that gun—
no questions asked?"
"None," I assured him.

The gun was placed on my desk with-
in an hour.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," they
say. But it would have been a better
story if three revolvers had turned up.

Inmates of Dartmoor and other Eng-
lish prisons would consider Sing Sing
to be a Paradise in certain respects.
Baseball, football, handball, chess,
dominoes are all indulged in and en-
couraged; prisoners can enjoy cinema
shows, music, and even wireless, ear-
phones being installed in individual
cells! The only thing missing seems to
be a golf course. The democratic war-
den calls his charges by their first
names, frequently gives them firm
handclaps, and seems to be not above
offering cigars.

If one of his "boys" escapes the war-
den joins personally in the hunt. One
night, after an alarm, he drove his
car out to comb some of the nearby
roads. Ambling down a quiet turning he
was hailed by a man who stepped out
of the darkness shouting "How about
a ride, Mister?"

"Sure, jump in." I stopped the car
and he sat down beside me. He didn't
know me, but I recognized him. He had
changed his shirt, but not his trousers.
"Going all the way to the big town?" I
asked. "Sure thing," the man replied
eagerly. "Is that where you're going?"
The fellow wasn't familiar with direc-
tions and, after a few turns, I reached
the main highway and drove rapidly
towards Ossining. In a few minutes I
was at the prison gate, where a guard
hailed me. "That you, Warden?" "I'll
be damned," shouted the prisoner. "You
will," I answered as we passed through
the gate.

Why the Judge Left
The warden's butler, chef, porter, and
barber are all men "doing time." The
barber who had served some fifteen
years of a life sentence, was always pro-
testing his innocence and reviling the
judge who had sentenced him. One
morning it was his task to shave a cer-
tain judge who had stayed the night
with Mr. Lawes; he got on his pet sub-
ject and found a sympathetic listener:
By this time the barber was scrap-
ing the judge's chin and was proceed-

ing downward. The judge became in-
terested.

"Who was the judge?" he asked the
vulnerable prisoner.

The latter mentioned his name. The
judge became tense. The razor was
grazing his Adam's apple. The blood
left his face. He held up his hand.
"Wait a minute, my man," he said
quickly. "I forgot to telephone to New
York. I'll finish the shave later." And
he made a rapid exit from the barber
shop.

There is no need to say why he left
so hurriedly.

Compulsory Silence

In the old days at Sing Sing silence
was not only golden—it was compul-
sory. An old-time official would con-
sider the modern prisoner ridiculously
pampered. A hundred years ago Sing
Sing must have been like a Trappist
monastery:—

"It is the duty of convicts to pre-
serve an unbroken silence," was the
first rule laid down. "They are not to
exchange a word with each other un-
der any pretense whatever; not to com-
municate any intelligence to each other
in writing. They are not to exchange
looks, wink, laugh, or motion to each
other. They must not sing, whistle,
dance, run, jump, or do anything which
has a tendency in the least degree to
disturb the harmony or contravene to
disturb the rules and regulations of
the prison."

Later on, however, when a report
was made, the prison system was
found to be unsatisfactory, to say the
least of it. The register called for 795
prisoners. Actually there were 762. A
deficiency of 33. How these missing
prisoners had left the prison or when,
could not be ascertained.

One especially interesting paragraph
speaks of a prisoner who had been in
Sing Sing five years. No authority could
be found for his admission or retention.
It was finally decided that he was a
"volunteer" and he was discharged.

Nowadays the inmates have pathol-
ogists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and
various other "ists" to examine their
reflexes and otherwise make them into
"cases" instead of criminals.

The Urge to Write

Almost every new arrival at Sing
Sing, Mr. Lawes tells us, starts to
write an autobiography. During his first
few months, even years, he works at
it painstakingly. There is hardly a
locker within the prison that does not
harbour a ream of paper well filled
with script, often illegible, about happy
childhood and gradual fall from grace.
Some of them are finally completed.
They are submitted to me with the re-
quest for permission to send them out
to newspapers or magazines. I make it
a point to read them all.

No wonder Mr. Lawes admits that
"running Sing Sing is no pink tea af-
fair"—presumably meaning that it is no
tea party. He is a bitter opponent of
capital punishment—in spite of the
fact that there are ten thousand mur-
ders a year in the United States and
only two per cent. of the murderers are
executed. And those who are unlucky
enough to reach the prisons, he con-
siders "do not need armed camps or
guns or bludgeons. They need work-
shops and schools" and no man "should
be kept in custody one day longer than
is necessary to establish the fact of his
ability to resume his responsibilities out-
side the walls. One wonders what the
American authorities think of his criti-
cisms of their legal system and their
penal system—the "Great American
Deterrent," as he scornfully calls it.
Certainly, all Americans must read his
book with avid interest; English people,
remembering the recent trouble at Dart-
moor and elsewhere, will read with
wide-eyed amazement its revelations of
a prison system that is so different
from our own. And what amazement
they have left will come in useful for
the warden's literary style, which seems
to be founded on that of the more
popular American newspapers.—John
O'London's Weekly.

It will pay you to advertise in
The Chronicle.



Sold exclusively in Durham and
vicinity by
Schutz Pump & Tile Co.
Durham, Ont.

SAFETY ON THE ROADS

(By J. S. Letroy in The Bluebell)

When driving your motor car—PLAY
SAFE. Remember—on hot summer days
your tires operate at temperatures as
high as 220 degrees Fahrenheit. That's
eight degrees above the boiling point
of water—85 degrees higher than the
hottest weather recorded in America.

Every "fiery" mile you drive weakens
tire bodies—increases the danger of
rubber and fabric separation. Authori-
ties claim that seventy-nine per cent
of all blowouts occur in hot weather.
Speed—Friction—Heat—these are the
things that tear the heart out of tires
—PLAY SAFE.

At sixty you are going 88 feet a sec-
ond; even at 40 miles per hour you are
speeding 59 feet a second. At any speed,
you can't afford to risk a blow-out!

Hot weather driving increases your
tire pressures five to ten pounds. It is
this explanation that often causes weak-
ened tires to fail; and possibly the
means of causing serious, even fatal
accidents.

If a front tire blows, what happens?
You may have only the margin of a
foot or two between your wheels and
the ditch—or oncoming traffic. That
means that at sixty you must act in
1-44th part of a second. Only a flash—
too quick to think. And no one can
keep a car headed straight with a flat
balloon.

At these road speeds if a tire blows
out, the best you can hope for is an
open field with no ditch to stop you.
It is only a split second from a blow-
out to crash—with no time to think or
act. You are off the road or headed
into approaching approaching traffic
before you can move. Do not take a
chance!

If you drive safely, grief and remorse
will be strangers to your mind. That
is the story of "Safety on the Road."

MOLASSES FOR BEEF STEERS

A new experiment being tried out by
the Dominion Experimental Station at
Lennoxville, Quebec, is the use of cane
molasses in the ration given beef cattle.
In his report for the first year of the
test (1931) the Superintendent at Len-
noxville states that cattle fed 8 per
cent of molasses in the meal mixture
made the best gains, and shows a daily
gain of slightly over one-quarter of a
pound more than the check lot, and at
a lower cost per pound of gain by 1.25
cents.

JUST ARRIVED Men's All-leather Work Boots

\$2.00

A case of these all-
leather work boots have
just arrived and we of-
fer them at the low
price of \$2.00 per pair.
If you require work
boots of any kind be
sure to look these over.

Repairing neatly and promptly
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The Cash Shoe Store
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Best Grades of Flour, Oatmeal
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Bran and Shorts, Pat Chop,
Crimped Oats, Western Barley
Chop, and Standard Re-cleaned
Screenings Chop, also other feeds.

Gunn's Fertilizer

Will these requiring fertilizer
kindly leave their order early as
possible?

STOCK FOODS

Master's, Wm. Kiechel & Son,
Blatchford's, and Gunn's

Custom Chopping done every
day as usual. Prices reason-
able and satisfaction guar-
anteed.

John McGowan
PHONE 8 DURHAM

How Much Are You Paying For Your Insurance?

The motoring season is here, and you should
protect yourself against accidents.

Do you buy your Motor Car Insurance on the
"How much is it going to cost me" plan?

Motor Car Insurance is like any other com-
modity—you get what you pay for. A cheap com-
pany gives you cheap protection.

See us before you invest in Casualty Insur-
ance. We do not sell the cheapest insurance, but
we DO sell you insurance that is 100 per cent. pro-
tection against loss from accident—the only kind
of insurance that is of any use to you when you
need it.

FRANK IRWIN, Durham
FIRE and CASUALTY INSURANCE