

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, September 1, 1932

MISPLACED FRIENDSHIP

There is a man over Midway way by the name of Herman Remus who is now sadder and wiser because of his inability to say "no" to his brother William when the latter requested that he be permitted to operate a still on the former's farm. William was caught one night near Palmerston with fourteen gallons of moonshine, arrested, and lodged in Guelph jail. He confessed where he got the whiskey, the officers returned and arrested Herman, and at the trial that followed he was fined \$141 on one count, and on another \$205 and one month in jail. If he fails to pay the \$205 he gets an additional three months. To make things worse, it would seem that Herman had nothing at all to do with the manufacturing, having merely, after several refusals, allowed his brother to operate on his premises.

The case is similar to a good many others. It is said there is honor amongst thieves. Apparently this does not work with bootleggers, for when caught, instead of taking his medicine like a man, this fellow William peached on his brother Herman. The chances are that had William Remus stood pat and told the officers to go and find out where he got the liquor, he would receive no heavier sentence than under present circumstances.

No one can condone the illicit manufacture of moonshine whiskey, but most of us have little use for the man who gets others into trouble with the law and then squeals in the hope of saving his own skin. Under the old local option days when the government employed "spotters" to trap law breakers, we have heard staunch prohibitionists express their disgust for such methods, stating it was bad enough that a man should be caught selling without having hirelings tramping the country and encouraging law breaking for the sake of the fines collected.

Herman Remus is a man 65 years of age, has borne a good reputation in his locality, and his downfall is directly attributable to his inability to say "no" to a brother who, in the end, played the part of Judas Iscariot when cornered.

That Herman had the sympathy of the court is shown by the minimum fines and imprisonment imposed on each charge.

The moral in this tale is simple. Don't listen to anyone who approaches you with questionable and illegal schemes. Be firm, and careful that the other fellow is not using you for his own convenience. Stick to your own convictions, for you may rest assured that when the police arrive and a jail sentence looms, your erstwhile friend will lose no time in telling everything he knows to lighten his own sentence.

HOTELS AND ACCOMMODATION

There is no reason why the modern hotel should be expected to supply free accommodation for the public in these days, but at the same time there is no reason for the hotelkeeper jumping to conclusions too quickly.

The editor of this paper had occasion to go out of town a few days ago and to be detained until after the supper hour. Walking into a hotel in a nearby town about 6 o'clock with the intention of washing up and having our supper, we inquired of the clerk as to where we would find the washroom. We were courteously, but firmly, informed that the day was past when hotels furnished free accommodation of this kind, and that while this hotel had public wash rooms and toilets they were for the exclusive use of the paying guests. We thanked the clerk for his information and walked out. We ate our supper in another hotel.

Perhaps we were what might be termed a little short in the grain for not immediately explaining that we intended taking supper and wanted to get rid of the grime of the road, but we didn't. What was the use?

In our particular case it matters little to the hotelkeeper in question whether he gets any patronage from us or not. He will never miss it. But if he talks to every stranger who walks into his hostel around meal time as he did to us, he may soon be wondering where his transient business is going. In these days of the motor car it makes little difference to the traveller whether he stays in one particular hotel or in another fifteen miles away. He may even sleep in another town and return the next morning to do business.

Hotel keeping is little different from any other business nowadays. You need all you can get, and the only way you can get it is by the

service you render your customers. It might be better that a dozen non-patrons of a hotel use the washroom privileges for nothing than that one patron be turned away through incivility. The public is funny and fickle, and we know of no business where greater common sense and more understanding of human nature is demanded than in running a present-day hotel.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

An old fellow out at Salt Lake City, Utah, one of the pioneers of the State, says the year 1932 is "playtime" when compared with the pioneer period of Utah.

We are aware that faraway fields look green, so we quote this case from Utah to show that the conditions and the people out in that country are not very much different than in Ontario.

Out in Utah in the early days the pioneers ate sego lilies, pig-weed and thistle stalks to exist. In Ontario our pioneers ate turnips and potatoes, berries and nuts, spent what few dollars they might have on tea at a dollar a pound, and other luxuries which are today necessities. It may be argued there was plenty of game and fish, but when these old pioneers dropped into the middle of an Ontario virgin forest they were more concerned with getting a space cleared for next year's crop than in hunting and fishing. Time, even eighty years ago, was money.

Pioneer life in either Utah or Ontario, Mississippi or the Peace River District, was the real thing. If there wasn't trouble one way there was another. A lot of wallops went with pioneering, but they were taken with a smile. There was no squawking those days because the family buckboard was a year or two out of style, and these were the days, we believe, when that old familiar song: "Father's Pants Will Soon Fit Willie" became popular. Try putting father's worn-out pants on Willie now!

At that, we are not prepared to admit the present generation is not possessed of the same "stuff" as their ancestors. The late war proved this. Becoming accustomed to luxuries is about all that it matters with us, and has been the cause of most of our complaining when there is very little to complain of. Perhaps this is where our pioneers surpassed us. It took a lot to make them dissatisfied with their lot. They made the best of their opportunities and never quit in their endeavors to better their conditions. Nowadays, we leave all this to the government.

Someone has said it is a matter of four generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves, and perhaps they were right. What generation do you belong to? The first starts poor, works hard, and starts the family fortune; the second generation increases it, raises his family on all the luxuries that money can buy. Accustomed to everything, the third generation spends the money accumulated by the first two, and when the fourth comes to bat he has to take off his coat and go to work. This "evolution" can be noted in any community.

Perhaps this is the condition we find ourselves in nationally and universally. We have been enjoying too much, and the curtailment of these enjoyments has caused us to squawk and yell depression and hard times. There is still a living in this world, but we must work for it. It cannot be picked up as easily as a few years ago, but the industrious man can and will get along. It is the fellow who stops to squawk who will fall by the wayside. Our present economic condition is a man-made one in which we all helped. Its solution will be found in the old principle of hard work, less fault-finding and complaining, and a real desire on the part of the world to get back to normalcy.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS

The Listowel Banner tells of a newspaper reporter from the States who gained admission to the Imperial Conference at Ottawa, and sent an account of a secret meeting to his newspaper. The Listowel paper comments on his nerve and initiative, and the fact that "newspaper correspondents and reporters are always on the alert for news and are not deterred in obtaining it by minor obstacles."

This may be so, but in the case in question we do not believe there is any reputable newspaper that would ask for the news of a secret meeting obtained in the manner in which the United States reporter secured it. There are still ethics in newspaper work, and very few newspapers and reporters who will play the part of sneaks.

For a good many years now, the Chronicle has reported numerous political conventions and has even been in attendance at Liberal and United Farmer gatherings when more or less dirty linen was being washed. Never on any occasion has this newspaper reported anything that did not occur at the "public" meeting. Until then, our notebook was closed.

Reputable newspapers want the news, but they do not want it at the price of sneaky reporters. Any mention of a "secret" meeting to any reputable newspaper, and that newspaper

is deaf, dumb and blind, so far as sending a reporter to that meeting is concerned. Street news is another matter. A reporter must gather this the best way he knows how.

THE EMPIRE CONFERENCE

Well, the Empire Economic Conference is over and the results must be awaited. Those optimists who looked for an overnight ending of our economic troubles are doomed to disappointment, as are those pessimists who have continually predicted failure. It takes more than a few weeks to rearrange the business connections of the British Empire, and the business before the Empire Conference was too complicated for most of us to understand. If it is to succeed, the people must have patience, faith in the delegates who were presumably the brightest business minds in the Empire, and pay less attention to "he soap-box politicians and that portion of the press which have all along wished for and predicted failure, but who know as little about it as the rest of us.

A Midland dredging company has been awarded the contract of dredging Toronto harbour. Now listen to the wails from Tamworthville!

Kaye Don with his Miss England III is at Detroit preparing for another try at the Harmsworth cup. Wonder what new trick Gar Wood will think up this year, by Gar?

Reports in the neighboring press tell of farmers having poultry to sell being victimized by itinerant poultry dealers. There is only one answer to this. Do business with men you know.

As a result of a rise in the tariff, molasses, hitherto purchased in Cuba, is being bought within the Empire. Which is sweet! We might as well be stuck up with ourselves as with something foreign!

According to a dispatch from Alberta the West needs no harvest help this year. The statement is emphatic and final. This is better than in some former years when the railroads advertised for 40,000 farm laborers, not fifty per cent of whom landed jobs.

A Toronto man with \$15,000 in the bank, trifled with the city relief fund and received \$16. His fine was \$500 and costs. A Hanover man who received relief to which he was not entitled, is out on a year's suspended sentence and must pay back all he received.

Rattlesnakes, believed almost extinct in eastern Iowa, are reported appearing in large numbers, to the terror of the citizens. Something else to blame on the Eighteenth Amendment! Oh, well, it's not so bad at that, if there is not an accompanying deluge of pink elephants, blue cows and eight-legged chameleons.

A couple of our exchanges dealt with whether or not automobiles should be charged for at fall fairs. We have thought all along that, minus seating accommodation, an agricultural society was standing in its own light by charging extra for autos. Again, it depends upon how much parking space is available. Like the summer half-holiday question, we suppose it is one which will have to be settled locally, for what suits in one case would not suit in another.

An insight into the thing that makes Rt. Hon. Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, beloved by all, was given the Journal representative at the opening of the Welland Ship Canal at Thorold on Saturday. The Journal representative was standing on the edge of the canal at Lock No. 6, near Thorold, where there is a drop of 46 1/2 feet to the bottom of the prism. Sir William walked over and courteously but definitely told him to move and get out of the lock. "It may seem all away from you, but you must learn to have a respect for old people who become nervous at seeing others in danger. There are so many things in life over which we have no control and it is most inadvisable to take unnecessary risks. You are foolish to stand there."—Ottawa Journal.

In describing the corner candy store as a greater menace to public health than the old corner saloons, Dr. Martin Dewey, of New York, speaking in Toronto, expressed an old thought in new words. Only parents who have children with poor teeth know how expensive candy really can be. Only children who suffer constantly with their teeth know what misery candy can cause. Young men and women with unsightly teeth have reason to blame their parents who foolishly allowed them to eat too much candy when they were children.—Lindsay Post.

Most of the public libraries in the cities and towns of Ontario are sufficiently stocked with up-to-date books to answer their purposes. But we learn from the Ontario Library Review that conditions are very different in the small isolated libraries of the remoter communities. It is stated that information may be searched in vain for recent information on advances in civilization and that any scientific works which may be there are still in the pickle of generations ago. "We have rivalled England and Scotland in providing academic, adolescent education, but except for the centres of population we have been far outstripped by them in furnishing service to adults." Lambton county has taken preliminary steps to improve conditions by the formation of a County Library Association. The Review precepts that eventually all counties will recognize the advantages of an expert librarian directing activities, of a definite instead of an indeterminate income, of an opportunity to read the new books while they are new, of a service which may be made almost as convenient as rural mail delivery.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Letters to The Editor

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

Dear Sir,—Several times I have thought of replying to the letters from week to week under the nom de plume of "Rambler." I judge from these letters that Rambler is seeing Durham with the eyes of a newcomer to our town. His, or her, observations, from time to time have been very worthwhile. We have one of the most charmingly situated rural places in the Province, but so few of our citizens seem to appreciate this. As belonging to the old-timers, I would like to say something about Durham and a Horticultural Society. Rambler's impressions in last week's paper that a horticultural society would be a new thing for the town of Durham is not correct. I would venture to say Durham has always had a horticultural society, more or less active, until three or four years ago, when we disbanded. If it came down to the fine point it is still in existence. Away back in my father's time I remember he was one of the enthusiasts who kept it alive. Others were Mr. Gorsline and Mr. C. Firth. These men all passed on several years ago. Coming down to my own time, for years I was a member purchasing plants and bulbs every year, but never attending an annual meeting. Then, one year I made a point of attending one. That was a sorry inspiration I had, for I came away from that meeting elected president. So now I can speak from experience of the two years I was able to hold the office of president. The Board when I took office, consisted, I think, of six women and a couple of men. I mention the women first as so far as I could make out they had been doing most of the work in the society and I can vouch for them keeping it up in my time. We had a man for secretary-treasurer, and I might say that is the only office in a horticultural society that carries any remuneration with it. It is an office which entails considerable work. To proceed to the work accomplished and the difficulties met in those two years I held office, we held very creditable floral exhibitions, summer and winter. We co-operated with the two school boards in laying out the school grounds and planting the flower beds. We tried to make a beauty spot of the then vacant lot in the centre of the town where the post office now stands. When the building was about to be erected we removed the perennials we had planted there and gave them to help to beautify the cemetery. We started to make a beauty spot of the south end of the town at the corner of Garafraza

and Queen streets. The streets meeting V-shaped, this spot lends itself admirably for decorative purposes, catching the eye as we enter town. We had high hopes of this. The space was small but we hoped to extend it. We had several loads of good earth drawn as it was a solid gravel heap and we started with a bed of bulbs and perennials. Being neglected now several years, I am afraid all this work has gone for nothing.

Our other activity was presenting a prize for the boy or girl taking the highest marks at the School Fair. We also had some well known lecturers in Horticulture here. Mr. H. J. Moore, now of International Peace Garden fame, gave two splendid illustrated talks at different times. Mr. Hartly of Seaford, member of the Horticultural Board, was also here at different times, and lastly, Dr. Bennett of St. Thomas. For this lecture we arranged a banquet and invited the men of the town. Great enthusiasm was displayed that night and we had high hopes of seeing a man for president and other men following as active members of the Board. But alas! When we canvassed them before the next annual meeting, it was the same old story—don't ask them to take office.

In so many places I know of the prominent men of the town are the whole push in the horticultural society and that is as it should be, as many phases of the work can be handled much better by men than by women.

Another difficulty we encountered—so many of the intelligent citizens of Durham would order trees and bulbs from any travelling salesman who came along, when they could get them far cheaper and better from the society and at the same time be helping the society along.

Thanking you for your valuable space I am,

Yours cordially,
 —Margaret G. McKechnie.

BORN

Dewar.—At Herman Kieffer Hospital, Detroit, August 28, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch Dewar a son (Donald Gordon Armstrong).

Elison.—In Durham Hospital, August 26, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Elison, Glenelg, a son.

Hopkins.—In Bentinck, Tuesday, August 30, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hopkins, a daughter.

Hopkins.—In Bentinck, Tuesday, August 30, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Spence Hopkins, a son.

Milne.—In Durham Hospital, August 28, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Milne (nee Eva Renton), Dromore, a son.

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