

The Daily Mail
A Daily Paper For Every Home

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MONDAY, MAY 8, 1939

ACRES OF DIAMONDS IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Once upon a time there lived in ancient Persia a man by the name of Ali Hafez. He was wealthy and contented until one day he was visited by a Buddhist priest who told him there were such things as diamonds; and that if he had a mine of diamonds he would be so rich he could place his children upon thrones.

That night Ali Hafez went to bed a poor man; not that he had lost anything except his former contentment. Next day, he sold his farm and set off to try to find a diamond mine. His search took him far and wide and at last when his money was all gone, hungry, in rags and with no one whom he could call friend, he drowned himself.

The man who bought Ali Hafez's farm, however, one day stripped up its sands and found in them many beautiful and valuable stones. His property became a world-famous diamond mine.

This story was once told by an old Arab guide to a young American boy travelling down the Tigris River. The boy was not slow to see the point in that mean old guide's opinion there was a certain young man traveling in Mesopotamia who might be better off back home in America!

The young man, Russell H. Conwell, never forgot that story or its moral. In later life, he made it the basis of a famous lecture called, "Acres of Diamonds" which he delivered by request more than 5,000 times. The several millions of dollars he made by so doing he used to help needy students through college.

Dr. Conwell's method was always to arrive in any town or city where he was to deliver his lecture, in time to talk with a cross-section of the local people. His object was to find out what particular opportunities they had in their district and what they had done — or failed to do — with them. Then he talked to the people who came to listen to him about the problems of their own locality.

"The idea of my talk, 'Acres of diamonds', has continually been precisely the same," Dr. Conwell would explain. "It is that in this country of ours every man has the opportunity to make more of himself than he does in his own environment, with his own energy and with his own friends."

Suppose a man with Dr. Conwell's insight and habit of inquiry were to visit New Brunswick today, what opportunities would he see open to the people of this province. First and foremost, he would be struck with our glorious scenery — unexcelled if its kind. He would note our hundreds of miles of velvety smooth paved highways. He would know that in the neighboring United States there are 130,000,000 people owing 28,000,000 automobiles. He would know that Americans love to travel, have money with which to gratify their desires to see the world and spend generously wherever they find what they want.

He would naturally conclude that the Tourist Trade is at least one big opportunity waiting for the people of New Brunswick. The Tourist business can be big business for this Province we wake up to the possibilities of the "Acres of Diamonds" in our own back yard — ours for the mining — ours for the provision of the kind of tourist accommodations which will make people comfortable and happy while they are here — make them recommend New Brunswick vacations to their friends and come back again themselves.

There never was a place better adapted for development as a vacationland than the Province of New Brunswick. Consider our beautiful scenery. Our unexcelled summer climate. Our 600 miles of coastline. Marvelous bathing beaches. Fine fishing. And now, our splendid paved roads. The one thing we lack is sufficient accommodations to receive

enough to make visitors want to stay and want to come back.

Out of date cabin outfits and second rate hotels have no appeal to the present-day visitors. He is accustomed to and expects every modern convenience.

People frequently say there are no opportunities in New Brunswick today. They frequently imagine that if they were somewhere else they could get better jobs, make more money. Maybe. But there is at least one business field crying out for New Brunswickers to cultivate it — at least one "Acres of Diamonds" that will richly repay careful spading — and that is the business of proper catering to tourists.

POLAND'S REPLY

Poland's reply to Hitler was as conciliatory as any Foreign Minister dare make in the presence of a popular assembly of his own people. If we could have a few days of the old, much abused "secret diplomacy" we might get this whole business settled. But diplomacy — save the mark! — conducted by megaphone and broadcast to the tingling ears of an expectant world, is bound to be raucous, provocative, reciprocally exciting — in short, anything but diplomatic.

Col. Beck made counter-demands. He did not even suggest a protectorate over Danzig. He was wholly on the defensive, and is willing to negotiate. What could he do less, except surrender? The British and French are said to be pleased at the tone and substance of his reply. They ought to be. And so ought Hitler if what he seeks is another Conference.

A victorious Conference would probably satisfy him. He likes his victories without bloodshed. But he must drop his foot-pad technique if he is to get any more of them. What the Western Powers object to chiefly is not such demands as his desire to incorporate German Danzig in the Reich but to his brutal, bullying way of forcing a hasty and humiliating retreat before his mobilized military might.

It is more than doubtful whether the stubborn British public will stand another "Munich." And if they won't, Chamberlain knows it and will act on his knowledge. Conciliatory as he is and convinced that war would be an unmitigated evil and could settle nothing, Chamberlain will not let the British people down and will not flinch from war if he believes his countrymen had rather endure its deep squalor and limitless loss than knuckle down again to a bullying front of naked force.

The Fuehrer can press his good luck to far. The British can be pushed back to a point by a truculent braggart, but when they decide that the uncomfortable disturber of the peace must be dealt with, they take up the task joyously and do not stop until it is done — and well done. His shrewd southern partner seems to sense this fact and is for soft-pedalling the loud talk for a while. Hence the rush of German political salesmen to Italy just now. They have not gone only to greet the almond-blossomed spring.

With Poland taking a reasonable view and clearly in no mind to furnish the battle-field on which Germany and Russia can fight out their ancient quarrel, Italy is more reluctant than ever to be the scene of the next war. The British cannot get to Poland, but they probably can get to Italy. Ditto, the French.

During the Great War, the canny Italians were long at war only with the Austrians. They would not declare war on Germany for the highly sensible reason that the Germans could actually carry the war right down into Italy. They probably have no more desire today to have the British and the French meet the German armies on the plains of Lombardy or along the exposed coasts of the super-vulnerable Peninsula.

A FARM IN HUNGARY

(Windsor Star)

In an Ontario newspaper Dr. Heksch, of Balassagyarmat, Hungary, advertises "Hungarian farmer would like to exchange 1,000 acres (400 hectares) of good land for a farm in Southern Canada." He does not stimulate the size or value of the farm desired.

We do not think there will be many offers. In any war which might break out in Europe, Hungary might well be the battleground. That is probably why the farmer there, well-off one would judge from the size of his holdings, wants to get out. But anyone who would want to give up a good farm here to go to Hungary at the present time should have his head read. It wouldn't be worth taking the risk, even for 1,000 acres.

START 5 YEAR WORLD CRUISE IN TINY KETCH

VANCOUVER, May 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Britton sailed out of Coal Harbor here last week in their 32-foot ketch Marlene on a cruise most people dream about but never realize — a five-year sea jaunt around the world.

With praise for the stout little craft they purchased recently in Victoria, the young United States couple who recently came here from Seattle told of years of planning. While her husband wrestled with the engine, Mrs. Britton said, with a twinkle in her blue-gray eyes:

"We'll sail from here to Seattle, then down to Los Angeles. From there we'll head out across the Pacific some time in August to Honolulu. After that, probably Australia, New Zealand, the East Indies, Africa, South America and back by way of the Panama.

"Of course we may change the route. We don't know. It may take us five years, and then again we may devote the rest of our lives to it."

The little vessel has a radio, a lighting system, a double bunk, a built-in library, a compact stove and sink. Carrying 650 square feet of sail, the Marlene is powered with a seven-horsepower diesel engine which Mrs. Britton described as a "hard-plugging little guy when it gets going."

SAYS ARGENTINA LAWS ARE LAX

BUENOS AIRES, May 8.—Federal Prosecutor Victor Paolucci Cornejo, in a formal report on an investigation of Nazi activities in Argentina, declared last week the activities were possible because Argentine laws were deficient and recommended release of Alfred Mueller, Argentine Nazi leader.

The report said that the "illicit" infiltration of Nazism must be checked with proper legislation.

Nazi activities, the prosecutor found, resulted from Argentine generosity toward immigrants, permitting them to live as they chose, as if subject only to the laws of their own countries.

Summarizing evidence gathered in seven widely separated regions of Argentina, Paolucci Cornejo found no legal grounds for continued detention of Alfred Mueller, Nazi Party chieftain in Argentina, who was arrested more than a month ago.

Mueller's arrest and the Nazi investigation followed newspaper publication of the facsimile of an alleged report to the German Colonial Ministry describing the Argentine territory of Patagonia as a "no-man's-land" over which Argentina had no right and suggesting German annexation.

"I hear the genuine hula dancers in Hawaii are copying my dance, doing the hula with tap shoes,"—Eleanor Powell.

Just in Jest

Encouragement

In one office the following encouraging notice to ambitious young employers is on view: "Work hard for eight hours a day and don't worry; then in time you may become a boss and work 18 hours a day and have all the worry."

Young Webster Defines "Politics"

"Just what is politics?" "The art of obtaining money from capital and votes from labor on the pretext of protecting each from the other."

Aha!

"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?" asked Mrs. Newcomer. "No," let's play bridge," vetoed her husband.

The Outcast

Homeless and hungry and sad as he strolls, With buttonless shirt and with socks all in holes, Piled in the roadway his furniture lies, "I want my supper," his little girl cries. Nowhere to go and nothing to eat; Cold is the wind and hard the street. "A pauper? A bankrupt? A thief?" you may say. No, no, Just the wife is springcleaning today.

One to Pat

A certain will was being disputed in court, and Pat found himself called as one of the principal witnesses.

One of the counsel thought that the uneducated Irishman would give him plenty of fur in the witnessbox.

"Now Pat," he started, "was the deceased in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"O've no idea, yer honor," came Pat's reply.

"Come, come!" the lawyer went on. "You say you don't know — and yet you told the court that you were a great friend of the deceased."

"Well, sor," confessed Pat, "O' niver happened to with him when he was alone."

According to Rule

A certain countryman applied for a job on the railway. He was accepted, and told that he must first learn by heart all the rules of the company.

Having successfully managed this task, he was put on a sleeping car train to assist the conductor.

One evening the conductor walked along the corridor and saw a red lantern hanging up near one of the sleeping berths. He called his assistant.

"What's this mean?" He demanded in tones of thunder.

"Why, chief," said the new man, "I was only carrying out the rules of the company."

"There's no rule that I know of that tells you to hang a red lantern in the corridor."

The assistant pulled out his book and turned over the pages.

"Rule twenty-seven," he read. "Always hang out a red lantern when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed."

TO DISCOURAGE SPECTATORS ON BUILDING ROOFS

OTTAWA, May 8.—Royal Canadian Mounted Police officials stated today they wished "to discourage owners of buildings and houses as much as possible from allowing unknown persons to view the royal processions from the roofs," though no legal right exists to forbid such a practice.

The request applies to every place in Canada at which the King and Queen will be seen on their forthcoming royal tour. A police statement says there are dangers involved in allowing too many people on roof tops who are not under some kind of supervision.

The statement continues: "The points the Royal Canadian Mounted Police wish to draw attention to are the dangers of collapse from too great a load and the possibility of persons being accidentally pushed over the side of the buildings when the roofs are overcrowded and under no control. In no circumstances should rough play of any kind be permitted.

"All owners are asked to place some responsible persons in charge to see that only a reasonable number of people are allowed on the roofs, and to ensure their proper behavior."

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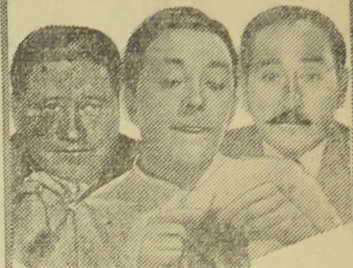
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