

People Too Fearful of Treading on Toes

Charity of judgment, when it means extending to the wrongdoer condonation of his act on the ground that men are fallible and so worthy of forgiveness, is on the face of it a proper attitude but may in actuality be fruitful of evil. There are, after all, certain fixed ethical values, occasions where the right-minded can with justice say, "This is wrong, that is right", and it behooves the good citizen to take his stand on these issues. . . .

If all the people who disapproved chicanery spoke out instead of remaining silent in the presence of what they disapprove, disregard of law and decency would be driven to the purlieus of the shady instead of flourishing in the circles of the polite.

People have grown too fearful of treading on the toes of their neighbours, and lest they be charged with puritanism or narrow-mindedness hold their peace when they should speak out.

Saturday Review of Literature

A Salutary Conviction

A Toronto citizen who misjudged in his estimate of "small communities" received a lesson in a court at Walkerton last week. He was driving through the village of Mildmay at a rate of speed far in advance of the limit imposed in all settled communities, but was observed by an R.C.M.P. officer who happened to be in Mildmay when the reckless driver flashed through. He made chase, overtook the offender, hailed him into court, where he was fined \$50 with costs of \$17.50, and lost his licence for one year. He was also assessed \$35, the value of a dog he killed as he passed through the village.

These incidents of recklessness among city drivers through the country are happily rare. Few have been noted in this locality. It is, however, a smart bit of work when police are alert and take advantage of the opportunity to check this sort of recklessness by hailing into court the offenders, and equally smart when the court takes advantage of the limits of the Traffic Act penalty clauses, and passes salutary judgment.

The effect in the case noted, will probably prove to the Toronto speed fiend that it pays to sense rural sentiment on the speed menace, as readily as he does under what he knows to be rigid enforcement of laws in the cities.

Huntsville (Ont.) *Forester*

Traffic Teaching

The child stepped from the street car to the curb, waved at someone in the car, turned and without a glance, dashed across the street. An automobile jolted to a sudden stop. The child, perhaps six, certainly not more than seven years old, escaped death or injury. Had an accident occurred it would have been no fault of the driver. He was proceeding as was his right, and as was shown, keeping an eye out for trouble. He probably had had similar, hair-whitening experiences before. If there had been a tragedy neither would it have been the fault of the child. Who can blame a six-year-old for not knowing the dangers that lie in the streets? But it might have been someone else's fault. It might have been that that child had not been told, with sufficient emphasis, what happens to thoughtless children in the streets. It might have been the fault of this whole community that it has not insisted that a part of the education of children be instruction in traffic safety.

Teachers and parents are doing their share, but, repetition from such sources may tend to weaken warnings. That's where, as in some other cities, perhaps the police could help. They are doing a fine job here now controlling traffic at the more dangerous intersections near the schools. It has been noticed, too, that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have been visiting classrooms to show the part police play in protecting the community. . . . There are 13,000 school children on the streets of Halifax at least four times a day. They provide a lot of targets for automobiles and trucks when they run loose, ignorant, many of them, of the chances against their escaping injury.

Halifax *Mail*

Housing

The current housing shortage forces many a man to exchange good dollars for poor quarters. Transients in some places are even sleeping in police stations. Of course, sleeping in a police station is okay in a pinch.

Frank Morgan—*What Am I Saying!*