

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1935

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MR. BONAR LAW

The unexpected resignation of Mr. Bonar Law has caused what the London Times describes as a political crisis of the first magnitude. Mr. Bonar Law has been a tower of strength to the prime minister during a very stormy period in British politics, but his health has broken under the prolonged strain. His retirement will, it is said by the London press, weaken the coalition government. The Unionists must elect a new leader, who would probably also be the government leader in the common. Among those mentioned as a possible choice are Mr. Austin Chamberlain, whose health, however, is not good, Sir Robert Horne and Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Bonar Law has been a great figure in British politics, and one of those whose fine reputation as a statesman has been retained to the very end. It is estimated that with restored health he may re-enter public life, and that would be expected; but for the present his physical condition calls for absolute rest. When the history of the war period is written the name of Mr. Bonar Law, associated with that of Mr. Lloyd George, will stand out distinctly as that of a great British leader.

HALIFAX DOES BETTER

Five boys were arrested in St. John last night on suspicion of breaking and stealing. They were locked up and will be dealt with by the police magistrate. If they are let go there is no prohibition there is no room for them in the Boys' Industrial Home. But they have made the acquaintance of the police cells and court.

In Halifax last week four boys were guilty of theft. They were not arrested. They and their fathers were summoned to appear in the juvenile court, with only the judge and probation officer present. The fathers made good the loss, but the boys were pledged to repay the sum out of their own earnings, were deprived for a time of the privilege of going to the movies, which they had been attending every night, and instructed to stay off the streets at night. The boys were taken to another room while the judge and probation officer talked with the fathers, with the result that when the latter went out they were very satisfied. Impressed with the necessity of keeping an eye on their boys and seeing that they did not go out alone at night. The boys themselves were made to realize that having done wrong they must make amends. And the probation officer will see that they do it. In Halifax, if a father says he can do nothing with his boy, he is told in the juvenile court that the boy will be placed in a detention home and he (the father) must pay a certain amount weekly for the lad's board. That generally wakes him up. Boys are never arrested in Halifax. They do not run away. Cases where drastic action is necessary are extremely rare. The juvenile court and probation system works with clock-work precision, and only the hopeless incorrigible has to be sent to an institution. The aim of the juvenile court is not to get the boys into bad company but to keep them out. It deals with sympathy and understanding, but with inviolable firmness with every case. The culprit is made to feel that he must make amends for wrong-doing, and if there is in the home something that contributes to his delinquency, the parents are brought sharply to task.

When will St. John have a juvenile court and probation system? One day this week a boy of eight years was given an indeterminate sentence to the Boys' Industrial Home. He had been in and out of the police court many times until old enough for the penitentiary. Half a dozen of such boys were sent to Dorchester last year. We have them in and out of the court and the Home until they are old enough for the penitentiary and then we send them there and thank God that at last they are safe. But are they? And are we? Is this the best this Christian city can do? Why not give the juvenile court a trial?

The address given to the assembled Rotarians yesterday on the Halifax juvenile court by Mr. E. H. Bliss, Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children in Nova Scotia, was the most convincing argument for a juvenile court ever presented in this city. It was a revelation in regard to the right treatment of juvenile delinquents and their parents, and the results as set forth left absolutely no ground for objection on the score of expense. Not only St. John but the whole province of New Brunswick stands condemned by comparison with what Nova Scotia is doing in child welfare, not only in the matter of the juvenile court but Children's Aid Societies and all that relates to the children. The visit of Mr. Bliss should bear fruit. Nova Scotia will lead this province, too.

In the matter of mothers' allowances and provision for the care of the feeble-minded. This city and province must wake up.

MR. FRANK S. WEST

A rarely fine sympathetic spirit passed from earth when the call came to Mr. Frank S. West, so long the secretary of the Patriotic Fund in St. John. The news of his passing brought a sense of keen personal loss to all who had met him in his official capacity during the trying years of the war. His was a most arduous task. It was his duty to discriminate between the really deserving and those who sought to impose upon the Fund, and he did so with a wonderful patience and keen insight, but always with a desire, if he erred, to do it on the side of generosity. To him came cases so pitiful as to move his heart to deep emotion, and others so glaringly spurious as to arouse a very different feeling. Through it all he pursued his patient way, giving every case a full investigation and striving to make the Fund of the highest service to all deserving families. Many times the editor of this newspaper held conferences with Mr. West regarding particular cases, and learned the terrible strain to which he was constantly subjected. Had he been of a less sympathetic nature the work would not have taken so much out of him or so taxed his nervous energy, but it was impossible to know him intimately without paying tribute to that very quality which in the end brought on his fatal illness. The war is over, and Mr. Frank S. West was a casualty of the war, and the service he rendered may not be measured in any mere words of praise. Quiet, unassuming, honorable, efficient, he earned far more than human praise by the quality of his work, and his passing is deeply mourned by all who came to know the man and the source of his inspiration.

The Standard today has a letter of protest from a gentleman who says he is "one of the young members of the National and Liberal and Conservative party," who "will not be content to have things framed up for them in some St. John lawyer's office by a cabal of political crooks and shysters and the old Tory ring in this province." This is very interesting, but he says much more, and among other things the following: "I can assure you another thing: Wilgmore stands higher in the estimation of the rank and file in New Brunswick than ever. It is a healthy sign when he has made enemies of the gang that has brought rule and terror to the old Tory party in this province. When the devil's satellites scratch and bite, it is a certain indication that the voters will have a chance to keep from returning the organized gang that for years blindfolded and plundered them. Think it over and get under cover when the coroner is good." The pot is sure boiling.

The operating deficit on the Canadian governments railways last year was \$69,595,441, and for 1931 it was estimated at \$60,892,720. In 1919 it was \$40,242,538. The apparent fact in this connection is that Canada has too much railway for its population and trade. The country must face the situation until the balance is restored, and it means a heavy burden on the people.

If the Reds have taken Kronstadt the hopes of the new revolution in Russia are dashed for a time.

SUSPEND 19 M. D.'S IN MANITOBA

Council Acts After Inquiry Into Issuing of Prescriptions for Liquor.

Winnipeg, March 18.—The suspension of nineteen physicians in Manitoba for unlawfully issuing liquor prescriptions has resulted from an inquiry conducted by a committee of the council of the college of physicians and surgeons, so R. W. Craig, K. C., the council's solicitor, announced yesterday.

The committee, which still is reporting on the case, has recommended that all doctors who issued 300 or more prescriptions in any one month were summoned before the council during the inquiry, which covered a period of several months.

THRILLING RESCUE IN DETROIT RIVER

Detroit Mich., March 18.—Alfred Hange proved himself a hero when he leaped into the Detroit River and battled his way nearly to midstream, through the ice floes, to rescue Chris Thames. Thames in some way slipped into the stream some distance further up, but he succeeded in grasping a piece of floating ice to which he clung desperately while he shouted for help. Hange heard the appeal and, shedding his coat and shoes, jumped into the river. He reached Thames just as the latter had become unconscious from cold and exposure and had loosened his grip on the ice flow. Hange managed to get the man ashore, but both were so exhausted that they are in a hospital.

WHO SAYS WHEN IT'S MARBLE TIME?

William Herschel, in Indianapolis News. Who says when it's marble time? Who proclaims to knave Boys should get their marble out, then begin to play?

Governors nor Presidents never yet have said: "Time to get your marbles out, Skinny, Smoke and Ret!"

Robins sometimes say that Spring now then a blizzard comes along and they fly away.

Who tells boys that Spring is here? How are they to know? We may not have weather yet twenty-three below?

But, just let a sunny day linger here—about—

Then, like magic, all the guys get their marbles out!

Yes, it's here! It's marble time everywhere in town: "Get on tawls!" "Hey, you, knuckle down!"

Then, another mystery holds me in its sway—

Who finds last year's marble bag? Who put it away?

Boys have fleeting memories—that all mothers know—

Boys can't find a hat or coat left an hour ago!

But, just let that mystic time—marble time—come round; Somewhere, somewhere, marble bags always can be found.

Who says when it's marble time? How may we not have weather yet twenty-three below?

LIGHTER VEIN

In a suburban school recently a little sweetie presented herself for instruction. "What is your name?" the teacher asked. "Young Olson," he said. "How old are you?" "I am 10 years old, Mr. Olson." "Well, when were you born?" "I was born on the 10th of May, Mr. Olson."

King Nomonos was the wisest of kings who have ever reigned and every day from 1 to 100 he was crowned.

One day because of his court a very foolish man. He had 10 women running after him, all demanding that he should marry them, and it was not law in the country that he should take unto himself more than one wife, and the foolish fellow dare not take the wrath of nine crows to gain favor, of out.

He was not dreadfully keen on marrying even one.

And he appealed to his king for wisdom, and the woman stood by glooming.

"Let me think," said the king, removing his crown, and calling upon his two secretaries in chief to scratch his head in a tremendous manner.

And having thought for the space of three asterisks the great monarch commanded:

"Let the 10 women step forward and give their ages."

"Silently, and one by one, the 10 women disappeared."

"There has been none so wise as Nomonos since his day."

A young man went on one occasion to call at a country farmhouse to make inquiries about a vacant house, who had charge of the dairy. Her master opened the door, and her lover asked him timidly:

"How is the milkmaid?"

But the farmer angrily replied, as he slammed the door on the stranger's face:

"Our milk isn't made; it's got from the cow."

The car had broken down, and the pair of legs protruding from beneath seemed to indicate repairs.

Had a butler?" inquired a passerby. "No, only playing hide and seek with the works!" came in muffled tones from the voice belonging to the car.

But the questioner was not easily daunted.

"What power car is it?"

"Forty-horse."

"What's up with it anyway?"

"Well, as far as I can see," answered the car's owner, "80 of the horses have bolted, and the remaining one is too stupid to answer questions!"

A very nice story the prisoner was telling the judge of an offense charged against him, a man against whom there had never been a breath of suspicion.

"Prisoner, pardon me a moment," said the judge, "you must speak a little louder; I cannot catch what you say. What was your last sentence?"

"Six months for your honor," was the amazing reply.

"What's up with it anyway?"

"Well, as far as I can see," answered the car's owner, "80 of the horses have bolted, and the remaining one is too stupid to answer questions!"

HUSBANDS & WIVES AS JOINT AUTHORS

Some Famous Literary Partnerships—Castle, Williamson and Hanshew.

Three famous literary partnerships which have been dissolved by death recently are commented upon in the Sunday New York Tribune. They are those of the Castles, the Williamsons and the Hanshews, naming them in the order of their literary merit. In each case the husband and wife collaborated, but in none of them it is possible for the reader to determine what passages either wrote or what each contributed to the joint effort. It is probable that the wives of most authors do something to help forward the work. We know, for instance, that Mrs. Kipling transacts the business for her husband, and being a Vermonter is a shrewd bargainer. In the Outline of History, Wells pays a tribute to the labor of his wife without which this monumental work might never have seen the light. It was written first in longhand on scraps of paper, and it was Mrs. Wells who gathered and arranged these leaves and typed them. But when two names appear as the authors of a book it is assumed that each of the writers has contributed more than helpful hints, business acumen or soothing words. There was the little doubt that in the case of the Castles the Williamsons and the Hanshews the wives contributed to the task of authorship.

Hanshew's Fertility. Egerton Castle and C. N. Williamson died a short time ago. Thomas W. Hanshew having passed out a few years ago.

Mrs. Hanshew was the author of the partnership by bringing to publication forms of the notes he left behind him. Further, she was some respects the most remarkable of the writers. His work could hardly be called literature, but it made a tremendous amount of work.

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great delight, and before she went a further appointment was made for the patient.

LOOK-BACK FATAL

Cyclist Killed Looking at Woman.

While two young men riding on a motor-cycle along Mumbles-road, Swansea, approached a corner at 80 miles an hour, they both looked back at a woman, says an English despatch.

As a result they crashed into a motor lorry, which turned the corner.

One of the motor-cyclists, John Osace Williams, of Glyn Neath, was hurled 16 feet over the head of the lorry driver and killed. Williams's companion, Evan Feltham, was seriously injured.

A verdict of accidental death was returned at the inquest.

"Things had gone wrong at the office all day and the chief was in a red-hot temper, which rose to white heat when he broke his glasses and could only read with difficulty the figures his clerk set before him.

"Just look at this nine!" he roared. "It's exactly like a seven."

"The figure is a seven, sir," replied the clerk.

"Then," roared the old man, "why does it look like a nine?"

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TREAT PET BIRD.

Hospital Surgeon Set Canary's Leg.

Arriving at the Seamen's Hospital, at Greenwich, London, England, with a bird-cage under her arm, a little girl of 8 said to the gate-keeper: "Can you tell me, sir, if this is where I can get my canary treated?"

Removing a cloth covering the cage she showed a canary fluttering about with a broken leg: "I have read stories of doctors healing little birds with broken legs, and I have come to see what could be done," she urged.

The porter escorted the little girl and "the patient" to the house surgeon, who, having heard the request, examined the canary's leg.

Utilizing a match-stick as a splint, the fracture was set to the little girl's