

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 8, 1919

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HON. DR. ROBERTS' SUGGESTION.

Hon. Dr. Roberts' suggestion that the Victorian Order of Nurses take up child-welfare work, with one special nurse for that purpose, it may be hoped, be acted on. Mr. Peter Wright, when in St. John, gave the Times-Star some very interesting information about what is done in English cities. The cities are divided into wards for health purposes. There are maternity hospitals, which St. John should have in connection with its public hospital. The expectant mothers in English cities, in the poorer sections, are visited and given valuable instruction. If there are already small children in a home and the mother should go to the maternity hospital a house-keeper is provided for that home, to care for the children and cook the father's meals until the mother is able to return. Then there are baby clinics, where the mother may take her infant from time to time, and receive instructions as to its food and care. The result of this system when fully organized throughout the country will greatly reduce the infant mortality and ensure a more healthy childhood. "We are planning great things in England," said Mr. Peter Wright, "and we will lead the world."

THE NURSES' HOME

Sheldon has a case, been more admirably and convincingly presented than was that for a Nurses' Home, and the resulting addition to the accommodation for patients at the General Public Hospital, than was made by the ladies of the Hospital Aid Association and the physicians before the finance committee of the municipal council yesterday. If we are to take care of all the patients requiring hospital treatment; if we are to keep at home the clever girls who go abroad to study nursing and do not come back; if we are to ensure patients the maximum of care by healthy, intelligent, well-trained and cheerful nurses, we must provide the Nurses' Home and in the rooms they now occupy put beds for fifty more patients. There is no other conclusion to which any citizen could come after hearing the presentation of the case yesterday. When Dr. Addy impressively stated that he is continually forced to discharge patients not yet ready for discharge in order that he may find room for more urgent cases, the need of prompt action was shown to be imperative; and the other speakers fortified his remarks by further statements of present conditions and needs which were not less impressive. The situation calls for action.

THE JUVENILE COURT.

A strong case for a juvenile court with probation officers was made before the finance committee of the municipal council yesterday. The financial aspect of the case should not weigh too strongly with the members of the council, nor should there be any unnecessary delay. We have delayed too long. As Mr. A. R. Cruikshank clearly pointed out, a period of six months of good training does a great deal for a boy, and a like period of bad environment and absence of care may mar his whole future. It is lives and morals and right development that really count, even from the economic standpoint. A good citizen is an asset, a bad one a liability. If we can get this thought firmly fixed in our minds we will realize more fully the need of throwing proper safeguards around those children whose parents either cannot or will not look after their proper training for citizenship. The aim of the juvenile court is not to punish but to rescue and help the boy or girl who needs it. The punishment it metes out is chiefly to delinquent parents, who under the new act are held to strict account for their responsibility as parents. Every member of the municipal council realizes the need. Public sentiment will uphold them in meeting it in a practical way. It will probably be found that Moncton and other portions of the province will soon avail themselves of the provisions of the new act.

WHAT WILL WE DO ABOUT IT?

The Children's Aid Society took into its home for protection this week a very feeble-minded girl of sixteen years. They cannot keep her in their home. The Municipal Home authorities decline to take her because they have been very harshly criticized for mixing up such persons with other inmates of the institution. The provincial hospital refuses to take her because she is not mentally deranged, but only a big girl with the mind of a dull little child. Must the Children's Aid Society throw her to the wolves? Is that the best we can do? The Society has knowledge of other such girls in this city. In today's Times-Star there is copied from the Moncton Transcript correspondence which tells how such a girl was returned from the Maritime Home for Girls in Truro, which is not an institution for feeble-minded, and after rejection by the provincial hospital was placed in the Moncton almshouse. There are many of such girls in the province who need institutional care. Their very feeble-mindedness is a menace to society. What will we do with them? Are we never to show any interest in their welfare?

WHAT DOES YOUR BOY EARN?

The Times-Star desires to direct the attention of the school board and city council to these facts: "Three hundred and fifty young men took a four-year night school course at Pennsylvania University. They followed their usual vocations in the day-time. On entering they earned anywhere from \$750 to \$1,050. On leaving they increased their earnings 28 per cent per year. Seven or eight years after graduating they are averaging over \$3,000."

Consider also the following, from a New York publication devoted to the welfare of boys:—

"Seven hundred and ninety-nine workers' wages were analyzed in Massachusetts."

"These particular 799 left school either at fourteen years of age or at eighteen."

"Their wages were compared when the workers were twenty-two years of age."

"The eighteen-year-olds earned as much in four years as the fourteen-year-olds earned in eight."

"At the age of twenty-two the boys with four years extra schooling earned \$800 more per year."

"The illiterate laborer averaged (before the war) \$1,000 per year."

"Figuring forty years expectancy, he would earn \$20,000."

"The high school graduate averaged (before the war) \$1,000 per year."

"Figuring forty years expectancy, he would earn \$40,000."

"A high school education (twelve years average) adds \$20,000."

One year has 180 school days; twelve years has 2,160 school days; divide 20,000 by 2,160 and you get 9.26.

"Every day in school adds \$9.26 to your income."

Under the direction of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, a campaign is being waged in thirty-six states to get boys under sixteen years of age out of industry and back into school. It may mean more labor inspectors and attendance officers, an educational campaign among parents, a better curriculum for the over-age, low-grade child who is behind the normal grade, and the extension in some cases of financial relief. Whatever is needed will doubtless be set down in the report of the enquiry that has been instituted. There is no question about the need of a change in the interests not only of the boys and girls individually, but of society. Not only must illiteracy be removed but children must be kept longer at school or provided for by continuation classes.

A summary report of an interview in Montreal with Sir William Myers, retiring minister of finance for Central India, a resident of India for thirty-six years, who is now in Montreal, reports him as saying that the great bulk of India is loyal and that if India was abandoned by British chaos would ensue. For the present unrest, he says, there are many causes. There was the general hysteria universally expressed as one of the results of the war; the restiveness of the Mohammedan population in respect to the possible drastic treatment by the Allies of the Turks; the scarcity, not of food, but of money, to buy it; and the new law—the Rowlett law, which enables the authorities to hold court 'in camera' and examine cases of sedition without being compelled to abide by the silence or the testimony of hostile witnesses, who have the habit of telling the story of crime to the officials at the first blush, and then denying in court that they know anything about it.

The Montreal Herald offers a few observations in satirical vein as follows:—

"That the government is beginning to realize the seriousness of the high cost of living is shown by the fact that the salaries of the deputy ministers at Ottawa are being increased 'owing to the advancement in the cost of living.' The average deputy minister formerly received \$5,000 per year, but some were more highly paid than that, according to the importance attached to their departments. These officials will now be able to buy butter for their children, and meat perhaps twice a week, which is more than thousands of families in Montreal can do at the present time."

The Times-Star today tells of bequests by the late Samuel Myers of Rothesay to half a dozen benevolent institutions and two churches. It is the kind of story one likes to read, and one that should be an inspiration to other men of means who are drawing toward the time of life when material wealth counts for little in the final reckoning.

The German delegates at the peace conference are described as insolent in their conduct. That will not help their case. They are asked to swallow a bitter pill, and it must go down, no matter what ugly grimaces accompany the swallowing process.

St. John should get strongly behind the effort to revive amateur athletics throughout the province.

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THE GEOGRAPHIC CHILD.

The earth outside is like a nut, And inside full of flame; They say it's like an orange, but It doesn't look the same.

Geography, geography is such a pleasant study;

It tells you why the ocean's dry and why the desert's muddy;

I study it at morning, and at afternoon, and then

I keep the teacher in so I may study it again!

The Arctic Circle is a swing And very seldom dry;

That teacher makes with chalk. It's not a very pleasant thing

To go there for a walk.

A river is the funniest thing That's on the map, I think;

It's something like a piece of string, And yet it's good to drink.

The sea is water by the sand And very seldom dry;

It looks like bluing water, and It tastes like when you cry.

A valley is a streak of land That's something like a trough,

And if you get it on your hand, You have to wash it off.

Why France is buff and Russia blue Nobody knows, perhaps,

But anyone can see it's true By looking at the maps.

A mountain is a bumpy hurt, An isthmus is a path;

An island is a lump of dirt Surrounded by a bath.

Geography, geography is such a pleasant study;

It tells you why the ocean's dry and why the desert's muddy;

I study it at morning, and at afternoon, and then

I keep the teacher in so I may study it again!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

LIGHTER VEIN

Her sweetheart had decided to emigrate. Tomorrow he was off to Canada in search of time and fortune.

Tender farewells were the order of the day, or rather night; drowsy Maud and Harry bade each other a fond adieu by the hasty, then on the doorman, and now they were repeating it on the doorstep.

In the dining room father was pacing to and fro, anxiously and angrily trying to estimate the cost of the gas bill in these hard times. Gingly he opened the door and listened.

"Answer me, Maud—answer me!" came in gushing whispers from Harry's manly throat. Answer me now, darling. I can bear this suspense no longer!

"Yes; answer him, Maud," came an appealing cry from the dining room. "I can bear this suspense no longer!"

In many saloons before the war a basket of cheese and crackers was placed on the counter for the benefit of the customers.

A workman entered one such establishment, ordered a glass of ale, and started on the cheese and crackers. He helped himself again and again until the supply ran very low.

All this time the proprietor had been watching him, and as his patron helped himself to the last morsel of cheese, he said:

"Do you know that cheese cost me 40 cents a pound?"

"Humph!" remarked the man. "It's good, too."

Aunt Tabitha and Uncle Hiram started for a Christmas visit to New York, and at Philadelphia Uncle Hiram got out to buy a newspaper and the train went off without him. But the railroad people were more than kind to Uncle Hiram in his predicament. They put him on an extra rapid express and he actually arrived in New York twenty minutes ahead of Aunt Tabitha. He stood at the exit in his black Sunday suit, carpet bag in hand, when she came forth.

"Here we are again, hey?" he said, clasping her waist jocosely. "I tell ye, Tabithy, gal, I thought I'd lost ye for good."

But Aunt Tabithy had drawn herself up straight and stiff. She was frowning as black as a thundercloud.

"You clear out, mister," she hissed.

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A COLONIAL IMPASSE

(Christian Science Monitor.)

It was at Vancouver, before the war, west coast terminal of a railway line from the east and of a steamship line going still west to farthest east.

A young British Columbia woman was helping entertain a most interesting Englishman, as her hostess had said.

That evening she said to the Englishman:

"Now, don't look at me as a poor colonial. We Canadians think a great deal of our perspective and generally accepted ability to hold our own, you know. You see before you one of the natives who is interested in the point of view of the traveler through our very extensive wide country. Canada is quite a place." She beamed at him indulgently.

"It is, as you say, quite extensive. His smile, faint and fleeting, wreathed a smile though it was, aroused the defensively assertive spirit of the native at once. She suddenly faced round with fire in her eye.

"Did you come through the Rockies on the C. P. R.?"

At the pointed question he looked a little surprised, and for a moment as if he were on a witness stand. The energetic one did not waver, but faced him on the question hanging on her lips, and the spirit of battle for her beloved Canada illumined her face.

"Certainly. Quite so," he answered politely and evenly, but without further comment.

"As you say, quite so. But what about it?"

He looked slightly puzzled and rather embarrassed, gazing at her in silent defenselessness.

"And do you mean to say that you did not rave over those wonderful mountains?" pursued the feminine and patriotically proud inquirer.

"Rave?" he said, in apparently uncomprehending question.

"More than that—hang out of the car windows!"

"One window was all I looked out of at one time, 'know."

"Oh, you non-committal English! How you do make one want to tear their hair!" She thumped a cushion violently. "You ride through the most glorious and magnificent scenery in the world, and have nothing to say. What have you in Europe to compare with our Canadian Rockies? Nothing! You know perfectly well that there are no more lovely peaks in the Alps, and none greater in height or bulk. What is the little Matterhorn or Mont Blanc to such giants as those you saw continually in our Rockies? And yet you have nothing to say, but just sit and look at me. You can't say you have seen anything more beautiful, great, or magnificent than those mountains you gazed upon in this blessed land, now, can you?"

"Quite so," he agreed in easy acquiescence, as he met in calmness the light of belligerent eyes.

"Quite so! Is that all you can say? Let me assure you you are not going to get off without acknowledging that they are about the most wonderful mountains you have ever laid your two eyes on!"

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, almost apologetically; "but I can't say it, really."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I'm a bridge builder and constructing engineer the Himalayas—you know—so sorry." He shrank farther down in his corner.

"A—bridge builder—in the Himalayas! Good gracious! Why didn't you say so before?"

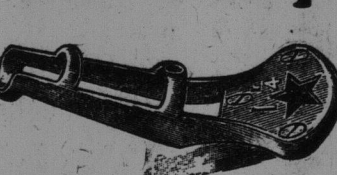
"Not sporting, you know," he said slowly, with another deprecating smile. "Oh, you blessed, modest Englishmen!" She threw back her head and laughed till the tears came, and then remarked with a smile, "India's a colony, too; so I forgive you."

URGES YOUNG WOMEN TO SERVE AS MISSIONARIES

Rev. J. Cooper Robinson gave an interesting talk to the Women's Auxiliary at St. John's (Stone) church, yesterday afternoon. He spoke of the splendid work that had been accomplished by the W. A., but said that not enough missionaries had been sent out. There were only twenty-nine Canadian ladies on the staff in Japan and the W. A. has 60,000 members. He also said that out of that 60,000 many should stay at home, but surely some of the younger ones ought to be missionaries in China, Japan, India, Africa and Northwest Canada. He referred to the fine work done by Miss Shaw, Miss Peters and Dr. Travers, and he hoped the lessons learned in the war would be transferred to the spiritual world and would not be lost. A vote of thanks was moved by Mrs. Geo. F. Smith and seconded by Mrs. John Hay Mrs. Thomas Walker, who presided, tendered the vote of thanks with expressions of gratitude for the inspiring words which had been spoken.

The Women's Missionary Society of St. David's church yesterday afternoon elected Mrs. R. C. Cruikshank president; Mrs. A. R. Melrose, first vice-president; Mrs. A. McNicol, second vice-president; Miss E. Harrison, secretary; Mrs. J. W. Bingham, treasurer.

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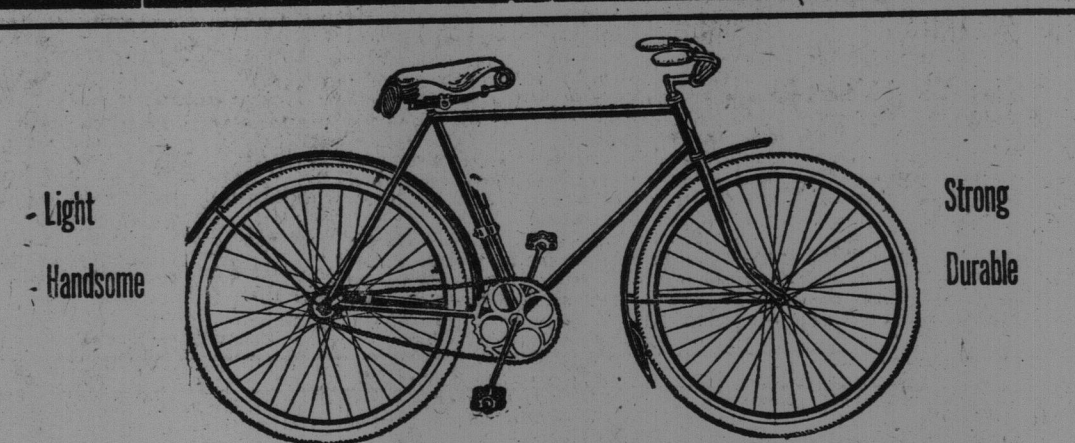
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