POOR DOCUMENT

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The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 22, 1920

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THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

The Woodstock Press recalls the fact that in September of last year in the Carleton county court an unnatural father was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for a crime of which his own daughter of tender years was the victim; and that a little over a week ago another father for a similar crime was given two years, and the lash. The Press insists that the maximum penalty should be given in such cases, and there will be many to sympathize with that view. Two such cases within a few months in one county should arouse universal indignation. These cases are worth considering because they illustrate the fact that all vice and all crimes against childhood are not confined to the cities. The whole province of New Brunswick should be organized for child-welfare work, under a provincial superintendent. For every case of neglect or worse that gets into the courts there are scores and hundreds where the conditions under which children are being brought up should and could be improved. The child has a right to protection, and it cannot appeal in its own behalf. Better a thousand times that there should be an occasional mistake or miscarriage of justice than that justice should be refused to the large numbers of neglected or ill-treated little ones. There is too much hair-splitting, too much complaint about taxes, too much whispering about religious differences, and too much display of what is termed class consciousness. The children belong to the state as well as to the parent, and where the parent neglects or defiles or treats with cruelty his own offspring the state should assert itself and save the victim. An appeal should be made to the provincial government to appoint a superintendent of neglected and dependent children, so that the whole province may be covered by a chain of Children's Aid Societies such as now exist in St. John, Fredricton and Moncton.

A VANISHING ASSET.

Mr. Frank J. D. Barnjum of Annapolis, who claims that he has the largest amount of standing timber of any pulp company in Canada, and to which he is adding as rapidly as possible, declares that the export of pulp-wood to the United States must be stopped. A very striking article contributed by him to the Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada is reprinted in pamphlet form, with an editorial from that journal highly commending his expression of views. At the out set Mr. Barnum says:

"Surely Mr. Philip T. Dodge, president of the International Paper Company, who is in a position to know better than any other authority, sounded a sufficient warning to Canada when he made the statement that the pulpwood supply of the eastern states was practically exhausted and that they must look to Canada for their future supply."

Emphasizing this, he points out that the United States requires 5,500,000 cords of pulpwood per year, which would mean a pile of four foot wood, twelve feet high, reaching clear across the continent, or a pile four feet high, nine thousand miles long. Add to this the loss by fire, wind and insects, including the spruce bud-worm, and take also into consideration the increasing demand for lumber and pulpwood, and it is clear that the most rigid conservation is necessary. Mr. Barnjum asserts that the annual wastage, apart from the cut of lumber, far overruns the gross growth. He says:

"If anyone has any question as to the enormous amount of this wastage, let him explore the woods of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, where one can travel day after day and see nearly everywhere the vast destruction caused by the spruce bud-worm alone. There are millions of acres in these provinces where over fifty per cent of the standing pulpwood has been completely destroyed."

Of the increase in price of timberlands and wood supply, Mr. Barnjum says he has seen lands go from $1 to $15, $20 and even $50 per acre; and stumpage from $1.50, for logs that only took four to a thousand, to $20 per thousand for a mark of twelve to the thousand; while pulpwood went from $4 per cord to as high as $32, and spruce lumber from as low as $12 to as high as $60 per thousand. In 1890 in this province, he says, trees were cut that required six or seven to make a thousand feet of lumber, while today they are cut so small that in some sections it takes forty trees to make a thousand feet. He saw one pile of wood, along the transcontinental, containing four thousand cords, the sticks running from 1½ inches to 4½ inches, the average being under three inches.

The writer points out that reproduction of trees is very slow and the cost of re-planting and protection high, which makes it all the more necessary to pursue a policy of strict conservation. With regard to pulpwood he says that the million or more cords of pulpwood exported to the States, returning only about $15,000,000, would bring $80,000,000 if made into pulp and paper here, and would also prolong the lives of Canadian mills. So convinced is he that action should be taken that he offers to subscribe $10,000 if each other pulp and paper mill owner will do the same, to the funds of the Canadian Forestry Association, to carry out, under the direction of an executive committee appointed by the subscribers to the fund, a programme of remedial measures which he outlines, in the interest of the Canadian mills. He would like to see all the private lands producing pulpwood in the hands of the mill-owners, gained by additional purchases from year to year. This is no doubt an attractive proposition, since the value of the lands would steadily increase; but in any case he would have a strong public sentiment to insist upon reforestation, better fire protective service, and less wasteful methods of logging. Having in his office a sample of a red spruce tree that attained a diameter of twenty inches in twenty years, he sees hope in this direction, if proper methods are adopted.

Mr. Barnjum's pamphlet will arouse a great deal of interest in the whole question. New Brunswick is vitally concerned in the preservation of its great lumbering industry; and the government of the province does well to pursue an enlightened policy in respect to the crown lands, which doubtless may be further improved from year to year.

The Review, New York, says:—"Congressional 'resoluting' on foreign affairs—so long as the resolution does not get to the point of presidential approval—has come to be set down, not only at home but abroad, as pure buncombe. But it is cold comfort for an American to think that, in a time so fraught with momentous issues, he must feel that these fantastic tricks indulged in by the national legislature are rendered harmless only by being ridiculous."

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Mr. Asquith is a candidate in the Paisley by-election, and is opposed by a Labor candidate. It is to be a straight fight between Liberal and Labor. Mr. Asquith's return to parliament would be welcomed by the country at large; but whether the Paisley electors will choose him or give Labor another boost is a very open question, for Labor is steadily gaining ground in England.

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Every announcement of a new steamship service to and from this port emphasizes the need of increased wharfage facilities. It is very strange that the government does not appear to realize the importance of this national port to the trade of Canada. Perhaps a real American embargo is needed to wake it up to a sense of the value of our own Canadian ports.

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The American embargo on east bound freight from or passing through Canada into the States may seriously affect Canadian trade. And our maritime ports are not equipped.

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Vocational classes in St. John are handicapped because of a lack of comfortable accommodation. This will not be remedied as it should be until a vocational school building is provided.

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A woman, Mrs. Laura Haliburton Moore, has been nominated as a candidate for the town council of Wolfville. The women of Wolfville will vote on town affairs this year for the first time.

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To fight the "flu" in Chicago a campaign against the owners of cold tenements is being waged by the health commissioner.

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The federal department of health announces that it and the provincial departments are prepared for prompt action if influenza appears in Canada.

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For steady severity this winter is making a good record. It is especially hard on those who live in cold tenements.

TAKE $6,000 FROM THEIR STOCKINGS

Gypsy Women in Montreal Court Soon Provide Bail for Men of Tribe.

Montreal, Jan. 22—Extracting from their stockings $6,000 in denominations of all kinds from one dollar to hundred dollar bills, gypsy women in court yesterday provided bail for two men of their tribe, Peter Ely and Frank Demitro, on charges of assault and theft. In addition Ely had to find further bail of $5,000, which he obtained by going home in charge of two detectives and getting the money.

RHINE FLOODS PART OF KAISER'S REFUGE

Amerongen, Holland, Jan. 22—(By the Associated Press)—While the diplomats of the great powers are occupying themselves with a demand for his surrender for trial, former Emperor William of Germany, as far as those outside Bentinck Castle can learn, remains unperturbed.

Today water from the swollen Rhine is overflowing a part of the Bentinck estate, but the castle itself is not flooded. The floods came at an opportune time to relieve any mental strain the one time emperor may have had as a result of the extradition proceedings. He is working hard daily with the laborers strengthening the dikes, and there is no sign apparent whatever that he intends either to return to Germany or to surrender voluntarily to the Allies.

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CHEAP SPORTS.

Deprived of beer and bitters, by laws they don't admire, some peevish, sorehead critters kick like a house afire. They say with prohibition our country's bound to reach the depths of dark demnition, where brindled bow-wows screech. They should forget the bitters; 'twould be more safe and sane to hail with cheerful twitters the water wagon's reign. Their thirst they're merely nursing when they denounce the luck, and spend the dry days cursing the drouth that's run amuck. "I like a frequent toddy," I heard one sport remark; "I used to look quite gaudy, when lit up after dark; but since that graft is ended, I think of other things, and I am feeling splendid, and happy as two kings." Vox Populi has spoken, and, though it makes you sore, old Booze's scepter's broken for ever, evermore. We see the good sport reading the writing on the wall, behold him blithely speeding to some cool waterfall. The cheap sport, grouchy beggar, says all his rights are gone, and hunts some punk bootlegger who has a demijohn.

CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Dominion Happenings of Other Days

SAILING OF THE SARDINIAN

Although hundreds of thousands of Canadians have gone overseas in the last four years to serve the King, in October, 1899, it was a new event in Canadian history. For on the 30th of that month the S. S. Sardinian sailed from Quebec with 1,029 Canadian troops of the first contingent to leave for South Africa, where Britain was at war with the Boers. That was the official roll of the regiment, but when it was lined up for inspection ten men more was found in the ranks; they had smuggled themselves on board, so great was their desire to fight. They were enlisted with the force. The unit had been given a great farewell by 50,000 people at Quebec, many following the transport down the river for miles to wave a last farewell. The vessel was terribly overcrowded for such a long voyage, but every soldier was keen on the work and anxious to see Cape Town to get into action. On the fourth day out Pte. Deslauriers died, and was buried at sea the same afternoon.

The voyage was lonely and long, but on the 29th of the following month the ship came to anchor at Cape Town to receive a splendid welcome from all the ships in port. It was the arrival of the first men from Canada and their appearance in Africa came at a moment when the fortunes of war were unfavorable to the British. They came in a momentous week.

Sir Alfred Milner sent his A. D. C. out on the official tug to greet the Canadians; with it came, too, Lieutenant Duffus, a Canadian, who was serving with the imperials. The next day the men landed and marched to Green Point, where they went into camp. A vast multitude witnessed the parade through the streets to the headquarters. The Maxim gun squad was a centre of attraction for, being without horses, Privates Hendrie and Machie dragged the weapon along the street. But there was no rest and the next day the regiment paraded through the street again to the station, on its way up to the front. Canadians had gone to war.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

You May Have Guessed It.

Ralph: "Just what is a germ, anyway?"

Raymond: "A germ is a doctor's alibi."

Bulletin.

Up to the hour of going to press the cost of living is still high.

Right.

"Truth is mighty!" declared the earnest reformer.

"Yes, mighty scarce," agreed the cynical one.

The Tendency of The Times.

Farmer: "You say the brindled cow kicked you over three times this morning? I wonder what's gone wrong with her?

Radical Hired Man: "Well, from her actions I'd say she must be striking for something!"

A Poser.

Mr. Goodrich—"Mr. Campbell, the millionaire, died suddenly this morning."

Little Edwin—"Do you think he'll be able to work his way through, pa?"

Mr. Goodrich—"Through what, my son?"

Little Edwin—"Why, through the eye of the needle?"

New Standards.

Suitor—Please, I'd like to marry your daughter.

Father—But can you support her in the manner in which her favorite screen heroine is accustomed to live?—Life.

A LETTER TO HIRAM.

Frend Hiram Hornbeam:—

I see ye hev jined with the capitalistic class. Jest whut it is I don't know, but I see yer thar. How did yer do it? I allus thought you an' Sile Jones wuz t'llers of the sile. Wuz it yer old brain that put you thar, or yer tongue, or yer hands? Wut is yer capital ennyway? I never heerd thet ye hed more than a thousand bones in the bank. I never seed whar ye hed bot a million dollars wuth o' Viktry bonds. I hed an idee when I wus shuvlin dirt alongside ye at the South End playgrounds a-fittin' it up fer the poor boys and girls of the citty thet ye wer an ornery laborer, an' a very ornery wun at that.

Howsomdever yer a capetalist now and we'll hev to take off our hats to ye. Cum to think ef it, ain't we all capetalists? If we hev a strong body, or a strong mind, willin hands, or helthy mussels, or a big active brain, if we ken see beyond the nose on our faces; if the Almighty hez given us talents that we've worked isn't thet capetal? Isn't the feller thet rises from the ranks of his chums 'cause of his good looks, or his smooth tongue, or his mentel debility, a capetalist? Isn't the feller thet cen raize fourtee good lookin' helthy chilern a capetalist? By heck, I'd put him in the front rank of capetalists. He shouldn't be called upon to work thet capetal of his'n enny more.

If it's wrong ter be a capetalist, I don't think we orterencurage those hundreds of young people to jine the vokashnul class' an increase in their capetal. What de ye think?

Rite sune.

Yures,

REUBEN.

GREATER ST. JOHN

(Continued.)

To the Editor of The Times.

Sir,—While some differ with me on my seemingly huge scheme regarding a proper residential centre, the great majority endorse it as being the most real and proper proposition for a Greater St. John.

Let me take my readers into some concrete facts to prove the justice of my claim. St. John city comprises and is built upon a section bounded on the south and west by the harbor and river; from the river to Westmorland road you are confronted with rocky hills, bogs and marsh lands. This we will call the north and northeast boundary. Building in this section is an expensive undertaking on account of the process of blasting, and is therefore not to be considered in any great scheme of planning a residential centre, unless we wish to squander large sums of money in street building, laying sewer and water mains, etc.

Land back of St. Luke's church, which does not appeal to me as anything other than for a skating rink in winter and playground in summer, has made little progress in the building line. Beyond this we still come in contact with rock and rough ground until we reach the Great Marsh.

Building here has been in progress with no great success. I cannot understand a man building homes under such conditions when he can build upon good ground, and it would be cheaper in the long run.

Side-track the rocky cliffs and get your feet out of the mire if you want to build right. It may be wise for a man to build his house upon a rock when it does not require too much blasting, but it is not wise for a man to build upon a swamp, and the only alternative is to get his feet on higher ground.

Again this sort of condition makes it next to impossible for street building and laying of water and sewerage mains. In fact, the whole scheme should be condemned on the ground of too much expense in preparatory work. For general progress we must have a little consideration for the public purse, which is none too full at the present time.

Where do we find ourselves at the end of the Great Marsh or Rothesay avenue? Does this not prove the feasibility of the section from Westmorland road to Red Head as absolutely the only site for a great living centre? Courtenay Bay would naturally be the eastern boundary. All this section within the boundaries mentioned are built up solidly, from Courtenay Bay to Indiantown and from the harbor front to the barriers of rocky hills and marsh lands to the north. Within these limits there are too many people living; the houses, or as they are called in St. John, tenements, are too high. Some contain as many as eight families, all using the same front entrance. In order to overcome this crowding it is necessary to start a proper living centre of self-contained or two-family houses, and there is little or no room for expansion within these limits and the conditions to the north and northeast are not within the scope of proper progress.

Courtenay Bay can be crossed by bridge and the section east of the bay brought within a stone's throw of the very heart of the city. This would be the most proper and progressive plan for a modern residential city. Starting from East St. John and going in the direction of Red Head you have about ten miles of country splendidly adapted for the purpose here mentioned. Little River affords a drainage for section I., or the land beyond the hospital; most of this land faces the south and is therefore pleasant all the year round. Section II., or Little River village and the land adjacent, slopes gently towards Little River and the bay. Section III., or Red Head, slopes gradually towards the bay.

Here we have no great physical barriers to combat and the cost of water and sewerage would not be so great as in other sections mentioned. Street making would be comparatively easy.

Let us go a little further in the scheme. The city owns great water powers at Mispec. Here could be constructed a municipal power plant which is greatly needed at the present time, and supply light for the homes and power for a municipal street railway which is necessary, starting from Red Head, running up the shore and crossing on a high level bridge which will come as surely as we are on the map, and ending at the Court House by way of the great highway King street east.

There could be separate water supplies from the numerous lakes back of the hills. This would save a great deal of expense in connecting up with the water mains of the city and prevent a diversion of the already inadequate pressure.

At least a look over this section of country would be in keeping with the progressive forward movement for a Greater St. John. Facts are facts. Our needs are imperative. Time is money. Delays are unbusinesslike. Think of what Moncton is doing. Stop slumbering and turn to the east. A start could be made in advance of the great harbor scheme in Courtenay Bay, which is bound to come with the Canadian National Railway making their terminal there.

Do not wait for some one to come and prop you up or ask your neighbor what he thinks of the scheme. This may be a dream, but some men have dreamed dreams and they have come true. This dream is coming true, whether I have the pleasure and joy of seeing it carried out or not. "Greater St. John" will come and she will rise like a white cloud on the eastern horizon.

Thanking my fellow citizens for their kindly remarks and encouragement in their communications to me, especially the editor of The Clerk, and thanking you for your valuable space, I remain,

Yours very truly,

C. B. WILLIAMS,

29 Paddock street, Jan. 20, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

EX-MAYOR OF BOSTON, 91, IS HALE AND HEARTY.

(Boston Globe.)

Tomorrow will be ex-Mayor Hart's ninety-first birthday. Last year on his nineth birthday Mr. Hart was a luncheon guest of friends at the City Club and later in the day there was a party at his home on Commonwealth avenue.

Owing to the extreme cold today Mr. Hart did not come down town as is his daily practice, but he was up and about as usual, cheery and smiling as ever, receiving congratulations of callers and answering telephone calls of friends who felicitated him on his approaching anniversary.

"We are not going to have any celebration this year," said the ex-mayor to a Globe reporter today, "that is, nothing like the racket we had last year, when my folks and friends made such a how-do-you-do over my 90th birthday. I'm feeling as well as ever, however, and I am looking forward to several more birthdays. You know I told you last year that I expected to live to be 100. I see no reason for changing my opinion this year.

"Prohibition is an outrage," declared Mr. Hart to a reporter last evening, discussing the happenings of late. "I believe it a shame to disrupt a great business so summarily, to devastate it overnight," he said. "Thousands of men had their all invested in the liquor business and were ruined by the legislation without being given the opportunity even to get rid of stocks on hand. Other thousands were thrown out of employment. I personally cannot see wherein a man has not the right to make and sell whiskey like any other commodity." Mr. Hart said with a smile that he had never taken a drink. His indulgence in tobacco during ninety-one years was on a parity with his indulgence in liquor, being limited to one cigar. He chuckled as he added that he will never forget that cigar.

The lavish expenditure of money in all walks of life astonishes Mr. Hart. "I only hope they are putting a little something aside for a rainy day," said he, "for hard times are bound to follow such an era of prosperity and spending."

If he had his way, he said, he would make short shrift of the Reds. "Folks who do not believe in America and its institutions should not be permitted to assail them, and the sooner they are shipped back to more congenial territory the better it will be for this country and its people," he declared.

Mr. Hart will attend the Merchants' Club dinner tomorrow evening. He is one of the oldest and best-known members of that organization.

Pioneer Newspaper Man Dead.

Lethbridge, Alta., Jan. 22—E. T. Saunders, publisher of the first newspaper in Lethbridge, The News, established in 1885, but now extinct, died in San Diego, Cal., yesterday.

CLEMENCEAU'S DEFEAT.

(New York Evening Post.)

The dramatic defeat of Clemenceau for the French presidency is due to a number of causes. One reason was his unpopularity with certain political elements, which at critical moments during the war felt bound to support him and which have been waiting for such an opportunity as yesterday's. Deschanel, who led Clemenceau in the poll, is more conservative than the Tiger. Nor was it altogether the feeling that Clemenceau had had enough of power and honor. The great obstacle in his path was the ambition of aspirants not for the presidency, but for the premiership, who combined in an effort to shake his prestige so that, even if elected president, his dictation of his successor would be impossible. They succeeded, possibly beyond their hopes, certainly to the extent of creating an anomalous parliamentary situation. Clemenceau is neither deputy nor senator, yet as premier he retains the confidence of parliament. In formal unexpected defeat he remains a monumental figure.

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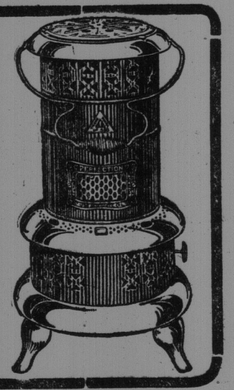

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The St. John Press

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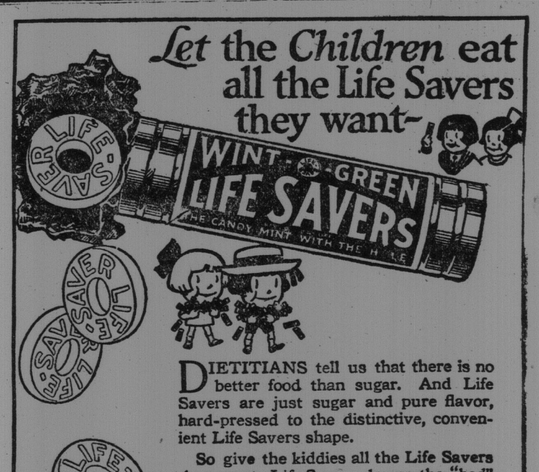

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