

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 19, 1926.

WHAT WOULD THEY TELL US?

"Here you have an opportunity which is unexcelled in the world, and were I beginning over again there is no place to which I would more gladly turn to build a career."

So spoke Lord Beaverbrook in accepting the freedom of the city. If we could but instill into the minds of the children of today the conviction expressed by this one of the most distinguished of our self-styled New Brunswickers, what would be the result? At least we should do much to stop the exodus, by which we are penalized so heavily in our intellectual life, in our business, in the driving force, the initiative and energy which we need so greatly, and which to so great an extent, through our loss of our native-born, we devote to the up-building of other provinces, of the United States, and of other foreign lands.

Could we call home to conference in the land of their birth some scores, not to say hundreds, of our sons who have distinguished themselves in one walk or another of life elsewhere, could we take counsel with them, could they inspire us and we in turn inspire them, what would the harvest be?

They who were born here and who in later years sought and achieved fortune elsewhere, under the common flag or under alien skies, as they grow older turn more and more mentally and sentimentally toward the place of their nativity; more and more they think of our problems and our material success and intellectual advancement. It would be too difficult a task to seek to tell at a moment's notice those who might be invited to such a conference as comes naturally to mind with the visit here of Lord Beaverbrook. Sir James Dunn is a name which naturally suggests itself, but it is not only to great captains of finance we need turn in thinking about a possible round-table conference of the New Brunswick-born, including some who dwell among us and others who might return readily did the occasion present sufficient profit for their native province. Our universities have sent to other parts of Canada and to the United States a great many men who have won distinction in one walk of life or another, and whose counsel upon our problems might well be invaluable.

In engineering, in architecture, in construction in the larger sense, in law, in medicine, in newspaper work, and in many another line of achievement we are numerous represented in other lands. Today many of these exiles would undoubtedly say with Lord Beaverbrook that opportunities in this province, if we are but ready to capitalize them, are unexcelled anywhere in the world, and that if they were beginning over again there is no place to which they would turn more gladly to build a career. That being the case, it should follow that from such a conference we would derive inspiration and highly practical suggestions as to how we might increase the measure of contentment and prosperity which we all naturally desire. Our distinguished visitors in turn, having re-acquainted themselves at first hand with our conditions, our aspirations, our possibilities, would be able to concentrate upon our situation the force of their experience and their ripened intellect, and undoubtedly greatly to our profit.

Our public men frequently discuss plans whereby we may retain our native sons and daughters, whereby, to a great extent at least, we may stop the exodus, and not only that, but create a fresh and abiding confidence in this our own country. Many of the methods suggested to this end are palliatives rather than sovereign remedies. What we must do, by one means or another, is to educate the boys and girls of today into the well justified belief that this of all lands is the best, not only because it is their own, but because likewise it is the country of the future—that here rather than at the foot of the rainbow, rather than in distant fields that look deceptively green, they may find happiness, a sane prosperity, that real justification for life which is the natural objective of all well-balanced people.

The first business of the day with us should be to tell Saint John, New Brunswick, the Maritime Provinces to the rising generation. In order to do so we must strive increasingly to make these provinces a better place to live in. We must plan to that end. It is a campaign not to be finished in a day or a year. In planning it we might well call into counsel the best brains at our command, including the best of those who, having achieved distinction elsewhere, now find their thoughts turning toward the place of their birth.

ROGUSH RASCALS.

What is all this pother about young matrons in London with the redundant appellation "rogush rascals"? There is nothing new under the sun and rogush rascals were probably a matter of ancient history when Mrs. Potiphar tried to queer the Egyptian marriage market.

by her bootless amorette with the eligible young Joseph. The modern rogush rascals are dangerous because of their youth, and yet since there is no record of Mrs. Potiphar's age at the time of her disgraceful conduct, there is no reason for assuming her to have been an antique.

But even those sirens who must be acknowledged at least approaching middle age have been cited as extremely embarrassing to the legitimate aspirations of their more youthful spinster sisters. What saith Kipling?

I go to concert, party, ball—
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine.
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

But the poet finishes on a note of comfort.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine.
Just think that she'll be eighty—
one.

When I am forty-nine.
So cheer up, dears. How many of the rogush rascals will be passing when you are their age?

The closing of the city supervised playgrounds draws attention to a particularly worthy form of social service. The city itself contributes liberally to this cause and the voluntary work performed by the Playgrounds Association is a public spirited effort fruitful of definite and obvious good. Children must play, and if they have a place where they may do so they are less likely to infest the streets to the annoyance of the citizens and to their own moral and physical detriment. The danger arising from playing in the city streets was brought to notice in today's Telegraph-Journal. One motorist described driving in the streets as a "nerve racking business" and advocated public warnings to parents. That is true and right, but it is not enough. Boys will be boys and girls, girls; kiddies must and will play, and the streets are certainly no place for games. Therefore are the public supervised playgrounds a valuable civic asset deserving the highest commendation and support.

Odds and Ends

If Loneliness Be Mine

(Barbara Young in New York Times.)
If loneliness be mine
(And loneliness, I know, is every-
man's)
Let me be lonely in a quiet place,
Among the trees and grass,
Or by the sea,
Or on a distant hill,
Or in a desert waste.

O, God, let me be lonely, if you will,
But not in town.
These tongues are strange to me;
And when I speak what things are in
my heart
Folk do not know the meanings of my words.

I would be lonely in a quiet place;
Not with my five-and-twenty busy friends.
(May they forgive me);
Here is the loneliness of talk and laughter
That covers hidden tears.

This barrier of light nothing is a thing
More lonely than an aching solitude;
More lonely than a longing and a love
That seeks and does not find,
Or having found
Lies down to sleep a half a world away.

Let me be lonely where the silent night
Follows the silent day.
Silence, I understand.
It is my language.
I understand the shadows of the leaves,
And what they write upon a moonlit road.

Is plain to me.
The ebbing of the tide
Tells an old tale in rhythm on the sand
That I read well.
The sound of desert winds,
The rain upon a hill
I understand.

I would be lonely in a quiet place
Wherein remembrance dwells
Of simple things—
Pebbles and planets,
Dragon-flies and dust,
A glow-worm and the sun.
The hand of my beloved on my heart;
And Your still voice
Speaking in gardens at the cool of day.

If loneliness be mine
(And everyman's),
Let me be lonely in the night
Alone.

Choice of Words.

(Mentor Magazine.)
Shakespeare's plays contain fifteen thousand different words. Milton's works half that number. These were writers of prolific thought and phrase, yet even they did not make heavy draft upon the store of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives in the English language. For there are a hundred thousand of them in all.

Hope.

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune.)
A contemporary says that pedestrians ought to have wings. Most of 'em soon will if they don't stop trying to cross the street.

Mentioning No Names.

(Milverson Sun.)
A scientist recently found a skull in Southern California half an inch thick. There was no need of him going that distance.

The Channel Swim



Cross-channel swimming has become such a craze that a traffic cop may be necessary to keep the crowd in motion, according to NEWS OF THE WORLD, LONDON.

Queer Quirks of Nature

SHE HAS A PLEASANT DISPOSITION, AT-LEAST



Nelle, Who Never Won a Beauty Prize.

By AUSTIN H. CLARK

MEER and gentle and a general favorite with the keepers of the National Zoological Park at Washington is Nelle the war-hog.

War-hogs are found only in Africa where they live both on the bare plains and in the thinly wooded forests; but apparently they are never found in thick forests.

The animals are strictly vegetarians and obtain their food by grubbing roots, young sprouts, and various tubers; they also crop grass like the zebra and antelope. Usually when digging they rest on their front knees.

Few animals are uglier than the

war-hogs with their two pairs of large curved canine teeth. They are clothed with a long thin mane of coarse hair which runs down the middle of the back.

The tail is very slender and quite bare except for a tuft of black hair at the extreme tip. When the animal is excited, his tail stands straight up.

The head of the war-hog is enormously large, the skull being nearly twice as large as that of some of the other African pigs of the same size of body. Young war-hogs differ from the young of other wild pigs in being

Bygones in color without lighter spots or stripes.

The Political Fray

Conservative

THE LOYALTY QUESTION.

(London Free Press.)

The Free Press has no doubt that even if Mr. King should happen to win there will be no movement for disruption of the Empire, and the Free Press has no question that Canada and the Empire will run along just as at present. Mr. King will do no more to alter the constitution of the country than he has to reform the Senate. He is just talking for political purposes, which is a habit of Mr. King. The Free Press does not think the world takes him seriously. However, unfortunately, Mr. King's talk and the talk of his lieutenants is giving the impression to the United States, as it is to the world, that Canada is preparing to cut the painter; that Canada is dissatisfied with its relations with Great Britain, and that Canada is moving toward independence. All the Bourgeois, who hate England, all the Ewatts, who believe in Canadian independence, all the Woodworths, who idealize Russian Sovietism, are enthusiastically lined up behind Mr. King. Mackenzie King. The Free Press does not impugn the loyalty of Mr. King or of his leading lieutenants, but they are conducting a campaign of a kind of actor which has drawn to it every disloyal man in the country.

A WESTERN VIEW

(Calgary Herald.)

The Liberal press is gradually veering to the view that there are other issues in the election than the simple solution issue. If the Liberal press will accept a suggestion, one might suggest the customs scandal as a matter worth consideration. Mr. Garland (Progressive) does not think that the customs scandal will have much effect in Quebec, where, he states, it is construed into a political manoeuvre to discredit that province. And the member for Bow River, himself, favors a government that had a large part of the evidence in its own possession, and yet did nothing to stop either the smuggling or the illicit operations of the customs officers.

THE CAMPAIGN ISSUES

(Montreal Gazette.)

The issues that concern the welfare of the country are not new. The Liberal party, which Mr. King leads and whose policies he assumes to set out, upholds the old platform of free trade, or rather a tariff for revenue only, meaning that customs duties should be imposed solely for the amount of money they will bring into the national treasury from year to year. The Conservative party, represented by the Government, holds that the geographic and economic situation of Canada is such that its industrial and commercial progress can best be secured by framing the customs schedules so that a moderate degree of protection will be afforded in the home market, to the home producer and the home worker.

A VITAL POLICY

(Hamilton Spectator.)

Hon. Mr. Bennett says Canada's need is a vital Canadian policy. What she has been getting is a policy that has paralyzed her vitals.

Liberal

THE GOVERNOR'S ADVISOR.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

Under our constitutional system King or Governor must, under all circumstances, give an adviser who will accept responsibility for his acts. When Mr. Meighen was summoned to Rideau Hall he came into full power and also into full responsibility. As Mr. Meighen did not, that under the new dispensation of equal status, the Governor-General's discretionary powers, exercisable under the colonial precedents, had lapsed. It was his duty to save Lord Byng from making his mistake irrevocable by advising him to retract his steps. Further, it was his duty to protect Canada's right to the status of equality which had been won for her by the valor of her soldiers and the wisdom of her statesmen. Instead, Mr. Meighen saw nothing before him but the opportunity to further his ambitions. He seized the premiership regardless of the consequences to Lord Byng on the one hand and to the country on the other.

DEFICITS AND TRADE.

(Montreal Herald.)

How is it that every time a Conservative Government comes into power in Canada, deficits and trade stagnation are the rule, while every time a Liberal Government takes over the administration of affairs surpluses and trade prosperity are the rule? The history of Canada supplies abundant testimony to the invariable character of the above-mentioned phenomena. Not only is this the case in the federal field, but it is true also in the provincial field. Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have all suffered heavily under Conservative rule. The Conservatives in each province have piled up deficit after deficit, and the Liberals succeeding them, have rehabilitated the finances and restored prosperity.

REDUCED TAXATION.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

The total reduction of taxation as a result of the Robb Budget of 1926 amounts to Thirty Million Dollars this year, and the best of it is that the average man has had tangible proof of his own personal benefit and saving on account of the tax reductions. Sir Wilfrid Laurier used to say that when the Liberals were in power it was not necessary to quote statistics to prove that the country was having prosperity; the people knew from the jingle in their pockets. So now they know from the saving in their own individual expenses the value of a Liberal Budget. They feel the jingle of the money saved by the reduced taxation in their pockets.

THE MARITIMES.

(Brookville Recorder.)

Premier Meighen will have to bring forward proposals more concrete in nature than he has yet offered if he is to convince the people of the Maritime Provinces that a Conservative administration under his guidance will be the means of removing their ills.

Just Fun

ROME wasn't built in a day and that's why some of the buildings are still in use.

"THERE may be something in this after all," said the revenue agent as he put his lips to the bottle.

SOME young men go to college, while others just dress funny and let it go at that.

THE other day a widower with nine children married a widow with six children, and they called it merger.

SOME folks talk like they'd just taken a mouthful of hot mush and then call the telephone for giving them the wrong number.

BUT it is nearly always the unjust that has the umbrella belonging to the just.

POEMS I LOVE

"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," by A. Cunningham.

THESE ringing lines will not die. They voice that high passion for the sea which many poets have felt and sung, and they are as fresh as ever. One of the tragedies of free verse is that it cannot readily be memorized; while a song like this is one's own, almost after the first reading.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And the white and rustling sail
And the gallant mast;
And the gull's cry, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horn'd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea!

DINNER STORIES

A NEGRO met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street one day and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"
"Ise got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other. "Ise got a profession."
"What is it?"
"Ise an orator."
"What's a orator?"
"Don't you know?" replied the respondent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you what a orator is. If you was to walk up to a ordinary nigger and ask him how much was two and two, and he'd say 'four'; but if you was to ask one of our orators how much was two and two he'd say, 'When in de course of humane events it becomes necessary to take de number of de second denomination and add it to de finger two, I say unto you and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invariably be four.' Dat's a orator."

TWO sisters—apparently all in all to each other—had lived together for many years. Then, when one was 98 and the other 96, the elder died. The relative who undertook the task of breaking the painful news to the survivor feared the shock would be fatal. I say unto you and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invariably be four? Dat's a orator."

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HOW CAN YOU TELL?

WINNETKA, Ill.—Remember the old cigar store Indian? Well, if this town has its way, people will someday be asking, "Remember the old barber pole?" For Winnetka, one of Chicago's most exclusive suburbs, where neither commercialism, industry nor the riotousness of the cinema mar the perfect suburban calm, has decided that the familiar sign of the tonsorial artist, a candy-stick pole, stationary or whirling, is crass, inartistic, unlovely and a blemish on the fair face of the town. Goodness knows what the barber will now for a sign over his shop. A suggestion that a coat-of-arms be designed has been rejected. For the design included "razor rampant on blood-red ground; septic stick, couchant." The barber felt, somehow, that that wouldn't do.



TREASON!
ATLANTIC CITY—Amelia Galli-Curci, the brilliant star of American opera, has thrown a bomb-shell into the camp of those who consider opera as something essentially sacred as art. For Madame Galli-Curci has admitted, without the faintest sign of a blush, that for real pleasure she has more out of a bang-up musical comedy than she does from—hang on to your chair—opera. "I would rather go to a musical comedy than to an opera. It is so much fun. Americans attend symphony concerts for which I admire them. Symphonies are art. Opera is not the highest form of art."

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