

# POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1926

## The Evening Times-Star

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### WHAT LOS ANGELES DID.

The City Council of Los Angeles, has just made a drastic cut in the city budget for the next fiscal year.

Hitherto, it appears that the budget had been framed by a budget committee of the City Council which called in the different department heads, talked over the situation with them and then wielded the pruning knife as gently as possible.

This year the Mayor of Los Angeles decided to handle the pruning knife and the result is a reduction of \$6,378,500 which is spread over the five city departments as follows:

The fire department is cut \$1,524,033, leaving a total available of \$4,017,823; engineering department cut \$2,468,860, leaving \$6,508,827; police department cut \$1,847,072, leaving \$4,661,755; health department cut \$201,654, leaving \$531,621; building department cut \$886,690, leaving \$645,031.

The reduction is about 27.5 per cent. What Los Angeles did yesterday in this respect Saint John may do in the near future.

### AFTER MUSSOLINI—WHAT?

What will happen to Italy after the death of Mussolini is the question asked by those who are interested in the future of Italy. In a recent article in which he gives his impressions of Mussolini and of his work in Italy, Mr. Marcellus does not answer his question because that is something that only time can do. He does state, however, that the manner of the Italian dictator's death will have much to do with shaping Italy's future.

There are few world figures of the present day—or of the last half century—for that matter—who have had so much written of them and their achievements as has Mussolini. The reason for this, doubtless, is that he is a personality which challenges the imagination and his romantic usurpation of power, which he has so well succeeded in holding and consolidating, has excited the admiration, grudgingly given in many quarters, of the entire world.

The fact that he has succeeded in dragging his country out of the mire of inevitable bankruptcy into which it was sinking, has been the driving force behind the inception of several new and important industries; has inaugurated a comprehensive policy for the development of Italy's huge waterpowers, and, by creating an atmosphere of stability, has placed his country on a sound financial basis; all these achievements have won for him the respect and confidence of the world bankers and almost the worship of his own people.

He lives in constant danger of assassination—such a man must have many enemies—and yet goes about unafraid, believing absolutely in his own destiny. Mr. Marcellus says that he looks like a man in perfect health, but he is suffering from an intestinal ulcer, which, because of his strenuous life, must mean his death in a comparatively short time—if the ulcer of an assassin does not first end his life.

And this is not what Mr. Marcellus means when he says the manner of his death will have considerable bearing on Italy's future. If Mussolini be assassinated, Mr. Marcellus fears the Fascist in their wrath will cause a revolution which will send Italy down the toboggan slide of depression into national chaos. If, on the other hand, Mussolini die from natural causes, while there is no man in Italy able to take his place, this writer tells us that Mussolini has prepared a state testament, in which he appoints a triumvirate composed of his three ablest lieutenants to govern Italy, and Mr. Marcellus believes that if these can work together, as they are the leaders of the three factions of the Fascist, Mussolini's work will not have been in vain.

### THE TEACHING OF THE TANK.

The designers of engines of destruction and of means and methods to counteract new inventions of warfare can certainly teach their more pacific brethren a lesson in perseverance, even if the latter declare that such indefatigability is worthy of a more humanitarian cause. Be that as it may, until education spread over many generations, has eliminated natural pugnacity from mankind, the warrior remains a necessary servant of the public—including the tinorous apostles of pre-militarism.

Take the tank. That invention broke the apparent stalemate of the trenches. Immediately counter measures began. Tank artillery with armor piercing shells—not a new invention but naval ammunition adapted to field weapons; these had only partial success; a direct hit on a moving object is not easy. Sted rifle bullets in few envelopes were adopted and pierced lightly armored tanks; so that plates were strengthened. Infantry was trained to fire only at the observation ports, but few direct hits were registered on the crews, though cuts and splashes of melted lead from the German bi-metallic bullets were reported.

Heavy anti-tank rifles were tried and pierced armor if the impact were at

right angles, not otherwise. Anti-tank machine guns had the same disadvantage and were very cumbersome. Grenades were linked in bunches of five and flung on tank roofs, so the tank discarded a flat roof. Flame-throwers flung on account of their short range. Minefields did, to a certain extent, hamper tank action. Some fields were of buried bombs fused to explode on pressure; in other cases the ground was sown with small grenades shaped like eggs. But, while a hindrance, minefields never formed complete obstacles.

Soon, undoubtedly, the tank will be rolled, and meanwhile it and its counter efforts illustrate the remarkable resource and persistence of the military inventor and improviser. What could not be done if men displayed the same qualities along other lines of endeavor?

A mere man, strutting along the pathways of King Square, admiring the display of fascination on the benches and noting the use of vanity compacts, has perhaps been tempted to take all this as a tribute to himself, to regard it as a net spread by the fowler in the sight of the bird—himself—and to puff himself up because he is such a cunning little bird that they can't fool him. They have been fooling him; Dr. Prudden has pricked the bubble. The pretty creatures are simply indulging an unnatural appetite for unadulterated and concentrated essence of "vasomotor rhinitis." So now we know.

If Commander Cabecada is a Portuguese national hero because he boarded the Royal Palace in 1910, there is another officer of the same service who managed to retain his commission that year in quite another way. The captain of a Portuguese cruiser in the Far East received orders from the revolutionary government to return to Lisbon with his ship. He was in a quandary. If he disobeyed he was a self-confessed royalist and would suffer accordingly. But it was quite possible that if he obeyed, the King might be again enthroned before he reached home and how then to explain his compliance? So he ran his ship aground; it was four months before she was paired and by that time the Captain was sure which side to support. He explained the accident by attributing it to his haste to support the revolution.

### Odds and Ends

#### The Week in Epigram

(Boston Transcript.)

It is a dangerous thing to get born in this world, especially to be born a human being. It is much easier to be an albatross or a bird—President Aldrich of the University of Virginia.

Such a life: when the heart is open, the shops are generally shut.—Aldous Huxley.

Happiness continues to be a by-product. Those who try for it directly find themselves baffled.—John Erskine.

I have lived up five flights of stairs all my life.—President Doumergue.

To condemn sharks in general is like never taking a taxi cab because men have been run over and killed by taxis.—William Beebe.

I hate diatribe.—John Galsworthy.

Into the old bottles of Islam a new wine is being poured, a blend of rationalism and nationalism: the most potent and dangerous liquors of the age.—E. Prince.

Princeton has always had a faculty for drinking.—Edward Hope.

Modernism is all very well in theology, but in art it seems to me to call for a statute de heretico comburendo.—Dean W. R. Inge.

Russia was and is the most important reservoir of raw energy in Europe. But it is a reservoir frozen over.—Scott Thayer.

On Behalf of Linotype Operators. (Stratford Beacon-Herald.)

Stanislaus Wojciechowski, deposed Premier of Poland, is seeking for troops to fight for him so that he may again be the first man of the land. On behalf of the printers of the world we hope Mr. — Mr. —, what's his name, stays licked.

Do You Remember?

The Christian Science Monitor wants to know whether anyone can remember the time when a potato was so plentiful a vegetable that one used to put the pen into it after signing the register in a village hotel.

Another contemporary recalls the fact that a potato was once so cheap that the man at the general store would stick one on the point of a coal oil can to prevent it from squirting.

To these reminiscences, add another: Do you remember when a "small potato" was referred to as "small potatoes"?

George Vest's Home State. (New York Sun.)

It has just been discovered that Missouri has no statute providing for punishment of a person who treats a dog cruelly, and Missouri is the State George Vest made famous by his immortal tribute to the dog, besides being paid a princely price for his book that "you gotta quit kickin' my dawg around!"

Seems Like a Long-Felt Want. (Newcastle, Ind., Courier.)

The need of the times is a dog that can ride downtown and then fold up and carry into the office.

Seems So These Days. (Manitoba Free Press.)

The wild life of the country is now mostly in the cities.

### Just Fun

IN GETTING up a swimming party one office employee who objected, for fear his iron constitution might rust.

THE most beautiful back in the world is the green back.

HUSBAND: Have you much shopping to do today?  
WIFE: I don't know. How much money have you got?

THOSE who are in the habit of looking on everybody else as crooks might stand a little watching themselves.

FAMOUS, NOT TO SAY NOTORIOUS SPRINGS

Beautiful board, hats, Down by the old Broken The tiger's — one yourself, what have you?

AFTER everything's said and done, more's said than done.

U—And what part of the picture did you like best?  
Sue—The part when Jack proposed to me, of course.

GOSSIP is spread by women who just vow they won't mention it to a soul.

IT'S hard to tell which is the worse, germs or the fear of them.

MANDY, you didn't call for our wash for two weeks, yet you sent me a bill for it just the same.  
"Yes," I don't take a two weeks vacation without pay.

FOR a birthday gift, we suggest a double compact for your girl with the double chin.

### Dinner Stories

TWO friends from Ireland on a tour occupied the same bedroom in a country inn. During the night a fearful storm raged. Join spoke of it in the morning while the two men were dressing.

"Did it rain?" Dennis asked in surprise.

"Rain?" John exclaimed. "It was a deluge, and the lightning was blinding and the thunder was deafening. Sure, I never heard the like."

"For the love of Heaven!" Dennis cried out. "Why didn't you wake me? Didn't you know I never can sleep when it thunders?"

A DUSKY son of Alabama was busily engaged in a cooing hunt. When asked by a sergeant what he was doing he replied:

"I'm a-huntin' fo' dem 'rhythmic bugs'."

"Cause dey add to ma misery, dey subtracts from ma pleasure, dey divides ma attention, and dey multiply like h—"

A NEW tailor had come to town and put up his sign, which consisted of his name and a picture of a large red apple.

Curiosity was aroused, and finally a man walked into the shop to inquire the meaning of the sign.

"Well," said the tailor, in reply to an inquiry, "I'd like to know where the clothing business would be today if it hadn't been for an apple!"

GET BUSY

Said one little chick with a funny little squint,  
"I wish I could find a nice little worm."

Said another little chick with a queer little shrug,  
"I wish I could find a nice little bug."

Said a third little chick with a strange little squeal,  
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."

"Look here," said the mother, from a green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast, get busy and scratch."

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### Big Stick In Poland



"Macha's" advice to the Polish Foreign Minister was disregarded by that official but was heeded by Pilsudski, successful leader of the revolt, who is proclaiming himself dictator. The advice was: "Throw away that useless cane, and support yourself with the big stick as Mussolini does in Italy."

### POEMS I LOVE

"If I Were King," by Justin Huntly McCarthy.

EVERYONE likes to "make believe." I suppose there is hardly a child who has not imagined himself a monarch; and many a grown-up—certainly many a lover—has indulged in the happy pastime of assuming a state beyond the bounds of reality. The poet may convince where other fail.

If I were king—oh, love, if I were king!  
What tributary nations would I bring  
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear  
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.

**THE BEST OF ADVICE**  
BY CLARK KENNARD

THE MYSTERY OF EVIL

THE evil in the world has always been a mystery to man. So-called "crime waves," persecutions of one kind and another—"man's inhumanity to man," still makes "countless thousands mourn." As John Fiske expressed it, "From the ancient Greek and Hebrew thinkers who were saddened by the spectacle of wickedness innocent of our time who asserts that the Power which sustains the world is but a blind and terrible force without concern for man's welfare of body or soul—from first to last the history of philosophy teems with the morbid instance of this discouragement."

OLDTIME philosophies taught that the mystery of evil was the result of warring elements—the good and the evil—who fought for possession of the world. "The advance of modern science," says Fiske, "carries us irresistibly to monotheism."

What is the lesson that is taught alike by the correlation of forces, by scientific analysis, by the revelation of chemistry, . . . by astronomy . . . which are slowly unravelling the wonders of past life upon the earth through millions of ages? . . . It is the lesson of the unity of nature. To learn it rightly is to learn that all the things that we can see and know in the course of our life in this world, are so intimately woven together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos.

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### The Very Idea!

By Nell Cochran

#### FACIAL EXPRESSION.

CONSIDER your face, and the things folk can trace through expression you show day by day. Let's all turn thumbs down on the ones who just frown. No sense in its being that way. Why not realize that a couple of eyes, and a mouth can be used to spread cheer? By hook, or by crook, you can put on the look that will make people glad you're there.

A scowl's out of joint, and by straining a point, any person can switch to a grin. If you're not of that sort, aw, come on, be a sport. Right now's a good time to begin.

Let eyes twinkle bright. There you are, now—that's right. Say, isn't it easy to do? The fellow worth while is the man who can smile, and let cheerful sunshine seep through.

Judging from static, radio music is one of the things that DOESN'T come out of a clear sky.

'Sunny how people will kick over finding moths in a coat they only paid five dollars for. What do they expect, butterflies?

There is hot and cold water in most houses. Wives and husbands in one, and throw the other on most of their plans.

"In the dark about our bills," Said she, alas, alas,  
And was the right: I'll say she was. The pills were all for gas.

Once there was a bashful fella who reminded his girl of Venus. She didn't have any arms, either.

NOVEL IN THREE CHAPTERS. Chap. 1—You are the only man I could ever want for a husband. Chap. 2—If I wonder what she wants? Chap. 3—"He gave it to me without complaining. I wonder what he's been up to. THE END.

FABLES IN FACT.

A DEALER IN SECOND-HAND CLOTHES HAD A HOBBY OF MARKING THINGS COMMA QUOTATION MARK FASHIONABLE PERIOD QUOTATION MARK ONE DAY COMMA HOWEVER COMMA HE CAME UPON A SUIT THAT WAS FAR TOO SHABBY TO MARK THAT WAY PERIOD OF COURSE HE WAS IN A QUANDARY DASH DASH UNTIL AN ALERT CLERK SUGGESTED THAT THEY MERELY MARK IT QUOTATION MARK VERY MUCH WORN PERIOD QUOTATION MARK.

IN A RECENT fire the mewing of a kitten saved six lives. Or, counting itself, fifteen altogether.

timately woven together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos.

The whole universe is animated by a single principle of life, and whatever we see in it, whether to our half-trained understanding and narrow experience it may seem to be good or bad, is an inseparable part of the stupendous scheme."

MAN'S gradual rise from the lower to the higher through the process of evolution accounts for much of what we call evil. It is imperfect development. And how far—spiritually—we have come from our far-off ancestors.

"The physical differences between man and ape are less important than between African and South African apes. . . . Zoologically man is simply one genus in the old-world family of apes. Psychologically he has traveled so far from apes that the distance is scarcely measurable," declares Fiske.

"This rise from a bestial to a moral plane of existence involves the acquirement of the knowledge of good and evil. Conscience is generated by the play a part analogous to that played by the sense of pain in the lower stages of life and to keep us from wrong doing."

When we have once grasped these ideas we can see—but faintly perhaps, but hopefully—that, as Fiske avers, "this mystery belongs among the profound mysteries of God's creation."

"Many are the pains of life and the struggle with wickedness is hard; it is marked with sorrow and tears. But assuredly its deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven?"

This Store will be open Friday night until 10 o'clock, and will close on Saturday at one o'clock. We appeal to the buying public to support us in our endeavor to maintain this half holiday, and ask them to do their purchasing on Friday night or Saturday morning.

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"EMPEROR COOK"

(London Daily Telegraph.)

He ("Emperor") Cook impresses no one when he declares that "war has been declared against the miners," because that assertion is flatly contradicted by the tenor of the report of the royal commission which the government has accepted. His reference to the "new mentality" of the navy, army and air force, a piece of bad taste which comes dangerously near the sedition line, are happily important only as illustrating his own unbalanced mentality. His mysterious phrases about what the defensive forces would and would not do in an industrial crisis are exposed as nonsense, for the reason that it has never been, and is never likely to be, the practice to employ soldiers, sailors or airmen as strike-breakers. As Mr. Cook and others of his persuasion know, the armed forces would be used only in the case of such violent disorders that the life of the community was threatened. In that event no government, whether capitalist or socialist, would hesitate to employ them.

"AND now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the counsel, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wild what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He was, sir, now and then; but he struck me oftener wid his fish!"

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