

The Evening Times-Star

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ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 21, 1924.

RED CROSS EFFORTS

Dr. J. W. Robertson, who is the President of the Canadian Red Cross Society, discussed the work of the organization in Ottawa a few days ago and the efforts of the Red Cross to improve health conditions, to prevent disease and to mitigate suffering. He pointed out that in this country during wartime it had been found that half of the men offering or called up for service were in precarious and pitiful conditions of health, and in Great Britain it was found that of the last two and a half million men called only three in every nine were fit for service. Two were injured, three physical wrecks and one a chronic invalid. During the war the Red Cross handled thirty million dollars for the Canadian people and assisted in the support of 1,160 French hospitals as well as maintained all the Canadian units in every theatre of war. The need of health training was impressed by Mr. Robertson, who incidentally mentioned in this connection that the children of today eat too many made-up dishes, too many sweets of various kinds and not enough simple foods, vegetables or milk. He also made the somewhat surprising statement that, while medical science and health methods had greatly reduced death rates, the general health was not so good and that affected general efficiency.

We know Dr. Robertson very well and favorably in this province. We learned to appreciate him years ago. He has always been foremost in educational and welfare work, and what he says with regard to the latter will receive very careful attention.

SOUTH AFRICA'S PROBLEM

Widespread consternation has been caused in South Africa by the recently published statement of the Director of Census that the days of the white man's supremacy in that country will not long continue unless his numbers are supplemented by a steady flow of immigration from Europe. In no part of the world is the race problem more acute than in South Africa. Six million whites live side by side with twenty-five million native negroes—Kaffirs as they are called—and while the Kaffirs are steadily increasing in numbers, the white population is not merely at a standstill but tending to decrease.

So far as the wealthy and professional classes are concerned, South Africa is an ideal home for its white inhabitants; its soil is abundantly fertile, its climate healthy and its diamond and gold mines unsurpassed by those of any other country, yield immense revenues. But the manual workers of European extraction have a sorry time of it; they are forced to compete for a livelihood with natives who with their low standards of living can maintain themselves in comfort on wages which spell starvation for a white man. Consequently the mines are almost wholly manned by native labor and the farmers too, find it more profitable to employ Kaffirs than men of their own colour.

South Africa's problem is not a new one; its formidable character has been recognized by leaders of opinion for many years, but latterly it has become acute and the report of the Director of Census has brought it into the sphere of active politics. The present Government, which relies for its strength mainly on the support of the Dutch farmers and the labour unions, is advocating a policy of native "segregation" as a solution. As a phrase "segregation" is inviting, but as a policy it is impracticable. No class would be more strongly opposed to the herding of the natives into areas of their own than the chief supporters of the Government, the farmers, who would in this way be deprived of their cheap labour. It is more than doubtful whether "segregation" will ever become a useful political issue in this country. Their numbers make it impossible to confine them upon reserves in the way the Indians were confined in Canada and the United States.

It is too much to expect hard-headed farmers and mine owners, or mention manufacturers, to pay white men higher wages than black, simply because they are white. The policy would be ruinous unless it were universally followed and in the present state of opinion there is little likelihood of that. If the alternative to the end of the white man's domination in South Africa is a large scheme of immigration this may be adopted. But strong influences are opposed to it; the immigrants would be largely British, and the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa do not regard any large addition to the British population with favour. The Labour Unions, too, are antagonistic to immigration as they are in other countries; they say with considerable reasonableness that the welfare of the white inhabitants will not be improved but made worse by an influx of poor immigrants. The available sources of well-to-do immigrants are necessarily limited.

We in Canada are inclined to regard the political problems which confront

us today as difficult, and so indeed they undoubtedly are, but at least they are mainly economic and by industry and thrift and with the return of better times we can confidently expect to solve them successfully. But a race problem, such as faces South Africa, is essentially more formidable. Time, far from helping its solution, makes it more acute. Statesmanlike and far-seeing leadership will do much and in its brief history South Africa has produced leaders of high calibre. The land of Botha and Smuts may safely be relied upon to find a way out of its difficulties.

In the prosecution of the oil companies for conspiring with U. S. federal officials to obtain valuable leases and paying out very considerable sums either in bribes or in loans to representatives of the government, there have been many dramatic situations. The last was in Los Angeles when Counsel Hogan, in defending E. L. Doheny, one of the oil multi-millionaires, painted him in glowing colors and declared that "God Almighty never made a man who on one occasion would rise to his country's defense and within a short time thereafter pull down by bribery a high official of that country." Words are not everything. Acts count for more and when Doheny's son confessed to handing over a hundred thousand dollars to a former Secretary of the Treasury, which sum was afterwards described as a loan to that official, the suspicions of the people were very hard to allay.

In the great New Jersey fire of a few days ago The Herald-Tribune of New York City describes the efforts of the Red Cross in assisting firemen with refreshments while they were fighting the conflagration, and then it adds that the most successful of those belonged to a certain athletic club, the members of which chipped in liberally and bought food for all the firemen who would eat and "many went about with something on the hip." It is hardly fair for The Herald-Tribune to indulge in such particularity in describing a struggle with the elements. Fire is sometimes fought with water, but seldom with firewater. Even if it were it is not fair to tell it.

In a speech before the Provincial Conservative Convention of Ontario, the Premier, Mr. Howard Ferguson, pointed out that forty per cent of all the revenue of Ontario now goes towards paying the interest on the provincial debt. Our percentage in New Brunswick is not as high as that. We pay about a million dollars in interest and have a revenue, roughly speaking, of three million. Other facts touched upon by Prime Minister Ferguson indicate that the annual budget of Ontario for education is about ten million dollars.

In Defence.
 And some did hold that our old English tongue
 By overusage and the weight of years
 Was worn to shreds and tatters, and among
 Those rags a man would seek almost
 In tears
 For words that he might use to deck
 True thought.
 And still and ever would he throw
 away
 One soiled word after other, for he sought
 Worth that no man had ever used to
 say
 Aught that was chaff or had some ugly
 vein.
 O foolish thought!
 All words can perfect truth and beauty
 paint
 If he who chooses be an artist true
 And speak the tongue his own fore-
 fathers knew.
 —T. M. Frampton, in the Poetry Review.

City Playgrounds.

(Hamilton Spectator.)
 Next month the taxpayers will have presented for their consideration a by-law to raise \$25,000, by the sale of debentures, for playground purposes. Public approval of this expenditure may be taken for granted. Supervised playgrounds are no longer an experiment, nor just a philanthropic exhaust for kindly disposed citizens who have never been able to forget that they were kids themselves once upon a time. Playgrounds are an actual necessity in this day of pell-mell traffic rush. If the streets are no longer safe for play, then play-spaces that are safe must be provided. It isn't an expenditure, but an investment—in the men and women of tomorrow.

(His Holiness the Khalifat-ul-Masiah, in London.)

Perhaps it is because of your weather that the English are so fond of work. It does not seem to give much opportunity for doing anything else.

LAST OF VILLAS SHOT
 Ripolito Villa, the last of that famous bandit family, brother of Pancho Villa, met his death before a federal firing squad near Jimenez, Chihuahua, Mexico, recently. He was taken from a train, court-martialed and shot.

Odds and Ends

"You never know what you'll find among the odds and ends."—From "Notes by A. W. Lister."

Being Well Read.

(Cape Argus.)
 If people would only be themselves and seek to discover themselves in the books they read, the world would be a wiser and happier place. Any library, worth the name, contains, no doubt, "infinite riches in a little room," but through compression and concentration the wealth of most libraries (private ones we mean) would be indefinitely increased. Truly, Rhodes knew what he was about that afternoon, more than 40 years ago when he stalked into Hatcharia with Gibbon on the brain. To know one of the great books of the world through and through is to be well read.

The Secret of Getting on With Men.
 "Being able to get on well with men isn't a trick that somebody can teach you," says Harry H. Bassett, president of the Buick Motor Company, in Forbes Magazine, N. Y. "Honestly, I believe that the spirit of humanness, or kindness, or whatever you want to call it, has to be born in a man. Some men simply have it. Others haven't. It so happens that I was born with a genuine feeling of—well, you might call it warmth towards my fellow-men. I like to help. I like to help other fellows to get along. I get more fun out of my job than out of anything else. I know that I am very fond of all the 'boys,' and if, as you tell me, you find that some of them think that I play fair and square with them, I am gratified to know it. 'We get on all right together.' The key men have been with me together for years, all working together most harmoniously."

"You know," he added, "the policy of the General Motors Corporation tends to make a man feel satisfied and secure for the future. No corporation in America has a more generous plan for the future of its employees. It makes us feel that we are working in the interests not only of the corporation but of ourselves. Under the leadership of such men as Mr. D. Pont and President Sloan, we are all inspired to do our level best."

A TRIBUTE TO PETER MCARTHUR.

Strangers we travelled on the midnight train,
 Each careful of the other's solitude;
 But in the smokers' lounge dim domain
 I met him and I understood.

The pipes were emptied and tired smokers passed
 Each to the shelter of his numbered bed,
 But still we shared our unforeseen repast—
 Dawn found our berths untenanted.

His humor served him as a playful spear
 To pierce the tawdry fashions of his day.
 A quick defense against the threatening tear
 That close beside his laughter lay.

Born of the lineage of Wordsworth,
 Burns,
 His muse forsook the city's facile lore
 And found in Nature's ever varying turns
 Despised Messiahs at his door.

He sang the wonders of familiar things;
 The birds and trees, the fields of up-
 turned loam,
 The fruitful axe the valiant settler swings.

The last evangel of the Home.
 He stepped into his father's hard-won throne,
 And smote to Beauty all the conquered land;
 Remembering across the years shall own
 The harvest of his magic wand.

He spread the boundaries of his kingdom far,
 Peopled the land with friendships
 Shall last as long as the enduring star
 Or country that he loved to claim.
 JOHN B. McTAGGART.
 Brantford, Ont.

Creating a New Race.

(Western Producer, Saskatoon.)
 If your family has lived in Canada for three generations, you may claim the distinction of being one of the first members of a race which future historians will call Canadian. The decision to accede to the increasing demand that the citizens of this country be recognized as a race as well as nationality, was taken recently, and for the first time in the history of Canada the official census will reflect the numerical strength of the Canadian race. Thus the redskin has ceased to occupy the proud position of being the true Canadian, which is the last of his birthrights to be stolen by the invaders.

Our Party Politics.

(Western Producer, Saskatoon.)
 "Party politics has now become one of the most unrepresentative institutions of the modern world. Its programmes are constructed by wire-pulling and censored by finance and big business. . . . The great mass of the people in this country in every party are superior both to the programmes that are foisted on them and the leaders who are alleged to represent them. . . . Each section of society is attacked in turn as one or the other party comes to the top; and the only prominent gainer from these attacks is the money-lending fraternity."

(His Holiness the Khalifat-ul-Masiah, in London.)

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GUNMEN BATTLE IN N. Y. RESTAURANT

As a Result of the Duel, One of Them is Likely to Die.

New York, Nov. 21.—Edward Sullivan, just turned 23, is dying from pistol wounds at New York Hospital, because he talked too much. Sullivan felt one of his bad spells coming on. He wanted to shoot, and he knew exactly whom he wanted to shoot. But he leaned against the bar in a waterfront speak-easy, and the liquor made him talk. And he said two words too many.

For two years police have had to keep an eye on Sullivan. He has been involved in several small difficulties, disturbances characterized by the police as "mischief." But he announced he was sick of the little stuff. He wanted something big.
 He bought a drink or two for the crowd and showed his gun and talked. "I'm out to get somebody," he said. "And you know who it is, it's—"
 The name of his victim was repeated. Also, he announced his plan for getting his man, which included a visit to the Knickerbocker Restaurant at No. 84 Eighth avenue.

Shortly before midnight he set out along with his gun sticking from his hip pocket "like a pitchfork," as one of the spectators said.
 He entered the restaurant and found a table near the rear. And he sat down with his back to the door. It was quite time to begin shooting, and he ordered a breakfast.

Back in the water-front speak-easy he began talking after he left. And somebody thought Sullivan's victim ought to be notified. They argued about it while Sullivan was eating his breakfast, and finally they agreed that it was only fair to tip the victim off.

A messenger was chosen and sent off. Sullivan had almost finished his breakfast, when he heard a commotion behind him. He got half around in his chair before the first bullet hit him. And before the fourth bullet hit him he had gotten out his gun and was blazing away, blindly, at the doorway, where he saw a huddled group of men. The windows of the restaurant went out with Sullivan's fusillade. Henry Richards, restaurant manager, and Adolph Selman, his chef, dropped behind the counters and were not hurt.

When Sullivan's gun was empty, he fell back into his chair and half across the table. The group at the doorway broke apart and rushed for a taxi cab which was waiting.
 The shooting attracted Patrolman Herman Witter, who reached the restaurant in time to see the taxicab disappearing northward on Eighth avenue. He pursued the car, but it was outdistanced and turned back to the restaurant. Other patrolmen had reached the scene in the meantime and found Sullivan stretched out on the floor, conscious, but wounded in the left side, near the heart; in the left leg and over the left eye. They carried him to the New York Hospital and placed him under arrest.

A THRIVING BUSINESS.
 A farmer upon his first visit to the city, saw many things which attracted

The Medicine Bottle.
 In many cases the medicine bottle does far more harm than good by suggesting symptoms three or four times over rather than suggesting their relief.—Professor F. E. Wynne.

A Political Creed.
 It would be easiest to expound my political creed under the three headings: (1) Why I am a Conservative; (2) Why I am a Liberal; and (3) Why I am a Socialist.—Robert Lynd.

Y. M. C. A. Movement.
 The Centenary of the birth of Sir George Williams reminds us that the Young Men's Christian Association is not a club but a movement—a challenge to the achievement to faith and to Christian service.—Sir Arthur K. Yapp.

Just Enough.
 (Progressive Grocer.)
 Friend, is there any romance in selling groceries?
 Grocer Feedum: Well—some. But I never romance so much that people won't believe me.

Depends on the Driver.
 (National Municipal Review.)
 A city charter is like an automobile—nothing mechanical can be devised that will keep the owner from driving it up the wrong fork of the road. The municipality must strive to make the car infallibly obedient to the steering wheel and completely under the driver's control.

Teddy the Carpenter.
 (Good Hardware.)
 Mr. Brown loved to tinker around, and was always buying tools; his last purchase being an expensive new saw. The first time he had occasion to use it, he stormed into the kitchen and informed his wife that he was going to exchange the saw.
 "Why," he sputtered, "it won't cut hot butter!"
 "Yeth, it will, daddy," lisped his little daughter. "Teddy sawed a whole brick in two with this morning."

Y. M. C. A.

The progress of this organization from small beginnings in St. Paul's churchyard is one of the romances of Christian enterprise. The initiative of its organizers in adapting peace-time methods to war conditions has been brilliantly successful and has won universal admiration. I wish to pay my tribute to your revered founder who built on the sure foundation of character and service. If any would see his monument it is to be found in every branch of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the world.—David Lloyd George.

The FOLEY POTTERY

For good rich BAKED BEANS use plenty of clear pork fat and ALWAYS BAKE IN THE OLD FASHIONED BEAN POT
 Made by
The FOLEY POTTERY

(His Holiness the Khalifat-ul-Masiah, in London.)

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PUBLIC NOTICE

In the matter of the application of the City of Saint John, by its Mayor, Frank L. Potts, filed September 19th, 1924, with the Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities for the Province of New Brunswick, praying that the rates filed by The New Brunswick Power Company, granting a reduction in the price of gas for domestic and commercial purposes of fifteen cents per thousand cubic feet, effective from the first day of July 1924, to customers of the said Company who are using the combined electric and gas service of the said Company exclusively in the same premises, but such reduction has not been made applicable, and is not applicable to any other persons, may be declared to be unjustly discriminatory, and that the gas rates, tolls, charges and schedules of the said Company may be reduced, modified or altered so as to remove such unjust discrimination.

And upon hearing Dr. J. B. Baxter, K. C. for the City of Saint John, Dr. Fred R. Taylor, K. C. for the New Brunswick Power Company and Cyndrus F. Inches, Esquire, K. C., on behalf of a number of residents and citizens of the City of Saint John, who petitioned that the reduced gas rates as filed by the Company may be declared not to be unjustly discriminatory.

It is ordered that a public hearing with respect to the above matter, be held at the office of the Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities on Prince William Street in this City, at ten-thirty of the clock Wednesday the twenty-sixth day of November at which all persons interested may be present and be heard.

THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.
 E. S. CARTER, Clerk.
 St. John, N. B., Oct. 22, 1924.
 11-20-47

his attention. The thing which fascinated him, however, was a large bank. He saw people rushing in and out in a steady stream without apparently getting any goods, as in the other stores.

He finally ventured to enter the bank and asked the clerk what was sold there.
 "Asses' heads," was the sneering answer.
 "My what a business you must do," said the rustic. "I see you have only one left."

Double-sided Red Seal Records

Do you know that "His Master's Voice"—Victor Red Seal records are now double-sided?
 Now you can secure two Caruso selections for practically the price of one, two McCormack selections for practically the price of one, two selections of any of the other incomparable Red Seal Victor artists for practically the price of one.

As an example:

507 } "A DREAM"—sung by CARUSO formerly \$1.50
 \$1.75 } "FOR YOU ALONE"—sung by CARUSO formerly \$1.50
 \$3.00

Now both may be obtained on one record No. 507—for \$1.75.

Only "His Master's Voice"—Victor can offer you such a privilege—for all the great names in music are "His Master's Voice"—Victor names.

Ask any "His Master's Voice" dealer for a complete free catalogue.

Victor Talking Machine Company of Canada, Limited

Model 220—Price \$250.00
 Others from \$37.50 to \$615.00

"His Master's Voice"—Victor
 "The Theatre of the Home"

"His Master's Voice" Victor

220

FARMER ENDS LIFE IN KOUCHIBOUGUAC

Richibucto, N. B., Nov. 20.—James M. Sullivan, farmer, of Kouchibouguac, took his life by poisoning today and died five hours after swallowing a mixture of Paris Green and iodine. Failing health is held to be the cause of his action. He had been in poor health for some time and had once been taken to the Provincial Hospital in St. John for treatment. Mr. Sullivan was

Coughing

Tires the old, lowers their vitality. The best standard family cough medicine for old and young

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY
 Good for every member of the family.

In prosperous circumstances and there were no conditions other than ill health which might have been responsible for his act.

First of all a Ferguson & Page watch, with the Senior Jewellers guarantee behind it.

Therefore sure of a wonderful welcome. Reinforced in a Green Gold suggesting Pirate's Treasure. Plain polished or, if preferred, carved borders, carved Gold dial border and dial centre. A 15 jewelled movement, one to outlast a lifetime.

In short, a real man's watch of handy size and artistic lines. Waldemar chains to match, in large choice.

FERGUSON & PAGE JEWELERS

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