

POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 3, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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TOMORROW—AND THEN, WHAT?

Tomorrow, unless the strike of the British miners is settled in the meantime, Great Britain will be thrown into one of the greatest industrial conflicts in its history by a general walk-out of 5,000,000 workers in all the vital services of the country. Looking on from afar, we in this country may fail to grasp the full significance of what such a crisis might mean to the Motherland. In the event of a general strike, the situation will be, briefly, this—Every railwayman, dockman and transport worker will quit his job, thus causing a complete tie-up of transportation—which must inevitably result in a complete stoppage of industry—unless the Government's preparatory measures to meet such an emergency prove sufficient to keep things moving—as many are certain will be the case. With that situation in effect for only a few days, almost anything might happen when one realizes that England depends for more than half of her food supplies on imports from abroad, the seriousness of such a crisis as is pending can be appreciated.

Underlying the situation is the reputed inability of the mine owners to make the coal industry a profitable one. When the country faced a similar situation last July the operators argued that only a cut in wages could prevent the total abandonment of an unprofitable industry; the miners replied that the existing scale was a starvation wage and reduction was out of the question. As a stop-gap the Government agreed to subsidizing the operation of the mines to keep them open. Now, the term of the subsidy having expired, the whole question is back at the starting point. Both sides agree that the industry is in a bad way. The employers assert that the only remedy is lower wages. The workers' leaders say no. They claim that an entire reorganization is necessary, as embodied in the Sankey Commission's report seven years ago, in which the present system of ownership and operation "stands condemned and some other system must be substituted for it, either nationalization, or a method of unification by national, purchase, or by joint control."

At that time, according to the Labor leaders, the Government promised to adopt the Sankey report in spirit, in letter but to date, they claim, it has not carried out its pledges. Is it too late? If not, wherein does the remedy lie? Individually and on the whole, the British coal miners are a human, sensible lot of men. Unfortunately, however, they are under the sway of A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation, and an avowed Communist, who is in the key position in an industry in which there is a greater opportunity for trouble than anywhere else in the land. It is practically bankrupt; the men are underpaid. The operators admit that but argue that they cannot pay a living wage and compete in the world markets. Mr. Cook has an ideal stamping ground for his Communist activities.

But on the other side of the picture is J. H. Thomas, the Railwaymen's leader, a tower of strength in his organization—and a man of keen perception who before this was instrumental in saving off a national industrial calamity.

Will the sagacity and sane-minded persuasion of Thomas be able to counteract the Red influence of Cook? This seems to be the crux of the situation. England today, will the laborer's public take a measure of consideration in the deliberations? Or will the Labor Federation barge ahead, heedless of consequences? These are questions which naturally arise as the country faces this great impasse. If Thomas were true to form there is still hope. If he is swept aside by the Red element, who can tell what will happen?

On one thing the people of the British Empire may be sure. At long last Britain will vindicate its right not only to live but to flourish; its determination that no class shall dictate to the nation will be justified.

It may be that the general strike will be averted at the last hour. It may be that it will break after a few days of morose and struggle. If, unhappily, the opposing forces grapple for the long test, Britain, true to its habit of a thousand years, a period which has included seemingly hopeless foreign wars, national despair and the black shadow of national bankruptcy, will emerge from the grim battle, breathing hard, but stronger than ever before. "There's something in the English after all."

The outlook for the overseas Dominions, in order to keep true their sense of proportion, and in order to measure accurately that which may come, must keep Britain's past in mind. Doing that, they are justified in feeling the utmost confidence that, however grave the situation may appear today, and even though it appear indefinitely worse tomorrow, the British people will deal successfully with this problem, as down through the centuries

THEIR FOREFATHERS DEALT WITH OTHER PROBLEMS FAR BLACKER AND MORE MOMENTOUS.

When Mr. W. L. McFarlane left his grip on the platform at Moncton and somebody walked off with it the Chief Inspector was hopeful that the bag had been taken by mistake, but inclined to ascribe the full significance of what such a crisis might mean to the Motherland. In the event of a general strike, the situation will be, briefly, this—Every railwayman, dockman and transport worker will quit his job, thus causing a complete tie-up of transportation—which must inevitably result in a complete stoppage of industry—unless the Government's preparatory measures to meet such an emergency prove sufficient to keep things moving—as many are certain will be the case. With that situation in effect for only a few days, almost anything might happen when one realizes that England depends for more than half of her food supplies on imports from abroad, the seriousness of such a crisis as is pending can be appreciated.

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Just Fun

A NEW seed catalog and a hot kitchen stove are almost as good as summer itself.

A VACUUM is what some heads would be if they were emptied of prejudices.

PERSONAL EFFICIENCY

WEAR socks that can be put on from either end and save time.

UP to 10 o'clock last night the medical fraternity had regaled how official protest against knecching skirts and low-cut waists.

COFFEE is such a slow poison that most folks who drink it live to a ripe old age.

THE WEATHER

What is it molds the life of man? The weather.

What makes some black and others tan? The weather.

What makes the Zulu live in trees, And Congo natives dress in leaves, While others go in furs and freeze? The weather.

SYMPATHY is defined as what one woman offers another in exchange for the details.

THE greatest boast of the man who returns from Florida now is not that he made a million, but that he was able to find a bed in which to sleep down there.

IS THAT SO?

The hen said: "Man's a helpless snail."

For knowledge he should beg; A man can lay a carpet, but He cannot lay an egg!

YOU may not believe it. But by the time a man gets rich and has a year, he wears the same suit for two years.

WE have yet to meet a street car passenger who didn't know how to solve the transportation problem.

HARMONY

A PRECKLE faced girl in a polka dot dress leading a giraffe.

TO err is human but to keep right on doing it is cuteness.

ANXIOUS father (to nurse)—Boy or girl?

Nurse—Both.

WHO'S WHO

IN THE DAWN NEWS

THE former vicar of India, Lord Reading, is the first British citizen of Jewish birth to become a marquess. There are only 20 in the realm.

Disraeli was Earl of Beaconsfield.

After beginning life in London as a stock broker, Rufus Isaacs, who was born in 1860, took up the study of law. He was 40 years of age before he became a lawyer.

But are we? Can we honestly think that each knew something of his own work, but they assumed much wisdom that they did not possess, thinking apparently that because he worked well in his own art he possessed knowledge of another and a higher nature.

This, then, this grand old man of ancient Athens believed to be the greatest wisdom—to know that you are not wise, and therefore to be afraid of nothing not even of death. "For to fear death, citizens, is nothing at all but to think you are wise when you are not wise—to think you know what you do not know. For no one knows what death is, or whether it may be the greatest of all goods to men; and do they fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils; and what is this but the same old disgraceful ignorance—that of thinking you know what you do not know?"

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FRENCH-CANADIANS.

(Quebec Soliel.)

It happens that certain of our fellow French-Canadians, influenced by unjust feelings of depreciation or inclined only to judge by appearances or preconceived ideas, afflicted perhaps by that malady common to so many people, a narrowness of mind, do not lose an opportunity of disparaging the country of our origin. It is true that the sentiment of the better French-Canadian elements condemns these detractors; but it is well to preserve our pride of race in the minds of all.

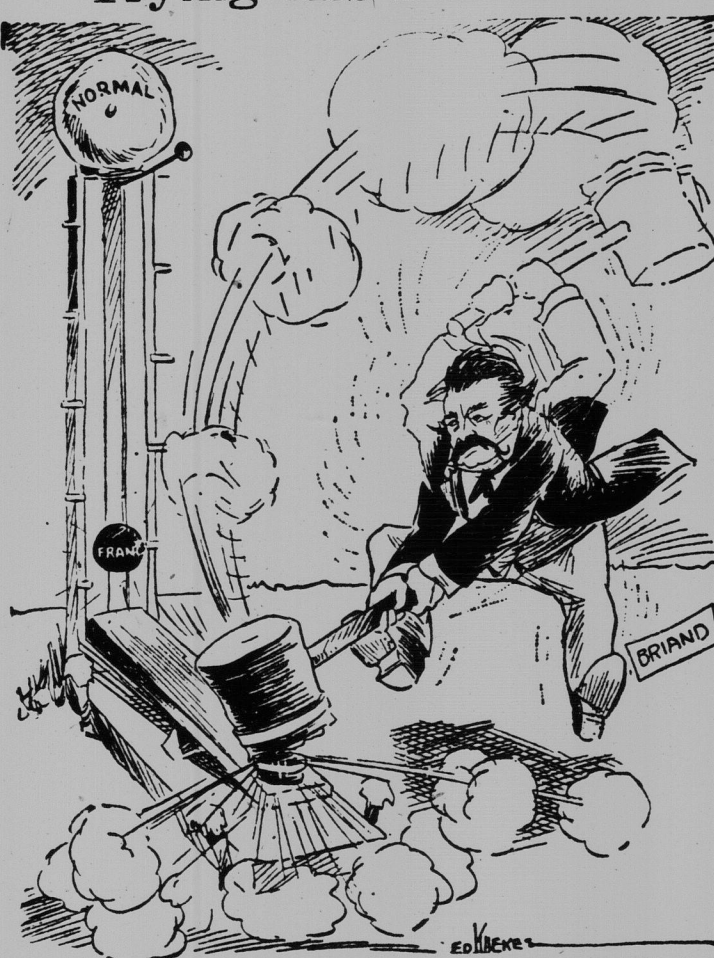
Merri-Go-Round in a Harem.

(San Francisco Argonaut.)

Colonel Harry H. Armstrong, the well-known traveler and raconteur, tells of an experience in Turkey last winter, while he was visiting a potentate who had conceived a novel method of amusing the ladies of his harem.

In the garden was installed a merry-go-round, imported from the United States. Several of the wives of his host were mounted on the wooden horses and the steam organ was blaring out a tune strangely familiar to the American. Noting an amused smile on the face of his guest, the Turk asked the reason. "I told him it was an old song that I liked," said the colonel. "I didn't have the courage to tell him I was playing 'There's Only One Girl in This World for Me.'"

Trying His Darndest



—Kisses in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POEMS I LOVE

"The Precept of Silence," by Lionel Johnson.

LIONEL JOHNSON was identified with that flaming group of young poets who amazed England, and the whole English-speaking world, in the mid-Victorian spirit, and they pretended to despise—though I doubt it—Tennyson and Wordsworth. Some of them, like Johnson and Ernest Dowson, wrote a number of authentic poems, and, at their best, they were decidedly worth watching. Johnson's longer poem, "By the Statue of King Charles at the Charing Cross," has been hailed as one of the finest poems of his period. I like this simple sonnet quite as well.

I know you: solitary griefs, Desolate passions, aching hours! I know you: tremulous beliefs, Agonised hopes, and saden flowers! The winds are sometimes sad to me; The starry spaces full of fear: Mine is the sorrow on the sea, And mine the sigh of places dear.

Some players upon plaintive strings Publish their wistfulness abroad; I have not spoken of these things, Save to one man, and unto God.

THE faithful old employee asked for a day off. The request was granted, with an inquiry as to what he intended to do on his holiday.

"I think," came the cautious answer, "I shall go to my wife's funeral. He died the other day."

TWO gentlemen traveling in Ireland are as bright as their reputation would indicate.

"Them's pansies, sorr," "How much are you getting for them?"

"Threepence a bunch." "Threepence? Why, man, you're losing money. They're selling them in London for a shilling."

"London, lummox! That's London and this is Kilmaree. (Points to a lake near by.) D'ye see that lack over there? Well, if I had that lack over there, I'd get \$3 a quart for it."

A VIKTOR in the south complained bitterly concerning the plague of mosquitoes. An aged negro who listened respectfully explained a method by which the pests might be endured. But this was in the days before prohibition.

"My old Marsa George, suh, he done managed them animals sholy splendid. Always when he come home nights, he so completely intoxicated he don't care a cuss for all the skeeters in the hull creation. In the mawnin, when Marsa George done get 'up, the skeeters don't care a cuss for Marsa George, ner nobody!"

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The Very Idea!

By Mel Dickerson

SETBACKS

SAY, what's the diff if your plans go smash, an' a thought turns out as a heap of trash? It can fret you a lot, but it won't a bit, if the stuff you've got make you never quit.

You can't quite expect every thought that's lent