

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 17, 1925.

A BETTER OUTLOOK.

Despatches from Locarno, where the Security Conference came to an end this morning, tell of great rejoicing on the part of the delegates, and affirm that all the statesmen who have been in attendance are unanimous in saying that the results attained have exceeded their secret expectations. Mr. Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, is given credit for a great measure of the success achieved, and it is now made known that he scarcely expected that a security treaty could be arrived at during a single conference, fearing that a series might be necessary because of difficulties which appeared insurmountable. The French Premier says that from Locarno "a new Europe must arise." He sees that between France and Germany there remain indications of friction and misunderstanding, but he believes these will now be smoothed away.

There is in Germany, of course, a numerous element which is hostile to the form of the treaty and its purposes, and there are those who boldly predict that the militarist and monarchist groups will again obtain control of German affairs. Of that, while it is among the possibilities, there is no present danger. It is believed in London and in Paris that a majority of the German people desire peace. If so, that feeling arises from defeat and from the knowledge that Germany to-day is helpless. There is no German navy. Excepting Russia, Germany has no prospect of making alliances which would render her formidable as compared with the Allies. There is an element of danger still in the matter of reparations, yet under the Dawes plan the Allies are closely in touch with Germany's ability to pay, and they will be able to judge quickly as to whether any profession of helplessness in meeting payments hereafter is due to real difficulties or to a deliberate attempt to evade the consequences of defeat.

The chief German spokesman at Locarno has said that he and his associates are convinced that "only by the path of peaceful neighborly life could the development of states and peoples be secured," and that this was the German view in signing the treaty. Had Germany been governed by that feeling in 1914, the world would have escaped its greatest catastrophe. However, better late than never. If the new spirit rules Germany henceforward, Europe will have peace. If that spirit is forgotten, at least the Allies will never again be taken by surprise.

POOR SPORT.

The long history of human warfare has produced no kind of military adventure more picturesque and thrilling than the struggle between opposing airforces during the great war. The aviators displayed iron courage and developed extraordinary enterprise under conditions even more appalling to the layman than those confronting the heroic men in the older services. And the combats in the air were marked in many instances by the most admirable chivalry.

But there is a wide difference between such employment where the combatants are fairly evenly matched and the work being done by American—and perhaps also by British and Canadian—aviators who have taken service under the Sultan of Morocco and have been engaged in bombing the Riff villages. Largely, perhaps, through their desire for adventure, but to some extent no doubt because of their need for employment and their inclination to select some activity affording the thrill of war, which, to those who have experienced it, has no match, these men sought service in Morocco. There is something to be said, therefore, in support of the demand now being made by more than one American publicist for the recall of the Lafayette escadrille.

Aside altogether from the legality or international propriety of the enterprise, there are other considerations which must be weighed. As the Springfield Republican presents it, "the lure of adventure to high-spirited and well-to-do young men can be understood and allowed for, but while military aviation is thrilling it is not sportsmanlike under the actual conditions. The bombing of villages is a sickening business at best; it is doubly deplorable when it cannot be defended as a reprisal and is inflicted upon a population powerless to retaliate. Our knights errant in Morocco are in the position of a medieval hero who, instead of looking for a peer in combat, should run amuck among unarmed villagers in his impregnable armor. Even as sport bombing raids are deplorable, and as an example to a world striving for peace the operations of soldiers of fortune are mischievous."

The Canadian Club of Bangor is conducting a drive to increase its membership to one thousand. It is proposed to open permanent quarters, with reading rooms, library and rest rooms for members. "The club," according to an advertisement in the

Just Fun

OFFICE CAT
EVERYTHING'S relative. A blitherer probably thinks a flea is an elephant.

ALL work and no play makes Jack seem too darned important.

MANY persons take advice as they do play, to fling aside the moment the doctor's back is turned.

A man stole a post-office pen, but he returned it when he realized what he had done.

If there is one man on earth who earns every cent he gets it is the lad who marries for money.

HENS just lost around so much we wish we could teach them to lay the dust.

MOVIE MAKE-UP.
WHEN they are giving credit on the screen for all who assisted in making the picture—scenario writer, author, camera man, technical staff, director, etc., why not go a little farther and give credit where credit is due. Perhaps at some time in the near future we may see announcement like this: The Woman Plays starring Wanda Glyn.
Hair by Wildroot.
Eyes by Murine.
Lips by Colgate.
Cheeks by Pert.
Breath by Listerine.
Teeth by Pebecco.
Guns by Foran's.
Brows by Lash-Brow-Ine.
Bust by Annette Kellermann.
Hands by Cutex.
Body by Walter Camp and Wallace.
Legs by Ziefeld.
Feet by Tiz.
Designers: John Held and Coles Phillips.

If a modern should invent a better mousetrap the beaten path would be made by people asking him to make speeches.

IT doesn't seem as if the woman could ever have worn clothes that were as ridiculous as the floppy things the Johnnies are skidding around in this summer.

Odds and Ends

The Flapper's First Vote

(P. W. Luce in Vancouver Province.)

One vote is as good as another these days, and sometimes a damned sight better. My flapper friend Alyss, who has just turned 21 and will mark a ballot for the first time on October 29, is causing campaign managers much anxiety, for she represents that uncertain factor, the Young Women's vote. Alyss does not attend political meetings, nor does she read political speeches. She lets her intuition be her guide; she judges public men by their looks.

The little flapper burst in upon me yesterday, carrying a handful of newspaper clippings.

"Tell me all about these men who are running the election," she chattered, spreading pictures all over my desk. "This Mackenzie King, who looks as if he'd never postponed a square meal in his life: what party does he support?"

"He's suspected of Liberal leanings," I explained.

"Oh! Then I think I'll vote for Mr. Woodward. I got a real bargain in his store last 95-cent day, a pink cannoli—"

"Hush! Hush!" I begged. Mr. Woodward can't sit in two parliaments at the same time."

"I think that's very unfair," pouted Alyss. "I wanted him to beat R. G. Macpherson, who shouldn't be wearing a hat in his picture when asking ladies for their votes. . . . I thought all candidates had their hats in the ring. . . . This is General Clark, now; what dreamy eyes he has! I bet he shakes a mean ankle. Doesn't look at all like a Conservative, does he?"

"What does a Conservative look like?" I parried.

"Here's a typical Conservative face," answered Alyss, showing a bold picture of Jerry McGeer. "He's got lots of jaw. . . . Oh, isn't he a Tory? He's responsible for the freight rates, isn't he? Put through a big bill in Ottawa some time ago."

"Quite innocently, Alyss next turned up John Oliver."

"The old dear," she purred. "I always feel as if I want to pull his whiskers. I cried when he had a shave last May. . . . Oh, isn't he taking the count this time? I'm so sorry."

"Here's Harry Stevens," she went on. "Wasn't he mayor last year? . . . Of course, I know all about Harry Gale; he helped Mr. Stevens win in Vancouver Centre last time. And I remember Leon Lader, too. Lovely name, that! I wonder if he's married? Anyway, I'll vote for him if he shares off his noseache and combs his hair the right way. I hope he beats this man R. P. McLennan, who looks much too severe for a politician."

"Oh, look! Here's a real shiek! Dr. King, minister of public works. Does that mean he works the public? . . . Okanagan? Can't I vote for him in an absentee ballot? . . . I have only one vote and there are 245 candidates! Well, I think that's an outrage!"

Alyss studied her pictures a while longer, then declared:

"Here's my ideal! Look at his smile, look at—"

"That's not a candidate," I broke in. "That's Alonzo Weebain, who was cured of indigestion by taking five bottles of Dr. Dope's Patent Medicine. If you vote for him you'll spoil your ballot."

Alyss gave me a mean look, turned up her nose and sniffed her way out.

The Sanitary Age.

(F. B. in Vancouver Province.)

It is not long since some medical nut declared that silk stockings were dangerous because their continued use over the next few centuries would, undoubtedly, cause a thickening of the female ankle.

There now comes from the ancient city of Bith a warning from yet another doctor with a Messianic impulse that long trousers will cause varicose veins. But both these threats shrink into insignificance before the assertion of an American doctor at the Pratt Institute (whatever that may be) that the greatest enemy of mankind is the soft luxurious carpet.

He says the perfect home will be carpetless when people come to realize the fact that the carpets collect dust and that dust is inseparable from germs.

The Conquerors Way For China



The engine of hard work drives through the wilderness of intrigue and agitation. From the North China Herald, Shanghai.

The Best of Advice

—BY CLARK KINNAIRD—

MORE VALUABLE THAN GOOD MANNERS IS GOOD SENSE.

"GOOD MANNERS," Jonathan Swift observed in beginning an essay now 200 years old, "is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse."

"Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company," he decided.

As the best laws are founded on reason, so are the best manners.

And as some lawmakers have introduced unreasonable things into the law, so likewise many Teachers have introduced absurd things into common Good Manners.

Read, with eye unawed by any Social Register Name on the title page, some of the ponderous Guides to Etiquette being sold to the Great American Public in vast numbers, and you will find an assemblage of impressive instructions largely nonsense.

THE principal point of what is known as Good Manners is to suit the behavior to the three degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others.

PRIDE, LIT. NATURE, and WANT OF SENSE, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these common human defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience.

GOOD sense is the foundation of good manners; but because it is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed, civilized people have

Poems That Live

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, when the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-molds rise to sun their streaming hair.
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dream dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant lives his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread its lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grows,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last found home, and knew the old no more.
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dinner Stories

For many long weeks the drought had vexed Robinson, who grew fruit to provide a living for hard-working insects. And now at last a beautiful shower was falling, and the features of his garden were a satisfied smile. Suddenly it faded away, and a spasm of pain passed over his face. One man was still at work in the orchard.

"Come in out of the rain," he shouted. "Do you hear?"

"Bless ye, master," said the zealous worker, "I would take more than this to hurt me!"

"I desay," said Robinson, "I desay; but I want all the rain on the land. Come in!"

Little Louis had completed his first day at school and had climbed upon his father's lap to give dad his impressions thereof.

"Well," said dad, "how do you think you will like school?"

Whereupon the countenance of Louis took on a most serious expression.

"To tell you the honest truth, dad," he answered, "I believe I've started something I can't finish."

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Who's Who

IN THE DAY'S NEWS.

KING GUSTAF V. OF SWEDEN.

IN THESE days of republics and tottering thrones there is one king who still retains his popularity. He is King Gustaf V. of Sweden. A great deal of his time is spent incognito on the continent. A devotee of tennis, he usually is an entrant at the tennis tournaments of the Riviera as "Mr. G." Although 63 years old and seldom a winner he insists on playing the best players.

He was born at Drottningholm, Castle in 1858, the son of King Oscar of Norway and Sweden. After spending his youth in the army and travel he married Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden.

In 1907 he succeeded his father who had renounced the throne two years before.

Sweden's ruler is an honorary general in the Danish army and an honorary admiral of the British navy.

History of Word

"Charge" Proves Interesting

THE everyday word "Charge" has gone through many changes of usage, which give it an interesting history. This word is akin to the French "charge" and similar words in Spanish, Portuguese and Italian, all having the English meaning of "Charge." The original meaning in our language was a load or weight. From this it came to be used as denoting a quantity, as in speaking of a "charge" of powder for use in a weapon.

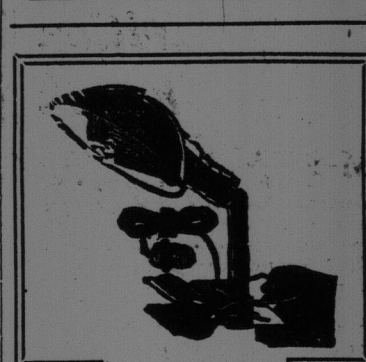
In still another sense the idea of "burden" was conveyed, by adopting the word to designate an expense, or financial burden, as when we speak of the "charge" of an almshouse as public "charges" or public "burdens."

From this use the word came to be applied to "the sum to be paid as the price of an article" as in the phrase "my charge will be three dollars." Another step took the word into use as a "duty or care," as when a person is "charged" with a certain responsibility.

Still another step introduced the use of the word for an order or command, as "I charge you to do this work." Similar usage is found in speaking of a "charge" of a bishop to the clergy, or the "charge" of a judge to the jury.

A more recent application was the use of the word to denote a sharp attack in warfare, as a "charge against the enemy."

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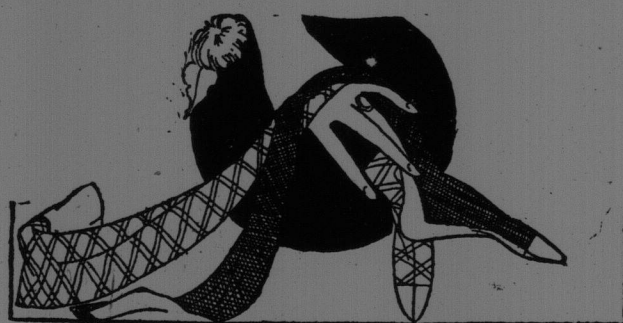
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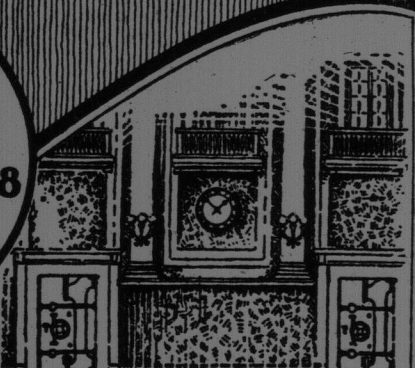
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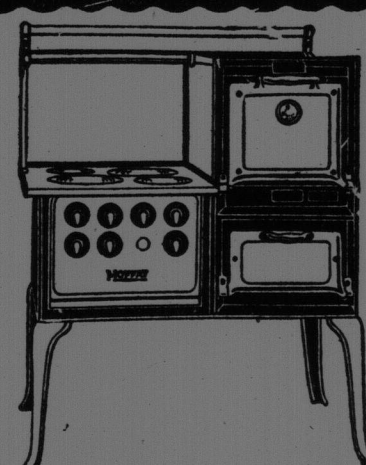
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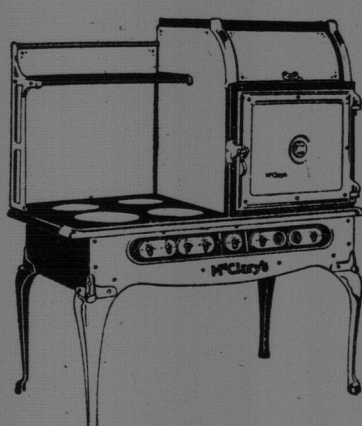
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