

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1920

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The St. John Evening Times is printed at 27 and 29 Canterbury Street, every evening (Sunday excepted) by The St. John Times Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., a company incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act.

OPPORTUNITY SCHOOLS.

The State of New York in 1919 adopted a law which provides that boys and girls who leave school at fourteen years of age, or between that and eighteen years, and go to work must spend four hours each week, or 144 hours each year, in a continuation school, and must do it between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., until they have attained the age of eighteen years. About 200,000 young people are affected by this law. It is recognized that every effort should be made during the adolescent period to keep the boys and girls in touch with education, so that they will not only not lose what they have already learned, but have an opportunity to learn more along the particular line of work for which they are best fitted. It gives the boy, especially, a chance to find out what he can do well, and encourages him to qualify for that particular work. It helps to save great numbers from blind alley occupations. If a boy is engaged in a work that he likes, the continuation school helps to qualify him for promotion; if he is doing something which does not appeal to him, the school will give him an opportunity to qualify for something else. It advises boys and girls as to their right work and encourages them to qualify and seek that work. On this point Morris E. Siegel who is in charge of the continuation school work says:—

"Children are a great factor in industrial and commercial fields, many firms depending to a large extent on child labor. Thousands thus go into unskilled and blind alley occupations, and drift from job to job for years simply because they have no disinterested person to advise them what is the best course to pursue. Many parents are poor guides, since they think of the place solely in terms of money, often encouraging children to leave the position which offers advancement to take one without a future because it offers 20 cents more per week. So the school is again forced to take up the burden which others are unable to assume."

"From the employers' standpoint the school is an important factor, despite the fact that it causes them to relinquish young workers for four hours a week without an obvious and immediate return for the time. But far-sighted employers realize that the schools are making an especial effort to train workers to greater efficiency in specific tasks and that they will be of greater value as a result. We urge them to visit the schools and to talk to pupils on their industrial opportunities, so as to give them a broader attitude toward their work. We also ask them to allow our teachers to visit the establishment, so that they may know better how to work with the individuals in charge, and that school and trade work may be more closely co-ordinated. We welcome suggestions for topics to add to the course of study which will benefit their workers and urge them to pay these workers the full time wages and to promote the deserving ones. Employers can also co-operate by insisting that their workers attend the schools by applying to the placement bureau in the school for additional employees and by familiarizing themselves with the scope of the school's work."

The great value of such schools is that they help the working boys and girls to find their life work, instead of wasting years in inconsequential effort. Since attendance is compulsory the benefits are universal. Mr. Siegel says further:—

"We can then offer these boys and girls advantages which only a rich man's son could ordinarily have—the chance of choosing among various occupations given under the personal supervision of a skilled teacher, and of working in a well-equipped shop or craft room. Certainly this opportunity should turn out a new generation of workers when it is far superior to the present one. For with only twenty pupils in a class the pupil is watched and guarded against carelessness, and is given a real incentive for industry. Girls have a chance to develop their home instincts and prepare themselves either for supervising industrial cafeterias or for their own home-making. Millinery, dressmaking and other manual arts are also taught."

"The continuation school idea is not confined to New York. At least eight other States have the same provision for instruction between 9 and 5 daily, and the plan has worked elsewhere very successfully. According to the April number of the Labor Review of the United States Bureau of Statistics, Arizona, California, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Utah, Washington, and Wisconsin have used it since 1909. Wisconsin since 1911, and Pennsylvania since 1915. In the midst of war England passed the Fisher law, so named for the president of the English Board of Education, which corresponds to our continuation school law. Similar laws have also been in effect in Continental Europe for many years."

On reading this review a Canadian naturally asks how far we have progressed along this line. Not very far, it must be confessed—and in New Brunswick not at all, beyond some winter evening classes here and there for working boys and girls.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.

A deputy police magistrate in Ontario recently, referring to a clause in the Ontario Temperance Act, said: "My very soul would boil at having to enforce that provision of the Act. I shall not do so any more than is necessary. It is against British justice."

Ontario should lose no time in relieving this gentleman of his magisterial duties. He practically invites everybody to disregard the law of the country. One of the most glaring faults of the present time is disregard for law. Perhaps there are too many laws, but that is in the hands of the people themselves, and when a law is on the statute books, expressing the will of the people, the individual who violates it is a criminal in the eyes of the law. He cannot excuse himself by saying it is not a good law. A murderer might say that about capital punishment or life imprisonment. The people make the laws, and unless they are also law abiding—all of them—there is a tendency to bring all laws into disrepute. It is the right of every citizen to seek the amendment or repeal of a law that is regarded as objectionable, but not to violate that law. And yet on every hand today laws are being violated with cheerful disregard of the plain duty of the citizen. Among those who pursue this course, or wink at it, are people high in the social scale. Their example in regard to one law is regarded by other citizens as a justification for breaking any law. If in the end these influential people suffer as a result of a general breakdown of law and order they will have only themselves to blame. They are typified by the deputy police magistrate in Ontario who, instead of declaring it to be his duty to enforce the law until it was changed boldly asserted that he would enforce it as little as necessary. Are we to have no laws because certain persons regard themselves as superior to the law?

St. John people will heartily endorse this statement by the deputy minister of trade and commerce: "The only skeleton in Canada's foreign trade closet is the dependence of Canadian firms upon foreign commission houses and foreign channels. Every possible effort should be made to ship Canadian goods through Canadian channels, from Canadian seaports to foreign markets to which the goods are destined. The great increase of Canada's merchant marine will go a long way in assisting this object. Canadian export trade should be independent. It should assist in building up Canadian seaports and direct overseas connections." All of which points to the proper equipment of the port of St. John.

The question of the height of the new railway bridge is to be considered by the Railway Commission, which will hear the city council. Why not also the shipping men? And is the city council agreed as to what it wants in the interest of the city? This matter should be settled right. The people have to the council to have it settled in their interest and no other.

Ex-King Constantine has his ear to the ground. He hopes to be recalled to the Greek throne, but is not sure about it. Greece has a new government, but it may yet decide that it does not want Constantine.

Canada's trade for October showed a substantial increase over that of the corresponding month last year. It is gratifying that the largest increase was in exports.

The League of Nations should take the world into its confidence to the fullest possible extent. Secret discussions should be the exception and not the rule.

TIME FOR OPTIMISM.

(Quebec Telegraph.) Canada is emerging from the after-war muddle with the sun of prosperity shining brightly over her broad domain. Her barns are bursting with the food-stuffs for which the older countries hunger. Her gold and silver mines are pouring forth their riches. Her almost inexhaustible coal deposits are daily taking on new values. Her frozen north is seeping with oil that will feed the millions of autos for 500 years to come. The inevitable unrest that follows a world conflict is settling. A speck of red that gives you anxious thought is merely a pimple on the body politics. Could you hear the thousands cheer the patriotic pictures at the exhibition or stand with bared heads while the band plays the National Anthem without realizing that the country is sound at heart? asks an exchange. Prices are coming down! Isn't that what you have been shouting for? Then why should the decline cause that troubled feeling? Canada is coming back to normal—coming fast—coming also to a greater period of prosperity. Then, in the language of a contemporary: "Hasten its coming by drowning your pessimism. Prove your patriotism by becoming an optimist."

The C. P. O. S. liner Minnedosa, under Captain G. C. Evans, O. B. E., which sailed from Liverpool on November 4, arrived at Quebec yesterday with a large cargo and 1,100 bags of mail.

Rippling Rhymes  
By Wolt Mason

(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

LINGERING FLIES

The flies should all be dead when bleak November comes, but some are on my head, a-twiddling of their thumbs. And when, for some reason, I to my couch repair, they climb around my nose, and make me rise and swear. They're out o' season now, and so have no excuse for camping on my brow and tickling like the deuce. In summer we expect a plague of bugs and flies; things wouldn't seem correct if none should greet our eyes; but when November brings the frost we've long desired, the buzzings and the stings of insects make us tired. The flies I'll gladly teach, if I had half a chance, to fast and slumber with the dead. All things, when out of date, are trying to the soul; in summertime we hate to blow ourselves in coal. We do not love the guy who jests when jokes are wrong, nor do we like the fly that sticks around too long. Leaves have their time to fall, and roses to depart; the fly upon the wall should take this truth to heart.

CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Domestic Happenings of Other Days.

LIFE IN NEW FRANCE

Life in New France in the pioneer days was not an entire blank. True there was a vast contrast between the habits of the peasant who was trying to make a home for himself in the new country where wild animals and Indians abounded and that of the ruling class sent to the land by the King of France.

The settler had big taxes to pay and very little with which to pay the charges at any time but the rulers lived in comparative luxury and with considerable state. Bigot the intendant who had charge of the country about 1755, was one of the most difficult of the settlers had to deal with. Like his successors he was a domineering ruler, with little physical beauty to assist him in his contact with the people. He loved pleasure rather than work and money he had was of no use to him largely as a means to continue his gambling career.

Once he made a ceremonial trip to what is now Montreal taking with him a fine retinue of officers. The entire costs were charged against the settlers; they made many complaints but in the end they paid the bill. He had ways and means of making it very uncomfortable for the tardy payers.

After he returned to his residence in Quebec, his career became even more uncertain. His gambling grew more extensive and continuing for more than a year he lost the sum of 204,000 francs. Besides his official residence on the banks of the St. Charles river he had another home at the foot of the Charlebourg Mountain—the ruins later known as Chateau Bigot—and there many a riotous night was spent by his official guests.

To it he retired for his biggest social and gambling evenings.

THE WINDS.

(Rev. George Scott.) Sweet the zephyrs of the spring, Waking all the slumbering flowers, Coaxing happy birds to sing G'adsome carols through the hours.

And the winds of summer play, Quickening with a mild caress "Tossoms where the wild bees stray All the noontide drowsiness."

And the breath of autumn weaves Dainty robes of cloth of gold, Transfusing the forest with light, Touched with glories manifold.

But the wind that I love best Comes when night grows dark and long, Ranging from the keen northwest, Chanting clear and full and strong.

When the heavy driving rain Quickens all the pulsing life, Fires the overladen brain To the joys of heartiest strife.

ARMISTICE GREETING.

A New Brunswicker who does not give his name, sends the Times an Armistice Day greeting from Birmingham, Alabama. Of the fallen heroes he writes:—

Some are sleeping in the trenches, Others sleep beneath the sea, But their memories are living— They have fought for liberty.

They have gone from us forever, With their sabres laid away; They will live in song and story To the realm of endless day.

Hoy they fought for every nation, How they died for you and me. Carve their names in golden letters On the page of history.

Stay the wheels, ye men of commerce, Shed a tear for heroes dead, Send a greeting to the living, On this bright Armistice Morn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Rushing the Job. "So you are having your house redecorated. How are you getting along?" "Fine; the painters and paperhangers worked a full day last week."—Detroit Free Press.

His Ruin. "What do you think of the break in prices?" "It will ruin me," replied the profiteer. "I'll have to sell what I have left at only a little more than it cost me."—Life.

Visitor's View of Schwab's Home. Charles M. Schwab had an old friend from Pittsburgh pay him a visit several days ago. The Pennsylvania steel magnate, wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat, Mr. Schwab personally escorted him all through his marble palace, at Fifty-third street and Riverside drive, with dignified pauses before the paintings and various works of art with which the interior is studded. He even had his private organist finger off a special program on the great organ in honor of the visitor. Incidentally, Mr. Schwab's favorite musical composition in "The Ro-sary."

"What do you think of my place?" asked the steel king when everything had been seen.

Replied the visitor: "I tell you, Charley, it is one swell dump!"

This reminds one of the remark of the aged Pittsburgher on the top of a Fifth avenue bus when riding past the late

FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH SONGS

Author of "Sally in Our Alley" Suicided With Half-penny in Pocket.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.) A pretty old song, that, you will say. Ay, old; at least 150 years old, but good to this day, for who does not feel his heart glow when he hears a rollicking baritone "make the welkin ring" with:

Sally in Our Alley. "Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley."

There's never a lady in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely; My master comes like any Turk And bangs me most severely.

But let him bang, long as he will, I'll bear it all for Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week, I dearly love but one day, And that the day that comes betwixt A Saturday and Monday.

For then I'm dressed all in my best, To walk around with Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, Oh, then I shall have money; I'll hoard it up, and box and all, I'll give it to my honey.

Oh, would it were ten thousand pounds, I'd give it all to Sally; For she's the darling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

My master said the neighbors all Make a game of the song Sally; And, but for her, I'd better be A slave and row a galley.

But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll marry Sally, And then, how happily we'll live— But not—not in our alley."

Once All the Rage. "Sally in Our Alley," was all the rage among the high and the low, the young and the old, in the days when Alexander Pope and Dean Swift lived and ruled the domain of letters. It was written by Henry Carey, the author and composer of "God Save the King," and he was born about 1692.

Carey was a young man when he wrote the verses and composed the music of the song. For a while the song was neglected in the more exclusive circles and he was the butt of much ridicule for having written it. But the tide of opinion veered the other way when Addison, the most classic writer of his age, pronounced the song "an excellent performance."

When the whole British national was singing "Sally in Our Alley" Carey published an edition of it with a preface in which he told of its origin. He had one day seen a shoe-maker's apprentice out for a holiday jaunt with his sweetheart, and so artless, innocent and tender were the actions of the young lovers, that Carey decided to follow them around in their rambles.

The apprentice took the girl to puppet shows, treated her to a sight of "bedlam" (the home of the insane), to a ride in "flying chairs," gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cake, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef and bottled ale. Carey never got near enough to overhear much of the conversation, but he did learn that the girl's name was Sally and that they lived in the same street.

Sally struck the poet as being a girl of as much modesty as beauty, and that her beau was deeply and honestly in love with her was apparent in every soliciting movement he made, as well as in his glances. She, too, seemed scarcely less taken with him, although she acted with more reserve.

Carey's songs, his humorous plays, his satires, his verse on the politics of the day—everything he wrote—became the great topic of talk almost everywhere. Why he even gave the British their national anthem—"God Save the King"—and yet he could not obtain enough money to keep body and soul together comfortably.

Up Death's Dark Alley. Accordingly one night in 1743, while a group of men went past his home singing "Sally in Our Alley" and an audience in a theatre nearby was applauding one of his plays, he was seized with such a fit of melancholia that he determined to put an end to his wretched condition and killed himself with poison.

He had but shortly before founded a "Fund for Decayed Musicians." None could have been more deserving of its ministrations than he. He was kind-hearted, generous and flawless in his social and civic relations. His sole monetary assets when he was found dead was a halfpenny in one of his pockets.

Andrew Carnegie's huge marble residence on my head, a-twiddling of their thumbs. And when, for some reason, I to my couch repair, they climb around my nose, and make me rise and swear. They're out o' season now, and so have no excuse for camping on my brow and tickling like the deuce. In summer we expect a plague of bugs and flies; things wouldn't seem correct if none should greet our eyes; but when November brings the frost we've long desired, the buzzings and the stings of insects make us tired. The flies I'll gladly teach, if I had half a chance, to fast and slumber with the dead. All things, when out of date, are trying to the soul; in summertime we hate to blow ourselves in coal. We do not love the guy who jests when jokes are wrong, nor do we like the fly that sticks around too long. Leaves have their time to fall, and roses to depart; the fly upon the wall should take this truth to heart.

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Do not miss Recital by Anna Case, Wed., Nov. 24. Exchange Tickets now on sale. Box Office opens Nov. 20. 11—19