

# POOR DOCUMENT MAY 20 1925

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1926

## The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., MAY 21, 1926.

### DISARMAMENT.

Were it not tragic, there would be something truly humorous in the report of the academic declamations of the delegates to the Geneva disarmament conference. The point they all seem to miss is that disarmament will not stop war, though it may remove an incentive to hasty action. If men or nations make up their minds to fight, fight they will, with their bare fists if need be.

Then, armaments are a matter of defence as well as offence and the nation that lowers its guard renounces its position. That is history. We must have watchmen, though they need not be braves.

War appears unutterably more horrible to M. de Broderick now that the aeroplane, gas and chemicals have brought it to the civilian population. Of course there are people who still regard the soldier as one paid to be killed, but they never pay him very highly for the privilege and so the soldier is generally a peace-loving person. The civilians almost invariably make the war, and now that it is likely that they will immediately share its dangers from the very outbreak of hostilities, they will, in all probability, be less anxious to precipitate a conflict. Rightfulness may be a blessing in disguise.

Count von Bernstorff is almost more loquacious than the rest. "The world is a powder keg," he says, "and who started to use gas when it was forbidden? 'Suppress heavy artillery and tanks,' he continues. Who led the race for several years in man-moth guns until we gave them a Roland for each Oliver, and what about Big Bertha? Tanks were our own and the greatest invention of the War because, as every strategist knows, movement is essential to success and the tanks alone broke the stalemate of the trenches.

"History has demonstrated the impossibility of transforming our industrial equipment into implements of war," he protests naively. "Our histories," "Because," he points out, "our factories are so near the frontier." Somewhere we seem to have heard of factories established by Germans beyond Germany's frontiers where splendid concrete floors were installed eminently suitable for gun platforms and always in well chosen positions for commanding important points. Were there not on French boardings, posters which only had to be torn down to disclose full information, in good German, of local resources, and other information useful to troops never arrived? And why did the cork in the bottle advertising a well-known brand of champagne, a sign familiar to all who know Northern France, always point to Calais? If these things can be done beyond the frontiers, what cannot be performed within their shelter?

"The 'Give us security, and we will lay down our arms' cry is doubtless sincere. But what is security? Can it ever be absolute? Must not the degree of security vary with environment and therefore necessitate one nation maintaining defence forces greater than its neighbor and so having greater potential means of offence?

Some day it is to be presumed that the community of nations will organize for protection on the same lines as do communities of individuals. Already we have international courts, but these are largely futile because there is no backing of international force. The decision of those courts, even if they are backed by the League of Nations is as yet a doubtful quantity if active enforcement becomes necessary. In due course we may evolve an international police, performing amongst the nations all the duties of a police force, patrolling to ensure security and felling the activities of ill-disposed nations. Then all national armaments would be outlawed on the same principle that the citizen may not walk around armed in civilized countries.

But this might create a fresh danger. One of the ex-Kaiser's grandiose pre-war schemes, one little known to the public, was to form a sort of affiliation of military castles throughout the world. By this means the "rights" of the martial fraternity were to be established on true Prussian lines, that is to say the "citizens" was to have no rights whatever save what his haughty brethren conceded—and these not very many. The League of Nations is as yet a doubtful quantity if active enforcement becomes necessary. In due course we may evolve an international police, performing amongst the nations all the duties of a police force, patrolling to ensure security and felling the activities of ill-disposed nations. Then all national armaments would be outlawed on the same principle that the citizen may not walk around armed in civilized countries.

The Maritime Rights Commission is expected to begin its investigations next month. Now is the moment for governments, associations and individuals together, to formulate a case, acceptable to all and supported by all, setting out our contentions with clarity and moderation. There is no time to waste.

### SPRING.

If anybody doubted it last week there is no question about it today—spring is here.

There are pairs of men on the grass plots of Princess street, earnest resolute men who lean on forks or rakes while they discuss chewing gum and civic administration, what time the birds eye them wistfully, ever hoping. There are men clad in blue-grey habiliments, Royal Air Force cloth cut into tunics, but never seen at street level. There are men clad in blue-grey habiliments, Royal Air Force cloth cut into tunics, but never seen at street level.

Two men were seen on their knees in a damp flower bed, arguing volubly whether the dainty dicytyleon just appearing was a bean or a burdock. Another staid citizen was noticed to halt in his stride, place his hand to his ear and exclaim rapturously: "Hark, the harbingers!" or words to that effect. Another smiles as he walks and murmurs: "Lo, the lark!" The alliteration bug has bitten all.

The last double window has been broken in course of removal, clouds of dust issue from every door, indicative of the spring fever—not fever—of the housewife. The doctors contemplate a slack season and a full book of troubles. The bootlegger goes unobtrusively about his business on the crowded highway. The little lambs hang temptingly in the market.

But most certain sign of all—the poets have recaptured the divine status. One has told the world of the fairies to be seen in King Square and this has incited a hitherto decorous and, it was thought, unimaginative member of society to respond with more alleged verse on the same subject wherein these lines appear:

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## Just Fun

HO, HUM! What installment is due today?

"THERE'S a pair of good slippers," said the careless one as he threw the bananas down.

MANY a man, if he got his just desserts, would be living on bread and water.

HE—"I'll take the first two dances." SHE (who worked in Woolworth's)—"Twenty cents, please."

YOU have to make allowances, when you've got a son at college.

YOU can still find modesty and innocence—in the dictionary.

CLOCKS, unlike more than a few persons, run down only themselves. It's difficult for a woman to tell her age.

You don't have to go to the mountains to have a high old time.

Snow balls do not bounce but the boss does.

Modern girl don't wear a bustle but she may have something on her hip.

Clockwork looks pretty timely on some stickings.

GRAND-DAD used to buy snappy pictures secretly but grandson can find them in the daily papers.

WHO'S WHO

SIR WM. JOYNSON-HICKS.

AS HOME SECRETARY, SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, is a leading figure in government activities during the general strike in England.

He was largely instrumental in recruiting volunteers for service as constables to keep the situation in check.

Sir William was born in 1865. He assumed the surname Joynton upon his marriage to Grace Lynn, only daughter of the late Richard Hampton Joynton.

In 1922 he was parliamentary secretary in the overseas trade department, becoming postmaster-general and paymaster-general in 1923. During that year he also served as financial secretary to the treasury with a seat in the cabinet and minister of health.

He is honorary treasurer of the Red Cross and a member of the finance committee of the Y. W. C. A.

For 13 years he has been chairman of the Automobile Association and Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland and is also connected with several other motorist and better roads organizations.

But the only ferry that came my way was beating it into the King Kaffay."

What further proof is needed—keeping it here.

We gladly publish a letter concerning the Evangelical Home, which readers will doubtless peruse with interest.

That's Pep (Arkansas Banker).

Vigor, vitality, vim, and punch—The countess to act on a sudden thing. The nerve to tackle the doublet thing. With feet that climb, and hands that cling.

And a heart that never forgets to sing. "That's Pep."

Sand and grit in a concrete base—A friendly smile on an honest face. The spirit that helps when another's down. That knows how to scatter the blackest frown.

That loves its neighbor and loves its town. "That's Pep."

To say "I will" for you know you can. To look for the best in every man; To meet each thundering knock-out blow.

And come back with a laugh because you know. You'll get the best of the whole blame show. "That's Pep."

Jaynts.

(Calgary Herald).

Mr. Thomas Jay, the well-known humorist of Punch and The Bulletin, treated the Edinburgh Rotary Club to a series of witty and deftly delivered remarks which we call the following samples:

There are two sides to politics. One is the outside, and that is the best side.

During the war we were told that we were fighting for dear life—and we got it.

Golf is sometimes said to be a disease. It is not. It is a symptom. The difference between a disease and golf is that you can very often cure a disease, but you can't cure golf.

Faith is believing a dentist when he says: "I am not going to hurt."

Marconi made wireless possible, and the amateur is trying to make it impossible.

America's got a statue of liberty and prohibition at the same time. Of course, most countries erect statues to their departed.

Seventy-five per cent. of the male convicts in our prisons are single, it is stated. "Safety first" is evidently their motto.

"E" Is Not Silent in Airship's Name. (Toronto Star).

"Everybody" has seen the word "Norwegian" on the pictures of the Amundsen airship now featuring the news on account of its delay to report from its polar trip, but the problem is to pronounce the name correctly. Most persons have been content to pronounce it as they pronounce the word for the Niagara "gorge," and let it go at that, not realizing how atrocious it sounds to a real Norwegian, since the word is the name of his country, Norway.

Norve, properly pronounced, must have the "e" at the end sounded. The "g" has exactly the same value as the "g" in the English word "give." Given its proper pronunciation, said Carl J. Prinz, Norwegian Consul at Toronto, the word Norve would sound like "Norze," with the accent on the first three letters.

The attention of The Star has also been called to the way many people pronounce Amundsen, with the accent on "mund." The accent should be noticeably on the first two letters.

An Italian lady has also sent in the proper pronunciation of Commodore.

## Much Ado About Nothing



Some day the Chicago gangsters will get rough. —From Detroit News.

## POEMS HOME

"A Psalm of Life," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WHEN I was a child I was forced, with other children, as doubtless you were, to learn by heart certain poems; and among the first, of course, was Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life." I know it has become the fashion among the so-called intelligentsia, to ridicule Longfellow. They forget that he was not only a true poet, but that he gave to English literature two hitherto unused blank-verse meters—those which he employed in "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." If he had done nothing else, he would hold a high place in the hearts of the people. And our hearts, though stout and brave, still, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, however pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act—act in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'er-head!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sand of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

THE SCALE OF AMBITION

ONE of the wisest of men offers this advice: "Don't be ambitious; don't be at all too desirous of success; be loyal and modest."

Materially, this may not be the best of advice, but there are nobler ambitions than owning a gold-trimmed, diamond-set limousine.

In an address to students, Thomas Carlyle said: "I have no doubt that you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; and you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of temporal things to you."

"There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health."

What are nuggets and millions? An American millionaire mourned one time: "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. And he, with millions and insomnia, died for lack of it.

IT HAS been remarked that there is one thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength the Almighty has given him, in doing the work he is fit to do.

is a wholesome spanking at the right time. Adequate punishment when needed is the most reliable deterrent and corrective of crime. If there were more of it in this country, there would be fewer criminals, either over or under the age of twenty-two.

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## The Very Idea!

By Mark Twain

THAT blamed expression "well enough" has caused a heap of trouble. Because of it our finest stuff has oft' been just a bubble. We have a task that must be done, but do it in the rough because we feel, when it's begun, when done, it's well enough.

I wonder who the man can be who let that boner slip. "Let well enough alone," said he. We all have grabbed the tip. In daily things that we must meet, we slide them by and stuff. At heart we know it's indiscreet to do just well enough.

Of course that gets you by, but then, there's not much satisfaction in doing things haphazard when you've snatched by just a fraction. The finest job a man can do is worthy of the trouble. It brings the pep that sees you through and makes the pleasure double.

The world will keep on going though you pick the softest way to make your daily showing, but you'll find it doesn't pay. Try cutting out the well enough, and be the sort of man who doesn't slide along on bluff, but does the best he can.

If fish really is good brain food, it's a shame for some people that they don't sell really meat.

The height of efficiency is making the office boy put all the discarded letters in alphabetical order before throwing them in the waste basket.

You never know just what to do with a pen that won't write. Why not leave it in some postoffice?

He bought a hunter's license, but it didn't work so nice. In spite of it, they pinched the guy for shooting a dice.

Now we know what has become of the old-fashioned kid who used to get spanked in the woodshed. He's out in the garage spanking his own kid.

It's a great idea to keep your spirits up—and yet most people keep 'em down in the basement.

Just think of the pretty bathing girls the life guards are gonna pass up saving this summer, 'cause they'll think they're boys.

FABLES IN FACT

MARRIAGE DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE PERIOD FOR INSTANCES COMMA CONSIDER THE GIRL WHO WENT AROUND WITH A PELLA FOR YEARS COMMA AND DURING THAT TIME SHE TOOK SUCH AN INTEREST IN HIM THAT SHE EVEN PICKED OUT HIS SUITS PERIOD HELPFUL GIRL COMMA ONE MIGHT SAY PERIOD THEN THEY GOT MARRIED AND DOES SHE DO IT ANY MORE QUESTION MARK HUH OH DASH DASH SHE'S SATISFIED TO PICK HIS POCKETS NOW PERIOD

He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

Carlyle's idea of a perfect man was one with his intellect a clear, plain geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions—not twisted up into concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping—healthily, clear, and free.

Here, then, is something more to be desired than the things that most men seek.

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