POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 6, 1907.

MR. CUSHING AND THE ALDERMEN.

After more than a year of nonsense, the board of works have passed a resolution recommending the dismissal of Director Cushing. The aldermen have at last had the manliness to openly express the feelings which they have entertained for a long time, but which they have rather unsuccessfully endeavored to cover up by a volume of hot air. The council will do well to carefully consider this report and to act upon it. Certain complications may arise owing to the fact that Mr. Cushing was, a short time ago, engaged for a year, and it is by no means improbable that he will request his full salary for the term of his contract. Yet this is not the question. The aldermen are not so desirous of saving a few hundred dollars as they are of having the public works department properly administered. That it has not been in the past is to be presumed from frequent criticism, yet no charges of violation of orders or of incompetence have been made against the director. Mr. Cushing knows that the aldermen are not engineers; that in approving specifications or plans they are almost wholly guided by him, and that as a rule his judgment in construction of any works is accepted. There have been frequent instances in which, after contracts have been signed, the director has approved of variations from the specifications. It is possible that from an engineering point of view his policy has been the wisest, and that by reason of changes made the various works have been improved. That is a matter on which he has, so far, been practically the only judge. But on the other hand he has held office for the purpose of carrying out certain definite instructions and the orders of the board of works or council should be obeyed to the letter. Mr. Cushing has many times been criticized for what the aldermen were inclined to regard as offences, although no member of the board has ever made any direct charges. Instead of doing so, the aldermen have been, in a roundabout, and, it must be confessed, a somewhat mean way, seeking his removal. There was no reason under the sun why Mr. Cushing should have been engaged for the present year, for the majority of the council, if such a motion had been made, would have voted for his removal. He is, however, still in the civic employ. He has not been fairly treated; not openly treated, but on the other hand it must be admitted that while no doubt a very competent engineer, he has not given general satisfaction. This may be his fault; it may be the fault of the council; but no matter who is to blame it will be better to make a change than have the present wrangling continue.

FRATERNAL LIFE INSURANCE.

The great increase in life insurance in standard companies has frequently ben set forth, but fraternal organizations which are not regarded by old line agents as the best of institutions are gathering in a remarkably large share of the business. In the United States, judging from state reports presented to the insurance departments, the increase during the past year has been phenomenal. On January 1st, 1907, there were twenty distinct organizations with a total membership of nearly six millions and carrying insurance to the value of $7,051,000,000.

At the beginning of 1906 public confidence in life insurance had been shaken by the astonishing disclosures of corruption made by the legislative investigating committee of New York. Changes in tables of rates by some of the leading fraternals also had a marked tendency to check growth, so that the leaders in fraternal insurance did not expect to more than hold their own for the year. Results were contrary to all predictions, for the record of 1906 surpassed that of any previous year. Almost 1,000,000 new members were admitted. To be exact the reports show 977,297 new members carrying insurance amounting to $921,011,390—almost $1,000,000,000 insurance written by the fraternal system of the United States in spite of most adverse conditions.

MILITARY DISTRIBUTION.

Certain newspaper correspondents at Ottawa have during the past few days been sending highly interesting despatches to the United States portraying the grave anxiety which now is alleged to exist in this country over the militia. A short time ago the United States secretary for war evolved a scheme whereby all units of the army must be ready, on peace footing of course, to take the field at an hour's notice. Instead of bringing the regiments up to war strength when necessity arises, and by hasty enlistment and the confused accumulation of stores, getting everything in readiness for service, it is deemed wise to have each body of troops fully prepared. At all depots there will be ordnance and stores, and in fact fact everything necessary for active work. In case of a disturbance or dispute with any other country these peace regiments could be sent to the field on very short notice, and would be brought up to the war footing by drafts of recruits who might be enlisted and trained as quickly as possible. The Ottawa correspondents would convey the impression that Canada is excited over this change, and that the same policy may be adopted here. There is really no cause for anxiety. In Canada, the last time troops were neened, a large regiment drawn from all parts of the Dominion, was not only mobilized but actually organized, drilled and despatched from this country to Africa, nine days after the call for volunteers was issued, and the same thing could be done in less time now. That is if there should ever be the necessity, but no one anticipates trouble which will require mobilization.

WHEN A GIRL IS AROUND.

When a girl is around and is watching of you
It is wonderful, all the things you can do;
You can run just as fast and can jump twice as high,
You can turn a neat handspring and never half try;
You can hop, skip and jump, and you're never afraid
To take any kind of a dare that is made:
You can hang by your toes twenty feet from the ground
On the limb of a tree—when a girl is around.

When a girl is around and you're sure that she sees,
You can do your best tricks on the swinging trapeze;
You can jump a high fence with the grace-fullest spring
And hang by your toes from the ropes of the swing
When it's going its best—what if you get a fall,
You say that it really don't hurt you at all,
If it makes you see stars—and you're up with a bound
And a smile on your face—when a gir is around.

When a girl is around—some nice girl that you know,
And the boys will stand back there and give you a show,
You can walk on your hands just as far as you please
And never get tired—if you're sure that she sees;
No matter what happens you're not a bit scared,
You'd lead all the boys into war if they dared,
And you show all the lads that your lungs are quite sound
And your legs and your arms—when a girl is around.

When a girl is around—oh, the heroes we are!
Who can leap twice as high, who can jump twice as far,
Who can cut up such antics as never before,
Who can conquer all worlds and then look out for more;
From sloughs of dead level as giants we stir
To prove all our might and our prowess—to her;
And we reach dizzy heights at a leap and a bound
As the lad at his play—when a girl is around.

J. W. Foley, in New York Sun.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

Little Ethel—Mamma, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?

Mamma.—No, dear. Why do you ask?

Little Ethel.—'Cause I just tooked the last three tarts in the pantry and I thought I'd better tell you.

IN HIS LAST HOURS.

"My dear," moaned the patient, as he tossed restlessly on his bed, "it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill his will be!"

"Never mind, Joseph," said his wife, "you know there's the insurance money."

THE KITTY.

Within the restaurant I sat,
Against my ankle purred the cat.
To catch the waiter's eye in vain I tried,
He would not see me. What a pity!
At last I called. He raised his eyes;
With well-feigned look of mild surprise,
He saw me, came, laid down two trays, and took
The kitty.

THE CAT STORY.

Johnny was detained after schoolone day and told to write a story of fifty words as a punishment, and, being anxious to join his comrades, this is what he wrote:—

"A little girl going home from school one day saw a little cat. Wishing to caress it, she called: Here, puss, puss, puss