The St. John Standard

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ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1918.

WILSON'S OUTING.

Whether President Wilson will attend the Peace Conference, or whether he will not, is a question that is agitating the minds of the American public to a very considerable extent. Opinion seems to be very sharply divided, judging by newspaper comment, and it would appear that on a vote of the press all over America, the balance of opinion is against the President's proposed outing. It is recognized very generally that Europe wants to know President Wilson, that his personality has left its impress on the various Allied and neutral governments, and that his presence at a gathering of world statesmen would add a great deal of interest to that gathering, and would make America more closely acquainted with other powers. It is recognized, too, that the views which he entertains with respect to peace and war and reconstruction will be of value to others who are endeavoring to solve these problems for themselves. But on the other hand the contention is, that the present time which the United States, in common with other countries, is going through, is a very important period in its history. There are momentous decisions to be made almost on the instant. The impulses of the nation on matters of world importance are to be expressed without hesitation, and by the only man in the Republic who knows these sentiments and whose duty it is to so express them to Congress or to foreign offices. More than any other ruler among the Allied powers does President Wilson stand for the state. He is more than a Premier, and more than a King, although not quite all of either, and in reality forms the head of the nation in a much more definite degree than does any other single representative of an Allied power. And at the Versailles Peace Conference, should he attend, he alone would be the head of a nation. No other country will be represented by its ruler. The governments will select delegates to speak for them, and the United States has, of course, been requested to do the same. So that in such a gathering, President Wilson would be in point of precedence and of national representation, one outstanding figure, and as in him would rest the dignity of the United States, the contention is held that it does not seem fit that he should participate in the arguments, and discussions, and squabblings, which are sure to mark such a gathering as this.

The settlements of the many vexing questions which will come up should be discussed first of all by representatives of each power, and then submitted to their governments for consideration. They should not be discussed by the head of the nation himself in conference with subordinates from other powers. For this reason, and because President Wilson's presence may be required any moment while the conference is in progress, it is felt that his duty is at home. None the less, and despite the opposition to his proposed trip, it is felt that he will carry out his announced plan, and sail for Europe early in December.

INTERESTING, BUT——

Some people spend a lot of time doing things that are not of very much account. The Standard recently carried a lengthy cable article from Paris, describing the success achieved by an eminent surgeon there in producing anaesthesia without unconsciousness. The story went on to say that this had been done years ago as regards the lower portions of the body, but that the most recent developments enable operations to be performed in the same manner on the trunk and even on the head. The method is by drenching the whole spinal cord in a mixture of scopolomine, morphine and cocaine. Very interesting, but of what use is it? Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand who have to undergo an operation don't want to know anything about it. Nothing could be more repulsive to a sufferer than to watch a surgeon chopping up his body, and nothing could be more nerve-racking to the operating surgeon than to realize that the person on whom he is working is fully awake and watching every move. Operations are nervous things at best, and those who are performing them are always under more or less of a strain. Things occasionally go wrong even with the most careful operators. Slight mistakes are made which, through coolness on the part of the surgeon, could be readily corrected. But the possibility of such a correction would be eliminated, and the probability of mistake would be greatly increased by the consciousness and watchfulness of the patient. We all shut our eyes when a tooth is being taken out, and we turn our heads away when the doctor is scratching our arms for vaccination. It is not the fear of pain that makes us do this, but the natural disinclination to watch the operation which causes the pain. Dr. Filatre's method may be a great advance in this branch of medical science, but it will not be of much use to the people who are compelled to go under the surgeon's knife.

BRITISH POLITICS.

Cable despatches of a few days ago announced the resignation of Lord Robert Cecil, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and J. R. Clynes, Food Controller in Britain—two men holding very diverse political views, but both highly esteemed and trusted by all shades of opinion in England. Their resignations cannot but weaken the Lloyd George party. The Cecil family have always been greatly interested in church matters, and it is natural to note that Lord Robert Cecil has resigned because of a difference of opinion with Lloyd George on the question of Welsh disestablishment. While Lord Robert Cecil is generally respected, it is improbable that many among the prominent supporters of Lloyd George will follow him in his desertion of the Premier. As regards Mr. Clynes, it is believed that his retirement from the position of Food Controller is the result of a disagreement with the Premier over the question of food supplies to neutrals, Allies and enemies. Mr. Clynes is said to be very liberal in his views in this regard, while Lloyd George and members of his Cabinet bear strongly to the opinion that our Allies should be given first consideration and the Germans left until others are satisfied. It is believed, too, that Mr. Asquith and his supporters endorse the views of Mr. Clynes, and should Lloyd George be compelled to surrender the reins of government, Germany, on the advent of Mr. Asquith's party, will find itself much more generously treated than would otherwise be the case.

MR. FOSTER IN OTTAWA.

What are all these funny stories we do be hearin' from Ottawa, about the carrying on of Mister Foster and Mister Laurier and a few others of that bunch, who have been having quiet little talks on political matters during the past few days? It has always been regarded as the principal, in fact the only, duty of the Premier of this Province to look after the affairs of this Province and not go sticking his finger into the federal pie. But among the semi-great and those who have been pitchforked into positions of discomfort, there is always a tendency to hobnob with somebody a little more prominent in the hope that there may be attained secondary brilliance from contact with the big man. Why should Mr. Foster confer with Mr. Laurier over the transfer of New Brunswick's organization to the lose-the-war party? There is only one explanation of the thing. For the past four years Mr. Foster has been afraid, physically and morally afraid, to come out in the open and express his opinion on federal politics. He had not sufficient manliness to support Union Government, and he had not sufficient courage to openly oppose it. He endeavored in his own weak way to maintain neutrality, failing to realize that neutrals in the world today are the most despised of all. Now that the right-thinking men in Canada who have devoted their entire energies, irrespective of politics, to the winning of the war, and now that the war is over, Premier Foster believes the situation is sufficiently clear to justify him in throwing off the camouflaged neutrality that has only partially concealed him during the past few years, and to come out in his true colors as a supporter of Laurier, an opponent of Union Government, too narrow minded to forget politics in the greater issue of the day, and ready to jump into notoriety whenever the opportunity offers.

But what about the associates of Mr. Foster on his trip to Ottawa? He had never previously been to a conference of provincial representatives. The other fellows did not know him, nor were they acquainted with any of the wonderful group of ministers with whom he has surrounded himself. Mr. Foster should have provided his share of the entertainment. But instead of that, he took Mr. Tweeddale along with him, and there is no fun in Mr. Tweeddale. Where was the Honorable Peter, the real boss who thinks he knows more about New Brunswick, and pulls the strings better than all the rest of them put together. Think of the impression he would have made. And even though Mr. Foster himself might have been overshadowed in such a gathering, Mr. Veniot would have, in the words of our always interesting but now somewhat deceased friend, Mr. Michael Huff, "alluviated their intellectuality by the scintillating effulgence of his meteoric luminosity."

The esteemed Telegraph is annoyed with the little story The Standard published concerning Premier Foster's doings in Ottawa, and characterizes this despatch as asinine. Obviously so, dear neighbor, it was about Premier Foster.

WHAT THEY SAY

The Shapers of Public Opinion. Editor and Publisher.

A gentleman over in Jersey rises to remark that whereas some one in the past may have been correct when he said he cared not who wrote the nation's laws if he could write its songs, he would have to revise his ideas today and make it headlines instead of songs.

To prove his case he declares, which we do not believe is open to successful contradiction, that most persons who buy newspapers read the headlines and not the articles and get their ideas from the "heads" and not from the details.

Further, the gentleman marshals before us the headlines on a lot of New York newspapers on various news developments in one day.

The gentleman proves his case.

What he might also allege and not have to support with proof is that most persons who buy newspapers (and comparatively few persons do not) profess to doubt the truth of what they read in them yet quote them as authority for anything or everything.

Why is it?

And why is it that a copy reader through whose hands goes the news of the world, who edits the matter that is read by hundreds of thousands if not millions of persons, who can command the earnest attention of a larger audience than anyone else on earth, whose power is greater, far greater than appreciated, is paid but a beggarly sum, not half so much as the riveter commands today and in many cases not a third?

Insanity and the War.

London Daily Mail: The marked decrease in the graver forms of mental disease during the strain and the trials of war seems at first sight contradictory and curious. But insanity is in a large degree the result of the compulsory struggle of civilized men and women against primitive impulses. For ages man was a hunter and a fighter. Civilization forces humanity to submit to severe restrictions upon the passion for combat and the chase. Some of us live in perpetual secret revolt against the social conditions that condemn us to unexciting, tedious occupations, to physical inactivity, to spending the whole of our lives in one town or in one country, and to the denial of the instincts of adventure, wandering, and the courting of pleasurable danger excitements.

THE EDITOR'S MAIL

FEED POOR GERMANS.

Nov. 23, 1918.

The Editor of The Standard:

In your valuable paper you kindly invite all people to state their opinions on feeding the Germans.

I suppose that we should follow the Scripture "return good for evil." It is hard for one to say return good to Germany for the evil they have done to us. They fought till the last minute to the last man. They destroyed the last farming implements, stock, crop and everything they could, turning next day and saying to us: Give us something to eat, we are starving.

Did they not think two months ago that they would be beaten by now? Did they not think of the provisions for the winter? Could they not give in time to store in a little before all was destroyed. I am of the impression they depended on us feeding them for the winter. They depended on nothing else We have reached to the bottom of our pockets for the last dollar to feed and save our boys. We have saved all we could and done all in our power, and to think we will keep on when we know our boys are saved. We would like it a small bit easier. We have our poor imprisoned boys to feed and clothe now. If the Germans have lived on cold bread for four years they can live on northwest wind for the winter

Yours,
STANDARD SUBSCRIBER.

The Editor of The St John Standard:

Mr. Editor,—We desire through your valuable paper to thank Mrs. John Crawford and family, and all others in the Lancaster Hotel, who so nobly assisted when our boy was stricken with influenza, and we wish to thank those brave nursing sisters for their attention to our boy.

May God bless them and grant them health to enable them to do the good work they are doing.

Thanking you for your space,
MR. and MRS. THOS. MacFARLANE.
Chatham, N. B., Nov. 23, 1918.

A BIT OF VERSE

WITH PEACE IMPENDING.

I hate the Hun! I hate him, not for all
Our valorous dead who, cleansed of littleness,
Like rain have fallen that their world may live,
Nor shall I hate him for the metaled heel
That ground the breasts of Belgium, soft with milk;
For all the poppied wheatlands left a waste,
and desolated cities where th cry
Of homeless children greets the dull-mouthed guns,
and rivers red with blood, and Rheims in ruin;
Nor yet for women torn between the claws
Of lust, I hate him, nor for midnight bursts
Of death upon the unguarded tents of pain,
Nor brutish laughter where the lordly ship,
Stricken, goes down, and leaves the lonely sea
More lonely with the last sob of a child,
Incredulous that men strike thus and live,
Nor must my hatred feed on him they took
In battle black with smoke—him over whom
The maple leaves once sang—and held aloft
And spitted close against their blood-red wall,
Slow-writing, on the Cross invisible
Whereby we dreamed such things could never be,
A blade of Rhenish steel through each torn hand,
And through the bleeding feet twin blades of steel.
For these I scarce need hate, since the high dead
Are dead and far above our rancor sleep.
Wounds may be left to silence and to time,
And over buried wrong the ivy runs.
Yea, in the years to come these riven lands
Once more shall laugh with poppy and with wheat,
And pure again shall flow the streams of France
And on the plains of Flanders children play.
But him, the Hun, I hate, and ever shall,
oFr thrusting on my soul his gift of hate;
For wresting from my hands life's final flower
Of tenderness, for hurling on my heart
The lust to fight his lust, since as a brute
The brute must still be faced. Yea, back he turned
Our feet—back to the twilight paths of time,
To jungled wraths and fang confronting fang,
And thick-coiled venoms. All against our will
He drags us down to his own hellish depths;
Back to the age of tooth and claw he hurls
All me and mine, and on a startled world
Imposes his black creed. He, e'en in death,
Shall not be worsted, spitting in our teeth
His hates triumphant—leaving in our hand
A blood-stained sword, and wonder in our eyes!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

GETTING BACK.

Martha Haskell Clark in Youth's Companion.

Getting back, getting back!
Little sleepy villages strung out beside the track,
Rocky, far-ridged valleys, with a brown stream brawling through,
And past a fold of foothills the mountains far and blue.

Getting back, getting back!
Fireweed flaming pink against the charred stumps old and black,
Through the sun-splashed clearings where the logging shanties lean,
Their sagging rooftrees rising gray from berry tangles green.

Getting back, getting back!
Chance heard talk all flavored through with paddle, trail and pack.
"Pugwash," "rifles," "Beaver Pool," "Parmacheenee Belle"—
How they linger in your ears with unforgotten spell!

Getting back, getting back!
Rod-case by the duffel-bag and rifle in the rack,
And sudden at the turning a glimpse of timbered sedge,
And lazy lake-waves lapping at the driftwood by the edge.

. . . . . .

Getting back, getting back!
Something surging big and warm until your heartstrings crack,
Something choking in your throat and blurring up your eyes,
Something smiling welcome-like from lake and woods and skies,
Something husking in your voice and blurring up the track,
Makes you know the old camp gods are glad you're getting back!

A BIT OF FUN

Defined.

Miss Wilcox had been giving the class an elementary talk on architecture. "Now," she said, "can any one in the class tell me what a 'buttress' is?"

Little Walter arose, his face beaming with a quick flash of intelligence. "I know," he shouted; "a buttress is a nanny goat."

Hitting Back.

Scene: Crowded street car, Toronto.

Gentleman, rising offers seat to young lady.

Young lady: "No, thank you, I refuse to take a seat from a man who is not in khaki."

Gentleman: "If I had only possessed as much powder when I was in France as you have on your face, I would have blown the Germans to H——l."

Conclusive Evidence.

A special constable in a suburb of London relieved his mate at midnight, and, to his astonishment, found him in a most deplorable condition. Both his eyes were in mourning, his nose was flattened, his mouth was askew, and his clothing showed further testimony of a terrific combat.

"My Gawd!" said the relieving officer of the law. "You're in a 'orrible state. You're beaten up sumthin' terrible an' no mistake. W'ot 'appened?"

"Yer knows that pretty little widder as lives down at the end of the street 'oos 'usband was killed at Gallippoli?"

"Yus."

"Well, 'e ain't."

An Eccentric!

A certain learned Queen's counsel was arguing a commercial case before a learned Judge. In doing so he had occasion to speak repeatedly of an "eccentric," and the Judge at length asked him what an eccentric was. The magistrate said he was familiar with the term as applied to individuals, but not to things. The Queen's counsel at once replied, "An eccentric," he said, "is a circular disc whose centre is not in the middle."

Bobby had just arrived at his first garden party given in honor of "woundeds."

At the first blue boy he saw he cried:

"Look, mother! That man's wounded!"

Mother frowned. "Hush, Bobby!" she said. "Don't talk so loud. He'll hear you."

"Oh, doesn't he know, then?" piped Bobby.

The Long-Haired One.

The colonel of the Blankshires was notified that his unit was about to be inspected by the Secretary of War. The captain was ordered to make a preliminary inspection to see that all was in readiness. In one of the huts a mop had been standing, head uppermost against the wall.

The captain (who, by the way, is said to be very short-sighted), on entering the room, pointed to the head of the mop, and exclaimed, in a loud, sharp tone:

"Sergeant, see that man gets his hair out at once."

The sergeant, taking in the situation, remarked: "Very good, sir." And, smartly calling out "Attention!" he succeeded in checking the tittering and laughter which was on the point of breaking out.

Little Benny's Note Book.

BY LEE PAPE.

Yestidday morning I was setting on the frunt steps waiting for it to be time to go to skool, and pop came out to go down town to the office, saying, Benny, youll find a pair of my shoes rapped up under my bed reddy to go to the shoemakers. Take them up before you go to skool, and tell the shoemaker that its very very important to have them soled and heeled by this eevning, tell him if theyre not done by this eevning it will give ade and comfort to the enemy and posserbly lose the war.

Yes sir, I sed. And I kepp on sitting on the frunt steps looking up at the sun to see how meny times it would make me sneese, and touite wile we was eating suppir I remembered that I dident remember to take pops shoes, and I sed, Iexcuse me a minnit. And I quick got up and went up stairs and the shoes was still rapped up under pops bed, and I ran to the shoemakers with them, saying, Can you sole and heel these in about 10 minits?

Can you wawk from heer to the Fillipeen Islands in the time it takes to fry a egg? sed the shoemaker.

Well can you do them in about a half a hour? I sed.

I can have them done by this time tomorro and not a minnit before, sed the shoemaker. Being a little shoemaker with nails in his mouth to hammer in shoes, and I went home agen and kepp on eating suppir, and pritty soon pop sed, Benny, run up to the shoemakers and get my shoes rite after suppir.

Yes sir, I sed. And I ate 2 more spoons full of dizzert, saying. They wont be done till tomorrow nite.

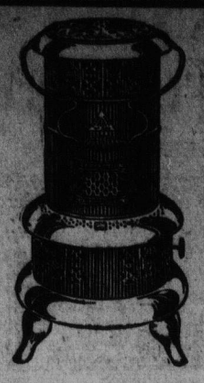
The mischiff they wont, sed pop, when did you take them up?

Sir? I sed.

You herd the question, didn't you? sed pop, and I sed, Yes sir, and pop sed, Then wy all the red tape?

About 5 minnits ago, I sed.

And after suppir I wasent allowed to go out.



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