

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N.B., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1909

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ST. JOHN STAR.

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THE LOWEST CLASS.

Naturally enough the larger New York papers devote considerable space to a record of the doings and misdoings of those made prominent by wealth or social activity. Because of this publicity, the impression is created outside, that New York's life revolves around the select few comprising what has been called the Four Hundred, and that other group known as the Wall Street ring. It is in some quarters believed, and this belief is justified by the publicity devoted to them, that these people are the leading figures of the metropolis, and that New York as a whole is interested in their comings and goings. Nothing could be further from the true state of affairs. In the city of New York, the home of the millionaire robber, not one person in a thousand gives the slightest attention to the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, or any of those other families whose occupation is the production of scandals. These people are too well known to be interesting; they are too entirely that attraction which great wealth naturally brings, and having passed the stage in which they were regarded as curiosities, are now almost generally neglected. New Yorkers rarely read such newspaper reports as those now arising from the Gould separation suit. At the most they glance at the headlines and, obviously disgusted with the whole immoral pack, turn to read the real news of the day. These scandal breeders are looked upon merely with contempt, the vilest exposures of their indecency create not the slightest comment, and those incidents which appear in other cities as of some news value, are utterly disregarded. The people of New York have lived with these animals long enough to realize their true worthlessness, and judge them accordingly.

THE CAPE COD CANAL.

The Cape Cod Canal has been a subject of discussion practically ever since the time of the landing of the Pilgrims. On Tuesday of this August, Belmont, as head of a syndicate recently formed, turned the first shovel of earth thus making the beginning of the construction of this canal. It is anticipated that the new waterway can be built within three years at a cost of not more than \$10,000,000. The route selected gives a length of about eight miles and is known as the Buzzard's Bay route, from that bay to Plymouth Bay. It will shorten the distance between Boston and other Massachusetts ports, and southern ports, by some sixty-five miles and will enable vessels to make the voyage from Boston to the south at a saving of 142 miles over what is known as the Outside Sea Route, that around Nantucket.

The great gain, however, will be not in the saving of distance but in the avoidance of the innumerable shoals and rough water now so menacing to navigation. More marine disasters occur in the hundred mile stretch to the immediate east and south of Cape Cod than on any other section of the Atlantic Coast. The region is unfavorably affected by storms and persistent fogs, and each year is marked by numerous losses of lives, vessels and property. In the history of coastwise navigation more than 2,000 wrecks have occurred on the Cape Cod shoals and beaches.

Upon the completion of the waterway a comparatively favorable route between leading Atlantic ports will be established. The canal, according to present plans will have a width of 250 feet at the top, 125 feet at the bottom and a depth of 25 feet at low water.

BAD ROADS.

Aside from politics, which, in spite of Mr. Hazen's value, should not be permitted to interfere with the comfort and convenience of taxpayers, the neglect of roads throughout this province is deserving of severe censure. In St. John county, and no doubt this is equally true of every county in the province, the highways are really in a disgraceful condition. If any money is being expended it certainly is being thrown away, judging from the lack of results, and most assuredly the labor necessary to keep the roads in proper condition is not being performed. Even on the most traveled highways it is practically impossible for horses to be driven without injury. On those roads which are macadamized, the covering has, through the ordinary process of wear and tear, been washed off, and the loose stone over which teams must break the hoofs of the horses. On other roads, those of clay, there are within a radius of ten miles of St. John very few stretches over which a carriage can pass with any comfort to the occupants.

(This is certainly not as it should be.)

Complaints from various sections of the province indicate that this unsatisfactory condition of the highways is general, and in ordinary decency and fairness, the government officials who are responsible for the care and maintenance of the roads, should lay aside whatever party prejudice they may be allowing to influence them and endeavor to have something done in the matter.

CHIANTI.

That's Florence over yonder, dreaming in the vespers light, The sun is lingering gleaming On its walls of white; Below it in the valley vineyards Mingled red and green, With olive groves and citron orchards Nestling in between.

And there with footsteps slowly falling Snow white cattle pass, Better to let the milking lass, While sweet with memories of story On the quiet life, The fragrance of Italian roses 'Neath Italian skies.

A moment while the vista shimmers Deeply incandescence— And now behold how Florence glimmers, With the moon behind! And like the pipes of Elfand blowing, Phantasies of song, Come random strains of broken music From the city throng.

Guitar and mandolin combining— Echoes of romance! And maybe Tuscan maids are twining In a fairy dance— Here, waiter, bring some more Chianti, For its charm is sweet To build such fancies in a goblet In a New York street!

WILLIAM F. MOORMACK.

THE BARRED DOOR.

One night upon mine ancient enemy I closed my door, And that night came Love in search of me, Love I had hungered for, And, finding my door closed, went on his way And came no more.

Pray you take counsel of this pentitent And learn thereof, Get your door wide, whatever guests be sent, Your graciousness to prove, To let in many enemies Than bar out Love. —Theodore Garrison in Harper's Bazar.

APPLIED TO THE MOTOR.

Teacher: "What do you mean by the quick and the dead?" Boy: "Well, the quick get out of the way of the motor-cars, and the dead don't!"

COULDN'T SMELL IT.

A well known judge at present on circuit once complained that he could not hear in a certain court, and said to one of the responsible officials: "Really, my lord," was the reply, "you surprise me. I can't smell anything!"—Exchange.

AN AMAZING CRIMINAL.

An almost incredible record of crime (and of apparently futile punishment) is that of Frederick Murray, aged 32, who, at the Old Bailey, London, a few days ago, was ordered ten years' penal servitude. He was charged with the attempted murder of Mr. Henry Hewson, of Cranston street, Newington, and with stealing a boat belonging to a barge and a yacht. Since he was 15, when he was first convicted, Murray has been sentenced as follows:—

1892.....Seven months.  
1893.....Five years.  
1894.....Five years.  
1895.....Ten years.  
1896.....Ten years.  
1897.....Ten years.

"Concurrently." So that in eighteen years—not considering a sentence for burglary which is not detailed—Murray has actually been sentenced to thirty years seven months in prison, and between serving his sentences and escaping (twice) has found time to commit numerous offences. Even allowing for the fact that two of the sentences ran concurrently and that the prisoner probably earned something in the way of "mitigation," the record is still an appalling and almost unapproachable one.

PLEASANT WHILE IT LASTED.

He listened intently. It was his wife and her mother talking. "No, my dear," the latter was saying, "I must go tomorrow. I do not believe in a mother-in-law making long visits. But, before I go, I want to tell you what a treasure I think you have gained in your husband. He seems to me to be near perfection. Are you sure, however, that you are not too strict with him? Do not be quick to chide him when he stays out too late. Men need a little latitude, you know—say two or three times a week."

The man stirred uneasily in his sleep. It seemed so real; but, alas, it was a dream!

"Johnny, who the pitcher on your ball team?"

"We ain't got no pitcher. But we HAVE got a slaban, and he's some hurler, lemme tell you. Why, there ain't a 14-year-old team as is got a finger what kin match him. He's sure of a peach spear juggler, and a scut-paw at dat!"

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MISS HERSEY FROM JERSEY AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

Delightful Production of Farce-Comedy by St. John's Amateurs.

As a play, Miss Hersey from Jersey has no excuse for its own existence; as an entertainment it is made attractive by the highly creditable work of those members of the Dramatic Club who participate in the production. The dialogue is merely a vehicle for the display of dramatic talent, and it is the highest compliment to the young men and women performers to say that with a composition so unworthy of their ability they have created a most pleasing comedy.

Miss Hersey is a laugh, from start to finish, but as in most farce comedies the result depends not so much on the plot—as which there is none—as on the genius of those filling the leading parts.

Last evening's performance left little to be desired in the way of acting. Miss Baird in the role of Mrs. Goodwin, gave perhaps the most finished production of the artistic nature of Miss Carrie Ballie as Mrs. Davis won for her the hearty applause of the very large audience. Miss Helen Kenney and Miss Margaret Knight as Mona and Lucy Goodwin played their parts with a consistent regard to the requirements of the situation and displayed highly creditable ability.

Among the male members of the cast the leading characters were portrayed by A. B. McInley and R. E. Walker—both newspaper men by the way—and T. J. Bird. Mr. Bird's work is so well known here as to require no comment, while the St. John men have so long ago passed the stage of amateurism as to be looked upon now as seasoned actors. Their efforts were rewarded by well-deserved applause.

Steve Matthews and Percy Bling, although with less to do than their friends, capably performed what was required of them.

A number of specialties were presented between the acts, of which the best was "Jack and Jill," by Miss Gathers and Joe Gray, who sang by a chorus of nine girls. Miss Marion Campbell rendered a solo which was well received. Kenneth Bonnell and a dozen young ladies in "Love's Bouquet," made a big hit, and Miss Annie Edwards and Miss Helen Kenney, in "Time, Rosie," brought down the house. A dramatic reading, very ably rendered, by Godfrey Kenney, completed the list of specialties.

Miss Hersey will be repeated tonight in matinee tomorrow, and tomorrow evening, last night's production with its admirable settings, and costumes reflected the greatest credit on the St. John Dramatic Club, and on Mr. Bird, under whose direction the piece was staged.

THE BARRED DOOR.

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SPLENDID PROGRAM FOR THE MARITIME CIRCUIT

Turf Season Opens at Fredericton Next Wednesday.

Then Follow Meets at Woodstock, Chatham, St. John and Sussex—Other Races Also Preparing.

A splendid programme of turf events has been arranged for provincial race tracks during July.

Horsemen are predicting that the meets next month will prove the most successful ever conducted in New Brunswick and keen interest is being manifested all over the province.

The fastest string of horses in the Maritime Provinces and Maine will await the starter's word in the different events. It is quite probable that a number of records will be broken.

The season's racing will open at Fredericton on Wednesday next. A programme lasting three days has been drawn up and there will be races in all the various classes. The free-for-all event, attracting widespread interest as the cream of the fast ones will compete. The horses are now at the capital track, working out for the events. It would be difficult to select a winner in any class, as several "dark ones" will compete.

Upon the completion of the Fredericton meet, the string will go to Woodstock for three days' racing. The interest, and the track is being put in excellent condition.

THE PROGRAMME OF EVENTS IS AS FOLLOWS:

WEDNESDAY.

2.15 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.  
2.27 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.

FRIDAY.

2.15 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.  
2.24 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.  
2.27 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.

SATURDAY.

2.15 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.  
2.24 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.  
2.27 Class, Trot and Pace, purse \$300.

Two days racing at Chatham follows the Woodstock meet. The Chatham events are also attracting widespread interest, and the track is being put in excellent condition.

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WEDNESDAY.

2.15 Class, Trot and Pace, Purse \$300.  
2.24 Class, Trot, Purse \$300.  
2.27 Trot 1.30 Pace, Purse, \$300.

THURSDAY.

2.15 Class, Trot and Pace, Purse \$300.  
2.21 Class, Trot and Pace, Purse \$300.  
2.24 Class, Trot and Pace, Purse \$300.

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Experience

Counts for a great deal in medicine making. You may content yourself with the fact that whatever you get from PORTER'S has been prepared by experienced hands of many years training. That should count with you.

FRANK E. PORTER, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST, Cor. Union and St. Patrick Sts.

WANDERER 25 YEARS RETURNS, IS CAST OUT

Homecoming of Bartley Curran Causes Sensation and Divides Town Against Itself.

Father Will Not Accept Swarthy Stranger as Long Lost Son, Though Brothers and Sisters Do.

SCITUATE, Mass., June 24.—By suddenly appearing among his boyhood friends who had for years thought him dead, Bartley Curran, last of Cripple Creek, Col., has created a sensation which has divided a Massachusetts town against itself.

Curran came east to the paternal home in Scituate last week after an absence of twenty-five years, ready to partake of the faded calf which he had been told he would find.

But instead of being greeted with the usual festivities he met with a strange reception. His own father failed to recognize him as his son. His four brothers and a sister came to the rescue, however, decided that the stranger was their brother and took him under their wing. This act caused a collision between parent and children.

Next the town of Scituate became interested. Some of the returned man's boyhood chums said he was indeed Bartley Curran, others said that he was not.

Ever since the Westerner's return, the puzzled father, who believes that his son died years ago, has been in a quandary. Some of his friends have told him he was being imposed upon, he says; others have declared that the stranger was Bartley Curran, wonderfully changed in appearance. The seventy-year-old man does not know which side to believe.

His children are pleading with him to accept the returned man as his son, but the senior Curran cannot be brought to believe that the returned man is his brother.

The estranged delicate boy who left home a quarter of a century ago is now the lithe, swarthy, heavy-mustached Westerner who came to his door recently.

Dressed in working clothes, Curran appeared in Scituate last week after a five-day journey from Cripple Creek and inquired for the home of Martin Curran.

The Bulgarians prefer freedom to Turkey and Austria? Because they believe that a Ferdinand is worth two in the bush—Lippincott's.

A LIGHT DIET.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is said to have the least nourishment?" "The moths!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes!"

CAME TO SEE MOTHER.

"Listen to that," said the old man to another son who was inside the house, "the calls he father!"

"Calls you father?" shouted the man inside. "Is it possible that it is Bartley Curran?"

"Why, of course, it's Bartley Curran," replied the stranger, stepping in from the rain. "Who else? Don't you know me? Don't you, father, know your own son, and you, Jim, yes, you must be Jim—don't you know your own brother?"

"What talk is this?" said the old man, as he stood up the darkly tanned man before him. "Bartley Curran is dead. He died long before his poor old mother, and she's been dead this—"

"Dead?" cried the stranger. "Dead? Why, I've come more than two thousand miles to see her once more. I've treasured her memory in years and years of wandering, and I always thought my greatest pleasure in life would be to see her again."

"Well, she's dead," said the old man. "Now how about you? Where do you come from? Do you claim that you are my son?"

"Why, of course I do. Who else am I?"

"Both father and his son James then plied the man with questions. As he answered these the father became more and more of the opinion that the

man was not his son, while, on the other hand, James Curran became more and more convinced that he was.

Calling his other brothers and a married sister, who lived in other parts of the town, James Curran returned with them to the house of his father and heard the stranger's story.

"You know I went West because my health was poor," the man told, "I meant to write from time to time, but when a man gets out in that country he keeps putting it off and off, and I never got around to writing. I've spent my time roaming around the Western States, I've been prospecting and mining. I've been well off and up against it hard. I've saved enough money to buy some land and it's going to grow in value. The other day I got the idea that I would like to come East, and here I am."

ACCEPTED BY BROTHERS.

Upon hearing the story, during the recital of which the four brothers, Patrick, Martin, James and Charles, had been scanning his features and looking for familiar peculiarities in his voice, they accepted the man as their brother. The father, however, persisted in his belief that he was not his son, and, angry in his determination not to accept the returned man as of his own flesh and blood, the others left the house with Bartley Curran.

"I don't know what to make of that man," said the elder Curran. "He can't be my son Bartley, for he is dead. If he was alive he would have let us know. This man looks like a man of some other race than mine. Other people have told me since he came that he could not be my son."

"I took him into the house and gave him all he wanted to eat, of course, but I wouldn't let him stay with me, because he certainly is not my son."

"Of course he is our brother," say the other relatives. "We had come about it at first, because he was so changed, but who would not change in twenty-five years? Father has just got the idea that he is not his son, and he wants to cling to it, but he will come to believe that Bartley is dead and is really before him in the flesh."

"I only came East for a three months' stop," says Bartley Curran. "I'm going back to Cripple Creek in the fall. It hits me kind of hard to have my own father fail to recognize me, and I'm waiting for him to get over the whim that I'm not his son. Why should I claim that I am if I am not? What would be my gain?"

Curran's return to Scituate has created a big stir. At first there was a large number of residents who did not believe that he was Martin Curran's son, but the brothers of the returned man have succeeded in a good many cases in removing all doubts.

DO YOU KNOW WHY?

Nobody ever starves in Kentucky? Because they have more feed down there than they can handle.

The Chicago man is always wide awake? Because the Illinois keeps him from sleeping.

The Kaiser wears his moustachios turned up? Because he doesn't want to get down in the mouth.

The Car of Russia hates to be scolded? Because he has a constitutional dislike of being blown up.