

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 12, 1920.

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THE COMING WINTER.

Federal, provincial and municipal authorities must face the fact that there is likely to be less employment during the coming winter in Canada than for some years past. We are facing the reaction from high prices. There is less industrial activity at a time when what are termed seasonal activities such as building operations are at low ebb. There will not be nearly as many men at work in the lumber woods. There will be difficulty in finding work for all who seek it. From Vancouver east the warning has gone out to men not to rush to the cities, where numbers will merely aggravate the conditions. It would be wrong to say that times are likely to be very hard, but we must be prepared to face conditions making for hardship, and act accordingly. The reaction is natural, and there will be a gradual adjustment. Such hardship as befalls will most effect the very poor, as it always does, and it will therefore be necessary to provide as much employment as may be possible to tide over the dull season. There will undoubtedly be some veterans of the war among those seeking employment, and in these cases there is a very special reason why they should not seek in vain.

A COMPARISON.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, Canadian, appears to have become pretty thoroughly Americanized. He is now the editor of Leslie's Weekly, and each week Dr. Eaton's Page appears, with his photograph about it. In the issue of Nov. 18 he deals with The Revolution in England, and begins as follows:—

"It would be a strange irony of fate, after weathering the storms of centuries, England should be destroyed by her own people. The thing sounds absurd, but it appears to be quite within the range of possibility."

Such a revolution is possible, in Dr. Eaton's view, as a result of strikes. Thus:—

"The miners' line up against the people. The Triple Alliance declares war on the government. And the amazing abilities of Premier Lloyd George are fettered away in vain attempts to keep his own people apart when he ought to be giving attention to bigger things."

The former Canadian says further that "what puzzles Americans is how Englishmen of any class can bring themselves to see the antics of proletarian Russia," and he is sure that in the United States a newspaper suspected of being backed by Bolshevik money "would last about as long as a snowball in Hades."

Of course there are no strikes or threats of strikes in the United States, and there are no American statesmen frittering away their abilities on little things when bigger ones are at hand. Nor are there any Hearst newspapers or things of that sort—or Bolsheviks. Of course the United States is a pattern for England and the rest of the world.

And yet, one doubts. Perhaps it would be unkind to quote what the editor-in-chief of Leslie's Weekly says in the same issue that carries Dr. Eaton's lament over the decadence of England. And yet, at the risk of doing the wrong thing the Times will quote a portion of the article, entitled "The Blood-Suckers," which, after referring to recent revelations in New York showing "a moral rotteness beyond belief," that "reeks and stinks in the nostrils of a self-respecting community," goes on as follows:—

"The trouble is due to moral rotteness and mental imbecility. Unless we can have a moral revival and a developed intelligence in the community at large we shall keep drifting down toward the abyss of economic and social chaos. Great numbers of our American people are money-mad. The desire to get rich quickly is an obsession. Pleasure and vulgar display are put above duty, honor and self-respect. Freedom and rights are looked upon as mere abstractions. Men are interested only in this world and only in the material gains and pleasures of this world. And following this devil's philosophy they fall into meanness and crime as naturally as a stone sinks in water."

Let us hope Dr. Eaton will ponder over this paragraph from the pen of his chief, and reflect upon the conditions existing in the United States as well as upon those in England. He must have observed since his article was written that the miners and the triple alliance in England have declared against revolution and that things are going on fairly well in that country. The "abyss of economic and social chaos" is still in the future in England as well as in the United States. Perhaps neither country is quite as bad as it is painted.

Premier Lloyd George announced yesterday that there would be a meeting of prime ministers of the Empire in June of next year. He added that the question of holding it at Ottawa had been under discussion. Canada would welcome such a conference with open arms.

The letter of shipping men who want the new railway bridge made as high as the highway bridge is printed in today's Times. It is worthy of careful attention.

THE CASE OF HAYTI.

What is the United States doing in Hayti? Restoring order by killing a considerable number of the inhabitants. Armed forces of the United States invaded Hayti. Their purpose in thus invading the territory of another country was to restore order—so we are told. They went after the bandits—the bad men—and within a year have made 1,132 of them good men by the time-honored process of killing them. There were also killings prior to the intensive campaign which bagged 1,132 alleged bandits in the last year. One American officer believes as many natives were killed prior to October 1919, as since that date.

Hayti is not United States territory. It is a republic. It was invaded by its big neighbor. In other words, the Americans are not above meddling with the affairs of other people. That the U. S. marines have restored a semblance of order in Hayti is acknowledged. They could have made the island a huge graveyard if they were so disposed and enough of them had been sent for that purpose. Hayti could not fight the United States.

When the American press attacks other countries for alleged meddling beyond their own borders, it must explain the Hayti invasion. Is it because they desire to be free to go on with their benevolent killings that some Americans object to going into the League of Nations? A bandit, in Hayti, is anyone who is opposed to the government of the day. Would the United States apply the same term to those who are opposed to the government in any country? What is the difference between international meddling on this side of the Atlantic and on the other?

AN URGENT PROBLEM.

Speaking in Augusta, Maine, last week, Secretary Bagley of the State Board of Charities and Corrections said:—

"No problem is of greater urgency than the extension of the facilities for the care of the feeble minded. For instance, I am advised by Dr. Vosburgh, superintendent of the School for Feeble Minded in West Pownal, that he now has on his waiting list 101 applications of girls and young women. It is some problem to tell which of these cases must come in first. The principle upon which the trustees are working is primarily whether they are state charges, sex offenders or in surroundings which would lead them into difficulties which would be unfortunate. Repeatedly, the field agents of this department or various institutions report to us cases of anti-social conduct which can be clearly shown to be the result of feeble mindedness, and yet the state has no place or provision for them."

At the annual meeting last week of the Children's Aid Society of Kings County, Nova Scotia, the president, Rev. G. O. Miller, referred to the case of a baby who at birth was mentally normal, but who through sheer neglect had become feeble-minded, and when discovered by the agent had to be removed to the poor house because there was no home into which they could be received.

This cryed another evil by cramming the poor house with mentally deficient inmates, so that it was impossible to separate the normal from the abnormal. The president said he had approached the municipality urging improvement of these conditions, but nothing had been done. He also said "that the failure of the government to provide a home for feeble-minded children was inexplicable in the face of the rapidly accumulating evidence of the crying need for it."

Precisely similar conditions to those in Nova Scotia are found in New Brunswick, and are the despair of child-welfare workers. Maine has at least attempted to solve its problem, but here we have done nothing. When a feeble minded child is to be dealt with there is only the Municipal Home or the Provincial Hospital, and the latter could only be appealed to in extreme cases of mental deficiency. There can be no young as she looks. The peace of her downy breast, yet I would keep this rendezvous. And deem all hardships sweet. Let me die in the long white way, There Life and I shall meet.

Sure some would cry it better far, Shall rot at her breast, It may be I shall seek in vain, The peace of her downy breast, Yet I would keep this rendezvous. And deem all hardships sweet. Let me die in the long white way, There Life and I shall meet.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

But With a Difference.

A Gaze to Feminine Age.

THE PERSISTENT ROBIN.

LESSONS IN SHOPPING.

Another educational experiment along utilitarian lines is reported from the West. This time it comes from Duluth, where a practical course in shopping is to be offered as part of the extension work of the public schools. The course will consist of ten lectures, given twice a week in the evenings and designed to teach the housewife how to make her dollar go as far as possible in purchasing the necessities of life.

Rippling Rhymes

(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

TIME PASSES.

Full soon the billiards will be popping, and hanging snow wreaths on our brows, and we'll be asked to do our shopping as early as the law allows. It seems no time since bells were ringing proclaiming Christmas peace once more, that happy time when Dad was bringing a ton of Jim-cracks from the store. It seems no time since old Kris Kringle propelled his flivver through the night; the echo of his sleighbells' jingle seems all around me as I write. And now we're facing Winter burly and soon each sheet at which I glance will say, "Please do your shopping early, and give the weary clerks a chance." No doubt the children think the seasons have much like snails or turtles raced; but we old lads have sundry reasons for guessing Time's indecent haste. A summer's gone before we know it, an autumn smiles and then it's through, and even a highly moral poet is moved to language warm and blue. The sexton to his rope is clinging, to ring in Christmas joy and cheer; and soon the old boy will be ringing some other bells—and we won't hear. The sky is gray, the wind is surly, more desolate the landscape grows; oh, let us do our shopping early, and give the sway-backed clerks repose.

CANADA—EAST AND WEST.

Domestic Happenings of Other Days

UNDERHILL MURDER.

When Isaac Underhill, school teacher living near Cornwall, Ontario, was shot dead in a field by a party of United States Infantry that had invaded Canada in 1899 in violation of the law of nations, the feeling of the men of Canada was raised to fever heat almost instantly. There was a great deal of friction appearing constantly between the two nations—a feeling that three years later was to break out in actual warfare.

This violation of British territory was accompanied by circumstances of rare cruelty. Bennett, a captain of the 6th United States Infantry, hearing that a deserter from his regiment was at Elisabethtown, near Cornwall, determined to arrest him, leaving Oswego in a schooner and accompanied by a sergeant and two privates, he landed Underhill, the man in question, was engaged in teaching a small school. None but the children were present. The soldiers entered and, blinding the prisoner, forced him to walk out of the building, across the fields, pricking him with their bayonets as he hurried. As the party approached a spot where some of the settlers could be seen Underhill attempted to escape; then he hurried back to the schooner and Captain Bennett, realising the crime he had committed, at once entered a boat and fled across the St. Lawrence river to the United States side of the border.

The incident produced a great sensation in Upper Canada and the Canadians were forced to bring Bennett to trial by a court martial. In spite of his invasion of Canada and the killing of an unarmed and bound prisoner, he was found not guilty of any crime and released. His acquittal only added fuel to the bitter feeling produced everywhere by the act of the Americans.

BOY WINS POETRY PRIZE.

A prize offered for the best poem submitted by school pupils by the High School Poetry Society of New York has been awarded to Countee Portier, a negro boy pupil of the De Witt Clinton School. The contest was held under the Women's Federation of Clubs. Pupils of twenty-six schools participated.

The boy's poem entitled, "I Have a Rendezvous With Life"—suggested by Keats' famous war poem—follows:—

I have a rendezvous with Life
In days I hope will come,
Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb,
I have a rendezvous with Life
When Spring's first heralds hum.

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BLISS CARMAN.

(Peter McArthur in Toronto Globe.)

Ekfrid, Oct. 27—A year ago all lovers of poetry were shocked to hear that Bliss Carman was at death's door. The press despatches gave little hope of his recovery. At once inquiries began to come from all parts of the English-speaking world. Admirers who had enjoyed his poetry wished to know if there was anything they could do. If medical skill and care could help him funds would be provided to give him the best. He had given great gifts to the world, and this was raised to fever heat almost instantly. There was a great deal of friction appearing constantly between the two nations—a feeling that three years later was to break out in actual warfare.

To find that he had so many friends, whose friendship was so practical, came as a surprise to Mr. Carman, who throughout his life had met most of the vicissitudes that are the traditional lot of the poet. When his health was restored he wished to thank the many friends whom he could never hope to see, and instead of doing it in verse, he has written "An Open Letter" in verse, a ballad of unusual charm, which will be printed in pamphlet form for distribution among his friends. A copy of this ballad, which has just come to hand, enables me to give them a foretaste of the great treat that is in store for them. It is too long to be published in full, but a few quotations will show that the poet is back to his old form. In the opening lines of the ballad Mr. Carman gives the verdict of the doctors, in his own language rather than in medical terms:

The clear-aid North will cure you,
Pack up your kit and go,
The cold will be your doctor,
And your nurse will be the snow.

There is virtue in the open;
There is healing out of doors;
The great Physician makes no rounds
Along the forest floors.

The description of the journey from the city to the wilds is vivid and characteristic, but we have space for only the final lines:

On a porch that faced the morning,
In a blanket on a chair,
I came into my fortune,
As they left me lying there—

When Adam lay in Eden
And looked upon the sky,
He was master of a leisure,
No more absolute than I.

A few scattered stanzas will give a picture of the life he led in the wilderness, which he describes as:

"A grim untimely battlefield for a
Soul's Marathon."

Here are a few stanzas from many that are equally good:

The sun was my attendant
To fight my waning fire;
The night brought in my candles;
What more could one require?

New life and warmth and beauty
Were born there in my sight,
And all the dimming corners
Of my heart were filled with light.

I thought upon the valley
Where each man walks alone,
And all the trails run out and stop
At the edge of the unknown.

And when I heard the whisper
Of the night wind in the trees,
My heart went wild for gladness
As if it had been spring.

Then slowly, very slowly,
I crept out to the wild
With the rapture and the wonder
And the footstep of a child.

There in that snowy woodland
Under the mountain side,
The surge and lift of life came back
Like a returning tide.

Finally he fables a vision of his friends, "a smiling company." Many of these he mentions by their familiar names. "Alan, a monarch of the air," is Alan Sullivan of Toronto. After a roster of the men there comes this outburst:

And women—Glorie he to God,
Who looked upon the north
When it was all but finished,
And marked one lack of worth;

And gave it for full measure,
Brimmed over and above,
All dream and understanding
The grace of woman's love.

God's happy thought for Eden,
The sheer unmeasured good,
Incomely faith and fondness,
In beauty there they stood.

The concluding stanzas show a vigor that will delight his friends:

The snowshoes of my boyhood
I harnessed on with joy—
And with them the excitement
And illusions of a boy.

With the creaking of the snowshoes
Came back the timber stride,
As I swung across the meadow
And along the mountain side.

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Dykeman's Clearance Sale

Gay shadows from the balsams
Stole out to walk with me,
Friendship and Hope and Joyousness—
No other eyes could see.

Through the wilderness all sparkling
And powdery with snow
We kept the long together
As we kept it long ago—

Till beyond the bounds of exile,
With new life to explore,
Aglow on a far-seen height
I stood—a man once more.

ELEVATORS NUMBER 3,600.

(Canadian Finance.)

The grain elevator system has grown enormously in Canada and developed rapidly in the last few years. This growth and development has so far been mainly confined to the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, but the system is attracting more attention in the other provinces, particularly in Ontario, where several wheat growing and shipping centres, notably Toronto, are acquiring for the erection of elevators. Nor is it only in numbers that the system has been extended but the increase in size has been such that some of the structures can fairly be termed mammoth, such for instance as those at the head of the lakes. There are, according to the Hon. George Langley, minister of municipal affairs for Saskatchewan, not fewer than 3,600 (thirty-six hundred) elevators in the three provinces referred to, from forty to sixty feet high and capable of storing from 20,000 to 30,000 bushels apiece on the average, a few reaching to twice the greatest enumerated capacity. In other words, upwards of 110,000,000 bushels of wheat can thus be stored at the one time. These facts and figures are taken from an interesting article by Mr. Langley in the September number of the Agricultural Gazette of Canada. By the terms of the Canada Grain Act, the owners of the elevators, mostly private individuals or incorporated companies, are compelled to accept all the grain offered by farmers, unless wet or unsuitable with safe-



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BEGGARS HAVE TO WORK

Paris, France, Nov. 12.—The lack of small coins has done away with beggars in Paris. Before the high cost of living a beggar made as much as the average workingman. The shortage of coins has compelled the beggars to go to work.

HUGE PENNON FOR HAIG.

London, Eng., Nov. 12.—On behalf of the Border communities the Duke of Buccleuch presented Earl Haig with a Border pennon in recognition of his war service. The pennon is 11 feet long and borne on a mahogany lance.

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