

The Evening Times-Star

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ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 31, 1924

THE WAR MEMORIAL

The committee having in charge the Memorial to those who fell in the great war have done quite the right thing in deciding to order the monument and to carry forward the work of placing it with vigor and decision. The community will approve of that course, and when it is known that only \$6,000 is required to complete an enterprise of which all citizens will be proud, there should be no difficulty at all in raising this small sum of money. Those volunteers who have already been at work in connection with the Memorial have deserved well of their fellow-citizens, and the remaining activities should be made easy by a prompt and very general response to the appeal for funds.

This is no ordinary movement. The people of St. John cannot too promptly or too generously do their bit in commemorating in fitting fashion the heroic men who went to meet the enemy in the Empire's hour of peril and who made the supreme sacrifice. It is a cause which must find a warm spot in the heart of everyone in the community, for these men fought for all, and it is not only a duty but a very great privilege to set up a monument that shall forever keep their memory in honor.

In discussing the Memorial it should not be necessary to take this community back in thought to the stress, the pride, the sorrow, and the devotion of the war years when ship after ship departed carrying our sons, battalion after battalion, into the frightful realities of the conflict which was to decide the whole future of civilization. But we may recall that the spirit of those who went, the nobility of their self-sacrifice and the imperishable honor they won, placed upon all of us a debt which it is impossible in any real sense to pay, but which we must pay in what fitting measure we can. We have too long delayed, and we should not further delay through mere lack of a little money, the setting up in the heart of the city the monument which shall remind our generation and generations to come of our heroic soldier dead and of all that they did for us and for the cause of humanity. Ours is not a memorial to "an unknown soldier," but to our very own, whose daring set our hearts on fire in the long period of dire peril and uncertainty, and whose final sacrifices plunged us into a grief that was yet touched by pride because of the fashion in which they paid the full and final measure of devotion for country and for right.

As a matter of honor, of duty, of pride, and surely as a great privilege indeed, this community should lose no time in providing the money to complete the Memorial. That action will be both prompt and generous we may be confident.

ANOTHER ESCAPE

Labor is still in the saddle in Great Britain, but the Government leads a precarious life. Crisis after crisis in its existence is reported, but thus far it has escaped defeat on any question of principle which would involve its resignation. On the question of its failure to deal successfully with unemployment the Government practically put it straight up to the Liberals to decide for or against a general election, and for the present at least the Liberals have shown that they are more unwilling to go to the country than the Conservatives, who seem anxious to do so, or than the Government, which does not want another contest at present. The present position is one likely to weaken the Liberal forces more than those of Labor, and undoubtedly Labor is hoping that when defeat in the House does come and the elections follow, it will gain a very great number of recruits from the Liberal party.

Lloyd George wants to turn the Government out, and there is no certainty that this may not be accomplished in the near future, though at present a majority of the Liberals are following Asquith's policy of delay in the seemingly vain hope that their prospects may be improved by Labor's failure to meet many of the issues pressing for solution.

France is expected to have a new ministry within a few days, and if Premier MacDonald should make substantial progress in arranging a programme of Anglo-Saxon co-operation to deal with Germany, a plan promising great betterment in Europe and a large measure of relief for the whole Allied world, his hold upon Parliament would be increased considerably. Yet in the end he must stand or fall by his success or failure in the matter of domestic policies. It is there his danger lies, and it is constant and very great. If he listens to the extremists of his own party he will undoubtedly drive a formidable number of Liberals into voting with the Conservatives. Thus far he has failed to satisfy a great many of his own supporters who have been insisting that he convert the pre-election promises of prominent

supporters into legislative action. By one course he will increase Liberal opposition and by another he will weaken his own following.

There is no other man in the ranks of Labor whose personal strength, intelligence and adroitness would have enabled him to last even so long as the present Prime Minister has. Every day makes a fresh call upon his resourcefulness, and the Government has necessarily led, and will continue to lead, a sort of day-to-day existence. It is a curious situation in which Mr. MacDonald's greatest safety appears to lie in the Liberal party's unwillingness to put its own fortune to the test before the country.

MAKING CRIMINALS

No one would suppose offhand that the civilian population of the United States could possibly require more firearms than the manufacturers of that country turn out, for the production is enormous. It is surprising, therefore, to find the Boston Transcript, in discussing the heavy crime crop, saying: "And perhaps, since we have so many manufacturers and dealers in firearms of our own, we might get along without imported pistols and revolvers, 250,000 of which have lately been imported." It has been generally conceded that a higher proportion of the population goes armed in the United States than in almost any other country in the world, but this reference to the tremendous importation of pistols seems to indicate that the habit is being carried to a more extraordinary degree than was suspected.

The protest of The Transcript is made in connection with an article by Judge William McAdoo, Chief City Magistrate of New York, contributed to the Evening Post, in which he seeks to awaken his fellow citizens to the amazing extent of crime and to the speed with which criminals are being made in their country. He finds that most of the city criminals of today are young, ranging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, and that most of them are the children of European immigrant parents, many of whom are industrious and fairly decent citizens. But their children are brought up in a bad environment, and the social and religious restraints of the old world are missing. Both the children and their parents have the idea that the vices they develop are common American habits. Conditions lead them to believe that the carrying of firearms is "universally prevalent" in the United States, that human life is held cheap, and people who carry weapons really expect to use them sooner or later. Judge McAdoo, in the course of fourteen years of experience on the bench, has learned that a very great number of the younger criminals are addicted to narcotic drugs, particularly heroin, and that while they are under its influence a human life means little or nothing to them.

Defects in the criminal law and grave faults in regard to its enforcement he describes as evils producing terrible results. The entire criminal class seems to be convinced, he says, that anything in the United States may be had for money, an opinion for which this judge says the courts are themselves very largely to blame. As an instance of this he mentions that a successful swindler, convicted four years ago, still contrives to keep out of jail. He does not mind words in dealing with conditions. As a judge, and with a full sense of responsibility, he says: "Our criminal laws and procedure throughout the United States are in some respects a tragic farce. The way in which notorious swindlers and thieves and murderers with money, organized pickpockets and disorderly women can escape conviction and punishment has made our law look to the ordinary citizen like a box of counter motions, in courts, State and Federal; reviews, reversals, technical subtleties, foolish disputes about a word in the law, and these thieves go on stealing and swindling."

Unfortunately this is true not only of thieves and swindlers, but largely of murderers as well, as the American criminal records show. When a man like Judge McAdoo says that young criminals believe that robbery and murder "are the normal things in the United States," the statement seems shocking enough, but he feels that conditions fully justify it. His remedies are somewhat vague, but he speaks of "remedial, custodial institutions, carefully planned to teach virtue and decency instead of vice." He insists that the more intelligent and law-abiding class must pay more attention to the children of foreign-born parents, and that it is absolutely necessary to improve the environment of children of the slums. He does not believe in too many suspended sentences for young criminals, and he feels that in most cases it is unwise to allow the juvenile offender to go back to his old haunts. With hardened criminals he feels that the courts must

deal relentlessly. When it comes to dealing with vast numbers of real or potential criminals who are carrying revolvers legal restrictions and increased police activities seem to have effected small results. And this evil remains an outstanding American problem.

Press Comment

THE TALE OF THE SLEEPLESS KING

(Ottawa Citizen.)
It was June in the Land of Goof, and the sleepy herds browsed in the meadows, and the sheep slumbered in the shade, and the bees droned amid the flowers, and the guard at the palace gate dozed in the sun. An air of peace hovered over the land.

But inside the palace gate there was no peace. King Bozo writhed on his restless bed in the fell clutch of insomnia. For months and months the soothing fingers of Sleep had not deigned to massage his burning eyeballs. He was up against it.

All the croakers of the kingdom, specialist and quack alike, had been called into consultation, and they had brought with them all manner of pills, powders, tablets, yabbs, injections, patent medicines and magic waters. King Bozo offered fabulous rewards for a cure, but none came, and in the meantime his massive figure melted away until he was a bantamweight, and his roaring voice became a whisper.

He was about to give up the ghost when a Stranger appeared at the palace gate and offered his services. He was clad in queer garments, and his face and hands were tanned by long exposure to the sun.

"He must be a hermit from the desert!" they whispered. "One who has soaked up magic in the great open spaces." And they led him into the King's chamber and closed the door. An hour passed, and another, and another. Then the Stranger walked forth from the King's chamber, sniling.

"The King sleeps!" he whispered, and there was great rejoicing.

"How did you do it?" they asked, wondering.
"It was quite simple," he replied. "I told him about the time I made a hole-in-one. Listen and I shall tell you about it. It was the seventh hole at Silemore. I took my maul from the bag and—"
But he was speaking to an empty room. They had fled.

ROUGHAGE
(Elizabeth Newport, Hepburn in N. Y. Times.)

Not only food fine-tuned, well prepared, but roughage, too, men need, to keep them fit.
So say the wise ones, doctors and the like.
And so it is with Life—the things we eat.
Discomfit, criticism, cruel thrusts from those whom we repel, or irritate the sharp impact of injured self-esteem.
The nagging prick of injured self-esteem.
The long, slow agony of bitter grief—these be the "roughage" of our spirits' food!

Yet look about you; when you need a friend,
Some soul to turn to—patient, tender,
To ease your pain, to help your uneasiness,
You do not seek the rich, the fortunate,
The man or woman soft from silken ease,
The sheltered girl, as yet unscarred by fate,
The mother who has never faced grim fear,
The man whose fortune was inherited,
The craftsman who has only known success.
The witty, sharp-tongued, bland Sophisticate.
But rather you evade all these, and turn
To one who knows the face of gray Death,
Yet still holds steadfast to that man
Who shows
By graying hair and sudden, gallant smile
That he, too, dreamed of leafy Arcady
The while he trod the dusty streets of pain.

The secret is—we learn it rather late—
That these streets reach a gate called "beautiful."
Through which men pass to pity—and to love!

IN LIGHTER VEIN
"What business is father in, mother?"
"Why, he is a tea sampler; he samples the different kinds of teas."
"Mother, do you know what I want to be when I grow up?"
"No, dear. What?"
"A pie sampler!"

William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"
His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mamma, what kind of a boy was papa?"
A patient went to consult his doctor. The physician began to ask him about his complaint, whereupon he said: "I think I've got the New Theology."
"Nonsense," said the doctor, "what are the symptoms?"
"Well," said the patient, "I have a swimming in my head, and I don't know exactly where I am."
"You've got it, beyond a doubt," said the doctor.

PRESENTS GRAMAPHONE

The hospital committee of The King's Daughters last night presented a gramophone and records for the use of the girls in residence at the Guild. The gift was received with great delight. The presentation was made by Mrs. Edith Stevens, president, in a neat speech. The evening was pleasantly spent and an excellent programme given in which Miss Perry, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Norman McLeod, Donald McLeod, Mrs. J. A. Needham, Miss Dorothy Nice and Mrs. George Moore took part. Refreshments were served. The gathering welcomed Mrs. F. W. McAlary, who recently took over the duties of treasurer, which Miss Yewens was obliged by ill-health to resign.

STEAMSHIP EMPRESS



The magnificent Canadian Pacific steamer operating between St. John and Digby, linking up the two provinces.
Tourists annually pronounce the trip one of the finest on their travels. Many citizens are getting the habit of crossing the Bay on public holidays, and numbers are planning to enjoy the third of June in this way. As a one-day holiday outing it cannot be surpassed.

Kipling's Counsel On Independence Through Discipline

(New York Herald-Tribune.)

The gods will have their small revenges and it is one of the amusing jests of these muddled years that Rudyard Kipling, scorned for a decade by remodelers of the universe, should return again as prophet for the youth of his land. This week there is being celebrated his length of years as a writer. And it turns out that this elderly and rejected leader has more to say to the coming generation than a host of brasher rivals.

"How did you do it?" they asked, wondering.
"It was quite simple," he replied. "I told him about the time I made a hole-in-one. Listen and I shall tell you about it. It was the seventh hole at Silemore. I took my maul from the bag and—"
But he was speaking to an empty room. They had fled.

When Mr. Kipling stood up before the young Scots of St. Andrews he was profoundly conscious of the demoralization in which they found the world in the wake of the war. Of the sovietizers and Utopians and their effect upon the world he said: "One-sixth of its area has passed bodily out of civilization; and much of the remainder appears to be divided with no consciousness of sin between an earnest intention to make earth hell as soon as possible, and the equally earnest intention, to make it heaven on or before the same date."

As if the natural turmoil of post-war doubts and theories and panaceas was not enough, enter the inventors hearing gifts that din these theories in our ears and lives:—
"The last few years have so immensely quickened and emphasized all means of communication, visible and invisible, in every direction that our world—which is only another name for the tribe—is not merely too much with us, but too much about us. It is about our path and our bed through every hour of our days and nights. The broad and immediate necessity for thinking and acting in large masses, partly through the instant of mankind to draw together and cry out when calamity hits them, and very largely through the quickening of communications, the power of the tribe over the individual has become more extended, particular, political, and, using the word in both senses, impermanent, than it has been for many generations."

All the more need, therefore, for the fostering of the precious gift of independence whereby one may keep the tribe at a respectful distance and live by the counsel of one's own heart. How shall this best be done? Mr. Kipling's contribution to the technique of independence is of the North. It was written with special appeal to the Scots before him. But there is truth for all, as any one who has achieved independence can testify. "I have already touched on the privilege of being broken by birth, custom, precept and example to doing without things. This is where the sons of the small houses who have borne the yoke in their youth hold a cumulative advantage over those who have been accustomed to life with broad margins. Such men can and do accommodate themselves to straitened circumstances at a pinch and for an instant, but they are as aware of their efforts afterward as an untrained man is aware of his muscles on the second morning of a walking tour; and when they have won through what they consider hardship they are apt to waste good time and place by subconsciously approving, or even remembering, their own efforts. On the other hand, the man who has been used to shaving let us say, with cold water at

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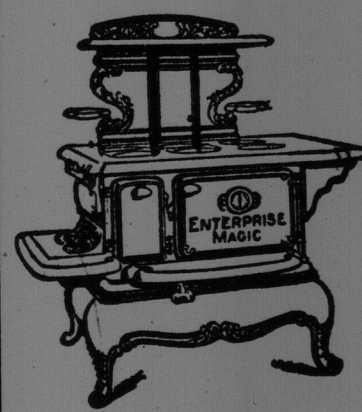
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PRINCE OF WALES PRESENT AT BALL

London, May 30.—Pre-war social brilliance featured a dinner and ball at Crewe House tonight when Amba-

sador and Mrs. Kellogg entertained the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York and 40 other persons at dinner. At the ball, which the Kelloggs gave in honor of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Otis, of St. Paul, Minn., who recently was presented at Court, 150 other guests were present. After dinner Ambassador Kellogg and the Duke and Duchess of York left the Prince of Wales while they went over to Lansdowne House which had been loaned by Gordon Selfridge for a reception and ball to aid the endowment appeal in connection with the Rockefeller gift for medical research in Great Britain.

Owing to the fine texture of human hair, no machine has been invented to weave hair-nets, the work being done by hand.

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Our experts on BETTER HOMES for St. John will be glad to go fully into detail with you as to what they have to offer.

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in this respect. The plan which we have evolved to serve the citizens of St. John is unique in Canada. We believe we are the pioneers in this movement.

We believe the citizens want cheap fuel and, with cheapness, they want that great essential—efficiency. Therefore, we have formulated the plan whereby no house situated on our gas mains need be without the latest in complete and satisfactory gas equipment, of a kind that will make cooking a pleasure, will put the drudgery on the gas, will save dollars to the household.

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In addition to our proposition to rent gas stoves and complete connections at a nominal annual rental, we do other things, in order to give SERVICE and for which we make no charge.

For instance, we do not make any charge for installing the meter; we make free connections from our mains to your property line; we adjust and clean the burners on your stoves, free; we pay prompt attention to complaints of insufficient pressure, free. Our experts are at your call because our service is ASSURED SERVICE.

Since we launched the campaign for better and more efficient homes in St. John, as a part of our SERVE THE PUBLIC policy, our crews have been busy installing meters throughout that part of the city served by our gas mains.

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We shall be glad to take the matter up with you at any time.

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