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THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JULY 19, 1920

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THE ALLIES AND GERMANY.

At least one American newspaper, the New York Evening Post, is impressed by the unity which characterizes Britain, France and Italy in their dealings with Germany, and regrets that the United States is not with them in the task of ensuring the fruits of victory for the world.

The Post recognizes that the three Allied countries have interests that are not identical, and that they may sometimes clash, but points out that in seeking opportunity to play upon these the Germans have greatly erred; for their action has produced exactly the opposite result. What ever plans the Allies may have that do not fully harmonize, they are at one so far as the treaty with Germany is concerned, and any attempt by the latter to evade the terms of the treaty brings united action on their part. They are all determined that Germany shall fulfil the terms of the treaty. To yield at one point would result in a demand for further modifications. The Allies are willing to help to finance Germany, and give her the utmost latitude consistent with a fair acceptance of her obligations, but they do not forget the war and all it meant to them and the world. Hence on vital matters regarding the treaty they stand firm, just as they do with Turkey, which would like to avoid an acceptance of the Allied terms. The Evening Post rightly says that the whole world is interested in what the Allies are doing, and that their united front is the only hope of better conditions in Europe. Of the attitude of the United States the Post says:—

"We must regret that America is not playing a part in the great task of converting the Treaty of Versailles into a series of historic developments; that we are not formally helping to strengthen Allied unity. Our influence might be invaluable upon a momentous occasion like the Spa conference. Our geographical detachment, coupled with our spiritual attachment to the things which our associates in the war and in the victory are still fighting to make secure, ought to enable us to shape decisions on which the Allies could stand with the maximum of solidarity. But we are not there. We can, however, applaud the steadily successful efforts of England, France and Italy to arrive at a common peace as well as in war, and we can hail the approach of the day when Allied unity will mean the unity of all the Allies in a League of Nations for the establishment of permanent peace."

IN TROUBLED MEXICO.

An American correspondent, writing of conditions in Mexico, indulges in some speculation as to what would happen if the peons should unite to produce a real revolution. He says:

"I have said more than once that Mexican revolutions are the result of too many generals. But the present labor situation suggests something even more menacing. For four centuries the peon has been a downtrodden, incoherent underdog, dowered with an infinity of patience. He is still incoherent, undeducated, incapable of self-expression, the new strike movement—there are said to be more than sixty in being at the present moment though I will not vouch for the figures—suggests that he is at last losing patience. If this be true and some general—Villa or Obregon or another—has the wit to put it to purpose—then we may expect to see a new kind of Mexican revolution—which will have nothing of comic opera about it at all. You have in this country today, at the very lowest estimate, eight millions of peasants totally lacking in education, as uncivilized as they were their ancestors when first the Aztecs came to Anahuac, as ignorant of all that we call civilization as were their first ancestors who lived as the scythe-toothed tiger. If some Mexican Lenin—he would be Gen. Lenin here—were to harp upon the right note, religious or racial, or what you will, that could move them as one flood, I do not believe there would be one white man left in Mexico to tell the tale."

This correspondent tells of a kind of passive strike in various parts of Mexico, where the peasants simply do not present themselves to perform labor, and he is not greatly surprised; as the highest wages paid in Monterey are seventy-five cents a day. The chief obstacle to united action is the fact that there are many tribes of races of Indians speaking different tongues; but the correspondent adds that if any of the host of Mexican generals out of a job and looking for the opportunity to make trouble could capitalize the discontent of the peons and get them to follow him, the labor unrest offers a vast reservoir of potential recruits; for "there is no other country in the world where the underdog has so much reason, or has had it for so long, to hate his master."

So interesting a side-light on the conditions in Mexico seems to suggest that it must be many years before permanent tranquility comes to that distracted country. Those of its people who cross the border and learn of the happier conditions in the United States must contribute to their return to the unrest at home. There must be fewer generals and more patriots and educators before conditions in Mexico show real improvement. Carranza has gone, but Villa remains, and many another would-be autocrat who cares nothing for the lives and the happiness of the people.

In a recent address in Guelph, Hon. Manning Doherty said:—"I make the statement without fear of contradiction that food production is the greatest problem of the world today. Soil fertility is fundamental to food production. It is of greatest importance, since it lies at the foundation of success in all branches of agriculture. It will be the duty of the department of agriculture to see that our production per acre is increased in every way possible. With this duty will be coupled the bringing in of more people to increase the rural population, and the adjustment of present farm conditions in Canada so as to make them sufficiently acceptable to retain the boy on the farm."

The two hydro-planes which left Halifax on Saturday arrived without mishap at Lake St. John. Journeying by the air route becomes more and more a commonplace in populous centres, and less and less a novelty everywhere. Those who saw the first of the two planes fly over the city on Saturday, at considerable height and travelling fast, felt no thrill of fear for the aviators, but rather envied them the experience. Today's despatches announce that an airplane landing place will be constructed on the roof of the Hotel Aston.

For quite a number of years St. John has no Saturday attractions for the people, but now, with playgrounds available, the citizen may choose which ball game or other sport he or she will enjoy without going out of town. By next year we will be attracting people from other places to witness sporting events here. A good sporting town is a live town.

Mr. Walter Runciman tells the English people they must change their habits and practice greater economy. The like is true in other countries, Canada included. There is too much waste and extravagance, and if it continues the people will have to pay the score in a period of hard times to come.

In view of the recent plebiscite, relentless war on the bootleggers should be waged, and if more officers are needed they should be provided. Conditions must be improved. It is idle to assert that the most active violators of the law cannot be discovered.

The death of their youngest son by suicide deepens the gloom that envelops the wretched William Hohenzollern and the ex-empress in their place of exile. The lingering torture of their present life is relieved by no moment of cheer. The night of the gods is grinding and they grind exceedingly fine.

The citizens today are invited to consider the dimensions and outward appearance of the proposed modern hotel. Such a building would be of immense benefit to the city. The Commercial Club set out to achieve this result and now success is within reach.

New Brunswick athletes did not get a first place at the Olympic trials on Saturday, but they made a good showing. With the reviving interest in athletics here we shall presently develop some surprises for competitors.

"Highly satisfactory" are the crop reports from the west. Which means more export traffic through St. John next winter. Will any more be made available on the east side for grain vessels?

An increase in Canada's trade of \$186,000,000 in three months is an indication of improvement in the trade situation. Today's despatch does not say, however, how much of the increase is in export business.

The threat of the Allies to drive the Turks from Europe may bring them to terms. They have till July 27 to sign the peace treaty.

It is said that frantic buying has something to do with keeping up the price of coal in the United States. That rule applies to many articles besides coal.

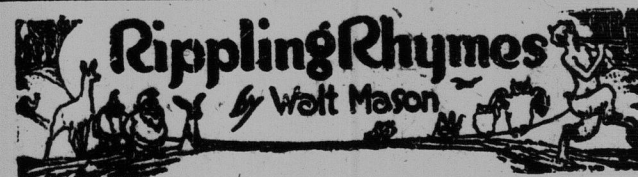
The hope of victory for Shamrock IV in the great cup race seems to have gone glimmering. If she wins it will be the unexpected that will happen.

The daily record of murders in Ireland is very unpleasant reading. Peace and good-will cannot be gained by that route.

DEMPSEY DOES NOT DRAW COLOR LINE

New York, July 19.—Jack Dempsey is not averse to fighting a negro boxer, according to an announcement here by the International Sporting Club.

In reversing his attitude on the color line, the champion said he is ready to make a match with Harry Wills, who is scheduled to meet Fred Fulton on the Newark Sportsman's Club here Monday.



(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

BLESSINGS.

I have so many blessings I cannot count them all, and Fortune's soft caressings upon me daily fall; the sun is busy shining, all clouds have silver lining; yet I find time for whining and putting up a bawl. It takes a lot of hunting to find a good excuse for waving crape-lined bunting and weeping like the duc; but I am most persistent, though sorrow may be distant and almost non-existent I'll rope it with a noose. I've all a guy could wish for, I've health and roubles, too; the fane I used to fish for now spreads to far Vahoy; done are the strife and straining, sweet boons are on me raining; and still I sit complaining, and rise a howdydo. My car is out of kilter, it seems to lack the power; the milkman ought to filter his juice—it's turning sour; the man who sells me berries and pies and pink canaries—his system never varies, he stings me every hour. For these and other reasons I sob beside the sea, although, throughout the seasons, the gods are good to me; their gifts they are bestowing, their goodness ever growing; and still, my teardrops flowing, I moan, "Oh, hully chice!"

NIGHT.

When twilight comes, and misty shadows fall, All lighted by the sunset's shining gold; When birds go flitting through the mystic world, Singing Day's farewell; when young and old Rest from their toil, in tranquil happiness, And all the sorrow, all the pain and strife Die with the day, and all seems sweet and good, And nothing bad or false in all this life, Then comes the Night from peaceful slumbers deep, And robes herself in dark and lustrous blue; No dress has e'er been seen by mortal eyes

Of such a sheen and such enchanting hue; Then on her tresses dark a crown is placed Of moonbeams, shining, beautiful and bright; From full-grown moons, that once e'er rolling seas And Oriental sands had shed their light; Then round her throat of perfect, swan-like shape She puts a necklace, with each jewel fine; Bright rings around her lovely fingers twine; Then, radiant and dignified, she comes To sit upon her throne, far up above, And, queen of all the skies, she tenderly Looks down upon our earth with smiling love.

—Barry Bingham, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ARBUS IN A SOUL.

(By Dr. Byron Stauffer.)

I. Up in a northern wild I found A lone arbutus trailing o'er a rock; Its velvet stems held tiny buds of pink, As fragrant as the rose. And yet no gardener's hand had guided it, Nor stirred with spade the solitary spot Whereon that sweet flower grew.

How seed of such a precious thing Could ever reach that unfrequented glade, And twine its roots in such a barren soil, None but the angels know. Perchance they gathered from celestial seed The germs of faint blossoms which they cast With loving hand and unremitting zeal Wherever breezes blow.

II. Out in a human wild I found A deed of kindness done by one whose mind Had never been touched by church or written creed; Rough and uncouth was he, And yet in spite of lack in Bible lore, He seemed the Master's Golden Rule to know, And Christian proved to be.

How love had touched his heathen heart; How he in his dark haunts had found His Lord; Whose name had never sounded in his ear, None but the angels know. Perchance they fly to crabs in every land, And sow in hearts of babes the heavenly seed. That in Earth's most benighted we may find The sweet arbutus grow.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

One of the leaders of British Methodism, Dr. Staddon, in what the Methodist Recorder (London) calls a most remarkable lecture, recently outlined his denomination's after-war message. An interesting point was his admission that there is a place today in society for the Christian Socialist who seeks "not the spoliation of one class at the expense of another, but the uplift of all classes." The speaker's outline of what he thought a Christian Socialist programme ought to be summarized by the Methodist Recorder as follows:

1. Place a reasonable limit to profits on money and let the surplus be divided equally between the worker and the state.

2. Let peers and merchant princes be content with one town house and one country house.

3. Let corporations concentrate on the sums and rookeries of our large cities, which are such a disgrace to civilization.

4. Let every worker have a living wage and having such let him be free with content.

5. Let every teacher be adequately remunerated.

6. If ministers are worth their salt let them be treated at least as well as the miners.

FIRE DAMAGES SUSSEX CHURCH

Sussex, N. B., July 16.—Fire broke out in the Roman Catholic church, Church Avenue, about 9 o'clock this afternoon, caused by lighted candles falling from the candelabra. A ring from box 21 brought the fire department out and it had a hard fight before the flames were extinguished. The damage was in the vicinity of a thousand dollars, covered by insurance.

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barous? "The best proof of the success of the war, and the remarkable extent to which Canadian banking systems," says an American banker quoted in the Tellerhouse-organ of the Sterling Bank of Canada, "is the way it has stood the stress of ing such havoc in other countries."

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