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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 28, 1926.

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST.

With dignity and force the case for the Maritime is being presented to audiences in the West by Dr. W. C. Kierstead, of the University of New Brunswick. He is addressing Canadian Clubs, and the itinerary includes Winnipeg, Brandon, Mosomin, Melville, Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Revelstoke, Vancouver and Prince Rupert. It is worthy of note that in Winnipeg he was banqueted by graduates of Maritime universities, including U. N. B., and four of them had been students under his tuition. They and the graduates of Acadia and other Maritime institutions are now active in the life of Winnipeg, and Dr. Kierstead was able to emphasize the value of a small university by reference to the clever graduates from the U. N. B. who are scattered over the Dominion.

Dr. Kierstead also addressed the men's and women's Canadian Clubs of Winnipeg, and made an eloquent plea for that mutual understanding of problems which alone can give rise to policies which can overcome sectionalism. The Winnipeg Free Press report of his address says:

"Discussing the grievances of the Maritime Provinces, Prof. Kierstead said they, like those of other parts of the Dominion, should receive proper attention. Such consideration was only what the Maritime Provinces were entitled to, for they had played a worthy part in building up not only the eastern provinces, but the great west. There should be a spirit of compromise shown by all the interests affected, and it was his belief that he had no doubt the result would be a substantial improvement in the situation in the Maritime. He said that there would be a beneficial effect on all other parts of Canada, that same remarks applied to difficulties that confronted other sections of the country. The thing to be avoided was the development of anything like sectionalism because of such difficulties."

The people of the Maritimes have never regarded their claims as purely sectional. Their problems are national, and the right solution will benefit the nation. Only when sectionalism dies does there remain the solution that shows its head hereabouts. There is danger, however, that the failure of political leaders to deal adequately with the situation may promote this very spirit among our people; and it is desirable that the case be taken to the people of the other provinces and their understanding and sympathy secured for what the people want the politicians quickly discover to be most desirable. In providing Dr. Kierstead with the opportunity to speak, the Western Canadian Clubs are doing Canada good service, and his eminent fairness will create a most favorable impression.

RUSSIA'S "CHILD TOWNS"

After eight years under the entire control of the Soviet, the children of "Child Town," a community established just outside of Moscow as an educational experiment, are reported to be dishonest, immoral, diseased and many have acquired the drug habit. These facts are not denied by the Bolsheviks but are unblushingly set forth in an official report issued by the Soviet Government.

This "Child Town" was instituted along with several others of a like nature in 1918 to bring up children under "pure" Communist conditions—the main features being self-government, atheism, co-education and sex instruction.

Today there are 800,000 homeless children in Russia besides those who are established in the "child towns." This condition is a direct result of the destruction of family life.

The official report further says that Moscow alone 50,000 criminal children have been dealt with, and in another part referring to all the children it says "Many have the cocaine habit and all are skilled gamblers."

This report continues along the same strain for many pages and it seeks to place the blame for this lamentable condition on "the inactivity of the state" ignoring the fact that all these children have been under Soviet control for the last eight years and must therefore be regarded as the real product of the Communist system.

Even if the Soviet refuses to see that its system is disastrous, the rest of the world undoubtedly will regard this army of outcasts as a pathetic commentary on the "blessings" of Soviet rule.

IDLE MILLIONS.

A London correspondent, writing after the settlement of the general strike in England, pointed out that there were hundreds of millions of pounds going begging for investment purposes in Britain and he instanced this fact to illustrate the solid financial situation of that country.

While there is no question that there is a lot of wealth in Great Britain it is certainly a matter for debate whether or not a great quantity of idle wealth speaks for a solid financial situation. Leaving the question of solidity aside, such a condition does not re-

fect a healthy financial and industrial condition. Idle millions of wealth and idle millions of workmen should be the essentials to provide work for both wealth and workmen if the capitalists are willing to invest their wealth in the country and the workmen are willing to work.

The fact that a recent issue of Brazilian bonds was so heavily oversubscribed in London that the lists were closed almost as soon as they were opened and that the applications for a \$20,000,000 New Zealand loan reached the total of \$120,000,000 certainly is proof that there are many idle millions and it also indicates that this wealth is seeking investment outside the British Isles.

There are probably many causes for such a condition of affairs but undoubtedly a primary cause is the labor unrest and recent strikes with the consequent uncertain safety of invested capital. Certainly it would seem to be a most important task of British statesmanship to bring the idle millions of labor and the idle millions of capital together.

However, the time appears to be opportune for Canada to get a goodly portion of Britain's idle wealth for investment here. Across the sea is capital anxious to be working and here we have unlimited resources to develop. If we could get the idle pounds sterling put to work here we could also take a considerable number of the idle workmen, who are willing and anxious to work. It is well worth an effort on our part.

Today the electors of Alberta are going to the polls. The Progressives now in power are confident that they will be returned, but so, too, are both Liberals and Conservatives—the latter, incidentally, never having formed a government in Alberta. From all accounts the campaign has been carried out with little or no partisan acrimony. (One is tempted to wonder what effect the situation at Ottawa will have on the Alberta result—probably it will strengthen the Progressive chances.)

Odds and Ends

It Couldn't Be Done
(Edgar Guest in Toronto Globe.)
Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one.

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin.
On his face, if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing.
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one has done it."
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat.
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it;
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin.
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing.
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it can't be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing.
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

PARTNERS.
(David Joseph in New York Times.)
From the drab junk-heap of the day's events
We under heart-red jewels, you and I
For glowing eyes to gaze on, ages hence,
When, dust forgotten, under dust we lie.

Like dragged peddlers in the garish sun,
We plod our ways midst blind and brutish men;
Singing at heart to know, when day is done,
Our wares will light the cross-roads trust again.

There the still evening star hangs o'er our toils,
Half envying the joy where, free, are shared,
Each with the other, priceless gems of love,
And high adventure pricelessly compared.

One night no longer will the evening star
Light my dear comrade hastening to the trust;
How dull, how cold, how trivial and how far
Will then gleam ruby, gold and methyst!

Apple Sauce.
(Progressive Grocer.)
"What are them?" asked one Irishman of another.
"Them is cranberries."
"Are they fit to eat?"
"Are they? Why, when them cranberries is stewed they make better apple sauce than prunes does."

Just Fun

EVEN the air is not as free as it used to be. We have static.

WILLIE (observing leopard at zoo): "Mother, is that the dotted line the insurance man was telling you about, when he loaned his fountain pen to you?"

THE country may be going to the dogs, but there are a lot of dogs in town that ought to go to the country.

WERE not so sure about bullet-proof vests. Maybe they are like holeproof hose.

VERY OFFENSIVE
SOPHIA: He has an arrogant air about him.
SYLVIA: Yes, and I just hate men who use perfume—Answers, London.

WHAT!
HUBBY: Look, here's a hair in the pie crust.
WIFE: Looks like one of yours, dear. Must have come off the rolling pin—Answers, London.

THE IDEA
You can lead a horse to water. And sometimes he'll even drink. But you can't induce a fapper. To wash dishes in the sink!

ABSENTMINDED
HOTSESS: Will you have some tongue, doctor?
DOCTOR: "Es—let me have look at it, please—London Passing Show."

INTERNATIONAL ROW
"WHAT became of your Swedish cook?"
"Oh, she got her Irish up and took French leave."—London Passing Show.

VERY DURABLE
"ARE your eggs guaranteed?"
"For two years, at least!"—Le Rire, Paris.

LOTS OF SOLACE
MORAL GENT: And is the bottle the only comfort you have in your bereavement?
WIDOWER: Oh, no! I have half a dozen bottles in my cupboard.—Berlin Nagels Lustige Welt.

THAT'S FAIR
BANK CLERK: As you work in a theatre, can you get me a few tickets for the show?
ACTRESS: Certainly. And, as you work in a bank, can you get me a few notes?—Journal Amical, Paris.

THERE are a lot of well behaved young men these days. They are in the penitentiaries.

Other Views

MEN, AND MORE MEN.
(Vancouver Province.)
We cannot put a stop to immigration because we have no guarantee that all immigrants will succeed. It is more probable that, under a vigorous immigration policy, wisely administered, the mistakes will be fewer and the suffering less than under a policy that makes no effort to bring people here or to care for them when they arrive.

THE TARIFF ISSUE.
(Victoria Colonist.)
The apprehension that it will be necessary to hold an election this year is not allayed by the cast iron support that the Progressives are giving to Mackenzie King. On the contrary, the exactions in the way of legislation which the Progressives are demanding for their allegiance to Liberalism are bringing the government more and more into disfavor and raising in more definite form and on more strictly defined lines the issue of the tariff.

GLIB TONGUES.
(St. Thomas Times-Journal.)
Funny how so many women fall for a glib talker. Their natural armor seems to fall from them when a stranger begins spouting grandiloquently. They do not stop to probe beneath the surface. A motto which should leap to the mind of every woman confronted by men of this type is: "Empty vessels make the most noise." Just sound 'em and find out how hollow they are."

Close Friday 10 p.m.; Sat. 1 p.m.



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POEMS I LOVE

"Lost Love," by Andrew Lang.
THIS is Theodosia Garrison's favorite short poem. I am tremendously fond of it, too; but in the Grecian Urn, Keats seems to me to have conveyed the same idea much more beautifully, in another way. There are no similar lines. I simply mean that the older poet left nothing further to be said about the futility of gaining one's supreme happiness. Yet, who would have us robbed of Lang's utterance?

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And Memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The Love some seem to gain!
The Love that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The lands of Dream among
Though all the world was colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.



"A PARTY of Americans were touring Scotland and lost their way. Presently they found themselves in the outskirts of a good-sized city. Stopping their car they asked a boy the name of the town."
"I'll tell ye if ye gie me saxeption," replied the youth.
"Drive on!" said one American who was sitting in the back seat to the man at the wheel. "This is Aberdeen."

HE WAS unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the Wild West when he entered what seemed to be the only hotel in the place. After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger a glass of ice-water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have sausages on toast?"
"No, I never eat 'em," the guest replied.
"In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."



"Why do I deposit in two Banks?"

"It's just straight business, that's all. Part of my savings I put in the bank around the corner. This account we use freely to get enjoyment out of life, and to meet the payments on our home."
"But it's the other account that puts the backbone into my estate. Immediately I opened this account my 'banker' placed a \$10,000 cash bond in a safety vault for me."
"According to the agreement my deposits amount to only 2 1/2% per year but cover interest, principal and all. Should I become totally laid up the 'Bank' pays me \$100.00 a month. And when I die my wife gets the whole \$10,000 bond in cash just the same."
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The Very Idea!

By Hal Cochran

PASSING THE BUCK

"I WANNA go barefoot. Kin I, pa?"
"Aw lemme—I won't catch cold."
"Well, I just can't say, son—ask yer ma, an' do just whatever yer told. I'd like to say sure, son, but shucks—I dunno. You'd better ask her, jes' the same. Supposin' a silver'd run in yer toe. You'd holler, an' I'd get the blame."

"Aw, gimme a nickle, will ya ma?"
"I wanna go down to the store."
"Say, when you want money, just go to yer pa. Explain what yer want. In' it for. I have a hard time gettin' money myself. With spendin' I hafta go slow. A quarter is all I've got up on the shelf. Ask father—he's got all the dough."

ITS funny how kids ask for this thing and that—beg candy, a soda, a dime. The folks keep 'em guessin' at just where they're at. They ask the wrong one every time. When pa's asked for this and when ma's asked for that, the answer they'll always impart, is "go to the other"—no kid ever knows the right one to ask at the start.

If you must fight, pick on a candle. You can put it out with one blow.

Some smart clothing manufacturer is some day gonna make kids suits the same color as the gutter.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Didn't give a rip
Why should he worry if it burned?
He didn't own the ship.

There are many objections to your keeping chickens—depending on how many neighbors you have.

FABLES IN FACT
They had lived together for 10 years many years comma and had always been happy period maybe it was because they used their noodles dash dash he was a traveling salesman comma and whenever he was home from a trip comma the good wife always picked that time to go visiting out of town period

WHO'S WHO
IN THE DAYS NEWS
MSGR. THOMAS L. HEYLEN.

ONE of the most picturesque figures at the International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago is Monsignor Thomas L. Heylen of Belgium, who for 20 years has been president of the congress.

Mgr. Heylen learns a new language perfectly every time the Congress is held in another country. He now speaks Spanish, French, German, English, Dutch and Italian.

His is Bishop of Namur and the envoy to this country of Archbishop Van Roey of Malines, successor to Cardinal Mercier as Primate of Belgium.

Another leader attracting attention is Bishop Munagarr, whose see is Tonkin, in the French colony in Indo-China. Bishop Munagarr has come for the demonstration perhaps as far as any of the dignitaries attending.

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