

POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 9, 1926.

FLOWERS AND FIRES.

It is a very disheartening reflection on the mentality of a section of the population of Saint John that in one day we should read of the destruction of a bed of tulips in King Square and also a column warning against fire carelessness issued by the Common Council.

The wanton destruction of flowers in our central public square draws attention to a state of utter disregard for the rights and pleasures of others. That only a small minority are so afflicted with spiritual blindness that they are unable to appreciate natural beauty and are unwilling to let others enjoy it may be readily assumed. The insensate stupidity of those who destroy and uproot flowers is, however, a symptom of a worse disease—an utter insensibility to the finer things of life, and, in particular, an egotistic determination to turn liberty into license.

From a state of mind which leads to stupid vandalism it is only one step to more dangerous vicious destruction in wholesale, such as incendiarism. While Goths are at large in our city none is safe. But though it may be a comparatively easy matter to put a stop to the activities of hoodlums, the careless man is an awful menace because there is no yardstick by which to measure his potential folly.

The Commissioner of Public Safety rightly advised that the question of fire prevention be taken up in the school and the home. Education along these lines is invaluable and may save many a fire ten or twenty years hence. That is correct and His Worship the Mayor is also right when he says that the most in need of instruction are past school age. The hazard is present now and must be countered at once.

In a city like Saint John, where wooden buildings still preponderate, fire is an appalling danger and who is careless in this regard is a danger to the whole community. Once again, the only way to get at those whose folly imperils the life, property and prosperity of their fellows is by the exercise of public opinion. May the offenders outcast and their numbers will diminish rapidly. Also the effect of public opinion on the fraternity of fools will be infinitely greater than a dozen prosecutions.

It is time the sensible people of Saint John awoke to their individual responsibility in this matter. They have it in their own hands to put a stop to all stupid destruction and wanton carelessness in their midst, and the sooner they get busy, the better.

A NEW COAL ERA.

The coal crisis in Great Britain has seen the mechanical genius of the race to work to devise means of overcoming the heavy costs of production. One method suggested is the "carbonisation" of coal before it is sold for domestic or industrial purposes. Mr. John D. Troup, writing in the Weekly Telegraph says this principle is going to be adopted as a national policy. Such a process he believes will have a very close relationship with the process of "winning" the coal from its present position underground.

He writes of this plan, in part, as follows:

Remembering that the carbonisation of coal calls for the breaking-up of the original raw material into small pieces—in some cases to powdered form—the natural thought which arises in one's mind is, why not hack the coal out of the original seam in small pieces? Imagine an electrically-driven cutter traveling along the coal seam, like a lawn-mower cutting the grass, and imagine further a suction pipe like that on our home vacuum cleaner attached to the coal cutter; then it is clear that small coal in a continuous stream could flow from the coal seam direct to the carbonisation plant on the surface, without ever being touched by the human hand.

We can cut coal by machinery and we can also move and lift coal through pipe lines by means of air currents. It is therefore within the bounds of possibility to carry through the above idea.

Such a scheme has had no particular attraction in the past, because there would be difficulty in disposing of the small coal; but the coming of the carbonisation process will completely revolutionize our ideas on coal "winning," and also, of course, completely change the working conditions of the miner; in fact, he will no longer be a miner.

Evidently we are at the beginning of a new era as regards coal and the people in this country of long winters will have a sigh of relief if this scheme becomes a realization and the filling of their coal bins no longer is contingent on whether or no miners decide to strike.

DOROTHY OR MARIE?

Why on earth does Captain Gilling of the Dorothy M. Smart, alias Marie Rose, continue a life of toil and labor on the billowy deep when his qualities indicate plainly that his dramatic sense, if only allowed to leak from the end of a pen, would bring him fame and fortune? Is he lamentable

to see good talent going to waste. A correspondence course—earn while you learn—what you yearn for is clearly indicated and then a little salesmanship. He has mistaken his market too. Fancy taking a yarn of high adventure on the sea to a prosaic magistrate!

What a plot! The honest sea-dog setting sail from his home port—while perched upon his ship's wheel—was marked down for pillage by hijackers—the unearthing of a battered copy of the shipping laws—one gnarled forefinger thrust between the well-thumbed pages whilst the other scratches his grizzled locks—ought we not to introduce here the captain's winsome daughter, tripping lightly into the cabin and over the ship's cat, finding the right place for dear old dad, throwing him a kiss and scampering up the companion to box the compass? But we forget that this is a true story intended for those magazines which excuse themselves by declaring that truth is stranger than fiction. Anyhow, the decision is made, the law supports him, and he is in danger of capture—shades of Marryat and Stevenson!—and with tears in his eyes the skipper orders the carpenter to paint out the name of the ship and substitute another. A stop to the activities of hoodlums, the careless man is an awful menace because there is no yardstick by which to measure his potential folly.

Now that story properly written would be worth shovels of gold for serial rights, book rights, syndicate rights, not to speak of dramatic and film rights—with the true story magazines as the first market, of course. That would be much better than letting it go free to one unsympathetic court which fines a man one hundred dollars for listening to him.

Of course we all know that there are no professional runners in the United States and that is why John C. Miles, the Boston marathon champion, who hails from Nova Scotia, will move across the line, along with his father and family, to take up his residence there owing to "tempting inducements." It must be very hard for a poor man to resist "tempting inducements" and this is the case of those who are most guilty of straining the spirit of amateurism while avoiding breach of its letter.

It is time the sensible people of Saint John awoke to their individual responsibility in this matter. They have it in their own hands to put a stop to all stupid destruction and wanton carelessness in their midst, and the sooner they get busy, the better.

Odds and Ends

A Note for Fishermen.

(Vancouver Province.) Now that the angling season is upon us it is pleasing to turn to a new book of American humorous verse called "What the Queen Said," and written by Mr. Stoddart King, for the following able defence of the earthworm:

The anglerworm's friend of man,
The mascot of the garden,
Yet angler's loss him in a can
And never beg his pardon.
Unreservedly affirm
They don't do right by that poor worm.

The anglerworm's harmless cuss
And keep the humus fertile,
But when they see him, quite a fuss
Is made by Mae and Myrtle.
He lacks the caterpillar's fuss—
But handsome is as handsome does.

Think kindly of the anglerworm,
Be gentle when you meet him,
And give a sympathetic squirm
When greedy robins eat him.
Let this thought govern what you do—
He never done no dirt to you.

The Boys on the Farm.

(Tara Leader.) A little advice to boys on the farm—the most independent life on earth! The folks in the city may laugh at old Rubie with his tall whiskers, from the sticks, but when he stops plowing and sowing, then they stop asking. He is the one that furnishes them with their breakfasts, dinners and suppers. The telephone, broadcasting, automobile, macadamized highway, rural delivery and electric lights have robbed the farm of its loneliness and desolation. Most of the famous men of our land came from the farm, while 90 per cent. of our criminals came from the cities. Our cities are great whirlpools where destiny hurls you on to make of you a hero or a devil.

Peeping Tom

(Tergus News-Record.) It is said that somebody is looking in windows at night, possibly trying to find out how the young ladies entertain. One householder asks us to request that in future the intruder keep his big feet out of the flower bed in front of the window.

All Mother's Fault

(Good Hardware.) "I hardly knew your father today," said the visitor to the little girl. "He has cut his beard again. That's the third time in a year." "He isn't father what's done it," explained the child. "Father likes his beard on, but you see, mother is stuffing the sofa."

A Relic of the Past

(Ottawa Journal.) A valiant herself of her ecclesiastical privileges, the clergyman's wife asked questions which, coming from anyone else, would have been thought impertinent. "I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," said the parishioner. "It is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive," the lady exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am, but his hair is gone."

Just Fun

HEY, there!" yelled Ragson Tatters to an approaching motorist. "Back up and return, won't you?" "What's coming off?" asked the tourist. "My fourteen children are fighting Windy Wolf's kids all over the road just around the bend, there, and I can't separate 'em."

THE same fellows who sell those lead pencil sharpening machines, also sell lead pencils.

THE difference between lunch and luncheon is anywhere from a dollar up.

ROMANCE

Last night I discovered rich treasure. In a wind-swept and wave-beaten cove, Jewels and gold in beautiful measure. A buccaner's long buried trove. I tasted the sweet draught of unshackled youth, And rescued fair maidens from knaves.

I swung a bright sword for beauty and truth, And killed Minotaurs in their caves. Prehistoric pachyderms trembled and died. As the stones from my sling sealed Fair Helen the Trojan gazed at me with pride.

As I calmly slew Alex the Great, Then the "Missus" appeared with our sunny-haired laddie, And Rome was preparing to fall. She smiled as she told me he'd learned to say "Daddy."

Oh boy! that's Romance after all.

HALF of the world wonders what

excuse the other has for living.

A TRAIN goes so fast that a cabbage

patch and a lake of water resemble a bowl of vegetable soup.

ALL the world loves a lover—if

he'll just refrain from giving public exhibitions of his loving.

THIS time will come when my name

will be in the mouth of every person in the country," exclaimed the aspiring politician.

"How many favors of gum are you

going to manufacture?"

A POOR way to raise your boy is

to sit in a game with him.

OPPORTUNITY never ceases to

knock at the door of the man with money to invest.

"HOW can a good girl get a beau?"

asks a sol-sister. We know a harder one than that. "How can a girl get a good beau?"

THE professor and his wife were

doubtful about returning to the farm on which they had passed the previous summer. They knew it had been somewhat annoyed by the proximity of the pigsty to the house.

Finally, the professor wrote to the farmer and explained the objectionable feature. He received the following reply:

"We hadn't had no hogs on the place since you was here last summer. Be sure to come."

A CITY boy went to work on a

farm. One cold morning before daylight the farmer told him to go down to the barn and bridle the horse.

In the dark the boy got hold of a cow and was trying to put the bridle over its horns.

"Hurry up!" shouted the farmer. "I can't get the bridle over its head," returned the boy. "It's ears are frozen."

A KIND-LOOKING old gentleman

was stopped by a tramp, who asked for money to get a night's lodging.

"Well, look here, my man," the old

His Master's Voice



Ventriloquist: "Now, young man, speak your own mind."

—From New York Times.

POEMS I LOVE

"Parting" by Emily Dickinson.

ONE of the most astonishing talents in American literature is that of Miss Dickinson. She was born at Amherst, Mass., and lived a life of seclusion. Had it not been for Thomas Wentworth Higginson, her remarkable work might have remained unknown for many years. He and Mabel Todd edited her first books.

Her work is marked by an amazing brevity. She seems to have peered into Eternity, read the hidden meanings of inanimate objects—a true mys-

tic, it seems to me, a genius if ever there was one. Sometimes her words are as keen as swords, cutting into the very heart of life. These eight lines have always been among my favorites:

My life closed twice before its close; It yet remains to see, If immortality unroll, A third event to me.

So huge, so hopeless to conceive, As these that twice befell: Parting is all we know of heaven, And all we need of hell.

Queer Quirks of Nature

THIS BUG ISN'T A REAL BUG, AFTER ALL.

By ARTHUR N. PACK, President, The American Nature Association.

SOW-BUGS are known to every country boy whose mother makes him stay home on Saturday to clean up the wooden and the back yard, when he under the damp boards, in the shaded spots, hordes of slime-loving creatures, which scurry about seeking some similar noisome but congenial retreat.

They have flat bodies made up of jointed, flattened rings and on each of the principal shell-like segments is a pair of short legs—about seven pairs of them.

If the creatures cannot find shelter, they will roll up into a ball, looking somewhat like a seed. This habit has given them another name, the pill-bugs, for they resemble somewhat the old-fashioned, roughly shaped handma-

pill. To the boy and his mother, and to most of us, then, they are sow-bugs and it is somewhat of a surprise to learn that they are not bugs at all, not even insects. They are related to the lobsters and crabs and cray-fishes.

Had we counted their legs, we would have known they were not insects, for all insects in their adult state have only six legs. The sow-bugs, like their close relatives, breathe by means of gills, and, unlike most true insects, their young are like in appearance to them.

Under ordinary circumstances sow-bugs are harmless creatures, living in their billions lives about the borders of salt marshes, or in our back yards, in other surroundings, however, as in greenhouses, where the moist air helps to provide a congenial habitat, they may feed on the tender roots of orchids or ferns, and become somewhat of a pest.

Send a stamped addressed envelope, and questions of fact having to do with Nature will be answered by the consulting staff of Nature Magazine of Washington through arrangements made by this paper.

gentleman said, "what would you say if I offered you work?" "Bless yer life, sir," came the reply. "I wouldn't mind a bit. I can take a joke same as most people!"

The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn.

SUMMER DESIRES.

THE city dweller dreams, and says, "I wish I had a farm. I'm longing for the open parts, where nature spreads its charms. Somewhere upon a hillside, where my weary mind could shirk, I'd like to rest my mental power, and put my brawn to work. The tanned and rugged ruralite is sore on country strife. Says he, 'I crave the city where there's something real to life. I'd like a monstrous dwelling in a town with action blast, where I could rear about a bit and get a needed rest.'"

Whichever place a man may be, he'd like to make a change. It seems we're all dissatisfied—and yet, it isn't strange. The play man wants to work a bit; the work man wants to play. The sunshine of the summer makes a fellow feel that way.

The new hotel proprietor wished to take worthy precautions against fire—so he insured the place for twice what it was worth.

Maybe the beauty of a fish is only in its deep.

Any husband who holds the purse strings feels that there is no such thing as the sweet buy and buy.

The coppers in the cellar peeked. And watched some fluid bubble. The man intended brewing wine, But only brewed some trouble.

You may have your favorite kind, but the best thing to put into pies is your teeth.

The more you contract debt, the larger it grows.

It depends on the tot population how many "cutest" children in the world there are.

FABLES IN FACT.

HE WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND WAS HAVING A TOUGH TIME FINDING THE STREET HE WAS LOOKING FOR. PERIOD IT SO HAPPENED THAT HE CAME TO A CORNER WHERE FOUR DIFFERENT STREETS BRANCHED OUT. AND HE GOT SO FUSSED TRYING TO DECIDE WHICH ONE TO TAKE COMMA HE TIED UP TRAFFIC PERIOD A COP TOLD HIM WHERE TO HEAD IN PERIOD.

Other Views

RUSSO-GERMAN TREATY

(Paris Temps.) By signing one after the other the Treaty of Locarno and the Russo-German treaty, Germany wishes to reserve for herself the power, if not the right, of choosing between east and west at the fateful moment. It is difficult to conceive that such an attitude falls really into line with her admission without conditions and reservations into the League of Nations.

DECENT OBSCURITY

(London Advertiser.) Sir John Simon told the house of the shame he felt when at a railway station in India he saw natives begging the news-booth for English papers which specialized in reports of divorce cases. Indians regarded them

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Smooth Cowhide, leather lined, sewn-in frame, black and brown. 18 in. \$10.25

Other special from \$12.75 to \$31

SESAMEE Lock, all leather, leather lined, very latest, \$23 to \$33.50

HORTON'S

MARKET SQUARE

as a mirror of English life. In Canada the law wisely forbids the publication of divorce evidence at Ottawa. It has never been contended that the interests of justice have suffered by trying these cases in camera. This decent obscurity should be perpetuated.

OTHER SUBJECTS POSSIBLE

(Niagara Falls Review.) An American miss has been sent to jail for thirty days for slapping the face of a minister who denounced bobbed hair. Her method of criticism was a poor one; yet why does a min-

ister have to resort to such subjects for a sermon, when there are real giants to slay?

KEEP MONEY BUSY

(Listowel Banner.) Here's a thought to those who are hanging back when paying their bills: If you pay, the one you pay can pay another. It will go around the circle. If it is started, when it gets back, start it round again. Money is good only when it is in circulation. Busy money, money keeps going around, makes this country.

Just Received

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