

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1926

## The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 23, 1926.

### ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

The Ontario elections will be followed in New Brunswick with considerable interest. The question of prohibition is one that the majority here regard as by no means finally settled. This question, and not party politics in the ordinary sense, is to be the main plank in the Hon. G. H. Ferguson's appeal to the electorate of Ontario.

Prohibition should never be an issue in party politics, but it has been and the manoeuvres of the "dry" may force it to become such. Bodies of men of all political colors contain both pros and antis. Presumably on this occasion the vote in Ontario will split along "wet" and "dry" lines rather than along those of Liberal, Conservative and Progressive policies. The governments of both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have let it be understood that enforcement of existing prohibition laws are on their trial. Neither side is satisfied and it may well happen that the result of Mr. Ferguson's test of public opinion in Ontario will affect the future action of Doctor Baxter and Mr. Rhodes in this matter. Along with the prohibition issue, Mr. Ferguson promises reduction of income tax, entertainment tax, motor tax and other provincial improvements, but he says the liquor question overshadows everything else. "Should we continue to allow a million liquor permits to be issued without any official sanction or control? If a government it is held responsible for the law and its enforcement, should the government be given a voice in the issue of these permits?" he asks.

It will be a very interesting election in Ontario and it promises to rouse not a little ill-feeling.

### THE CATHODE RAY.

Away back in the early part of the last century were current stories, purporting to be true, of an invention known in one of the safe of the War Office. This was said to concern a means of destruction so effective that it would wipe out the enemy wholesale and instantaneously. At the end of the Great War it was rumored that the same or some similar invention was about to be used by Great Britain had not peace supervened. The destructive agent was always talked of as a "ray." The stories, however, were unconvincing, as was the supposed humanitarianism which was supposed to bar its use, because if it had been employed, for a day or an hour or perhaps even a minute, at the outbreak of hostilities, it would undoubtedly have so crippled the German army that all the bloodshed and waste of four years' warfare would have been saved at the cost of at the most a few hundred thousand lives against the millions of men and money that were utterly lost.

Now it is announced that a Doctor Couligues, of Schenectady, has succeeded in isolating the cathode ray, but has not yet discovered a means of controlling it. It causes one to wonder if this has any connection with the old reports or whether it is just another case of science catching up with prior imaginings. Just what is the cathode ray one does not know, beyond that it is said to be "a ray which passes between the cathode and the anode inside the X-ray tube." If the order of mention of the electrodes signifies direction, this means that the cathode ray and the electric current run opposite ways.

But the ray has been known for a long time. It has remained for Doctor Couligues to extract it from the Crookes tube. Having done so, it has been discovered that it is so powerful that, in the words of Dr. A. F. Tyler, former President of the Radiological Society of America, "turned on a mouse for a fraction of a second, it causes the body to disintegrate—to fall apart, although it does not seem to char the body."

That is something terrific. Its control is the problem remaining to be solved. Then the cathode ray may perhaps become a healing agency more potent than anything yet known. At the moment it is merely destructive.

### HATE OF ENGLAND.

Few will deny the general truth of the Bishop of London's statement that school children in the United States are taught to hate England. It is a most unfortunate fact, yet true. We in Canada have been forced to condemn text books from the United States on this account. The reasons are not hard to seek—hate is an expression of war—but they are scarcely valid in this year of grace.

The original colonists of what are now the New England States had a far greater proportion of disgruntled emigrants than had the Southern colonies. These malcontents tended to spread the idea that the governing classes of England were black oppressors, whereas, exceptions apart, the gentry have always upheld the rights of the masses, who, again excepting a few rebellious spirits strongly represented among the emigrants, have never hated their rulers. Northern opinion has prevailed over Southern in the United States. The lamentable mistakes of British ministers which led to the colonies fighting

for independence and the employment of foreign mercenaries then caused still further dislike of England and has perpetuated hate historically. The influx of non-British stock of radical sentiment with no knowledge of England and only the inaccurate histories to guide it has strengthened anglophobia. Mr. Hearst has fanned such passions. It is not so much a cause of wonder that hate of England is taught in the schools as that so little in comparison remains in the heart of the average American, whilst almost all those of real culture are anglophiles. Despite the teaching of school children to hate England, the President of Columbia University, speaking of the Pilgrims' Society and "hands across the seas," said: "It is my habit to put into the same class at the alphabet, the multiplication tables and the rule of three all the talk about 'hands across the seas' union of the English-speaking peoples, and 'Anglo-American friendship.' It would not occur to anyone to discuss such things as the multiplication table, the alphabet or the rule of three. They are among things reasonable people take for granted." So perhaps the Universities counteract the hate learnt in the schools.

When one of the signatories of the "bankers' manifesto" informs us that that document advocates, not "free trade," but "the freedom of trade," he, of course, makes it all quite clear to the man in the street. One can imagine that there may be a shade of difference in the meaning of the two terms, but at the same time, reading the text of the manifesto as published, the average person would be inclined to describe it as a plain recommendation of what is generally called "free trade." There can be little doubt that those who framed the document were inspired by a desire to advance the world's prosperity, which desire is to be by no means discounted by the fact that the prosperity of all nations is very much the personal concern of bankers, and particularly of international financiers. As the manifesto first appeared, it seemed to convey a distinct meaning, but if it is now to become the object of half-splitting interpretation it will lose its entire force.

Human nature is a strange thing and every now and again we are reminded how thin is the veneer of civilization over the unreasoning savage that is man. Discussion of a story from India about the finding of two children who had apparently been suckled by a she-wolf and brought up with her own progeny caused a fight in a London club, and if any club in the world can rightly claim pre-eminence in decorum they are those of our Empire metropolises. Then we are reminded by the reappearance of the dashbush in London that the dashbush is a pretty house exercise. Tennis and balloon are sports of some charge, and a quick bandy is the court-sportsman's commodity. The little mouse now keeps in the hollow tree, and the blackbird sits close in the bottom of a hedge. Farewell.

### Odds and Ends

October  
(Nicholas Breton, in "Fantasies", 1926.)

It is now October, and the lofty winds make bare the trees in the woods, while the hags in the woods grow fat with the fallen acorns. . . . The basket makers now gather their rods, and the fishers lay their traps in the deep. The load-horses go apace to the mill, and the meal market is seldom without people. . . . The multitude of people raise the price of wares if the smooth tongue will sell much. . . . Muffs and cuffs are now in request, and the shuttles with the battledore is a pretty house exercise. Tennis and balloon are sports of some charge, and a quick bandy is the court-sportsman's commodity. The little mouse now keeps in the hollow tree, and the blackbird sits close in the bottom of a hedge. Farewell.

### Our Bright Exchanges.

The only popular detour is the one around duty—Cincinnati Enquirer.  
The most expensive jam in the whole world is traffic jam. — Milwaukee Journal.  
The cinder path isn't the only one. Some fast records have been made on the Baltimore path. — Baltimore Sun.  
There are no "idle rich." All are kept busy dodging people who want some of it. — Birmingham News.  
People who always say what they think will have no difficulty accounting for their long silences. — Rock Island Argus.

### Junk or Cure.

(Lowell Courtes-Gilman.)  
There are just two things to do with hopelessly insolvent little railroads in this country. One is to follow the advice of Mr. Loree, a highly experienced railroad man, and abandon them altogether. The alternative is to turn them over to Henry Ford, who isn't a railroad man at all, in order that he may run them at a profit.

### Worth Thinking About

(Dearborn Independent)  
One-sixth of the 5,000,000 persons in the United States who are over 65 years of age are dependent upon public charity, according to insurance statistics.

## POEMS I LOVE

"The Golden Shoes," by Josephine Preston Peabody

THE poetry which deals with a desire for escape from the workaday world—vagabond songs—will always have a warm appeal for most of us. There is a joy of the open road which we keenly feel. The wanderlust gets hold of us at certain seasons, if we are half human. Gipsy blood courses through our veins, and the urge to make for the wide, free spaces cannot be stayed. Here is an American poet at her best in this vagrant mood.

The winds are lashing on the seas;  
The roads are blind with storm.  
And its far and far away with me;  
So bide you there, stay warm—  
Its forth I must, and forth today;  
And I have no path to choose.  
The highway hill, it is my way still.  
Give me my golden shoes.

God gave them me on that first day  
I knew that I was young.  
And I looked forth, from west to north;  
And I heard the songs unsung.  
This cloak is worn too threadbare thin,  
But ah! how weatherwise!  
This girdle serves to bind it in;  
What need of wandering eyes?—  
And yet beside, I wear one pride—  
Too bright, think you, to use?—  
That I must wear, and still keep fair—  
Give me my golden shoes.

God gave them me on that first day  
I heard the stars all clime;  
And I looked forth, from road to star;  
And I knew it was far to climb.  
They would buy me house and hearth,  
no doubt,  
And the mirth to spend and share;  
Could I sell that gift, and go without,  
Or wear—what neighbors wear.  
But take my staff, my purse, my scrip;  
For I have one thing to choose.  
For you—Godspeed! May you soothe  
your need.

For me, my golden shoes!  
He gave them me, that far, first day  
I heard the stars all clime;  
And I looked forth, from road to star;  
God saw that I was young!

### Just Fun

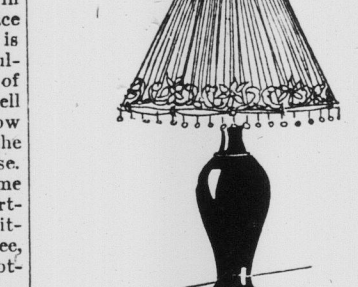
In Arcady, birds sweetly sing;  
(I wonder who'll accept this thing?)  
The music of their blithesome song—  
(Good Lord, my hair is getting long)  
Enraptures one. Love n'er grows old;  
(Brish! Say this room is cold!)  
In Arcady, there magic hills  
(I've simply got to kiss these bills)  
The night; each liquid hour  
(I'll bet that bowl of milk is sour)  
Drips redolence. Soft zephyrs tell  
(I wish those kids were—hear them yell)  
Of sylvan glades and meadows where  
(That noise would make Saint Peter swear)  
Moon maidens dance with twinkling feet  
(Oh, for a good square meal to eat!)  
In Arcady, the saffron dawn  
(I haven't got a thing to pawn)  
Steals from the east, the west to gaze  
(Oh, darn it, I guess I'll bust a joint)

EMPLOYER: "What makes you so sleepy in the office?"  
CLERK: "It's my sense of duty, sir."  
"What?"  
"I lie awake so much at night thinking about my work."

JOSHUA (just returned from the city):  
—Yes, sir, they certainly treated me fine. They must have thought I was the president or somebody; they gave me a room that had a door opening into the bathroom.

I SUPPOSE you sell the ounce of prevention as well as the pound of cure?  
"Also the pink of condition," said the druggist as he wrapped a box of rouge.

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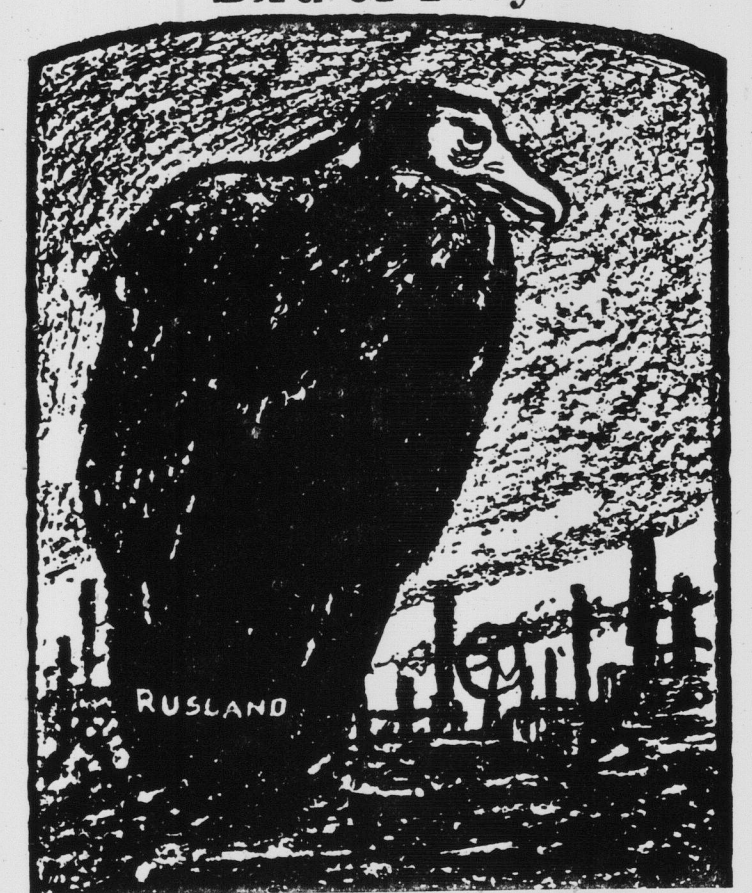
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## Bird of Prey



THE RUSSIAN VULTURE WAITING FOR THE PICKINGS OUT OF THE ENGLISH COAL WAR

—From De Amsterdammer, Amsterdam.

## Queer Quirks of Nature

By ARTHUR N. PACK

HEARD far over the waters of some northern lake, what wilder voice is there than the yodeling call of the loon? It seems the voice of the very spirit of the wilderness proclaiming to all the world its emotion—its protest against the encroachment of man and the independence of his works and wiles.

The common loon lives in northern lands around the world. The Scotch called it the herdsman of the sea, in testimony of its progress in the water, for it is as much at home there as the fish themselves, and it is upon them that the loon lives.

If you doubt its powers, pursue one by means of a boat. At your approach it dives; you paddle swiftly to the spot. The moments pass and no bird appears; suddenly from some part of the lake you are greeted with its wild laughter.

Only to rear its young does the loon come ashore. In some lonely spot, the simple nest of rushes is fashioned. Here are laid the two eggs, long and beautifully mottled with various brown and olive markings. The dusky young are clothed in the warmest of down.

Their stay in the home nest is short, for they are born with a love for the water and with the ability to navigate. Soon they are learning to fish for themselves.

Though the loon is so much at home in the water that it seems scarcely to need wings, its preference for northern lands makes their use necessary, for when its home waters freeze it must seek milder climes.

It is able to travel great distances without rest, even crossing high mountain ranges from between its summer home among the northern lakes and the ocean, where most of its kind pass the winter.

preferably on an islet which promises virtual immunity from predatory animals, at the very edge of the water,

Loon

Loon

Loon

Loon

Loon

Loon

Loon

## DINNER STORIES

SEVERAL yarns are being told about Miss Ederle on the Berengaria. One of them relates that when told to put on a life preserver for a ship drill Miss Ederle asked: "What for?"

"Just to be ready in case of shipwreck,"

Miss Ederle, so the story goes, took a look at the life preserver and said: "Nothing doing. If this ship is wrecked the captain will have to cart his old life preservers ashore himself!"

The village postman, being an inveterate gossip, could never resist reading the postcards entrusted to him to deliver, and then communicating the news thus gained to others.

The doctor was much bothered by this, and one day, in writing to a friend who lived quite close, he added: "I would tell you more only I know the postman will read it."

He then posted the card in the letter box, whence it was collected and taken to the Post Office and sent out for delivery.

The postman stamped up to the house with the card and knocked at the door.

To the surprise of the good lady who opened the door the postman handed her a postcard and exclaimed: "It's a lie! I don't read 'em."

PRAYER PERHAPS.

FARMER—I have insured my house against fire and my crops against hail.

Visitor—I can understand the fire insurance, but how can you make it hail?

—Le Kire, Paris.

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Hallowe'en Fete, Y. W. C. A., 28th-29th.

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