

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 7, 1927.

HIGHER TAX RATE

INTEREST will be renewed in the British report and its recommendations by the announcement that the tax rate for this year in Saint John may be \$3.50. This is higher than last year's rate; and, while it may be necessary, it is none the less a burdensome rate. Of course the City Council does not control all or nearly all of the expenditure. In other words, the Council may reduce its expenditure without very materially lowering the tax rate. However, if the British report indicates a way in which taxation may be reduced or more equitably distributed, no time should be lost in taking advantage of such provision. If any legislation relating to our civil administration is to be sought in Fredericton this year, there is little enough time for preparation. The announcement that there is to be a further increase in the tax rate will greatly stimulate public interest in the whole question.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS AND OTHERS

IN an editorial advocating a cheerful attitude towards work and life in general, a plea none will desire to contest, a Canadian weekly magazine links cheer with song. Commenting on the alleged effect of the songs of the Union Army in the American Civil War as contributing to its victory over the Confederates the writer adds: "This same attitude of cheerfulness, confidence, and optimism, that was reflected in the songs of the Allies, is said to have had a great deal to do with the outcome of more than one battle in the Great War. The troops went into the fight singing."

Is this justified by facts? To start with, how many soldiers of the British Empire knew anything of the "songs of the Allies"? The vast majority picked up the latest catchy tune from London revue or musical comedy and transported it to the trenches—possibly by means of a gramophone record. As regards knowledge of any songs of the Allies, it amounted to practically nil, and therefore these could have exercised little influence on the operations. Troops did go over the top singing—sometimes. But more often than not the general noise and strict attention to business, gas masks and a few other deterrents militated against choral outbreaks round about the zero hour. And as for cheerfulness, confidence and optimism being reflected in the songs sung in France, neither in rendition nor in the words of many of the most popular were these qualities mirrored.

The average British soldier, pouring out his soul in music, individual or collective, with or without accompaniment, might well be sitting by the waters of Babylon for all the cheer. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," was invariably sung in tempo indicative of deep gloom, despite the injunction to "smile, smile, smile." Tipperary was a "long, long way," it is noted, and it was a "long, long trail a-winding" also; while the admonition to "let the great big world keep turning" had a kind of lackluster of fatalistic weariness. One has to note the exceptions, of course, such as "Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war"—a trifle cynical in its optimism perhaps—and "When we wind up the watch on the Rhine," and after all, the words made little difference to Tommy Atkins, a fact proved when he adopted with enthusiasm rarely exhibited the tune of the German "Hymn of Hate."

Those who really know the British soldier know also that he seldom means what he says, and almost never what he sings. Some may remember "Break the news to mother," and "Good-bye, Dolly Grey," of the South African War. And as for songs winning wars, the German army was taught to sing in the old days; and Germany does not, whatever else she may contend, claim to have won the war. However, if anybody thinks that vocal harmonies brighten life and assist work, he is at liberty to put the matter to the test—providing he make due allowance for the idiosyncrasies of editors who prefer a dignified restraint to melodious joie de vivre in their own offices. Valencia hummed to the tap of the typewriter would be too much of a good thing.

TECHNICAL TRAINING

THE matter of providing for recruitment of future executives in industries, dependent almost without exception on the mechanical trades, is occupying particular attention, in view of the fact that a real scarcity of skilled labor has become evident during the last decade. Manufacturers are being forced to give consideration to the training of boys and men for their place in industrial life.

The shortage is attributed partly to the tendency of young men to drift into clerical and office jobs rather than the mechanical trades, and partly to the perfection of machinery, the resultant specialization, and the feasibility of employing more unskilled and semi-skilled labor. The supply has diminished, and the operator of machines has been trained only along the narrowest lines, if his instruction can be called training at all. Mr. F. W. Bacon, in the Open Shop Review, draws attention to the fact in these words:

"Hundreds of concerns throughout the country have learned, through poor training and supervision, that a training system can be made to produce results that will supply their plants with skilled labor and give them a future source from which to draw their shop leaders. The value of this training is incalculable, not only to the industry but to the individual and the community. Today, more than ever before, production is largely controlled by man's ability to produce a maximum output in a minimum time. In order to do this in an efficient manner, industries must have their ability well organized along these lines."

A recent bulletin issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce invites consideration of apprentice training as follows:

"As in everything else since the earlier days, apprenticeship has changed to meet changing conditions and demands. Notwithstanding the great growth of labor-saving and automatic machinery, there is yet ample room for brains and skill in the industry; and we can do nothing more."

portant than the educating and training of the young men whose greatest prospects of success lie along industrial lines. Not only does apprenticeship training provide a valuable source of supply from which foremen may be drawn, and later on executives, but it creates a supply of trained men—dependable, efficient, and capable workers. It offers opportunity to promote men from within the organization who are familiar with the policies and ideals of the company. It reduces labor through loyalty. It produces men who are more valuable to themselves as well as to their employers."

Here in Canada the tendency is to leave training to the technical schools, although some industries initiate their own training systems. It is evident, however, that the matter is one demanding deep consideration; and, while touching on this subject, it might be well to ask ourselves whether mathematics plays a sufficiently important part in our public school curriculum. Mathematics is the basis of mechanics. Our boys at about fourteen have, or should have, a sound knowledge of arithmetic and a very little elementary algebra. Is that enough? Dr. A. S. Eve, Macdonald Professor of Physics at McGill, says: "Our young people must 'get' mathematics. If we want distinguished men in Canada, the knowledge of a lad acquires between the ages of eight and eighteen produces an enormous effect upon the rest of his life." And yet by fourteen our boys have barely touched the fringe of mathematics.

Technical training, apprenticeship and mathematics are all problems worthy of consideration. And also might not industrialists and educational authorities consult each other more freely?

The President of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters (of Great Britain) is evidently a highbrow of the loftiest type. He declares that the commercial cinema depends on its ability to attract the largest number of silly people in their silly moments. Well, it is nice to be silly and see others silly sometimes. Many will aver that the learned president had arrived at one of his own silliest moments when he stated that he would not like to be a shareholder in Hollywood on the Day of Judgment. There are sins worse than providing enjoyment—even silly enjoyment—and one of these is killing joy.

In his address to the Associated Boards of Trade of Prince Edward Island, President J. O. Hyndman set forth very clearly the fact that the terms and conditions on which that province entered Confederation have not been carried out. Mr. Hyndman pointed out also that the failure to carry out the federal compact has resulted in the exodus which has taken so many island people away from their native province. He adds that the recommendations of the Duncan report, if carried out, would cause our people to forget the injustice of the past.

The General Secretary of the New Brunswick Temperance Alliance says that where the provincial prohibition act is properly enforced "the conditions are perfectly satisfactory," and where that is not the case, the fault, he says, must be placed with the Government which controls the enforcement officials. It is still very obvious that the law is not well enforced in, for example, the city of Saint John.

The political contest in Antigonish-Guysboro is attracting leading members of both the Liberal and Conservative parties, who are enjoying all the delights of a winter campaign. Outside of the constituency, the fact that interests most people in these provinces is that both candidates appear to be favorable to the recommendations of the Duncan report.

It is reported that the Government of Cuba has granted a subsidy of \$10,000 to the Clarke Steamship Company, which has its headquarters at Quebec. If this is confirmed it will further indicate a desire on the part of the Cuban Government for better trade relations with Canada.

Reference was made in yesterday's Times-Star to the excellence of the public health nursing service, and it is satisfactory to note further that there has been a corresponding reduction in the infant death rate.

Other Views

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THAT flying is a safe method of travel where all precautions are carefully observed is shown by the experience of Imperial Airways, which in the last 21 months has carried 25,000 passengers, and flown 2,000,000 miles without a single mishap involving injury to passengers and crew. This is a remarkable record, and one that inspires confidence. Even the risk from fog and tempestuous weather (which must always remain in some degree) is being greatly lessened with modern appliances. As for the risk from fire, it ought very shortly to be a thing of the past. The all-metal machine, burning heavy oil in its engine, is declared to be immune from that danger. There are now on service in the Imperial Airways lines machines which are almost completely made of metal.

SNOW HAS ITS ADVANTAGES

DWELLERS in the city are not particularly keen at any time for a snow storm in early December. It means shoveling the walks, as per civic by-law, and the early morning trudging to work through "the beautiful." Dwellers on the farm, however, have a different idea of the fall of snow. The soil to give forth its product must be fertilized. A heavy fall of snow is equal to an application of fertilizer. This is an old saying. The snow takes the oxygen and the soil gets the benefit. The snow is a great purifier to farm lands. In this northern country, it is overlooked at times that nature plays the game with the citizenhood. It costs more to live in Canada in the winter, but there are advantages, not the least of which is a strong race of men and women.

MEALS AND MARRIAGE

IT all sounds horribly matter-of-fact, but sentiment can't hold out long against badly cooked food. They are not by any means the prime consideration in married life, but they go a long way towards promoting harmony or discord. A juicy beefsteak and a sweet-of-humor have precluded many a domestic bark from running aground on matrimonial shallows. One can't subsist on love and canned sardines.

GETTING TOGETHER

DISTANCE today is no bar to quick reactions to conditions helpful or harmful. We cannot live to ourselves alone. We are a part of all that surrounds us, and in this province all sections—North and South—and all classes—country people and citizens of the towns and cities—ought to be working together for the general welfare. That which promotes the welfare of one class or one section will be good for all sections and all classes.

News and Views From The British Capital

LONDON, December 23, 1926—Anglo-Indians, and particularly soldiers, who know the delicate conditions obtaining on the frontiers, north-west and north-east, read much more into the present troubles in China than the mere loss of commercial prestige or the antagonism to foreign influence generally at the treaty ports. Those who are in touch with competent military opinion have realized how carefully and sagaciously the defenses of both frontiers have had to be considered. What ever aggressive views Russia may have had—and still has—over the Afghan borders, the sense of security there is such that no enemy could hope to obtain any substantial advantage by waging war through a gateway that has been strategically examined and prepared for attack during the period of the last five years. This cannot, however, be said of approaches over the Burma frontiers. Since Russia is in China, and to a large extent dominates the southern parts, the border on the west is of essential importance to the future safety of British India. In the Caucasi days the menace of a Russian land force was a live issue of never fulfilled. Then there was no China to assist. Today the same typically Russian ideal is no longer in the land of dreams. It is being fought after, worked for, and idealized as the chief effort of Bolshevik Russia.

London's Poets.

It really would be interesting to know why Diaghilev's Russian Ballet at the Lyceum, the rhythmic fire and snoudering beauty of which quite normal minds can enjoy, attracts all the bizarre eccentrics and fatuous poseurs in London. Though these freaks are a small part of the nightly crowds that fill the Lyceum, they are there at all performances. It seems almost a religious rite with them. In these superstitious ladies with the masculine modes, and the Oxford-treasured youths with mother-of-pearl ornaments, one recognizes the very cream of our post-war native Bohemians. They are identical the same people who make Communism an amateur cult. Are they the product of 1914-18, when the hand that made the mad did indeed rule the home? And is Russian Ballet part of their political convictions? It really looks like it. But they are an unwholesome symptom of "this dear England."

Because there is nothing on earth in common between these hectic degenerates and the healthy eccentricity of London's Chelsea and St. John's Wood art world, the latter have been called the "nightmare of the Lyceum." And the Lyceum, which is a place of religious rite with them, is a place of religious rite with the latter. The latter are an amateur cult. Are they the product of 1914-18, when the hand that made the mad did indeed rule the home? And is Russian Ballet part of their political convictions? It really looks like it. But they are an unwholesome symptom of "this dear England."

Be Yourself

THERE'S a little phrase going the rounds of town. It's "Be yourself!" Short, as slang almost always is, and characteristically very much to the point, most of you have heard it; many of you have smiled over it; but there really is a wealth of meaning in the two little words. Are you truly yourself every hour of the day?

Do you always and at all times speak, dress, do exactly as "You" dictates? Or do you play Lilliputian to the mighty giant, "They Say," and live and have your being in the shadow of public opinion? Individualism is a mighty factor in happiness.

Not the vulgar individualism that goes by that name and hoists the red banner of license above liberty's emblem, stripes the cover from emotion and puts the most intimate details of mind and body upon exhibition. The individualism we mean is a far different sort—a right-thinking that enables us to disregard casual criticism and so to live free to be true to ourself, to discover the potentialities that are surely lying within us and to develop our talents, since they are our birthright, a little bit differently and a little bit better than any one else could do.

Of course you want to make a good impression! Of course you want people to like you, to approve of what you do. To praise, not to blame you. But—and here's something for you to remember—the less you wonder about it, worry about it, the more likely you are to gain your ends. But somehow the inferiority complex—and that's the "stylish" name for slavish deference to public opinion—defeats its own purpose, and he who strives to please everybody pleases nobody at all. Don't pretend to believe as some one else does, if you don't. Don't speak or act a part that, honestly and left to your own devices, would be foreign to you. To "thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Rural England And Scotland

(L. W. Robertson Scott, in London World Today) THE characteristic feature of rural life in a large part of England is the village. In a farm worker may live all his life in the same cottage, a cottage in which his father and grandfather, even remote forebears, may have lived before him. Sometimes the cottage belongs to a farmer, sometimes it does not. But, after working hours, the man is away from his master, is a villager. In Scotland there are very few villages. When there are, very few farm servants are to be found in them, only indeed those "working to their own land"—that is, men who hire themselves out, first to one farmer, then to another, for special jobs, usually of a kind that are well paid. Complaint is made in England to farmers that what are called "tied" men in the north all the cottages in which ordinary farm servants live are "tied." Always in the north one sees near the farm-house the farm cottages belonging to it, in which the men on the farm live.

Reveal The Secret

(Edmonton Journal) NEW respect for higher education must be inspired among a host of parents of young children, and many others as well, by a news item that comes from London. A university professor was showing the Princess Mary through a maternity hospital. We are told that he took one crying baby after another, placed them face downward, made gentle passes with his hands and each became immediately quiet. It could not have been a mild spanking that he administered for he was asked to explain his secret, which he declined to do. Such magic is surely too precious for him to be allowed to keep to himself.

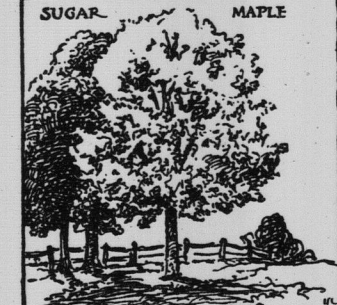
Queer Quirks of Nature

ITS SAP PRODUCES SIRUP AND SUGAR

By Arthur N. Pack

"MAPLE SUGAR"

Anyone who has traveled through New England and Eastern Canada must be familiar with this sign, and have sampled some of the delicious candy it advertises. But how many recognize the tree that produces the maple sugar and know how the sweet is obtained? The sugar maple sometimes attains to 70 or even 100 feet; it is remarkable for the whiteness of the bark. The wood is white, but acquires a rosy tinge after exposure to light; the grain is fine and close and when polished has a silky lustre. It exhibits two accidental forms in the arrangement of the fibres, one undulated like those of the curled maple, and one of spots which gives the name "bird's eye" maple to this species. The sap is boiled and the syrup



when reduced to a proper consistency, runs into molds to form cakes. A cold northwest wind, with frosty nights and sunny days in alternation, tends to induce the flow, which is more abundant during the day than the night. So sensitive are the trees to aspect and climatic variations that the flow of sap on the south and east side has been noticed to be earlier than on the north and west side of the same tree. The average quantity of sap per tree is from 12 to 25 gallons in a season, who go to the tree from New Brunswick to Manitoba, south to Florida and Texas, rich well-drained soil being its favorite home. As a timber tree, the maple is of great value, and an ornamental one it stands in the first rank.

After Dinner Stories

A YOUTHFUL Sunday school teacher vouches for the veracity of this. The Sunday before Christmas she was telling her group of mischievous

FOLEY'S STONE BEAN POTS THE KIND MOTHER USED

The FOLEY POTTERY For good rich BAKED BEANS use plenty of clear pork fat and ITS BAKE IN THE OLD FASHIONED BEAN POT

HE WINS, ANYHOW. A SMALL BOY was returning from school, crying bitterly. "What ails you, my little fellow?" asked the old gentleman. "I've lost the penny the teacher gave me for being the best boy in the class," sobbed the boy. "Oh, well, never mind," replied the old fellow. "There is another one that will take its place. But tell me how you lost it."

"Cause I wasn't the best boy in the class," replied the boy. "It was the old fellow," replied the boy. "It was the old fellow," replied the boy. "It was the old fellow," replied the boy.

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Very highest grade of Scotch—far hotter and cleaner burning than American Anthracite—rescreened, sized and entirely free from slack or dust. SPECIAL LIMITED SALE AT \$16.50 TON, dumped or sluiced into bin. Usual charge for bag delivery or suburban haul.

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Poems I Love

By CHAS. HANSON TOWNE

"Martin," by Joyce Kilmer.

LIKE E. A. Robinson's "Flammonde," this poem by the late Joyce Kilmer is a striking portrait, the revelation of a whole life done with a few deft and powerful strokes. Had Kilmer lived, there is no telling how far he might have gone in his art. He had intense sympathy; he had the gift of seeing and understanding the smallest motives; and he could brush away extraneous things and reach the facts through some almost uncanny power. For that reason he was a brilliant journalist and interviewer. "Martin" must have been known to him—though he may not have known him long. In a single day he might have found him out, read him, mastered his character. It is a kindly, gentle portrait, with just the right shadings.

When I am tired of earnest men, Intense and keen and sharp and clever, Pursuing fame with brush and pen, Or counting metal disks forever, Then from the halls of Shadowland, Beyond the trackless purple sea, Old Martin's ghost comes back to stand Beside my desk and talks to me. Still on his delicate pale face A quizzical thin smile is showing, His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace, His kind blue eyes are gay and glowing. He wears a brilliant-hued cravat, A suit to match his soft gray hair, A rakish stick, a knowing hat, A manner blithe and drollish. How good that he who always knew That being lovely was a duty, Should have gold halls to wander And through— And should himself inhabit beauty. How like his old unselfish way To leave those halls of splendour And comfort those condemned to stay Upon the dull and sombre earth. Some people ask: "What, cruel chance Made Martin's life so sad a story?" Martin? Why, he exhaled romance, And wore an overcoat of glory. A flock of sunlight in the street, A horse, a book, a girl who smiled, Such visions made each moment sweet For this receptive ancient child. Because it was old Martin's lot To be, not make, a decoration, Shall we then scorn him, having not His genius of appreciation? Rich joy and love he got and gave; His heart was merry as his dress; Pile laurel wreaths upon his grave Who did not gain, but was, success!

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youngsters the story of the Child in the Manger. They listened attentively, even forgetting to squirm and wriggle. As she came to the climax of her story she paused to ask, "Now, boys, when the Three Wise Men saw the Babe in the Manger what do you think they sang?"

To her utter amazement one youngster shrieked, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby!"

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