

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 26, 1926.

HEAVY AND UNEVEN.

The rate of taxation in Saint John has grown from \$1.02 in 1908 to \$3.88 in 1926, but in that time it has not been the story, for in that period we have more than doubled the assessment valuations also.

In other words, since 1908 we have virtually multiplied taxation by four, and though the number of ratepayers has increased materially so far as the City Hall records go—there were 12,022 in 1904 and 17,948 in 1925—the increase is more apparent than real, for a few years ago the civic authorities began to tax women in large numbers, and in many cases husbands and wives began to be taxed separately. In a great many instances the women are great taxpayers, and in those cases where husband and wife are taxed separately the civic treasury probably gets little or more than it did when the husband not only wore the trousers but paid all the taxes for the family.

Look at the assessment. In 1900 the total was \$432,948. In 1918, the year before the war, it had grown to \$885,063. In 1925 it was \$1,756,105, and this year it is considerably more. In other words, the assessment is virtually three times as great as it was in 1900.

Has Saint John grown so much richer and more populous in these years?

Look at the valuations. In 1904 they stood at \$25,658,900. In 1918 they had risen to \$38,197,400. In 1925 they had fallen to \$28,197,400. Then began a series of remarkable jumps, and in 1926 they reached \$38,300,000, or more than twice the valuations of 1904.

It is necessary to consider, of course, that the purchasing power of today's dollar is far less than that of the dollar of 1918, not to speak of the dollar of 1900.

More startling than anything else in connection with our expenditures is the cost of the schools. Since 1904, when it happened in that respect by examining these data and figures:

| | |
|------|---------|
| 1900 | 868,336 |
| 1918 | 180,630 |
| 1919 | 280,400 |
| 1920 | 302,625 |
| 1921 | 444,728 |
| 1922 | 468,420 |
| 1923 | 512,864 |
| 1924 | 631,046 |
| 1925 | 860,892 |

This year, with Vocational School expenditure added, the assessment will be nearly \$900,000, or roughly one-third of the total assessment, and this, let us remind ourselves, is an expenditure over which the elected representatives of the people have absolutely no control. City Hall's function in this connection being merely to collect any sum which the School Trustees ask for, if they keep within the limit set by the Legislature, a limit which is expanded from time to time.

It is worth while repeating for purposes of emphasis, that in 1900 we assessed only \$86,892 for schools, that in 1925 this assessment was \$860,892, and that this year it will crowd close upon \$900,000, and we know that it will grow rapidly hereafter as the assessment for vocational purposes attains its full weight.

Having this particular item in mind, Saint John's civic and educational authorities might well study a report made some months ago by the Winnipeg Board of Trade, in which it was submitted most forcibly that in that city at least, so rapidly had the burden of educational expenditures grown, that consideration should be given to the contention that free education beyond the eighth grade has been very much overdone and that the path of wisdom and discretion lies in leaving much more of the cost of advanced education to private institutions rather than assuming such vast obligations on the part of the city or of the province.

In taxation matters, if we consider only the fact that in twenty-five years the rate of taxation and the amount of the assessment have grown so rapidly, notwithstanding that growth in wealth and in population has been slow, it may be clear that Saint John must begin to cull its expenditures during the last ten years particularly.

As was pointed out last week in these columns, the most disquieting and irritating of the existing evils in connection with civic taxation is the manifestly and absurdly unjust distribution of the tax burden. Instead of paying in proportion to their ability to pay, the fashion in which the system works out at present permits thousands of citizens to evade much of their rightful share of the load, and compels others to pay more than their just proportion. The list of defaulters grows constantly longer, and the man who knows that his neighbor does not pay at all or continues to pay much less than he

Just Fun

WE ARE now informed on high authority that it was a banana, and not an apple, that tempted Eve. No wonder she slipped.

IRE—Suppose you were in my shoes, what would you do?
MIKE—I'd shine them.

LOVE your temper and someone will help you to find it.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

At a substation in Chicago: "Please count your change before leaving the window, as errors will not be corrected after you have done so."
On Chicago West Side boulevard: "Autos will slow down to a walk."
Lake Zurich, Ill., pavilion: "Dancing 10 cents (10c) a Couple, Ladies Free."

In New York negro beauty parlor: "We do permanent waving."
On Long Island: "For Sale, Pekin-gee Pups. May be seen by appointment."
At a church supper in Iowa: "Coffee, Cake Tea, or Tea Cakes and Coffee."

On a street in Chicago: "Fruit Apple Cider straight from the cows and chickens."
On restaurant in Butler, Mo.: "Don't Divorce Your Wife Because She Can't Cook. Eat Here and Keep Her for a Pet."
In Fowler, Ind.: "W. H. McNeely, Dealer in Coal, Cream, Eggs and All Kinds of Junk."
Electric sign in Chicago: "Cornell Glee Club, Orchestra Hall, Dec. 22. Bruno Seltzer for Headache—Next Day."
Chinese laundryman in Seattle: "We Shing."
In window of Cleveland restaurant: "Stop Chicken. Dinner only 50 cents."
In Erie, Penn.: "Otto B. Schott."
In Waterloo, Ky.: "Mr. Fountain Wetmore Rainwater."

GENERAL speaking the man who gets up with the lark hasn't been on one the night before.

FLAMING YOUTH

Grandma's gone and bobbed her hair. And there are constant rumors that she has also bobbed a pair of purple satin bloomers.
Now grandpa should freshen up. And pitch away his cane. Get rompers, socks and lollipops. And be a boy again.

JOKE: Something that's so much better when on the other fellow.

IN AMERICA, law is for others; in the summer time we go to Montreal and in the winter time we go to Cuba.

IF PEOPLE must have their tonsils removed, instead of having an operation, why don't they simply take a drink of ordinary bottle liquid?

BOSS—"Can't you find something to do?"
OFFICE BOY—"Geat Am I supposed to hunt the work and do too?"

AN EFFORT is to be made to make pie a breakfast dish. Well there are worse things than pie served for breakfast, rubber pancakes for instance.

"What is she taking for her love sickness?"
"Diamond rings, bracelets, good times and swell clothes."

THE happy medium in musical taste is about half way between jazz and grand opera.

TONSorial POME
Bobby-haired Betty
Is a radio slave.
She hopes they'll broadcast
A permanent wave.

BEING a deep thinker is all right, but water from a spring is usually better than water from a well.

He Would Spread It
(Vancouver Province)
An old gentleman smiled as he watched a rural looking man sitting on a fence post gazing at the telephone wires. "What are you looking at?" he asked. "The old gentleman replied, 'Yes.' The old gentleman said that for the next 10 minutes tried hard to dispel the other's ignorance."

"Now," he said at last, "I hope you will spread your knowledge among the members of the crew who called the great ship its historic three-day flight across the Atlantic."

THE MORAL BEING—
SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—The Lions, in convention here, heard among other things, that every year 1,000 Americans die in bath tubs. The major part of

the bath-tub casualties result from contact with electrical devices, although the number of fatal falls and even of drownings is considerable. The Lions, so far as is known, took no action in the matter.

FOR BETTER EYES.
NEW YORK—It is estimated that the scholastic progress and future usefulness of six million American children is dangerously retarded as a result of poor eyesight. The Eye Sight Council of America has been organized to co-ordinate systematic alleviation and cure of eye diseases among children. Guy J. Henry, president of the Council, is co-operating with federal, state and municipal authorities for a nation-wide effort to reduce the poor eyesight handicap of the rising generation.

AUNT SELINA was trying to persuade little Bob to retire at sunset, using the argument that all the little children went to bed at that time. "Yes," said little Bob, "but the old hen always goes with them."

Use the Want Ad. way

The Voice of The Cuckoo



—From the Daily Express, London.

Queer Quirks of Nature

FLAMINGO'S FLAME FADES IN CAPTIVITY

By ARTHUR N. PACK

THE flame-colored flamingo excels in oddity. He has legs like a heron's, feet like a duck's, a neck like a crane's and a bill with a broken back like a scissor-duck. His voice is often described as a "rasping blast," or a "goose-like honk."

The flame-colored flamingo of America is extinct except for a colony of 1200 on the Andros Island in the Bahamas. Through the ages he has been persecuted.

Flamingos' tongues stimulated the jaded appetites of the Romans at their banquets. Their brilliant plumage has been an easy mark for sportsmen and aroused the greed of commercial cat-crews to milky's chaps. The tender flesh tempts the natives.

The color of the flamingo fades highest in a tropical setting. In captivity the glow of the wings and the brilliant pink of the body and neck fade with only a flicker here and there of former fire.

According to the rule in birdland, the male is the showy member of the family, the female contenting herself with pale pink and the young appearing in inconspicuous brown, when old enough to run around, though they are born white.

Everything about the flamingo is odd. His bent back lades up the molasses, worms and small fishes and seed which float in the watery mud of his habitat like noodles in soup.

He turns his head upside down, sponges his mud porridge, sits it through his bill, retaining whatever appeals to him, due to the fine transverse ridges in his upper and lower mandibles and the bony spines on his tongue, then raises his long slim neck and swallows the titbits with gusto.

POEMS I LOVE

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"It Must Have Been for One of Us," by Philip B. Marston.

It is not often that a man is capable of expressing the uselessness—almost the selfishness—that is revealed in this magnificent sonnet. It is understood he is to enter the mountains, as every sonnet should, to a splendid and dramatic climax.

It must have been for one of us, my own, To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread. Had not my tears upon thy face been Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone

Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known My loneliness; and did my feet not tread This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.

And so it comforts me, yes, not in vain, To think of thine eternity of days; To know thine eyes are as tearless though mine weep; And when this cup's last bitterness I drain, One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep— Thou hast the peace and I the undying pain. (Copyright, 1926.)

DINNER STORIES

"YOU have heard what the last witness said," persisted counsel, "and your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand. "Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

OF SABBATH breaking north of the Tweed there are many stories, and an American who has spent a bit of his time there tells one concerning a Scot and his wheelbarrow.

MacPherson was hammering away at the bottom of his barrow when his wife came to the door. "Mon," she exclaimed, "you're making much clatter. What will the neighbors say?"

"Never mind the neighbors," replied the busy one. "I maun get ma barrow mendit."

"Oh, but MacPherson, it's vera wrong to work on Sabbath!" expostulated the wife. "Ye ought to use screws."

AN INQUISITIVE old lady was always asking her minister questions. One day the persistent lady asked: "Mr. MacPherson, can you please tell me the difference between cherubs and seraphim?"

The minister thought deeply for a minute or two and then quietly replied, "Well, they had a difference, madam, but they have made it up."

UNCLE JOE owns and operates an "exclusive shoe-shining parlor" in a small western town, and, as customers are rather scarce thereabouts, he can't afford to offend any of them. But his "parlor" has to be run on a strictly cash basis. So when a man a little too well known to Uncle Ned as "slow pay" came in to have his shoes shined and suggested to the old negro a desire to pay at a later date, Uncle Joe did some quick thinking.

"I'm sorry, boss; I sure is," he replied, "but I jes can't do it, you see. De banker on de nex' corner an me—we done made a 'greement dat if I didn't len' no money he won't shine shoes, an I jes' can't break dat 'greement'."

HIRAM SNICKLEBY, a New England horse dealer, sold a horse to an expressman who, however, returned in a day or two with the statement that he was not exactly satisfied with his deal. He was asked the reason for his dissatisfaction.

"There's only one thing I don't like about this mare," he said. "She won't hold up her head."

"Oh, that's only her silly pride," explained Hiram. "She will when she's fully paid for."

Timely Views On World Topics

SAYS U. S. CONFUSES LAW WITH MORALITY

By JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL
President of Yale University in a recent speech.

CONTEMPORARY thought in the United States presents a distracting turmoil of discordant doctrine relating to every major interest of life.

Among the movements which threaten to cut deep into the integrity of our American ideals and traditions are a complacent insularity, an inability to distinguish between the fields appropriate to legislation and those of morals, and a disturbance in the field of taste and morals, and an indifference to religion.

Democracy is being vigorously assailed both at home and abroad.

We have been disposed to look with supercilious contempt upon the advocates of anarchy, communism and thorough-going socialism, but in many parts of Europe they count their disciples by the million and the last decade has seen many foci of revolutionary opinions forming in our own country.

It is no longer a mere theory, but an actual condition with which we are confronted—a condition which we have often dealt with very stupidly, matching fanatical enthusiasm with intolerance and white force.

While Americans have come to attach an almost religious sanctity to the principles of democracy, Italy appears to have turned her back upon it with gestures of unequivocal disrespect.

Russia will have none of it and, in certain new countries born of the Versailles Treaty, it is displaying signs of fatal illness. In Great Britain, one of the most powerful and effective democracies ever created, we see the social order gravely menaced by the clash of class interest, and the outcome is not yet clear.

Political and social revolution is nothing new in history, and doubtless it has a long life ahead. Its importance at this stage in the development of civilization lies not in the fact that it is occurring, but that it is so common to a change in the basic theory of government and the social structure.

When the Soviet, for example, attempts to suppress religion and proposes to permit only one social group a voice in government, frankly expressing other groups; when the Anarchist proposes to dissolve all government, the most fundamental questions of social ethics are instantly involved—man's right to freedom of thought and speech and opportunity, the obligations of social justice and the like. Ostensibly political and economic, the principles concerned are, many of them, essentially moral and even religious.

For the educated man to be indifferent to issues of this character would mark him woefully directed to a change in the intellectual and moral heritage.

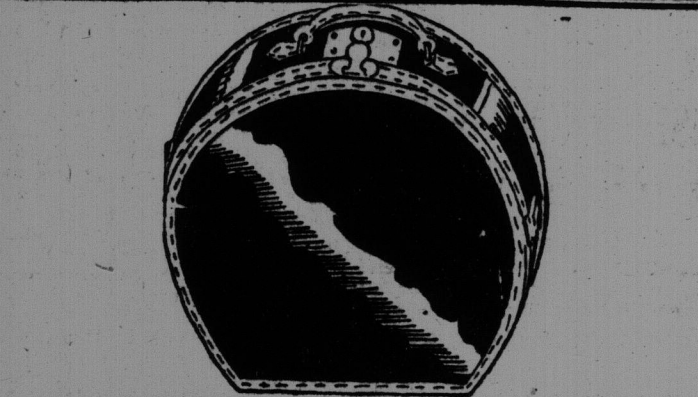
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