

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 19, 1926.

TAXES

Today is July 19 and little time remains for taxpayers to secure their discount under existing rules. Last Thursday the Retail Merchants' Association sent a delegation representative of that solid taxpayer group to City Hall where it urged on the Mayor the adoption of an instalment system whereby the payment of civic taxes would be spread over a period. The Mayor promised consideration, but is stated to have pointed out that nothing could be done this year.

Let us examine this phase of the tax question which, in one form or another, is arousing intense interest, amounting sometimes to violent excitement, among all taxpayers. Were it only the fulfilment of obstructionists, the talk one hears in every ward of the city might be discounted, but this is not so. Men and women who heartily approve of reasonable and fair taxation are reduced to a condition of irritable muttering which it is impossible to believe has not penetrated to the offices of our civic administration. We presume that there are no meetings and consultations of the Common Council other than those open to the public and the Press and therefore we presume that all deliberations have been published and that we can judge matters accordingly. We presume further that His Worship the Mayor and the Commissioners realize that they are the servants of the corporation which is the City of Saint John, whereof the humblest taxpayer is a shareholder—and at the moment a very much interested shareholder. We presume, too, that it is the duty of servants to obey and—although in this particular case it is necessary to first ascertain exactly what is the will of the owners of the business, the city—that this applies with full force to public servants.

To take up the last point first—the natural promise of consideration of the instalment suggestion and its relegation to next year's affairs. Why? Consideration naturally is the Common Council's plain duty, but with the galaxy of business experience, knowledge and acumen, of administrative talent, of sagacious-headed reasoning ability gathered in the Council Chamber, surely it would not have necessitated more than a few hours to thread out the pros and cons of the proposition and answer the questions of the taxpayers. In any case a few days could have seen the matter considered, rejected or adopted and, in operation. If this be not so, the taxpayers would gladly listen to the explanation.

The case in favor of the proposed instalment plan was epitomized in the report of Mr. J. H. Vaughan's exposition of the subject. He said that the city requiring that all taxes be paid at once in order to get the discount resulted in too much money being taken out of circulation in July and demoralized business. The Dominion Government accepted the instalment plan in instalments and the merchants felt the city might do the same. The granting of the request would give relief to the merchants and to the wage earner. It would also give the city a better chance to collect from the 40 per cent. of rate payers who did not pay and with better collections the general rate could be kept down from 30 to 35 cents. Vancouver and Toronto each allowed instalment payment of taxes. In Vancouver the discount on the first payment was 7 1/2 per cent.; on the second 5 per cent. and on the third 3 1/2 per cent. He felt the entire system in use at City Hall needed investigation by an expert.

Now it comes to this: can His Worship and the Commissioners afford to postpone immediate action in this matter? The present temper of the taxpayers is the reverse of calm. They want immediate relief, and thorough investigation. The question of inequitable incidence of taxation also demands examination, but that we reserve for some other occasion. The whole machinery requires overhaul, but in the meantime a drop of lubricant will help it along. What has City Hall to say about it? We have no desire to make things difficult for the Council. We have a burning desire to make things easier for the taxpayer.

BEHAVIORISM

The disciples of Freud have probably done more to discredit the genuine teachings of that philosopher than have his opponents. The cult of the more modern apostles of "behaviorism" is only the expected swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction. Freud is undoubtedly right within limits and likewise the behaviorists, but neither philosophy is complete, nor has it enunciated principles which are not to be found in the writings of ancient sages, although the outer trappings may vary with the times.

No philosophy can fairly be reduced to tabular form, but in attempting to

do so, we should say that the Freudians concentrate on thought as an explanation of—some say excuse for—conduct while the behaviorists pin their faith on conduct to explain thought. One says, "tell me what a man thinks and I will prophesy his acts," the other says, "tell me a man's past acts and I will read his thoughts."

It is all an amusing and by no means unprofitable study and where books on the subject in popular form can be obtained psychological investigation is a matter to which every parent should give attention. The behaviorists have good excuse for urging notice to their cult, provided they bring it to the plain people and do not wrap it up in obscure phrases for precious youths and maidens to mouth at select gatherings of self-constituted intellectuals. We know, for instance, how important—and how difficult—it is to keep children thinking along right lines in order to direct their future behavior in the same channels. Now we are given the opposite hemisphere to explore and advised to contrive actual good deeds in order to beget good thoughts and to prevent evil deeds to eliminate ill-thinking. The wise parent is eclectic; he selects the best from all schools and there was one sound old philosopher with pronounced views on the subject of rods and children who should not be overlooked.

FARM ECONOMICS

"The tariff is the only shield that protects the farmer. He has the immense American market as his own. Part of it he does not utilize, because he does not diversify his output to suit the market's demands. He produces too much corn, and in the meantime the United States imports butter in increasing quantities. The farmers, instead of coming to Washington and asking for a Treasury appropriation to float off a surplus that nobody wants, should get together, produce what the public wants, and market their own products as the manufacturer does."

Tariff problems north and south of the international border are looked at from an equally variant point of view, but Washington Post's injunction to the farmer about quoted to produce what is in demand and market his products as do manufacturers is sound. Our farmer has just complaints from which relief must be sought in remedies outside his control, but he must realize that there are certain primary laws of supply and demand upon which all industrial principles are based and which cannot be violated without inflicting economic retrogression. The farmer is a factory, the most important factory in the land. A manufacturer is obliged to observe the economic law—or fail.

Motoring along the country roads will soon be regarded as a dull pastime in England. We read in a recent London paper:

"Next Sunday the British Private Aircraft Owners' Club, comprising the first fourteen people who fly their own aeroplanes, is to carry out its first organized aerial meet. Assembling at Stag-lane Aerodrome, near Epsom, the members, carrying passengers, will fly in formation to Cowes, Isle of Wight, where they will have lunch. Reascending, they will fly on together to the Lympne Aerodrome, near Hythe, where they will have tea afterwards flying back to Stag-lane."

We can visualize the time when instead of a motor trip by way of Loch Lomond to Hampton and back via Gondola Point, our Sunday outing parties will lunch in Lunenburg, tea at Cape Tormentine, dine in Dalhousie, and arrive home in the early evening hours to sup in Saint John.

Odds and Ends

Come Out With Me

(A. A. Milne.)
There's sun on the river and sun on the hill
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!
But every one says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say, "Run along! I'm busy as can be."
Every one says, "Run along."
There's a little darling!
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill
There's a dark dead water wheel under the mill!
I saw a fly which had just been drowned
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!
But every one says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say, "Yes, dear, and never notice me."
Every one says, "Run along."
There's a little darling!
If I'm a little darling, why don't they come and see?

Some Hunter.
(Boston Herald.)
Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but what about the man who kept the same collar button for fifty-five years?

Just Fun

SALESMAN (after eloquent and lengthy eulogy on the merits of an auto), "Is there any further information I can give you, Madam?"
Prospective Purchaser: "Yes. Tell me, if I wind it up in the morning, will it last all day?"

THERE is plenty of room at the top if altitude doesn't make your head swim.

WE have long suspected that many a politician who claims that he hears his country calling, is a ventriloquist.

THE HUSBAND—Good heavens, do you think I'm made of money?
The Wife—I wish you were, I could get you changed then!

IN AN obituary notice a Chicago paper says: "The deceased first saw the light of day in Pittsburgh. But how could he do that—in Pittsburgh?"

THE smooth talker is generally a poor singer.

SUNDAY School Teachers: "Now what, boys and girls, is the golden text for this Sunday?"
Hardware Dealer's Son: "Repeat, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

NOT THAT

'Gainst Washington now Rupert Hughes inveighs in caustic strictures: He damned and swore, and what is more drank alcoholic mixtures. A gambler and a libertine, With vices quite prodigious, He never perched, in fact displayed A nature irrepressible and free. But, please take note, he never wrote For any moving pictures.

'SIR, said the young man with enthrallment, as he seized the lecturer's hand and shook it warmly, "I certainly enjoyed your lecture last night very much indeed."

"I am glad to hear that," said the lecturer, "but I didn't see you there."

"But," said the puzzled speaker, "how could you enjoy my lecture if you were not there?"

"Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's parents and they both went."

Timely Views On World Topics

WOMEN MUST PUT COMMON SENSE IN PUBLIC LIFE

By LADY ASTOR

In recent Address before Women Members of British Parliament

WE are the weakest thing in the world when it comes to morals, and I don't blame them, but we women have got to face up to this question and help the world to be more moral. We are going to improve the world without facing up to the very things in ourselves which are keeping the world back.

The more I go about the more I see that women have got to bring into public life common sense. The more I listen to all the twaddle that is talked by all political parties, party people, the more I despair of politics. There is so much really sloppy talking and sloppy thinking. The world was never in greater need of common sense than now. If women are going to change the world, which we hope they will, and are going to get the better of us all, pray for, and the co-operation and the goodwill, we have got to begin first with the children.

Children and Spiritual Values

I have never taken a great interest in grown-up people, because grown-up people very often do not want to change. If they want to get to the devil let them go; it is their own fault. But when I hear women talk so much about the way they are going to change the world, I know we have got to get a better ideal and conception in the thinking of our children. We have got to get the children to value spiritual things more than material, or they will never have peace on earth and unity among men and women.

I have noticed that lately there is a sort of looseness going about. I think it is temporary and just a transition. But if it takes hold and if we look on it too lightly, civilization will go down, because chastity is the cement of civilization. That is one of the things that I want to beg of you women to think about. In thinking of the many things before us do not let us ever lose the essential and let us know that if we want this better world we have got to get right back to old-fashioned thinking.

We have come into the world's political arena because the world needs us. But we will do no good to it at all until we put into public life what has made us in private life. So I hope you will forgive me if I feel sometimes a little heated about this question and will not think I am too much of a pride. But I feel so strongly about what women can do and what they have got to do that when I speak about it I was, not eloquent, but hot.

He's Getting The Crowd



Ramsay: "Call yourself a showman: why couldn't you run a wheel stall?"
Stanley: "Well, and who wants to run a wheel stall?"
—London Daily Express.

POEMS I LOVE

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"The Star," by Will Wallace Harney.
THIS gruesome little picture has long had a place in my memory. I read it first as a boy, and the scene it conjured up has never left me. I should call it an etching rather than a painting—sharp, concise, with strong lights and shades. Harney left nothing else of notes.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon,
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled and shifted his weary load—
A foolish tune.

Queer Quirks of Nature

A THOUGHT FOR THE FUNDAMENTALIST.

By AUSTIN H. CLARK

THIS animal lily is a true animal and not a plant.
On land animals have to move around to get their food, while in the sea the water is often filled with minute plants and animals floating about in it much as particles of mud float about in the water of a muddy river.

Therefore an animal in the sea does not necessarily have to move about to get its food. It can stay in one place and let the water do the work of bringing food to it.

Oysters and Clams.

Oysters and clams and barnacles do this, and so do many other things of wholly different sorts, among them this animal lily.

This particular individual was one of several which were brought up from the bottom 5,238 feet, or one and eight-tenths miles, beneath the surface. It was dredged by the Albatross off the Queen Charlotte Islands.

What is it like down on the ocean bottom so far beneath the surface? In the first place it is always darker than the darkest night, for no light ever gets so far below the surface.

There is, of course, the fitful ghostly light from the numerous phosphorescent creatures, a sort of curious slow lightning with brighter flashes now and then.

Water Pressure.
In the second place it is always cold, a perpetual unchanging cold of only a few degrees above the freezing point. It is always still—no noise of any sort even the faintest whisper, so far as we can tell.

The pressure of the water at that depth is staggering. We live under a pressure of roughly 15 pounds to the square inch. That is the pressure exerted by the air about us. Going down into the water there is an added pressure of one atmosphere, which is what we call the pressure under which we live, for each thirty-two and eight-tenths feet.

Therefore this creature lives under a pressure of about 290 atmospheres, or over two tons to the square inch. Compare this with the 15 pounds to the square inch under which we live.

Yet there are very many kinds of animals in this sea that live much

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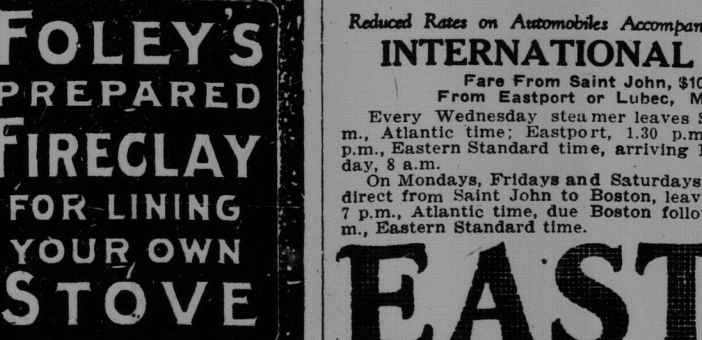
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By HALL COCKBURN

THE GROUCH

HE LIVES around our neighborhood. And you've seen him there, no doubt. He doesn't know what joy and fun and laughter are about. It seems to irritate him when he hears the young folk shout, and from the look upon his face, he always seems put out.

They call him grouch, and maybe that's the name that fits him best. I've heard a lot of people say he's nothing but a pest. He spreads the sort of spirit that can never stand the test that's passed by any fellow who's a mighty welcome guest in the friendly human race.

Wherever he may travel he's extremely out of place. He always has a downcast look of mournfulness on his face. It's really rather sad, but true, that his type sets the pace that always kinda irritates the friendly human race.

And yet, why people scorn him I have never quite understood. At best, the scolding habit never does you any good. Perhaps the world might change him if 'twould plant the proper seeds. It seems to me that sympathy is what this fellow needs.

With some married people, if the wife is in California, and the husband is in Maine, they get along better together.

Parents make kids get up on week day mornings, and the kids get even with them on Sunday.

EXCERPTS FROM ANY PROMINENT MAN'S SPEECH: "I am not a public speaker." "And, as I said before, I am not a public speaker."

"That skater's light upon his feet," another skater said.

"The family likes to hear about the office, of course. But they'd much rather hear the nice things."

It's perfectly all right for a photographer to "shoot" you before sunrise.

We've all heard of the seven wonders of the world. I guess the eighth is "wonder where my baby is tonight."

CHEERFUL: Why so down in the mouth, this morning?

GLOOMY: Oh, I ate some duck, last night, that wasn't thoroughly picked.

FABLES IN FACT.

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHO PRETENDED HIS MOTHER WAS A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN SHE WAS. HE WAS ALWAYS WASHING HIS HANDS AND FACING NICELY COMMA BUT NEVER SEEMED TO REALIZE HE HAD A NECK PERIOD AND YOU SHOULD SEE THE HIGH WATER MARK OF HIS LEAVES.

PERIOD FINALLY COMMA MOTHER ASKED FATHER TO SPEAK TO SONNY COMMA SO DAD TOOK HIM ON HIS KNEE AND TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT THE WEYS AND WHEREAYS OF CLEANLINESS PERIOD SONNY LISTENED VERY ATTENTIVELY PERIOD THAT HAD BEEN SOME TIME AGO AND YOU OUGHT TO SEE THAT PERIOD JUST AS DIRTY AS EVER PERIOD.

Real Enthusiasts.

(Passing Show)

All the stock of liquid refreshments was recently stolen from a golf club. In spite of this, many real enthusiasts went on playing golf as if nothing had happened.

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