

REVOLT AGAINST TAXATION OF VARIOUS KINDS IS GROWING IN THE UNITED STATES

(Philadelphia Ledger)

Washington, at long last, is hearing from the long suffering taxpayer. A storm of protest against any increase in taxation is beating upon Capitol Hill. Powerful groups of citizens and innumerable trade and business organizations are demanding that the costs of government shall be decreased.

These protests are coming from all part of the Union. For every protest-marcher who moves up Pennsylvania avenue demanding Federal help, 10,000 taxpayers are demanding relief. The whole country is being swept by a wave of economy.

Spreading Fast

We are, in fact, dangerously near a taxpayers' revolt. So far the movement is unorganized, but it is spreading with the speed of a wind-whipped prairie fire. Senator Harrison this week warned the Senate that "great masses of the taxpayers are ready to rise" against their tax burdens.

This taxpayers' strike is a fact with which the dole advocates and subsidy-seekers must reckon. It must be faced by all those who are anxious to force city, State and Federal Governments farther and deeper into paternalism. The everyday, hard-working citizen is just about fed up with taxation.

Governor Pinchot discovered this when he offered his \$120,000,000 Pennsylvania "relief program." There were other factors, of course, in his defeat—including much plain and fancy poli-

tics at Harrisburg. But the threats of up-State taxpayers chilled the blood of up-State legislators.

Sullen Rebellion

A dozen American cities are in sullen rebellion against tax levies. A few weeks ago Philadelphia saw an ominous revolt against a threatened tax increase. Thousands of citizens marching down Broad street to City Hall marked the end of a free-spending era.

Chicago's financial worries are largely the result of an organized taxpayers' strike, followed by an attack upon the validity of assessments. Atlanta, faced with a tax-payers' uprising, must slash expenses for 1932. Denver is protesting violently against a mere five per cent cut in property valuations while farmlands have been granted a twenty per cent reduction.

Leagues Formed

In Minnesota taxpayers' leagues are forming all over the State. They mean business. Minnesota's seventy-odd tax leagues have forced a reduction of about \$7,000,000 in county, township and school levies. Farmers' unions and tax associations are busy in Nebraska. Nearly every city and county tax rate in the State has been reduced. In Pennsylvania a farm association is urging a sharp decrease in the number of State employees.

The farm country saw the tax strike coming late in 1931. It was a passive revolt in many sections. Land values had gone down. Farm prices were low. Valuations were high. Thousands of

land owners were ready to abandon their farms and "give the country back to the Indians" or to the State.

Three Taxes

The average American is subject to three taxes: Federal, State and local. All of these rest heavily upon his property and his income. In an era of decreasing values and income it is plain that governmental extravagance must end. When revenues fall, expenditures cannot be increased year after year by Legislature after Legislature and by Congress after Congress. Tax money does not grow on trees.

We shall have to get along with less in the way of vast and imposing public improvements. For a long time to come we shall have to manage with fewer, rather than more, extra-governmental activities. There will have to be an end of running to Washington and to State capitals for Federal aid and State help. We must cure ourselves of the belief that the Government owes every one a living.

If not, the far flung tax rebellion will come. The taxpayer has had just about all he can stand. The storm signals of his wrath are flying everywhere. The limits of both his patience and his endurance are very near.

German engineer has devised a projector for showing movies on clouds. All that now remains to make the invention successful is discovery of a means of making the clouds stay put.

When a wild rabbit can be overtaken on foot it may have tularemia, says a government naturalist. On the other hand, maybe it just doesn't give a hoot.

A biologist says he "never heard of a perfect man." Of course not. A perfect man wouldn't tell.

CUB REPORTER INTERVIEWED MARK TWAIN ON CHRISTMAS EVE AND HEARD SOME THINGS

(New York Sun)

To one reporter in New York Christmas Eve will always be associated with a vivid memory of Mark Twain. A good many years ago, as time romps along, the great humorist was living in an old-fashioned, red brick house at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Ninth street. On this particular Christmas Eve a rumor came trickling into the office of The Sun that Mr. Clemens was seriously ill, of a sudden cold. He was well along in years, at the time, more than 70, and such rumors had instant importance.

The night city editor of The Sun in those days was a very able gentleman named Selah Merrill Clarke, who got through with life and the computation of sun dials and the solving of abstruse mathematical problems only a little while ago in the city of Canandaigua, up-State. When the rumor got to him on that long-ago Christmas eve, he looked about the office—it was getting along 11 p.m.—and seeing no one of special importance about summoned to his desk a cub reporter who was just learning what it was all about.

An Assignment

"Get up to Mark Twain's home," said Mr. Clarke, "and get the story. Telephone it as quickly as possible."

So the cub, with his heart in his mouth because of the pride, and also the apprehension born of an assignment as big as that, skipped out into the snowy night—a now that was beginning to turn into rain, and took

the new subway uptown to Astor Place. And then he hustled westward a few blocks to Fifth avenue and to Mark Twain's house. The house was dark, not a light showing.

The cub rang the bell in fear and some slight trembling, but for a long time there was no response. No light was perceptible within the big house. Not a sound was to be heard. Once more the reporter jangled the old-fashioned pull bell and stepped back to wait a while longer. And after what seemed an age there came a faint shuffling of feet from within and presently the door was pulled open abruptly and in the doorway was the figure of the man who had made the whole world chuckle. He wore much rubbed silk pajamas. His great mane of snow-white hair was in wild disarray. Under the thatch of his white mustache burned a cigar. And he was mad, sparking mad! His eyes fairly gleamed with anger.

"Who are you? What do you want at this hour?" he demanded.

"Excuse me, Mr. Clemens," stammered, the cub, "it's this way. There's a story going around that you are a sick man. The Sun sent me up here to get the facts."

"Look at me!" ordered the old lion. "Do I look like a sick man? Do you see anything ailing about me? Go back and tell your city editor that he's a tarnation old fool!"

Nothing in It

Sure, at any rate, the rumor was false and that he could make an accurate report to The Sun, the cub backed away before this lively tempest of anger. Mark Twain must have seen the cub's perturbation of spirit. He must have seen how wet and downcast he was. On the instant he grinned that engaging grin with which his friends and audiences were so familiar. He seemed just about to close the door when he reached out a hand and plucked the reporter by the sleeve.

"In a great hurry?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly, sir, but I've got to telephone the office."

"All right. Come inside. You can use my phone."

Mark Twain led his accidental guest up two flights of stairs to his own bedroom and sanctuary at the back of the house. After the cub had telephoned to his office and had assured Mr. Clarke that Mark Twain was very much in health the humorist said:

"Sit down a moment. Smoke? How do you like working for a newspaper?"

His Early Days

And from then on, for the better part of an hour, propped up by big pillows upon a bed littered with manuscripts, he talked about his own early days as a reporter in San Francisco and Nevada, and about his experiences as a silver miner and prospector and his piloting on the Mississippi. He talked a good deal of his charming nonsense, saying, about his personal habits, that they were excellent for him but would probably assassinate most other people. He said he made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time, a rule he had stuck by all his life. He said he used to buy his cigars at \$4 a barrel, but that prices were climbing so he now had to pay \$7. He said he had no special rule about drinking, except that when others took a drink he sort of liked to help out. As for exercise, he said he took it out in sleeping and resting, and that he made it a rule always to go to bed when there was nobody else to sit up with.

No Christmas ever comes without that particular cub reporter seeing again, with the vivid eyes of memory, bushy white hair and the bushy white mustache, lying back against his pillows, puffing a big Havana, giving an hour of his life to a kid who had broken in upon his work and tranquility.

A thoughtful daughter these days is one who picks out the kind of a lad for the groom her dad won't mind having around the house and on his expense account.

Rudyard Kipling is making a vigorous protest that taxes on his home are too high. Perhaps if he would make a poem of his complaint, the collector could auction the poem.

LINE IN THIS PORTRAIT ARE WRITTEN WORDS

(New York Sun)

One of the strangest of all the oddities to be found in a city teeming with astonishing things is a portrait of John Wesley in the John Street Methodist Church, "the cradle of American Methodism." It looks like an engraving, but at closer sight each "graven" line is seen to be a series of words in old English script. From the lower left hand corner of the portrait you trace each sweeping line, and when you have finished you have read a complete "Life of John Wesley."

The portrait was made by Gluck Rosenthal about eighty years ago, and in his fine hand you read quite clearly the famous sayings of Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us," and "The World is my parish."

The founding of the Methodist societies of England, Ireland and America is dealt with at length, and in the two lower corners are portraits of Wesley's mother, Susanna Wesley. At the left she is shown with John Wesley at her knee, and at the right with John and his equally famous brother Charles.

Two women are credited with having written "Mary's Little Lamb." Only the fact that each was unknown to the other kept it from being a collaboration.

GOOD PROGRAM TO BE ON THE AIR THURSDAY

Following is the radio program in Atlantic Standard time for Thursday evening for stations most easily picked up in Fredericton and vicinity.

WEAF, NEW YORK

7.30—The World Today.
7.45—Swift Program.
8.00—Vermont Lumber Jacks.
8.15—Campbell Orchestra.
8.30—Prince Albert Quarter Hour.
8.45—Rise of the Goldbergs.
9.00—Fleishmann Hour.
10.00—Dramatic Musicale.
10.30—Sherlock Holmes.
11.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
12.00—Song Recital.
12.30—Jesse Crawford.

WJZ, NEW YORK

7.00—Raising Junior.
7.30—Breyer Leaf Boys.
7.45—Lowell Thomas.
8.00—Amos n' Andy.
8.15—Tasty East Jesters.
8.30—Phil Cook.
8.45—How's Business.
9.00—Dixie Singers.
9.15—Rin Tin Tin Thriller.
9.30—The Pickard Family.
9.45—Skillet Sisters.
10.00—Blackstone Plantation.
10.30—Maxwell House Melodies.
11.00—A. & P. Gypsies.
11.30—Clara, Lu and Lin.
11.45—Paris Night Life.
12.00—Slumber Music.
12.30—The three Doctors.

CHAC MONTREAL

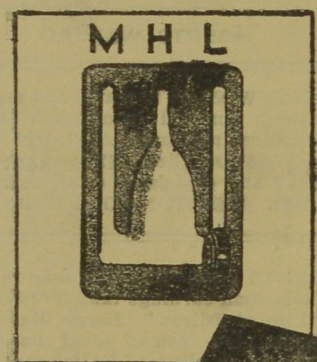
7.45—Lido Musicale.
8.15—Educational Series.
8.30—Buckingham Boosters.
8.45—Clark's Entertainers.
9.00—Lambert's Comedians.
9.30—Amber Aliens.
10.30—Pianist and Soprano.
12.00—Hockey Scores.
12.05—News Events.

CFNB FREDERICTON

8.30—Weather Forecast, News, Musical Programme.
12.30—Columbia Records.
1.15—Stock Market Report.
7.00—Weather Forecast, Stock Market Report.
7.00—Stock Market Report, Weather Forecast.

CNRA MONCTON

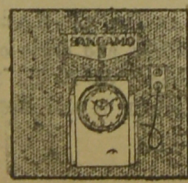
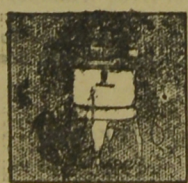
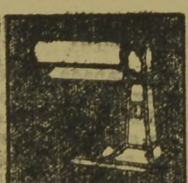
1.10—Ocean Limited Hour.
11.00—Montreal Program.
6.15—Dinner Music.
WLV CINCINNATI
8.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
8.45—Skilled Sisters.
9.30—Hollingsworth Hall.
10.30—Maxwell Hour.
10.00—Great Composers.
10.30—Maxwell House.
10.45—Varsity Hour.
11.30—Auto Stokers.
8.30—Weather Forecast, News, Columbia Records.
0.45—Educational Talk.
11.00—C. P. R. Program.



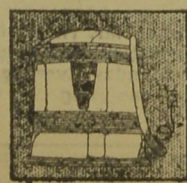
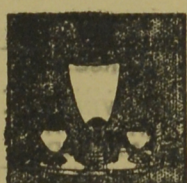
SEE
this
simple
switch

IT'S the big trouble-saver that is found only on NORTHERN ELECTRIC GURNEY Ranges. You can see at a glance, from clear across the kitchen, just how it is set . . . high, medium, low or off. You can't mistake it. No wearying extra steps, or bending over.

It snaps right to the desired heat with one straight push. No guesswork or twisting two or three times. Beside convenience, this means less wear on the moving parts . . . which gives this switch three times the usual life of range switches.



Go today to any of the retail stores listed here and see for yourself the remarkable efficiency of this and the other Northern Electric Approved Appliances illustrated above.



This is a remarkable exclusive Gurney feature that you can see for yourself. There are dozens of others, some of which are inside and out of sight. Northern Electric has used its many technical facilities to examine every constructional quality . . . whether hidden from the eye or on the surface. And the Northern Electric "SEAL OF APPROVAL" tells you that this Gurney Range (made-in-Canada) passed this severe test.

NORTH
Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

J. W. MILLICAN
W. ALLEN STAPLES
MacKAY & COMPANY

Maritime Electric Co., Limited.
(Assoc. Gas-Elec. Co.)