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BRYAN'S "DESERVING" DEMOCRATS

All America is laughing or crying at the exposure of the manner in which Secretary of State Bryan seeks to reward "Deserving Democrats" by forcing them to renounce...

The first named says: "Extracts from a letter written by William J. Bryan to Walker W. Vick, American Receiver of Customs in Santo Domingo:

"Can you let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats? Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there call on me.

"You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when the campaign is on and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made."

"It should be remembered that the positions desired for 'deserving Democrats,' who are also campaign workers, and, therefore, worthy of 'suitable rewards' are part and parcel of the Dominican customs service and salaries out of the Dominican revenues. We submit that, as a practical politician who knows how to organize and maintain a machine, Mr. Bryan need ask no odds of Mr. Roger Sullivan of Illinois or Mr. Charles F. Murphy of New York, both of whom he has upon occasion vehemently denounced."

Collier's Weekly thus treats the revelation: "Santo Domingo is a little country on the island of Haiti, down below Cuba, of some eighteen thousand square miles and about half a million population—all shades. Santo Domingo was much harassed by revolutions up to 1907, when Roosevelt appointed a collector of customs and our Government assumed a sort of halfway guardianship over it. If ever there was a trust relationship, this is one; if ever there was a chance to set an example of good work, of honest and efficient administration, the chance and the duty are ours there. But this is the place where William Jennings Bryan tried to edge in his job-hunting Democrats, the faithful brethren of his many campaigns. The contrast between the men that are needed in Santo Domingo and the political hack workers Bryan put there is fairly comic in its breadth. This is clearly the explanation of Pindell of Peoria and of all the other second-rate politicians that Bryan foisted on our disrupted diplomatic service. Were Minister Rockhill and others like him retired only to make room for these campaign spoliars and corn-belt Hannas? It is a great weakness of Woodrow Wilson's Administration that his lack of vigorous personal contacts, his absorption in abstractions leaves him defenceless against this petty and sordid trading in appointments by those under him. As for Bryan, the country is pretty clearly disgusted with the contrast between the high-flown ethical pretensions of his famous Chataqua speeches and the everyday reality of his political practices. It is like some old deacon who will snaffle about yesterday's "precious sermon" and then proceed to dicker for Widow Brown's meadowland. This is not modern business, and Bryan in Santo Domingo is not modern politics.

"It is idle for the enemies of Bryan and the Administration to claim that there was anything sinister in a financial way in the Santo Domingo matter. Indeed, that whole affair has turned out to be a tempest in a teapot. The only important result of it is the unearthing of Bryan's letter which revealed him as having the mind of a rather cheap spoliar and being intent upon jobs for 'deserving Democrats' at a time when our foreign affairs were suffering by his inattention and incapacity. The minister whom Bryan appointed, James M. Sullivan, was not dishonest. He was, as one of the witnesses expressed it, 'just a big slob.' He did sit around the legation in his undershirt and he did take barefoot walks in the grass. These were, like Bryan's letter, lapses in dignity but not in integrity. It is wrong to infer too much about Bryan from the revelation in his letter. He really means all that he says on the lecture platform. His idealism is that of a self-hypnotized evangelist. Indeed, platform evangelism was the career dignity, taste, and accuracy of mind was a cruelty to him and an injustice to the country. He is as out of place in the State Department as Billy Sunday or Paderewski.

"Mr. Bryan's career illustrates the high cost of a place in the sun. So long as he was a failure he was a brilliant success. It was Mr. Bryan's free-silver eloquence as much perhaps as any one force that stiffened McKinley's backbone as defender of sound money. As 'Boy Orator,' as missionary of popular government, as vigorous defender of all the moralistic truisms, as a candidate for the Presidency perennially turned down and perennially cheerful, Mr. Bryan deserved well of the Republic. Ironically enough, his crowning public service, his action at Baltimore in making sure Woodrow Wilson's nomination, marked the beginning of the end. For Bryan's public usefulness ended where his public service began. Perhaps he was discouraged from making a real effort to be an efficient Secretary of State by the thought that men like Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Seward, Bayard, Blaine, Olney, Hay, and Root had preceded him. That attainment to high office marks not the crowning of a career but the chance to carve one out of opportunity has been too subtle an idea for Mr. Bryan. His idea of administering the foreign relations of a great nation in stirring times is amply suggested in that foolish, almost shameless, letter to W. W. Vick: How many jobs have you for my friends and at what salary? It is the old idea of Gambetta in France, who told Mme. Adam that it was only just if, after leading his soldiers to battle, he let them have the booty.

The effect of incompetent spoilsmanship upon our relations with the other American republics does not worry our Secretary of State—he is too sure of his own virtue; for Mr. Bryan has the foxy type of mind which really thinks that good intentions are all that is essential to virtue. To such a mind anarchy in Mexico is only a fact—and facts never deeply concern Mr. Bryan. An idealist in all things but performance, Mr. Bryan is not ashamed to be found out; he claims to be proud of his loyalty to his friends. It will be his epitaph that his life as an effective politician ended when an opportunity was given him to prove himself a statesman. He worked to give the nation Wilson—but after that beginning he made of himself a millstone for Mr. Wilson's neck.

WHERE WILL IT END AND HOW?

The prophets are busy locating the end of the war and the terms of settlement, and many of the most optimistic see in recent events in Germany an early collapse. To be brought about by famine conditions in Germany. In this the prophets are at sea. There are as yet no signs of collapse, not even signs of discouragement on the part of Germany. Her present activities both in the east and west indicate rather that she will carry out her original threat to fight to the last drop of her blood. But there will be an end, and a settlement. The end will be when Germany asks for it and the settlement will be what Great Britain, France and Russia will choose to make it. Quite early in the conflict President Wilson tendered his offices in bringing it to a close by intervention and mediation. Since then many things have happened to embitter the Allies against Germany, and now it seems altogether probable that all offers of mediation will be definitely and decisively rejected, and that Germany will not get peace till she asks it of those who are alone in a position to grant the request. There is not the slightest probability that any terms will be offered to her. She has so unrepentantly, so gratuitously, and so unjustly violated the most humane conventions and the most ordinary decencies of modern warfare that her offences cannot be condoned. She has challenged her fate, and now she must drain the cup to the last and bitterest drops.

As Great Britain, France, and Russia are carrying on this war in the interest of neutrals, and in order to maintain the sanctities of treaties, are incurring enormous losses and suffering cruel inflictions they could easily have avoided, it is not at all likely they will ask, or even accept, any offers of help to make up the bill of costs or assess the resulting damages. The bill will be exemplary when it is completed, and no time will be lost in presenting it when it is requested, for the assessment has been in process of calculation since the very beginning of the war. There will be no elements of relation in the terms of peace granted, but the penalty must be made both appropriate and adequate to the wrongs perpetrated. There will be cash indemnities to Belgium, France, Russia, and Serbia; there will be conquered colonies to Great Britain, France and Portugal; there will be cessions of German and Austro-Hungarian territory to Belgium, France, Serbia, and Russia; there will be reduction and limitation of armaments, with acceptance of some common tribunal invested with power to enforce its decrees by practical and reasonable sanctions. From present appearances this will be the outcome of the war but the end is not yet.

WHERE GERMANS EXCEL

The Germans have excelled, and still excel in many things, and notwithstanding the strained feelings occasioned by the war we still remember that the brand, "made in Germany" was not long since regarded as evidence of a certain kind of superiority. In those lines on which they have specialized it must be admitted that they had few superiors. Although the war has necessitated the abandonment of many specialties, particularly industrial ones, there are still left them a few choice callings which they are in a position to pursue regardless of the bloodshed and the horrors incident to war. One of these, perhaps the one which stands out most prominently over the smoke and the din of battle, is lying. Lest the reader be shocked at the abrupt introduction of this ugly word, we hasten to give a sample from one of the leading papers in Berlin, "The Tageblatt." After the "baby killing" raid on Scarborough and Hartlepool on the English Coast, this is what The Tageblatt said: "What we want is to get the British fleet in the open against us. That was our object in the bombardment, and so long as the fleet continues in its cowardly way to skulk in its hiding place we will hope that many more English towns are shelled by German cruisers." Afterwards when the German fleet sighted the "cowardly" British ships and ran away but could not outrun fast enough and their largest cruiser was sunk and others damaged, the Tageblatt and other German papers pictured it to the deluded German public as a great naval victory for the German fleet, two British warships being sunk and the others driven off.

The Germans have succeeded, since the war began, in persuading their people that the German army was winning all along the line and that the German fleet could not get at the British because the latter were hiding. Some day, and before long, the German public will discover that the current history of the war as it was "made in Germany" was the most superb bit of falsehood and deception ever perpetrated and then, as a certain Portuguese writer once said in connection with the eventual "discovery" of the Kaiser by the German people, "there will not be enough stones from Lorraine to Pomerania to stone this counterfeit Moses.

UNENVIABLE ANNIVERSARY

The St. John's, Newfoundland, Daily News, under the heading, Deathday—not Birthday, hands this bouquet to the Kaiser on the occasion of his birthday:— This is the fifty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Kaiser Wilhelm, the unworthy son of a noble-hearted English mother, and an equally noble-hearted German father. The humblest toiler in mine or field or factory has no cause to envy him. His natal day may be celebrated with the crash of guns and the scream of shells; and his deluded armies may hurl themselves heroically at their fœmen; but above the din of battle and the greetings of his family, statesmen, and generals, will be heard voices that can never be stilled, the voice of a butchered Belgium, of the murdered babes of Scarborough, and of the thousands buried into eternity to gratify the cravings of an ambition-crazed despot who, recking nothing of humane life, of friend or foe, has not hesitated to wade through oceans of blood in the hope of reaching the goal of world-domination, a goal which, if attained, would prove as Dead Sea fruit, and crumble in the grasp, but a goal which never will be attained, so long as the principles of freedom, justice and truth remain enshrined in the hearts of men. Tens of thousands of men, his superiors, mentally, morally, and physically have been sacrificed to his unholly lust for power; and the spirits of all will hover today around the blood-spattered festal board of him, who first and above all, is responsible for this hideous carnival of death.

ON OUR STREET

Observation of your neighbors will force one unpalatable bit of truth down your throat—that to criticize acquaintances is human; to gloss over their shortcomings is divine. And how few there are who have obtained the degree of doctor of divinity in this particular application of the term.

Three residents of our street met on the corner on their way home from work last night, and as the topic of mutual interest concerned neighborhood affairs, the merits and demerits of several local personages came up for discussion.

"I played wicket with M. Rattibones at the club the other night," claimed the Perfidious Young Man, "and I found out why he wins most of the prizes. You can't call it cheating, perhaps; but I would swear upon oath that he looks at the cards in his opponents' hands. Now, I call that unprincipled. A fellow that would do a thing like that would cheat in business."

"Now," said the Earnest Thinker, "that's something I never do. I pride myself on never criticizing a man when he isn't present to hear what I have to say. Maybe Rattibones cheats and maybe he doesn't; but I think it is in bad taste to spread a story of that kind. Do you know, a fellow who censures other people behind their backs would swear away his mother's life on the witness stand."

And, with a satisfied air of self-conceit, the Earnest Thinker said: "I would find in him any moral defect, he, too, turned in at his front door, never realizing that he had committed the very offence to which he had pleaded not guilty a moment before.

Then, of course, there is the case of the Third Party. He had said nothing at the time, but the arguments had to be amply proved by his present action in criticizing the other two critics and opening himself to criticism thereby. But it goes to prove the point that we all see others' imperfections—and, worse than that, are prone to give verbal expression to what we see.

Smugly satisfied in our own consciences, we calmly amble down the road of life, never suspecting that defects in our own makeup of which we barely admit the existence, are put under the microscope of our neighbors' opinion and dissected to their uttermost shreds.

How bitter a pill it would be for us to know it was known just exactly what was said about us by our neighbors. Stray breaths of such opinions wafted to us from time to time we find exceeding hard to endure, and, unless we remember that it is merely one human's idea about another human, we are apt to put more stress on that matter than it actually deserves.

Many an unkind word is spoken hastily, but it sometimes gathers such momentum that it develops from mere gossip to downright slander. Our street is just now divided into two hostile camps concerning the abilities of Dr. Phial—and I wonder if Dr. Phial doesn't mean practically every family practitioner in the city.

Mrs. Cocksure started the discussion a year or two ago. She was taken sick. Her own family physician, who lives beyond the bounds of our street, was out when the urgent telephone message calling for his services was received. Dr. Phial lived on the street and was found at home. He came at once and made a thorough examination of the patient.

"I am not sure, just yet," was his verdict, "whether you have pneumonia or typhoid fever. The case hasn't cleared up enough to make me absolutely certain." He made the patient as comfortable as he could and departed, saying that he would return the following day.

Next morning Mrs. Cocksure felt a little better and had a message sent to Dr. Phial that he was not wanted, as evening approached she developed more unpleasant symptoms. This time she insisted that her family physician be summoned. He came, and pronounced her case to be typhoid fever. In due time the patient recovered, when the neighborhood was set by the ears at her opinion of Dr. Phial.

"I had let my case to him," she said, "I would have been in my grave by now. Why, he never even knew what was the matter with me."

This choice bit of gossip reached the ears of Mrs. Busybody, without whom life on our street would be a dreary thing. Mrs. Busybody elaborated Mrs. Cocksure's statement, and solemnly informed her acquaintances that Dr. Phial had almost killed her neighbor by giving the wrong kind of medicine. Even now she earnestly tries to dissuade Dr. Phial's patients to change physicians and this in spite of the fact that Dr. Phial has been more than usually successful in the treatment of his cases.

Doubtlessly Mrs. Cocksure is perfectly sincere in her opinion that the physician whom she had known for a long time is better than Dr. Phial. This opinion she seeks to confirm in a hundred and one ways. All the good that Dr. Phial accomplishes in every looked in her consideration of what she considers his shortcomings till she actually believes that he is a dangerous man to whom to entrust a case. She passes her opinion along and Mrs. Busybody, always on the alert, magnifies it and distorts it till the defenceless doctor is pictured almost as a murderer. Mrs. Busybody, by the way, has never come into direct contact with Dr. Phial; she ignores the statements of some of her neighbors who praise his work and seek constantly to hold him up to public ridicule.

Of all this Dr. Phial is unaware. He goes on his way faithfully, and without a care for the spiteful slanders which his work well-merits as thorough and competent as a physician could well be.

PIGS STARTED WAR

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—That "Pigs is War," is something new. This gigantic European war, according to the different parties to it, was caused by several hundred different events. Some people say it was started when Sir Edward Goschen, British ambassador at Berlin, discharged his German cook; others say it was German militarism and many believe Russia started the conflict by mobilizing against Austria. And by this time, most everyone has forgotten that the war really began when Austria refused the acknowledgement of Serbia to her ultimatum.

Well, this story of "Pigs is War" goes back to the time when Serbia and Austria were finding it difficult to keep their inhabitants along their mutual border from throwing stones at each other.

Some three years ago, according to officials of the Austro-Hungarian empire, the armies of Austria and Serbia almost came to blows over the shipment of pigs from Belgrade and other Serbian cities to Bosnia. Serbia insisted that all pigs, sick pigs and well ones, should be sold in Bosnia. Austria said pigs having cholera must not be permitted to Austrian slaughter houses. Because of the prevalence of cholera in Serbia this Austrian order interfered with Serbia's exports of hogs. Numerous skirmishes along the border between hog shippers, hog buyers and hog raisers became so acute that the foreign offices of the two governments had to take the matter up. After some exchanges of diplomatic notes the matter was adjusted.

From that time up until the assassination of the Arch-Duke of Austria and his wife at Serajava, Bosnia, the exporters and importers of those two countries were waiting over the shipments of pigs. Serbia never "got over" the attitude of Austria.

So, pigs it was, that started this war.

PUT TO FLIGHT BY SIGHT OF CAMERA

An amusing story of how a German airman was put to flight by the sight of a camera is told by "Eye-witness." During the past week, he says, there has been here encounters in the air between British and German aeroplanes, as a result of which the hostile machine in each case has been forced to go down in the German lines.

On one occasion our machine chased a Taube, and the observer emptied his automatic pistol at the enemy, without any visible result, at about 150 ft. range.

He then proceeded to take a photograph and the appearance of the camera seems to have alarmed the German, who at once fled.

Upon another occasion a somewhat difficult situation arose when a bomb which was being dropped caught in a string and remained suspended three or four feet below the aeroplane. There was no way of reaching the bomb and it was impossible to land.

Finally the observer kicked a hole through the floor of the fuselage, i. e., body of the aeroplane—hooked the string with his foot and shook it until the bomb fell off.

Two stories are current concerning the French, which illustrate the spirit that animates all ranks. One is that a private who, when carrying a despatch, came upon a trench containing fifty Germans. He summoned them to surrender.

Thinking that he must be the leader of a considerable force close behind him, the Germans held up their hands. He then shouted to some of his comrades, who were in a trench at some distance, to advance and the Germans were all made prisoners.

The second story is that of a certain famous French regiment, which had been fighting desperately for some days, gaining little ground every day until it had worked its way close to the main trench held by the enemy.

It was then this regiment's turn to be relieved, but its members sent a request that they should be permitted to stay one day longer, and thus gain the glory of driving the enemy from his position.

After describing how difficult all operations are rendered by the mud, "Eye-witness" illustrates his remarks as follows:—"It is reported that in one place the mud is so deep that in a recent action between the French and the Germans neither side could fire their rifles, and clubbed them or fought with shovels or pickaxes."

"FIREWORKS" UNDER FRYING PAN.

A trooper in the Northumberland Hussars writes: "We are all as happy and light-hearted as school boys. We have been having a comparatively quiet time during the past few weeks. After our experience in and around Ypres I think we deserve it. Even during the thick of the fighting in that battle we tried to be happy. We laughed hilariously at any feeble joke, and when anything funny happened we almost choked with merriment. I remember one day having a spasm of this kind. Two of our fellows who were holding led horses in a wood behind the trenches planned for themselves a sumptuous feed of bacon and

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They lighted a fire and placed the bacon on it in their mess tins. The cooking was progressing splendidly and the appetizing smell dwelt in the nostrils with a clinging and concentrating grip. Suddenly there was a loud explosion. The mess tins and their contents went heavenward, the embers of the fire were scattered in all directions, and the two cooks took to their heels and went like mischief to the shelter of a hedge. Meanwhile the firework display continued with intermittent bursts. We eventually ascertained that our two hungry chums had made their fire over a discarded emergency bandolier which had contained some fifty rounds or so of ammunition. Being made of khaki cloth it had not been noticed.

TO FILL HOT WATER BAG. A hot water bag is very often used in the home to relieve many a pain and ache, and yet it is ineffectual if it is not filled properly. The desired effect is obtained only by the heat of the water in the bag, as we all know, and yet few of us consider that unless the air is expelled from the bag we do not get the full benefit of the heat. Air is a non-conductor of both heat and cold. To expel the air quickly and easily from the bag, a nurse gives the following advice: After having filled the bag with sufficient water, be sure that you do not make the bag too heavy for a tender part of the body; twist it, holding the twisted part firmly in the one hand while you quickly screw the cap on tightly. Then hold the bag by the bottom and shake vigorously. To make sure there is no leakage at the cap, it is important that every hot water bag should have a nice, warm cover. Outing flannel is very good for this purpose. This cover can be kept clean, and it feels very much nicer next the skin than would the rubber of the bag.

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