

The Charlottetown Guardian

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THURSDAY, JUNE 20th, 1918.

REGISTRATION UNDER WAY

In all patriotic efforts since the war began this province held its place and took its part very creditably. It is gratifying to know that in the matter of registration, which is to be completed on Saturday, our people are maintaining their good record. The province has been fully organized; deputy registrars have been appointed in every school district and a sufficient number have been appointed in Charlottetown and other centres to accommodate all registrants. Apart from the readiness with which volunteers came forward and offered their services, a particularly creditable feature is the fact that all are giving their services free. The Superintendent of Registration, Mr. J. J. Trainor, informs us that no deputy registrar has so far demanded remuneration. And here it is only fair to state that Mr. Trainor is himself giving his services gratuitously although the amount of work involved is simply enormous, necessitating a personal visit to every school district in the province. Mr. Trainor speaks in the highest terms of the patriotic enthusiasm shown by the teachers in taking up this work. The school boards also entered loyally into the matter placing their schoolhouses at the disposal of the registrars as registration booths. The merchants, business men, church and fraternal societies in all the centres, by acting as deputy registrars for their employees and members are assisting very materially in facilitating the work and thus avoiding congestion and loss of time at the booths.

As stated in a previous reference to this subject the purpose of the government is to procure a complete and reliable inventory of the man and woman resources of the dominion. It has no reference whatever to the Military Service Act although it is probable that if the war continues the data obtained may be utilized for industrial organization in prosecuting at home necessary work having direct relation to the nation's war efforts.

As previously said also all persons over 16 must register. In default of registration heavy penalties are provided. Registration must be personal and in no case by proxy. Those who through illness or other causes are unable to leave their homes may have a deputy call upon them or if that be inconvenient a member of the family may be sworn in as deputy registrar.

We trust there shall be no defaulters and that our province will make for itself a record which will compare favourably with that of our sister provinces.

A THEORY DISPROVED

This war has proved and disproved many pre-war theories. It was firmly held by many eminent writers and poets that the "red furnace of war" was necessary to temper men's souls, to save them from effeminacy, to make them masculine and manly; that long continued pursuit of peaceful avocations tended to enervation and cowardice. Nothing has been more effectively disproved than this by the present war. Probably not one in a thousand of our Canadian soldiers had ever handled a rifle before he went to war; probably not a half-dozen of our half a million Canadian soldiers had ever expected to take part in a war. Before enlisting each man of them, it is safe to say, had mapped out his life's programme along lines in which war had absolutely no part. Yet on the field of battle, after a few months of training they proved, man for man, infinitely superior to the German soldiers who had been trained for war from boyhood, who had been religiously taught that war was the only character building and man-making factor. The German soldiers are doubtless mechanically efficient; they can perform the "goose step" to perfection and the German army, mechanically, is unquestionably the most perfect war machine in the world, but wherever they came in contact with our Canadians, even when the odds were in their favour they were outclassed. This is no idle Canadian boast. The history of the war from the beginning till now, will bear us out. Similarly the United States soldiers who, like the Canadians had laid down pen or axe or spade to take up the rifle and the bayonet have proved more than a match for the life-long trained soldiers of Germany.

Bravery and heroism are not the products of war alone, perhaps not the products of war at all. Bravery arises from

something deeper than military training from something more noble than war and never from cruelty—German philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding. Bravery is a virtue, cruelty in any form a vice and, to quote from a well-known poem: "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

THE RED RAG

To say "good roads" to a certain type of Grit is like the proverbial "red rag to a bull." In a recent issue the Guardian commented approvingly on a piece of road east of the City which had elicited many words of commendation from autoists. The Patriot made somewhat similar remarks about the same piece of road expressing the hope that road masters in other sections would follow the good example. The admission, made probably in a moment of forgetfulness, that there could be such a thing as a good road appears to have brought the Patriot back to its normal political sanity for in its next issue it editorially declared that "complaints have reached this office of neglected roads in various parts of the province." In a later issue it publishes a letter from a gentleman in the far western part of the province vilifying the Guardian for having made such an unreasonable statement as that there was a good piece of road anywhere. The western correspondent had found a piece of road somewhere near St. Louis which on the 9th of June was "disgraceful!"

The comfort that a good Grit of this type can derive out of a piece of bad road is really pathetic. In fact if the example of the roadmaster so approvingly quoted by both the Guardian and the Patriot is generally followed by other roadmasters it may mean the extinction of the type.

There are, unfortunately, enough bad sections of road still in the province to afford needed nourishment to the few who take pleasure in them but their wallowing in these should not prevent them enjoying and even acknowledging a good piece of road when they see it.

WE'LL SHOW THEM

If the Canadians are, as a writer in an American magazine said some time ago, the most formidable fighting unit on any front in proportion to their numerical strength, one reason for this proud pre-eminence is suggested by Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, who is their commander and who ought to know. At a dinner given in London the other day in honor of Premier Borden and his colleagues, Sir Arthur said that when the Canadians went to England first some uncomplimentary things were said about them, not, we may suppose, about their willingness to fight, but probably about their lack of "form." It may be that some of the Canadians, and even particularly those Canadians of English birth, were inclined to adopt a somewhat patronizing attitude toward Englishmen who had not had the advantage of adventuring 3,000 miles away from home in a great, new country. It may have been that some of the English officers of crack regiments were inclined to be a trifle supercilious in their manner, or that Canadians were inclined to detect a patronizing air where none was present. From whatever cause or combination of causes, the Canadians became imbued with a spirit that might be summed up in the words, "We'll show them."

This was almost a slogan with the Canadians when they went to France, and at the second Battle of Ypres, when one poison gas was used, and where Canadian valor saved the day, they justified it. Boasting has long gone out of the soldiers who have been fighting for three years. They do not need to boast. "The corps never failed," says Gen. Currie. "They will take any position they are asked to take and they will hold any position they are told to hold." The spirit of the Canadian soldier was never higher than it is today, and when they are again turned loose they will do more killing than they have ever done. What the Canadians have done in the past the Canadians who are now joining the colors will do. Traditions, more glorious perhaps than were ever established in such a short period of warfare, cluster about the Canadian army. The old veterans might be inclined, perhaps, to take some such attitude toward the draftees as the British regulars showed to the Canadian volunteers, and the Canadian draftees will say as their veteran comrades draft three years before, "We'll show them."

NOTES

Early in the war United States newspapers used frequently to remark, "The Canadians fight like Americans." Events of the past few days have proved that Americans fight like Canadians.

GREATEST FLYING MEN DEVELOPED BY WAR

In the London Aeroplane Mr. C. G. Grey, the editor, writes interestingly about some of the greatest flying men of the war, and explains how they won renown. The first to attract international attention was Roland Garros, not because of his particular exploits, because he was brought down and made prisoner before he could run up a big score, but because of his daring and the great fame he enjoyed as a birdman in the days of peace. Then came the first of the great German flyers, Immelmann with the Fokker, but whether the Fokker made Immelmann famous or the pilot made the machine famous is a moot point. From the point of view of the expert designer of flying machines, the Fokker was more or less a joke, but it was admirably adapted for its own purpose, and had advantages over British machines that helped the Germans for some time to claim mastery of the air. The Fokker was light, and it had a good engine, and as a defence machine was hard to beat.

The German Fokker

Being lighter it was swifter and could mount more rapidly than the British machines, which, built for voyages over the German lines, had to carry enough gas for four and a half hours' flying. The Fokker, operating always behind the German lines, carried only enough fuel for two hours' flying. In his Fokker Immelmann used to sit up an altitude of 10,000 feet and swoop down like a hawk upon the British planes flying at 7,000 feet. It is not to be wondered at that with this advantage in position and in machine he should have made a formidable score, but even so, Mr. Grey notes, he has never heard any R. F. C. man say that the German was not a great air fighter. He had a letter from a crack British flyer when Immelmann's fame was at its height, and he said: "I had a scrap with Immelmann the other day. He flies a monoplane, fire through his propeller and flies beautifully. We got off drums of ammunition at one another, apparently without results, except plenty of holes in my machine."

Balcke and Richthofen

Balcke was another Fokker flyer, and a contemporary of Immelmann's though he did not rise to fame so soon. To him is said to belong the credit of developing the German system of training a number of firemen to fight in regular formation on the lines of what later on came to be known as a "circus." His circus became famous. One of his pilots was Richthofen, probably the finest of all German flyers, who was killed by a Canadian a few weeks ago. Richthofen would appear to have had all the qualifications for success as an airman. He was a cavalry officer by training, a horseman, and a game shot by family tradition. When given command of a squadron of his own, he developed the Balcke circus to a remarkable degree. His men were not only aviators, but gymnasts. Their machines were painted in all sorts of harlequin colors. They moved from place to place along the front, and when the weather was favorable they always

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR GUARDIAN READERS

Furnished by W. S. Louison

THE FEELING OF ANGER

We should avoid both speech and action while the feeling of anger is hot within us. If we cannot suddenly subdue it, we can at least restrain its outpouring; we can wait in quiet until time has cooled the fever and made reason possible.

Bitter words spoken under this impulse have severed friends, destroyed affection, injured reputation, poisoned the very fount of happiness—words which a few hours later the speaker would have given worlds to unsay.

Acts have been done under this influence which have broken up families, destroyed business, inflicted lifelong injuries, and blasted the characters of the doers—acts that they would have shrunk from in horror had they but waited till their anger was spent.

Perhaps the thought that it is not to be wholly extinguished, but wisely restrained, may make its restraint more possible.

O, a trouble's a fon, or a trouble's an ounce, Or a trouble's what you make it, And it isn't the fact you're hurt that counts, But only, how did you take it? —Edmund Vance Cooke

gave two performances a day, one in the morning when they were all together, and one later in the day when the survivors gave solo stunts.

D'Artagnan of the Air

Richthofen's circus flew Albatross biplanes, but shortly before the German Spring offensive began, Richthofen, who had been in Germany, presumably training new pilots, returned to the front, and he and the men under him were equipped with Fokker triplanes, which are said to be badly made copies of the British Sopwith. Their engines, however, were good, and the men expert flyers and when Richthofen was brought down he could console himself with the reflection that he had done his bit and done it with a chivalry that is rare among Germans. So much has been written about Gueynem, the French ace, whose name will never be forgotten, and whose single-handed exploits have never been surpassed, that no tribute to his skill and bravery is needed. He flew, apparently, by instinct, like a bird flies. Nor does Capt Ball stand in need of an eulogy. He was a mere boy, quite as modest as the mechanic who looked after his plane, and the veritable D'Artagnan of the skies. He loved best to go off alone, scouting over the German lines, looking for adventure, and whether the enemy was one or ten it made no difference to Ball. When he fell it was in a great battle against odds.

Hawker and Bishop

Equally gallant, but of a different mental type was Major Hawker, an engineering officer who was learning to fly when war broke out. He was the first British flying man to win the V. C., a soldier of rare gifts as a leader and administrator and inventor of new "stunts." His fighting abilities and his knack of training and inspiring those under him had much to do with the British supremacy of the air in 1916. He died in a duel with Richthofen, when a west wind drove the combatants far behind the German lines, and Hawker had the option of landing and surrendering or fighting to a finish. He chose the latter course. Major Bishop, the great Canadian ace, is to be reckoned among the finest fighters the war has developed. His nerve and his mastery of machine guns—in the latter respect he is not surpassed, if, indeed, he is equalled, by any man who ever drove a plane—are his chief characteristics. He has won all the British honors bestowed on Ball and Hawker, and he survives as the commander of a squadron to add new laurels to his magnificent record.

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

BY REV. T. S. LINSKOTT, D. D. (All rights reserved)

Dr. Linscott in this column will help you solve your heart problems, religious, natural, social, financial and every other anxious care that perplexes you. If a personal answer is required enclose a five cent stamp. No names will be published; if you prefer, sign your initials only or use a pseudonym.

SELECTING A CHURCH

—A father of a young physician, asks if he did right to select a church for his son to attend, which he thought would be the greatest help to him in his profession. This father did right to plan for the success of his son professionally, but if in doing this he did not plan for the spiritual and moral progress of the young physician he was very much to blame. The functions of a church are moral, and spiritual, and hence social; membership in a church should not primarily be for commercial reasons.

SEX IN HEAVEN

—John A. asks my opinion whether there will be procreation in heaven. Jesus seems to have answered a similar question when he said, that in heaven, "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage," but this does not fully answer your question. If trees and flowers grow in heaven and reproduce themselves, and if grapes grow there and wine is made from them, and if there are horses in heaven, all of which seems to be indicated in the book of Revelations; I see no reason why children may not be born to human beings in that ideal country; but I do not know, and no other person knows.

IS IT GENIUS OR JUST MERE DIRT?

Is Theodore Dreiser's book, "The Genius" an immoral work, is it just a mediocre performance such as his readers have a right to expect, or is it a work of genius, to which theory the author is supposed to incline. The question has excited much interest in literary circles in the United States, where Mr. Dreiser is hailed in some circles as one of the greatest of American novelists. He has his staunch admirers in Canada also, as a letter to the literary mail department of The Mail and Empire, Toronto, indicated. Special mention was made of "Jenny Gerhardt," one of his earliest and presumably one of his best stories. At any rate, it had a wide circulation, and Mr. Dreiser has made a lot of money out of his writings. Just how he is prospering may be judged from the fact that he is asking \$50,000 from the John Lane Publishing Company for with drawing his latest book from the market. This demand is in some what humorous contrast to his claim that he wrote "The Genius" for a moral purpose; but probably he would argue that there are no moral purposes more worthy of patronage than that of handsomely maintaining the Dreiser family.

Publisher Withdrew Book

When the book appeared it met with the varied reception that was to be expected. Some people liked it, some people disliked it; a whole lot of people wanted to read it, and a whole lot of people, while wanting to read it themselves, did not want others to read it. Critics disagreed. One would say the book was a remarkable performance in realism; another, that its tendency was decidedly immoral. However, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was of opinion that the book fell within its jurisdiction and the secretary of the society wrote to John Lane, the publisher, to say that he had heard protests against the "salacious and profane passages in the work." This was a hint that there would be a prosecution, and so the publisher withdrew the book from the market. Naturally this was a blow to Dreiser, so he and the publisher have agreed to go before a New York court and have five judges decide the character of the book and the amount of compensation that is due Mr. Dreiser for its suppression. As a matter of fact, the book will probably be republished if it be vindicated.

Write of Whatever Happens

Mr. Dreiser is an infidel, and his attitude toward his work was revealed in an interview in the Brooklyn Eagle some time ago when he said: "It is dreadful to think of shackles being forged which are going to hold the mind, which ought to fling its doors wide open to light and truth, in a vice-like grip of timidity utterly precluding initiative. There's little enough moral courage as it is." That is to say, Mr. Dreiser's theory is that the very existence of a thing is the only necessary justification for writing about it. This same point of view was expressed by a famous New York editor, who said that if a thing was good enough for God to let happen, it was good enough for his paper to print.

The Novelist's Point of View

A great many American novelists are in sympathy with Dreiser. The traditional point of view of the professional writer is that there ought to be no censorship except by the public. He says that if the public wants a book the public ought to have the book. If, on the other hand, the book is not wanted, it will perish without the intervention of a policeman. Even writers who would not permit their children to read the sort of book that Dreiser writes, are restive at the notion of some police court judge or some half-educated secretary of a vice society destroying the property of a writer. They can point to some of the great classics of the world's literature and argue that if they had been produced in modern times they would surely have been suppressed by maidenish busybodies. A puritan man can find in the Bible, even passages to appeal to his prudency, and no doubt if the author of the Song of Songs were within the jurisdiction of a Canadian court he might be sojourning at the Jail Farm.

Art and Life

So far as one can glean from an eager perusal of all references to the book, it concerns the career of a genius named Wikia, and his immoral relations with a number of people. They must have been considerable, for the book is one of 736 pages, a significant fact as to the quality of the stuff, for it is to be noted that most immoral books are unconscionably thick, and Mr. Dreiser particularly

prowl with leaden foot in his underworld. Whether the book ends happily is not indicated, but the law, which will ask for the condemnation of the story says that its immoral consequences are seen to fall upon those who offend against the moral law. One critic thinks the hero of the book is merely a common chump, and that one reading of his career would not be impelled to follow his example. The critics will say that art is neither moral nor immoral. The point is that life is so judged, and that a man's claim to be an artist does not relieve him from his responsibilities as a member of society.

CHARLOTTETOWN'S BEAUTY SPOTS

Sir:—Do we prize our public parks and pleasure grounds sufficiently? We have first in importance Victoria park, which for natural beauty can scarcely be surpassed in America. I am afraid we do not take sufficient advantage of the beautiful walks and roadways to be found here. The many squares and breathing spaces to be found in the city tell in no uncertain words that those who planned and laid out our city's streets, squares and parks had an eye not only to the beauty of the city but to the health and pleasure of its people. The old Jail square which has been converted into a park of late years should be highly appreciated by the people of western and southern part of the city. Rochford square, also in the western part is indeed a beauty spot appreciated fully by the people. Circus tents used to be pitched on the square at one time, but woe betide the person who would even suggest the putting up of any tent that would attract the hoodlum element to this part of the city or through the nice green sward of the square.

I need not say anything about Queen Square for its flower gardens are the pride and boast of all citizens, and though the cost of their upkeep is considerable, still it is met without a murmur.

For the eastern part of the city we have King's and Hillsborough squares much prized by the people who fully enjoy these beautiful and private spaces. The people of the eastern part have also Prince of Wales College grounds which aid largely to beautify this portion of the city.

The northern part of the city (which is the newest part) is not served so well in the matter of pleasure resorts and breathing spaces as the older parts. It is true that Spring park though outside the limits is owned by the city. It however is a rough-and-tumble piece of ground that has not yet recovered from the time when the city fathers in the goodness of their hearts permitted circus tents to be erected here. There is also in this northern and thickly populated part the Upper Prince Street (School) grounds, a delightful spot, indeed, as it stands at present; but it is practically private property and the public cannot obtain the same benefit from it as they could from a public park or square. It, like Rochford Square, some years ago was a place for tent pitching; a place where the rabble delight to resort. Loose cattle and horses also pastured on the grounds, though it was surrounded by high board fences which gave the place the appearance of a jail yard or ranch more than a children's playground.

How changed surely is all this, the unsightly fences have been removed. The grass is kept clipped and the spacious ground is as neatly kept as any gentleman's front lawn. This change has all taken place without any extra expense to the public for the janitor of the school keeps these grounds in this admirable condition as a labor love.

I am Sir etc. A TEACHER. Charlottetown, June 19th, 1918.

CANADIAN \$5.00 BILL BRINGS \$582.00

Down in New York the other day Mr. R. G. Long (Bob Long) of R. G. Long & Co., Limited, Toronto, was walking along Broadway and stopped to listen to a man on the corner who was auctioning off whatever passers-by gave him for the benefit of the Red Cross. Mr. Long handed up a \$5.00 Canadian note to the auctioneer and said: "See that you can get for this." A ring taken from a dead German's finger had previously brought \$200.00, and when the auctioneer had a bid of \$300.00 for Mr. Long's Canadian five dollar note, said: "You gave me \$200.00 for a dirty, lousy German ring, and you only offer \$300.00 for a piece of good real Canadian money. I'm ashamed of you!" The Canadian five dollar note finally brought \$582.00.

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