

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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QUESTION OF LEADERSHIP.

With the reassembling of parliament this week the question of leadership again looms up and speculation is already rife as to who shall succeed Sir Robert L. Borden if the latter should decide to leave the political arena.

The "Little Sister of Confederation" has reason to remember with gratitude the name of Sir Thomas White. After years in which the treaty of Confederation was observed in the breach, with our numerous impotent delegations and official representations practically useless, it remained for the brilliant ex-Finance Minister in his human way to designate our position in the Confederacy on the introduction at his hands of our \$100,000 yearly increased subsidy.

Thinking men and women who have our Country's interests at heart would welcome the ex-Finance Minister as a fitting successor to the line of distinguished men who have hitherto guided Canada's destiny. With the disappearance of Sir Robert Borden from political activities, the trying times of Reconstruction suggest only one pre-eminent figure—Sir Thomas White.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

The Bell government has evidently abandoned all responsibility in matters of administration. The telephone matter which came up the other day the Bell government has handed over to the Board of Trade.

When the teachers, some months ago, came before the Bell government on the invitation of the latter to devise ways and means by which to meet the teachers' demand for a higher salary, the government, instead of grappling with the situation, asked the teachers to take a plebiscite and ascertain what the people were willing to do for them.

Yesterday's Patriot announces that a commission was appointed to report, and has reported, upon the condition of the Falconwood Hospital buildings. There is in the employ of the Government a highly paid and efficient Public Works Department with a commissioner in charge, drawing a salary of \$1,500; an engineer, salary \$2,500; an assistant engineer, salary \$750; a secretary, salary \$1,500 and with travelling allowance of \$1,000, with stenographers etc making a total of some \$8,000. Yet this extravagant Bell government finds it necessary to go outside and appoint a special commission to report on what repairs are necessary for the maintenance of the fabric of Falconwood. Was extravagance ever so unwarranted, ever so unjustifiable?

Everyone who knows Mr. Shaw, Mr. L. B. McMillan, Mr. McKay, Mr. Bonnell and Dr. Goodwill would have confidence in any report they would make regarding necessary repairs and it is nothing but gross extravagance and disregard for their duty for the Bell aggregation to go outside and employ a commission to report on what is the every day work of the department, it is merely to label themselves as incompetents and unworthy of the confidence of the electorate.

As to the report of the commission itself, if it is anything it is a damning indictment of the incompetence of the Bell government. On June 24 last the Grand Jury of 24 responsible residents of the province presided over by Hon. James H. Cumiskey, ex-Commissioner of Public Works in the previous Liberal Government visited Falconwood officially and reported under oath to the Supreme Court that they "found everything in a very satisfactory condition"—not a word is uttered indicating that the building was not in a satisfactory state of repair and no doubt they were shown over the premises by officers who should have been in a position to know whether there was any cause for complaint or need of repair. They also visited the Infirmary and reported "everything clean and sanitary."

If there has been any departure from this satisfactory and sanitary state of affairs since June it has developed under the Bell regime and they and they alone are responsible and must bear any blame attachable.

In the past it has been the invariable custom to make any necessary repairs at Falconwood in the fall and neglect on the part of the Bell Government to do this rests on their own shoulders.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Those who, on account of the severity of the past winter, are apprehensive of a change of climate if not indeed another glacial period, may find some consolation in the fact, recorded by a recent London paper, that "the most terrible storm ever experienced in Great Britain was in the November of

1793. The loss of property in London alone exceeded two millions sterling; over 8,000 persons were drowned; twelve men-of-war were wrecked; 17,000 trees were uprooted in Kent; 15,000 sheep were blown into the sea; the Eddystone lighthouse was destroyed; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells was killed in his bed."

Ludendorff Proves Hindenburg Figurehead

Ludendorff's history of the war which has been running serially in the newspapers for the past few weeks, and now appears in book form is properly called an apology, or in modern argot an "alibi." It will interest military critics since it is by the pen of a great strategist and tactician, although he tells them nothing that they did not know before, and because of the great part played in the struggle by the author, it will remain a valuable historical document, even if somewhat biased though it is. It contributes little to the discussion who won the war? and is probably falsifies the record when it undertakes to show what or who lost it. Needless to say, the blame is not assumed by Ludendorff. It was not the bad generalship of the German leaders, nor the loss of fighting spirit of the German soldiers, nor even the "desertion" of the allies, serious though these defections were. The blame for losing the war Ludendorff puts upon the German people at home, and particularly on their politicians. He hardly goes the length of asserting that but for them Germany would have won the struggle, but he maintains that it could have been continued had the morale of the civilian population not been all shot to pieces.

The Great Figure Head

Probably many of us recall in the earlier stages of the struggle and at intervals thereafter looking at pictures of Hindenburg, and reluctantly admitting mentally that he looked more like a great general than any of our own. In fact the picture was almost too perfect, and at one time a rumor ran that Hindenburg was a legendary character, a myth summoned from Valhalla, something like the famous "angels at Mons." Ludendorff's book proves that the idea was not so far from the truth. Hindenburg was a figurehead; he was hailed out of his obscurity when the struggle began because he looked the part. His imposing appearance and his sounding name had a tremendous influence upon the German people. They looked at Hindenburg as a terrific figure of doom and destiny. They erected huge monuments in his honor and drove nails in them to signify their faith in him. His appearance was more strengthening to the German people than were the utterances of the Kaiser. Unfortunately he did not get near enough the firing line to daunt the allied troops by his ferocious mug. He was no demigod to them. Hindenburg or another, what did it matter?

Ludendorff, the Brains

Hindenburg was an officer on the retired list when the war broke out, and whoever exhumed him showed a perfect understanding of German psychology. He had the additional advantage of being an aristocrat. Ludendorff by all means the finest brain in the German high command, labored under the advantage of being a commoner, but his gifts as a highly trained general staff officer were known, and in the end Berlin admitted them, though always making him subordinate, in appearance, to Hindenburg. The latter, on the other hand, had enough intelligence to realize that his reputation depended upon Ludendorff, who testifies, perhaps iron-

Daily Selections Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson

INTO THE SUNSET

Someday, when Life's evening shades are falling, And the ebbing tide would lull me to my sleep I shall look seaward, eagerly expectant, To where the golden sunset glids the deep.

I shall look seaward, eagerly, for out the west Cometh the "Boat of Shadows" still and calm; Methinks I'll hear amid the chill wind sighing The music of the heavenly vesper psalm.

And when the tide is surely flowing outward, Slowly, so slowly, toward the glowing west, I shall slip oars and lightly follow after In the golden sunset of my rest.

Into the golden sunset, wave on wave, Softly and gently, drifting out to sea, No qualms, no fears, for through the misty brightness, Dear angel forms I love will beckon me.

—Annie M. March.

Others View Point

KING'S COLLEGE

(Toronto Globe) Historic King's College, in Windsor, Nova Scotia, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$200,000 with insurance of \$45,000. That is a heavy loss materially in these days when rebuilding would mean almost double if not more than double the larger amount mentioned. Heavier than the financial loss is that sustained in the burning of old paintings, books and documents that were stored in a building whose history dates back more than a century, and which was the home of the first university to be set up in the British colonies as they were then, To Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces the destruction of this link with the past and training place of the youth of today is a sore blow. It may be relieved somewhat by prompt aid from the other universities and Provinces of the Dominion. Toronto has not forgotten how institutions of learning everywhere came to the assistance of its own university with volumes and documents after the famous fire that destroyed the main building in which the library was then situated, and the financial aid that was professed from other sources. The loss of King's College is Canada's loss.

MRS. ASQUITH'S BOOK

(Westminster Gazette) It is satisfactory that steps have been taken to silence, at least for decent people, rumors which have been put about very industriously

locally, that he never made a suggestion that Hindenburg did not approve. It is not on record that Hindenburg ever made any suggestions on his own account. Ludendorff appears to have been disliked by the Kaiser. He himself explains this on the ground that the Kaiser would not have given Ludendorff command in the East when the war broke out. He knew, or his experts knew, that Hindenburg was not capable of carrying on the campaign against Russia. So Ludendorff was sent as his chief of staff.

No Use For Chancellors

There was an understanding between the two, or it may have been an instruction from Berlin, that every order presented for Hindenburg's signature should first of all be signed by Ludendorff. On one occasion, through an error, Hindenburg signed an order first, and a few copies got out, which should now be worth a considerable sum because of that rarity. It is plain enough that Ludendorff was hampered by the jealousy of the General Staff on more than one occasion and that it refused to swiftly reward him for his brilliant exploit at Tannenberg. The war might have been even more costly to the Allies if from the first he had had the supreme command. Falkenhayn disliked him, and it was not until Verdun had destroyed Falkenhayn's reputation as a soldier that Ludendorff, in spite of jealousies was given authority commensurate with his abilities. He speaks well of Mackensen and with contempt of Moltke, whom he accuses of being a pacifist. He had no use for Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he eventually overthrew, but he had no greater luck with the Chancellor's successors.

No Praise For Americans

Speaking of the U-boat campaign, which Bethmann resisted for a long time, though strongly urged by that bearded pirate, von Tirpitz, the soldier says that at first he opposed it. The records show that in the end he advised in its favor and coerced the Chancellor into accepting it. The possibility that it might bring the United States into the war was discussed, but it was calculated, that before the United States could get any great force overseas the war would be won. American readers of the book will be enraged to find the German general speaking so slightly about the American influence upon the war. It figured in Ludendorff's mind about as prominently and decisively as Paraguay. He says that the only help the American army gave was to take over quiet sections of the British and French lines and thus release these troops for the real work. Foch's offensive of July 18, 1918, evidently took the Germans by surprise, throwing them back permanently on the defensive, and in the end it was Ludendorff who insisted that an armistice should be asked for. When the Allied terms were announced he says that he wanted to resume the war, but that the German civilian population and the Berlin politicians had no heart left for the enterprise.

concerning Mrs. Asquith's autobiography. There has been much whispering and nudging of elbows, much hinting at inconvenience or scandalous revelations, some talk of glaring indiscretions. No time has been lost in denying such stories as took a form which made denial possible. As a matter of fact, there is no woman of our time who has better warrant for a book of "My Life." Her whole life has been spent with interesting people since the days of her girlhood, when "The Glen" was a rallying place for wit and brains. She has lived for a full generation at the very heart of political life. She has known everyone and she has brought to the knowledge the keenest and most polished of understandings. To suppose that such a woman should sit down deliberately to provide material for the scandal-mongers is merely stupid.

THE TREES IN WINTER

(London Advertiser)

"When I'm a-weary of the babbling world, Its books and all save silent woodland things, I clamber where the pine its shadow flings Over the path that's 'round the boulders curled, And watch the great white clouds slowly by, Dipping their points and spires innumerable Into the wilderness of thin blue sky—"

"Trees are the most civil society," said Robert Louis Stevenson—"An old oak that has been growing where he stands since before the Reformation, taller than many spires, more stately than the greater part of mountains, and yet a living thing, liable to sicknesses and death, like you and me; is not that in itself a speaking lesson in history?" And perhaps at no time of the year do the trees make deeper appeal to our sympathies and understanding than during the winter months when in each year, frail twig there are the marvels of little resting buds wrapped in the mystery of sleep beside the leaf scars of the season past and keeping leaf promises of the awakening time to come. Quite secure from the ravages of frost and wind and storm, from the mighty tree trunks and branches, on out and up to the sky the ambitious little twigs swing in wind, heedless of the drifting flakes of snow, or stiff little icicles that perch among them, dreaming of dainty oricle nests, that will be woven anew near the old ones that still cling to their fingers and of leaf whispers in the days of tingling life of the springtime.

"Each softly curled leaf is a dream laid at rest, That was born in the magic of Spring, The tenderest dream of a frail little twig That wanted to let its heart sing—"

Intricate and lovely the interwoven designs of the leafless trees stand out against the winter sky with a beauty that is hidden in the days of spring and summer. Then do the silvery-coated tree trunks proclaim their strength and character in their typical branching and growth. Sturdiness of oak, frailty of drooping poplar, delicate, towering droop of elm, rounded symmetry of maple shelter-seeking dependence of birch are all interestingly displayed like many personalities against the year round beauty and sombre green of pine, tamarack, hemlock, balsam spruce and cedar, as they stand silently in the white snow in quiet unpretentious winter loveliness.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COLDS

(New York Tribune)

The logic of colds is simple enough. Treat a cold respectfully, says an exchange, put it to bed for the first twenty-four hours, and it will retire from the scene with grace and speed. On the other hand, ignore its existence for a couple of days, and it will gather such strength that soon you won't be able to think of anything else. Keep up the fight a week or so longer, going about your business as usual, and there's an even chance, in the present state of health statistics, that the cold won't be a cold any more, but will have put on the dignity of influenza. And influenza treated with contempt can show its mettle by turning into any one of a number of things that are worse.

So much for the logic. If there were nothing involved but a common sense calculation of probabilities, we'd play safe, obey the Health Department, and take the stitch in time that saves nine. But psychology interferes. We can't get rid of the notion that there is something of the mollicodde about a person who gives in to a cold or even to a bit of temperature. It doesn't seem dignified to go to bed

without a doctor's orders, and it doesn't seem dignified to call a doctor without having a bona fide, full-fledged illness to show him. Better a big risk of a real malady than a small risk of being dubbed a malade imaginaire. If you do get sick you may blame yourself for foolhardy obstinacy, but nobody else will blame you; on the contrary, you will be spoken of as a martyr to duty and you job. So you determine to stick it out, logic or no logic.

NO ENTANGLING PLANETARY ALLIANCES

(The Review)

It is not entirely clear whether the prize of 100,000 francs is offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the best plan of communicating with another planet or for the actual achievement of inter-planetary conservation. On the latter supposition it is probable that the prize money, if put out at interest, will amount to a goodly sum before it can be awarded. Most of what we hear concerning the planet which we happen to inhabit tends to confirm a belief that for other planet that values its self-respect and peace of mind will refuse either to initiate or to respond to any efforts to establish a more intimate acquaintance with us. As a rather bright little planet with a faithful moon at heel, we dare say this world holds a respectable position among its fellows in the firmament, but for our part we love the rest of the universal too much to subject it to the disenchantment which a diminution of distance would inevitably produce.

THE REASON WHY

WHERE DOES THE WATER IN THE OCEAN GO AT LOW TIDE?

To get to the answer of this you must know something about the tides. The tide is caused by the pull of the moon on the waters in the ocean. The moon revolves about the earth once each day and has the ability to draw up the waters in the ocean toward it, as we have seen in our study of the tides.

Now, when it is high tide in one place it is low tide in another. The moon does not make more water, but only pulls it toward it from side to side. When it is low tide where we are the water has simply moved as a body toward the place where it is high tide. The tides act a good deal like a seesaw, except that they move from side to side instead of up and down. When one end of the seesaw goes down the other end goes down, and when the "down" comes up the other end goes down. So the answer to your question really is that at low tide the water which made it high a few hours before has gone to some place where it is at that moment high tide.

—From the Book of Wonders. Published and Copyrighted by the Bureau of Industrial Education, Inc., Washington, D. C.

WHERE ARE THE ROADMASTERS

Sir,—Seeing so many letters in the press concerning Road Masters and the roads in different parts of the Island I thought I would contribute a little of my own experience concerning a piece of road in the North Cardigan district. No. 64, I had occasion to go through said district lately and found the road almost impassible. I struck on a trail, followed it but like the proverbial squirrel track it ended up a tree. I made enquiries about the road master and was told there were two road masters appointed in the district but they did not agree on the lines to break the road. The twenty or thirty chains of road in said district through wood land, called "The Dardaniels" is in scandalous shape. If there was a bell hung up at each end to warn travellers on approaching each other it would help out some.

I am Sir, etc. SNOWSHOES Newpor, P. E. I. Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

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