

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Maxm

Playing with loaded dice is shaky business.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1933.

STRIKING TRIBUTE

When a speaker of the standing and reputation of Mr. Norman Summerville, K. C., of Toronto, chairman of the Executive Board of the Canadian Council, Red Cross Society, commends this Province upon having set the lead in Junior Red Cross work throughout the Dominion, and states that Prince Edward Island received special mention in this connection at a meeting of Red Cross societies from all parts of the Empire, we may well accept the compliment with a glow of pride and satisfaction. Work of this kind has been going steadily forward without the publicity attending upon other and much less important activities. We are too often inclined to take for granted the success which has been achieved by our Junior Red Cross workers, and it comes as a pleasant surprise to us to be told that the measure of this success has become a standard for communities even beyond the bounds of this Dominion.

If there is one individual to whom special credit is due for the work thus accomplished, it is the Hon. Dr. MacMillan. Long associated with educational and health activities in the Province, Dr. MacMillan's every speech since entering the Legislature has stressed the prime necessity and importance of these subjects. Particularly has he waged an unflinching campaign in support of the work of the Red Cross Society. It was fitting, therefore, that following the election of the present Stewart Government to power Dr. MacMillan should be appointed Minister of the newly formed department of Health and Education. Under his administration of this department, and with the co-operation of other members of the Government and the invaluable assistance of Miss Wilson, chief public health nurse, and the Junior Red Cross staff, a further impetus was given to child welfare work. The Charlottetown Rotary and Gyro Clubs joined in giving financial support to the crippled children's clinics conducted by Dr. Acker, whose work was also made easier by the sympathetic attitude of every member of the medical profession. Today we have the result of the efforts thus put forth. But let us remember that there is still work to be done; that we must not rest upon our oars, or imagine that we have reached the goal and can afford to mark time. Indeed, it would be better to say that we are only at the beginning of an undertaking which will continue to demand the very best efforts of our public men and citizens generally.

GORDON CENTENARY

January 28 of this year was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of General "Chinese" Gordon, of Khartoum fame. The story of his career and death at Khartoum is one of the most thrilling chapters of English history. It was in 1860 that Gordon took the step which begot him the new name "Chinese" Gordon, a tribute to his having, within the space of fourteen months, completely suppressed the Taiping rebellion and saved China from anarchy. The campaign, waged against odds never equalled since the days of Tamerlane, was brought to a successful conclusion. Amid the hottest fire of the battle, Gordon led his "ever-victorious army, came in hand." He refused to profit in any worldly sense by his remarkable achievement, and went back to his ordinary work in England as a simple officer of the British Army. It was in 1873 that, as successor to Sir Samuel Baker, Gordon became the governor of the Egyptian Sudan. He surveyed the White Nile, set about to put down

the slave trade, disbanded the Bashl-Bazouks who encouraged it, pacified the people, and upon the accession at Twefik, resigned his commission on the score that his mission was fulfilled and that he had done as much as any man could do.

For a time, in 1880, he accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, Viceroy, in India, but resigned the office after a short period because he believed that the Ameer Yakoub Kahn had not received a square deal. His judgment proved correct. The incriminating documents put in evidence were at the Foreign Office dubbed "worthless trash." Gordon's efforts in behalf of the man accused were successful. This was typical of the behaviour of a warrior who in England could spend his time hunting up underprivileged youngsters in the streets of London, teaching them himself, helping them to become good citizens and assisting them to secure positions worthy of their energies and talents.

Everybody knows the story of how "Chinese" Gordon melted down his gold medals to assist the unemployed. His last campaign at Khartoum was undertaken solely from a personal sense of duty, and the many months during which he stood out against the besieging forces of the Mad Mullah have become a story almost without parallel in military annals.

NEW ASTRONOMER

Dr. Harold Spencer Jones, for the past ten years in charge of the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, who has been appointed Astronomer Royal, will head the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, from which longitudes are measured throughout the world. He succeeds Sir Frank Dyson, who has held the post since 1910. Dr. Jones is particularly known for his studies of the motions of the sun, moon, and planets, and for his studies of Nova Pictori, a "new star" which flashed out in the constellation of Pictor, the painter, several years ago, but which could not be seen from northern observatories.

The Royal Observatory was founded in 1675, in order to aid British navigation, by Charles II, who was then on the throne. The Rev. John Flamsteed, author of a famous set of star maps was the first Astronomer Royal. He was succeeded by Edmund Halley, of comet fame.

M. P. AND SENATORS

The Parliamentary Companion, which contains among other matters biographical sketches of each member of the Canadian Commons and Senate, shows that two hundred and sixteen members of the House of Commons out of 243—there are two vacancies—first saw the light of day in the Dominion. Eight M. P.'s hail from Scotland, seven from England, five from the United States, and four from the Emerald Isle. Russia, Sweden and Newfoundland, respectively contributed each a son to Canada's public life. The Upper House, too, is pretty much made-in-Canada. There are 89 Senators now with seven vacancies. Of this 89, no fewer than 86 were born in the Dominion. The three born outside are Hon. Robert Forke, from Scotland; Hon. James Murdock, from England, and Hon. A. E. Planta, from Australia.

There are six members of the Government who belong to the United Church in the Prime Minister. Hon. E. B. Ryckman, Rt. Hon. Arthur Melghen, Hon. H. A. Stewart, Hon. Donald Sutherland, and Hon. T. G. Murphy. The Roman Catholic Ministers are: Hon. R. J.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Canada, says an exchange, this year had a 500,000,000 bushel wheat crop, and the United States required it or a great part of it at \$1.00 a bushel, there wouldn't be the slightest discount in our dollar. The United States in that case would be buying more from Canada than Canada would be buying from the United States; there would be a big demand for Canadian dollars with which to pay for our wheat, and our dollar quite conceivably would be at a premium. Actually, it all gets back to demand. Canada has to settle huge balances in New York, needs United States dollars to settle them. The United States has no huge balances to settle in Canada, doesn't require Canadian dollars. The result, a perfectly logical one, is that with American dollars more in demand than Canadian dollars, they are worth more.

It is acknowledged that the forthcoming World Economic Conference is an event of crucial importance. Amongst the subjects that loom large upon the agenda, the gold standard problem holds a foremost position. During the conversations of the experts held at Geneva last November it was noted that there was a hitch in that the representatives of countries on the gold standard inclined to postulate, as a condition of their support of better trade exchanges, the return of Great Britain to a gold basis. This proposal has found expression in the United States.

Perhaps you remember that when the Prince of Wales went through Canada once he shook hands with so many people that his right hand gave out and he had to use his left. Then you may recall, too, that during a reception at the White House last year, President Hoover's hand began to bleed after he had welcomed about three thousand guests. The chances are the Prince and President Hoover and many other officials of state become pretty well "fed up" with this continual business of hand-shaking, but one man who is very much in favor of it is Kaisuji Debuchi, recently appointed Japanese ambassador to Washington. It beats by far, he says, the custom they have in the Orient. Over there, instead of shaking hands they just bow, and the official receiving the greetings has to bow to each person. You may not get a headache from bowing, he says, but you can be downright sure of having a headache and a backache for two days at least. He thinks, if it's going to be one or the other, that he will prefer the handshake.—Stratford Beacon Herald

Meteorologists have reached the conclusion that a century, like a year, has seasons, a winter and a summer, and that North America is now passing through a "summer" within a winter. This will serve for lack of a better explanation for these mild winters. Weather charts covering a period of 113 years indicate that the last century reached the peak of its frigidly during the "Sixties" of the last century, and that the trend has since been toward shorter and milder winters. That being so, this continent should soon be in for another "century winter."

Commenting on remarks about Government bonds by Mr. James Shaver Woodsworth, M. P., and leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, a Western newspaper sizes up the problem this way: "Mr. Woodsworth says that if Governments cannot pay interest on bonded indebtedness and give service to the people, he is in favor of the latter. In view of the fact that the interest on the bonds is paid largely not to corporations already rich, but to 'the people'—the neighbours on the next street, the teacher around the corner, and the grocery clerk who has saved up to buy a bond, there is room for 'service to the people in payment of this interest which Mr. Woodsworth finds so wicked." It is so often forgotten that it is the ordinary, every-day citizens who hold the Government bonds and depend on the income they receive from them.

While bread will be forbidden until next harvest, to soldiers, policemen and boarders in schools and colleges in Rumania. Instead, they will receive rye bread and a kind of stiff porridge made of maize.

Manion, Hon. J. A. Macdonald, Hon. Maurice Dupre, Hon. Arthur Sauve, and Hon. Alfred Durand. The Presbyterians on the Treasury benches are: Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Hon. W. A. Gordon, Hon. C. H. Cahan and Hon. Murray MacLaren. Sir George Perley and Hon. Robert Weir are Anglicans. Finance Minister Rhodes is a Baptist, and Mr. Stevens a Methodist.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

THE SLOW CHILD AND THE CHILD THAT MISBEHAVES

It would be very interesting and gratifying to us who vividly remember our school days if we were to visit the schools of to-day.

You may remember in the old days that there were two or three bright boys and girls in the class, a large number who were of average ability, and two or three who were called dunces because they were always at the foot of the class.

What do we find now? There are still the bright few, and also the large number of average ability, but very few if any "dunces" in the room.

The authorities now sit out all these "slow" ones, and find that some of them are slow because of poor eyesight, poor hearing, lack of sleep, or other causes, and measures are taken to correct these defects or bad habits.

With those who are slow naturally special classes are now arranged, and these pupils find themselves in a class, or getting individual instruction, where they are not made to feel ashamed, but are encouraged to do their very best.

Many of these slow students, by these methods, become very useful members of the community, making their own way, and never become a public charge.

However, another very interesting thing has occurred. Just as there were slow boys and girls in the class, so also were there "bad" boys and girls, who continually got into trouble, were made to stand in the corner, were strapped, were suspended from school, or sent home with notes telling the parents of their misconduct.

Educators are finding that these youngsters who misbehave have to be separated from the class temporarily and an endeavour made to learn just why they misbehave, why they can't get along with the other youngsters, or with the teacher.

"This youngster comes to school with the results of his home training—fears, dislikes, temper tantrums and self pity. He comes into contact with new authority and a new set of companions. If he doesn't fit into the school life he becomes a disturbing factor in the classroom and playground."

Therefore the home life of the child is now investigated, the parents kindly but firmly made to understand why the boy and girl is having trouble at school and the possibility of their youngster later becoming a problem for the community to deal with.

Voices Of The Fog

(New York Herald Tribune)

An inventive Canadian official, applying the recent development in sound recording and amplification to the uses of navigation, has produced a new fog signal which is to be installed experimentally in the Partridge Island Light, at the entrance to St. John's Harbor, in the Bay of Fundy, where it will replace an existing fog diaphone, or siren. With the new installation, instead of the fog siren's familiar whoop and bellow, the mariner feeling for the entrance in thick weather will hear a giant voice intoning "Partridge Island! Partridge Island!" at whatever interval the Dominion commissioners may appoint. It is hoped that he will hear it, at any rate; for the acoustics of the fog are tricky things, about which one can never be sure until one tries, and not always then. If the experiment succeeds, however, one may expect to see it imitated. The principal method now by which one fog signal is differentiated from another is by the timing of the blasts; it is easy to make mistakes under this system, and mistakes of that kind are likely to be first announced by the grinding of one's keel upon the rocks.

So it will no doubt be helpful to the coasting skipper when the light-houses, as the sea fog drifts in begin to cry their own names in enormous mechanical voices instead of simply announcing their presence in the mournful roars they use today. It will be just another step in the modernization of the sea, a new advance in the progress that began with conch shells and bell buoys, and has already produced the submarine bell signal, the fathomster and the radio beacon. The present fog sirens, indeed, are quite recent inventions, and perhaps one should not be sentimental about them. Still, they seem to have the salt rime of the sea in their brazen throats, and the mere recollection of their long-drawn-out bellow is enough to conjure up a whole vision of a damp foreshore, the dull heave of the groundswell upon the outlying

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

SPRING SHOOTING

Sir—Now that our federal members are on the job at Ottawa, the time is opportune for the cancellation of the migratory birds treaty.

As the spring is approaching all sportsmen who are interested in spring shooting of geese should at once get busy—and have largely signed petitions from their respective districts—prepared and forward them to their representatives at Ottawa requesting them to take up with the proper department and have this unfair treaty cancelled—especially as far as Prince Edward Island is concerned.

From my own observation and check of the geese passing in the spring months, I cannot see any increase in numbers compared with similar times previous to signing of this treaty, and I feel that nothing is being gained by this prohibiting of spring shooting.

Thanking you for your space to bring this important matter to the attention of the sporting public.

I am Sir, etc. JAMES J. CAMPBELL, Grand Tracade

Robots Or Russians?

(Christian Science Monitor)

Joseph Stalin, in his long anticipated speech before the leaders of the Communist Party, his first public utterance in eighteen months, has informed the world of the purpose of the Five Year Plan, which disappeared into history at the end of 1932. It is now explained that this purpose was to iron out the so called contradiction between socialized industry and small peasant individualism.

Russia is still 80 per cent agrarian. The peasants are profoundly individualistic, yet, fortunately for the Kremlin, relatively docile and totally lacking in organization. Collectivization of their great and scattered holdings has been pushed assiduously since the Five Year Plan came into effect. Now there are more than 200,000 collectives and 5000 state farms, including 60 per cent of the peasants and 70 per cent of the cultivated land, on paper, a great record! But is it, as Mr. Stalin implies, the solution of the problem set by the Five Year Plan?

Of course not. One feels, in fact, that the real problem has not even been touched. You can take a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. Similarly with the Russian peasant. You can collectivize the farms 100 per cent, but if you do not at the same time win the confidence of the farmers, the farms will be about as useful to the country as a whole as a tractor plant operated by Uzbeks and Kirghizes.

Has this confidence been achieved? Let Mr. Louis Fisher, writing in the current issue of the New York Times, testify.

The Soviet press makes no secret about the peasants' attitude. "Bread procurements." Comrade Shubrikov reads a Pravda news item, "are proceeding in an atmosphere of bitter class war." "There is grain in the northern Caucasus," says another dispatch. "But that grain is hidden from the Government in pits." It then speaks about "the sabotage of procurements." Comrade Shubrikov, the party chief for the entire central Volga region, reports that "we have collective peasants and private peasants who fail to carry out the collections plan in the hope of speculating with grain later." They sit and wait for the free sale of grain—which will be permitted presumably, after the national procurements program is fulfilled on January 15. The Bolsheviks attribute this sabotage to "kulak psychology." But it is really good business sense. Not only so-called kulaks but middle and poor peasants and, significantly, even party members have obstructed grain

rocks and the dripping fog rolling in to wrap the world in a mystery out of which the distant voices of other lights monotonously reply to the ear-splitting howl of the signal near by.

There is a fascination in the voices of the fog, from the solemn if friendly bell buoy to the whistle, forever wailing out its unfathomable melancholy upon outer shoal. When the lighthouses begin to speak their names, will they be as impressive? Perhaps so. At any rate, it should make an eerie chorus along a well lighted coast until the day when all that is done away with and navigation is reduced completely to a matter of radio waves, remote control and photo-electric "eyes."



THE VEIL

I think and think: yet still I fall— Why does this lady wear a veil? Why thus elect to mask her face Beneath that dainty web of lace? The tip of a small nose I see, And two red lips, set curiously Like twin-born cherries on one stem,

And yet she has netted even them. Her eyes, it's plain, survey with ease Whatever to glance upon they please.

Yet, whether hazel, grey, or blue, Or that even lovelier lilac hue, I cannot guess; why—why deny Such beauty to the passer-by? Out of a bush a nightingale May expound his song; beneath That veil

A happy mouth no doubt can make English sound sweeter for its sake, But then, why muffle in, like this, What every blossomy wind would kiss?

Why in that little night disguise A daybreak face, those starry eyes?

—Walter De La Mare.

Working Them Off

(Saturday Review)

One wonders sometimes what is or was the best story of public school life. Probably a story of Dr. Keats, one of Eton's most famous or notorious headmasters, and the announcement (of what possible interest to the outside world?) that 185 boys have been confirmed in Eton Chapel is an obvious reminder of it. To Keats one day was handed by the praeposter (if there were praeposters in his day) a long list of names. He glanced at it—and announced his intention of flogging them one by one, beginning in chambers next morning. Protests and explanations were waved away and a ceremony very customary with Keats was duly begun. It was only when a tired arm made a rest pause necessary that he was compelled to understand that he was working his way through all the candidates for confirmation. And, after all, there have doubtless been worse preparations for this solemn moment. Perhaps those who were swished lived to possess spiritual graces more potent than the airs of those who were relieved.

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