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Morning Maxims

Playing with loaded dice is shaky business.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1933.

FOR EDUCATION

The people of this province will share in the satisfaction of Hon. Dr. MacMillan, Minister of Education, and his colleagues in the Stewart Government over the reception yesterday of a cheque from the Carnegie Foundation representing, in Canadian funds, nearly \$38,000. Had not the claims of the Province been so convincingly presented the Carnegie officials might well have considered the unusual exchange situation, and deducted the difference between American and Canadian funds when forwarding their cheque for the \$75,000 voted as an endowment fund for a chair of Economics and Sociology. But they generously made the full amount payable in American funds, thus providing a surplus in Canadian money of over \$12,000.

The fact that the grant will be available for instruction both in Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University enhances its value educationally, and should afford satisfaction to all concerned. Heartiest congratulations are due Hon. Dr. MacMillan, his governmental colleagues and education officials on their efforts in obtaining this magnificent sum, which will mean so much to the youth of this Province for all time to come.

A BUBBLE BURSTS

News from New York that Columbia University has broken with Howard Scott, Prophet of Technocracy, and that Scott's chief disciples have deserted him, marks the first crash of a movement which seemed for a time to be leading to a new economic cult or religion. Bursting upon this continent last August as a research movement which had revealed a complete breakdown of modern industrialism, with no hope for recovery without a revolution in methods, Technocracy ran a bewildering course of extraordinary acceptance. Bankers, economists, publicists, editors, all began talking or studying the creed, which, according to its sponsors, would completely illuminate and solve all the problems of a sorely stricken world. Fantastic as was this proposition, says the Ottawa Journal, it all but swept the United States. "Technocracy" fairly leaped to the lips of everybody. Bankers like New York's Vanderbilt, magazines like Alfred E. Smith's New Outlook, comedians like Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor, either preached or talked about it; there was even a Technocracy two-step, and, in the words of one commentator, the United States went "technocracy."

Then something happened. John H. Van Deventer, editor of The Iron Age, challenged the Technocrats "to submit to a recognized statistical and fact-finding body their supporting data for predictions of social collapse unless certain changes are made." The challenge was declined. Then, in the New York Times Simeon Strunsky, well known economist and writer, made an exhaustive analysis of Technocracy's claims, came to the conclusion that its statistics were highly inflated. Virgil Jordan, of the United States National Industrial Board, assailed the doctrine as a "pompous supposition," and appealed to engineers to protect the good name of their profession from the "visions of economic oracles who offer us 'electric dollars,' and the intellectual terrorists who proclaim the Technocrack of doom." Others joined in the attack. John MacRae, president of E. P. Dutton & Co., accused Howard Scott of stealing his facts from Professor Frederick Soddy's "Wealth, Wealth and Debt," Allen

Raymond, writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, showed that Scott, instead of being one of the "chief technicians" of Muscle Shoals, was really a cement-mixer there, and that he was not an engineer; and Will Rogers rose to remark that Technocracy would "go out as fast as Eskimo pies or miniature golf."

But the real collapse of Technocracy came when Scott emerged one night to explain it over a national radio hookup. More than 400 of New York's capitalists, bankers, industrialists and economists crowded the fashionable Hotel Pierre to hear him expound his doctrines. The speech failed dismally. Those who heard it must have been amazed at the jerky, rambling, confused manner in which Scott, with uncultured voice and desperate grammar, sought to tell what he was driving at. At times almost incoherent, he never got beyond generalities, and in the end, as if conscious of his own failure, he took refuge in the statement: "We don't have to answer our critics; time will tell."

It was the doom of Technocracy. A few days later Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, disavowed any connection between the movement and his university, said that it had only housed the group as part of its unemployment relief program. Finally, on Saturday last, an official statement announced that Columbia would in future carry on its own engineering research work, and that four of the eight members of the committee on Technocracy had broken with Howard Scott.

Thus ends a movement which, in many ways, illustrated in an extraordinary manner the extent to which peoples may be imposed upon by cults offering economic salvation. Howard Scott, it is now fairly clear, is an uneducated, unscientific, almost ridiculous adventurer. Yet because he had mastered a sort of scientific gibberish, and could mumble phrases about "energy determinants" and the "units of force," and so on and so forth, he could become within a few months a world figure, lionized by bankers and economists. Not often, concludes the Ottawa Journal, has there been a more remarkable vindication of Barnum's immortal dictum.

TIMELY SUGGESTION

A New Brunswick exchange sounds a timely warning when it says that every day Parliament is in session increases the cost of government. Opposition members, particularly those who are inclined to be voluble, should paste this warning where they can read it every day before taking their seats. There is no reason why the taxpayers' money should be wasted at the present critical juncture by lengthy partisan speech-making. The Opposition has an important function to discharge, and the responsibility of keeping Hansard within readable limits devolves mainly upon them. One need only go through the pages of Hansard covering the endless reiteration and carping criticism of Opposition speakers on the Imperial Conference agreements to realize the saving that could be effected if those speakers had simply confined themselves to the issues.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"There is a general impression throughout the rest of Canada," says the Montreal Star, "that the Maritime Provinces are standing up to the depression as well as any part of the continent. Nova Scotia's latest showing will fortify this impression. And it shows the rest of Canada that government costs can be cut, even when social services are maintained at a high level."

NOTES BY THE WAY

There is no nation on earth, says the St. Thomas Times Journal, which could stand a long war today. They simply haven't got the money. And they couldn't borrow any. Just try to get the United States to lend a nickel for another war. The best guarantee against the future war is lack of money. Nations may spend hundreds of millions on preparations, but when a big war comes the coos mount up so rapidly that the military machine soon becomes like an automobile without fuel. There is no money anywhere nowadays for a real war.

According to a report by the provincial minister of health in Ontario there were 3,800 deaths from cancer in that province last year. The most terrible and most mysterious of the common diseases has now moved up to second place in the list of killers in Ontario—second only to the widely inclusive series of the commoner diseases has now them all says the report. As to prevention the report suggests periodic medical examination as the only hope for its cure in treatment during its incipient stages. The report shows the beneficial effects of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria. There were only 100 deaths altogether from this disease in Ontario last year, a proud record. "But," says the report, "the universal use of diphtheria toxoid would soon have the effect of wiping out diphtheria altogether." It will be remembered that a short time ago this progressive public servant made the striking statement that wherever a death from diphtheria occurred somebody should be indicted for manslaughter, an arresting way of pointing out that diphtheria is a wholly controllable disease. Other provinces would do well to make a note of these findings.

The American Library Association Convention reports that stenographers, waiters, clerks and factory workers are reading more "deep" books than their employers. Whereas the latter, if they read at all, get detective or adventure stories, the former borrow the better class of book. Waitresses, hosiery clerks, and beauty parlour operators read more classics than women business executives or the wives of professional men. College-trained people are not holding up their borrowing average. The day labourer, the bus boy, the soda clerk, the street car conductor, the clerical workers—all these read more and better books than the lawyers, doctors, ministers and other college-trained and professional people.

Are the Japanese, asks Economist, intending to occupy not only Jehol but Peking? Their intention may be to cap their erection of the puppet Government of Manchukuo by setting up a puppet Government of China in the former Imperial capital in order that the one puppet may receive recognition from the other. This monstrous farce has surely now been played beyond the limits even of League tolerance.

Whether the Conference meets or not, says the Contemporary Review, this monstrosity of the Great War is now clearly at an end. No political force can longer keep it going. No more political debt payments will be made. If the politicians of the world cannot agree to lower tariffs and thus to remove a gigantic barrier to trade; if the United States and France cannot agree to loosen their hoards of gold which make the working of the gold standard impossible; then the wit of man and his innate resource for acclimatizing himself to any conditions will force him to resume his normal work in spite of the politicians and their tariffs and without the help of the gold standard; and experience suggests that he will succeed in doing so.

The doctrinaire, says Truth, London, has been the blight upon the Liberal Party from the day of those ice-bound intellectuals, Bentham and the Mills. It is for this reason chiefly that Liberalism, insufficiently rooted in the common earth, is withering away. The typical Liberal understands mankind, but not the individual man, as Gladstone confessed concerning himself. The Liberal doctrinaires have mostly taken refuge in the Labour Party, which they are doing their best to bamboozle, with abstractions. Fortunately for themselves, the workers distrust the doctrinaires who are trying to make a political living out of their simplicity.

A bill in the Quebec Legislature has been introduced requiring a cash payment of 50 per cent on luxuries bought under the installment plan, and providing that after an article has been acquired and half paid for, the vendor shall forfeit his lien upon it. The installment plan of paying for goods has been

The Russian Gold Brick

(The Montreal Star)

Mr. Bennett's opponents who imagined that they had him upon the horns of a Russian dilemma received a rude shock in Parliament when the Prime Minister offered a complete and thoroughly satisfactory explanation of his Government's attitude towards the much-touted cattle-for-oil deal.

In the first place, the Bennett Government did not scuttle any proposal which might bring advantage to the Canadian farmer. It merely asked Mr. G. G. Serkau, of Winnipeg, head of the self-appointed Canadian syndicate which has taken it upon itself to negotiate a deal with the Soviet, for some definite statement that the Soviet Government was desirous of entering into trade on the basis outlined. This question was put on December 23. No answer has been received yet. So far, all the Government has been offered are certain notes embodying Mr. Serkau's ideas of what the terms should be, without one jot or tittle of evidence to show that the Russian Government takes Mr. Serkau seriously.

Nor are Mr. Serkau's terms likely to attract any Canadian Government. There is a question of importing Russian anthracite. That would require removing the embargo upon Russian coal and admitting it to competition with British coal entering this market—an obvious impossibility. Then there are difficulties in financing. The Canadian Government is invited to guarantee Russian bonds payable in 1935 to the tune of \$4,000,000 maximum. At the same time the Dominion is invited to protect the Canadian sellers of cattle or their banks, against breach of contract by the Russian Government,—an amazing proposal.

Careful bankers, as Mr. Serkau admits, would require some assurance that the Soviet would accept the cargoes of cattle sent and deliver the exchange cargoes of oil and coal. Mr. Bennett, it seems, is to play Fairy Godmother at both ends. His reply is succinct: "I think this House will agree that no Canadian Government would seriously consider a proposal to provide credit facilities for a syndicate of vendors and at the same time guarantee that the alleged purchasers, the Soviet Government, would discharge its obligation to the vendors."

It will be noticed that Mr. Bennett has not put his foot down on all barter with Russia. The embargo on those Russian products which might depress Canadian standards remains. But, as in the case of the oil-for-aluminum deal, the Government has kept "hands off," so long as the national interest is not impaired.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

WHY THERE ARE STILL SO MANY UNNECESSARY DEATHS FROM APPENDICITIS

I am just wondering what our druggists would have to say if every time they sold a bottle of castor oil, a package of Epsom Salts, or other purgative medicines, the health authorities required that they ask the buyer if the person for whom the medicine was purchased had any abdominal pain.

Yet in some places the pharmacists have been warned not to sell any purgative medicine to patients without asking if "abdominal pain" is present.

Naturally when a pain in the stomach or abdomen occurs, the first thought is to use some medicine to clear out whatever is causing the pain.

While this looks like good sense, nearly everybody should know by this time that a pain in the stomach which "shifts down toward the right side of the abdomen and stays there" is usually appendicitis. And everybody should also know by this time that this purgative given when the pain is due to appendicitis causes death in the majority of cases. Dr. J. O. Bower tells us "the two great causes of death in appendicitis are delay and purgatives; out of 131 cases of peritonitis, all but 7 had been given a purgative."

Therefore we see in Philadelphia in addition to the usual "Safety First," "Stop, Look and Listen," "Never give a laxative," "Apply an ice bag to the abdomen," "Call your family physician," "Abdominal pain that persists for more than six hours is usually dangerous."

In regard to the danger of delay in operating in acute cases of appendicitis, the following figures tell their own story.

"Of 1643 cases admitted to hospital within 24 hours less than 3 per cent died."
"Of 1648 cases admitted within 24 to 48 hours about 6 per cent died."
"Of 628 cases admitted within 48 to 72 hours nearly 9 per cent died."
"Of 896 cases admitted after 72 hours about 12 per cent died."

Dr. Bower publishes an investigation of the results of appendicitis in twenty-seven hospitals in Philadelphia and shows that the dangerous condition, peritonitis (inflammation of the covering of the intestine itself) was present in nearly half the cases before they were admitted to hospital.

The Poet's Corner

"WHAT RICHES HAVE YOU?"

What riches have you that you deem me poor, Or what large comfort that you call me sad? Tell me what makes you so exceedingly glad. Is your earth happy or your heaven sure? I hope for heaven, since the stars endure And bring such tidings as our fathers had. I know no deeper doubt to make me mad, I need no brighter love to keep me pure. To me the faiths of old are daily bread; I bless their hope, I bless their will to save, And my deep heart still meaneth what they said, It makes me happy that the soul is brave, And, being so much kinsman to the dead, I walk contented to the peopled grave.

—George Santayana.

Coolidge's Will

(J. V. McAree in the Mail and Empire)

The late Calvin Coolidge in his lifetime acquired a wholly undeserved reputation for sentimentousness. As a matter of fact he was a copious speaker and his published speeches and messages had a wordage much above that of the average President. In private conversation he said little, for he was awkward and had little aptitude for the art. His will was published a short time ago and excited wondering gasps at its terseness, for it contained but thirteen words. We remarked that he had used six superfluous words. Immediately we were assailed in the correspondence columns, several readers pointing out that the six words were essential. The will reads: "Not unmindful of my son John, I give all my estate, both real and personal, to my wife, Grace Coolidge."

So our correspondents with a good deal of tedious erudition explain the first six words were necessary because they prove that he had not forgotten his son's existence and turned over the estate to his wife in a moment of absentmindedness. To be merely mentioned in a will, or to be cut off with a shilling, is a bar to upsetting the will. But the superfluous words we had in mind were not the first six. But even that phrase could be shortened if Coolidge were really miserly. He could have said "Mindful of my son," for he had but one living son. The phrase "both real and personal" and the words "Grace Coolidge," we consider redundant. Surely all one's estate includes both real and personal property, and nobody ever would have raised the question that Grace Coolidge was not his wife.

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Justice in Ottawa

(Christian Science Monitor)

For the first time in 64 years, the capital penalty was exacted in Ottawa recently in the case of a young Canadian convicted of murder in connection with a robbery. Hearing this and knowing modern newspaper technique as it has developed in the United States, an American visualizes immediately the sensational headlines that the Ottawa press must have placed over the numerous columns of reading matter devoted to complete descriptions of the hanging and of the history of the case.

There were no sensational headlines. There were no photographs of the murderer eating his last meal, nor of his sobbing relatives, nor of the fateful scaffold, nor of the victim. No citizens of Ottawa were quoted on their opinions of the event. No morbid crowds gathered about the prison. Not one word about the case had been printed in the local press during the three months between the man's conviction and his execution.

The two newspapers of Ottawa printed each 200 words about the hanging in stories inconspicuously placed. In reporting the story in the manner they did, rejecting the sensational methods of the press of the United States, they have upheld the worthiest standards of journalism. And by refusing to portray murder as the exciting melodramatic spectacle that the press in the United States has to its disgrace depicted it, they have rendered a good and great service to their community.

A Surplus Of Bison

(New York Herald Tribune)

That vanishing American, the buffalo or bison, has staged a triumphant comeback. Twenty years ago there were fewer than 1,400 buffaloes in North America. But last year 1,400 surplus buffaloes were slaughtered on Canadian and American ranges. And, for the first time since the frontier period, Indians in Yellowstone Park ate buffalo chops and steak. Not only is the buffalo not dead, but the problem has become one of getting enough land and food for his multiplication to live upon. The most famous of American animals is out of danger, and a great wrong to a noble beast has been righted at last. May his herds increase—to such a point, perhaps, that we can once again feel about our frozen feet the shaggy comfort of that really vanished American—the buffalo robe.

But buffalo robes require sleighs—and where is the sleigh? The buffalo has come back to the animal kingdom largely through the efforts of the American Bison Society—to which all honor and thanks. There should be similar societies for the restoration and preservation of less animated decorations of the early American scene—societies to bring back to us the glories of the sleigh, the cigar-store Indian and the iron deer on the lawn.

At one time during a season of heavy fog a London daily paper offered a prize for the best fog story. The story given here won the prize. A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith!" said



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Chew - HICKEY & NICHOLSON'S BLACK TWIST TOBACCO

the clerk, over the wire. "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday.—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

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