

The Weekly Monitor

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No. 35

It costs more to put the "pick of the wheat" into

PURITY FLOUR



But it makes

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

GERMANY FACING STARVATION

An American Tells of Effect of Blockade

Early last summer the Chicago Tribune sent one of its best women reporters, Madeline Doty, author of Society's Mists, to Germany with orders to carefully observe conditions throughout that country and then return to the United States and write her story. This was done to avoid the censor, first in Germany and second in England. Had she written her story in Germany the German censor would have eliminated all that was objectionable from a German standpoint, while in England the British would delete whatever they wished removed.

To an untrained observer and writer the task assigned Miss Doty would have been almost impossible of fulfillment but to a trained observer and writer it was comparatively easy to carry away vivid and accurate pictures of actual conditions. Miss Doty was particularly well qualified for the task as she had made a big name for herself as an investigator of social and economic conditions at home, especially work connected with prisons, slums and general relief.

She was sent to Germany with an open mind. She was neither pro-Ally nor pro-German, but was to investigate conditions and faithfully report what she observed. This she has done. At least her paper, the Chicago Tribune, vouches for her ability, her truthfulness and her faithfulness on all other assignments. Her story reads like a true tale; the faithful portrait of an observing careful investigator.

The first letter dealt very largely with her voyage and landing in Germany and finding "Hamburg with deserted streets and a harbor devoid of all life."

The following extracts from her second and third letters indicate that Germany is seriously feeling the pressure of British blockade. Food and peace are the words on the lips of every German woman.

ARTICLE II

I awake to find myself in Germany. With quivering excitement I spring from bed and creep to the window. Beneath lies an empty courtyard, quiet, still, no sign of life. I press the electric button and order breakfast. A pale, worried little man arrives with a tray.

There is the same undrinkable coffee of the night before, a tiny drop of blue, watery milk in a doll's pitcher no bigger than my thumb, no sugar, some black, sour, unearable bread, no butter, and a small saucer of marmalade.

Irritation seizes me. How can I spend weeks in Germany without proper food?

We decide to make a tour of the city. It is a gray, sunless day. The weather increases the gloom of the city. Only a few persons are upon the street; old people or very young people and tiny children.

But occasionally we pass a silent, dejected group lined up before a meat shop. It is a meat day. Working women with babies in their arms, or tiny children carrying baskets, or old dejected men and women clutching a government meat card patiently wait their turn. The shop door flies open, three or four are admitted and a miserable half pound of meat portioned out.

Except for these food purchases the city seems actionless. We enter a book shop and ask for a map. But to sell a plan of Germany is verboten. So many things are verboten. Perhaps that accounts for the inactivity. Store windows present a fine display but inside the shop is silent and empty.

Little Life in City.

Even in the business section there is little life. We find a small boy that makes a three hours' trip about the harbor, and take it to the wharves are busy with men, no smoke

ing boats, no vibrant, thrilling life.

Hamburg Seems Dying.

Hamburg is a city of sleepers. Its streets are empty, its shops are closed, its buildings stretch out endlessly, but within all is still. All that modern industry and the ingenuity of man can achieve has here been flung upon the land and then the force that created has vanished, leaving these great monuments to rot, to rust and to crumble. The tragedy of unused treasures is as horrible as rows of dead. A city seems visibly dying.

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flung in one's face everywhere. Today the average person is pathetically eager to be friendly. Slowly the people are awakening. For months the newspapers have fed them on the triumphs of Germany and the peridy of other nations. But these stories of glorious German victories have resulted in what? A lean and barren country, undernourishment, death, the hatred of other nations. The people begin to doubt their leaders.

To all these people "barbarians" is an outrage. They are like ourselves, just folks kindly and generous, deceived and brow beaten by a ruthless military group.

The young women in the railway carriage belong to the well to do bourgeoisie. She is eager to talk. "Why," she asks, "does the world think we're beaten when we have soldiers in Belgium and France?" So often this question is asked.

Boasts Things of Past Boasting no longer exists. Instead comes the plaintive query, "Why are we beaten and why must we suffer?" We gaze out of the window as the train speeds on. We pass great stretches of desolate, barren, juiceless land. It is sandy and difficult to cultivate. It is the worst portion of Germany. A tear is in my companion's eye.

"We have got to have food," she says, and then a moment later: "O, why can't we have peace?"

It is early afternoon when we reach Berlin. I leave the train slowly. When I reach the station entrance the taxis and carriages are all taken. An aged porter with a push cart volunteers to conduct me to the Alton. It is Sunday. I follow the push cart through the silent streets, but as we pass the Thiergarten a great throng of people is visible. They flow in and out about the Hindenburg Denkmal. That figure is made of wood and covered with nails. You pay a small sum and hammer in a nail. In this manner patriotism and Hindenburg devotion is inculcated and the government gets the money.

If ever there was a systematic smashing of Denkmals it would create a busy day for Berlin. There are so many of them. The Thiergarten strasse is lined with ugly monstrosities of royalty. Many figures are portraits of English nobility who intermarried with Germans. Evidently whatever comes to Germany becomes German, for all are decorated with wreaths and flowers.

But the Sunday crowd that moves about the Thiergarten is not happy. As in Hamburg, and elsewhere, the men are old or young, except for the sprinkling of lean, pale, nerve-racked soldiers.

Poor People Pay the Price So on the surface there is bustle and action; life somewhat resembles normal. But it is a queer limited, down at the heel activity. People are upon the streets, but the stores are nearly empty. There is shortage of things to buy the rich sell purchase, but cheap things are only to be had with government cards.

That is the tragedy of Germany—the sore spot that festers. The pinch has come, and the rich protest themselves at the expense of the poor.

It is marvellous with what ingenuity the big hotels conceal deficiencies. That is why visitors and reporters fail to see the underlying truth.

Salvation From Within But I go to bed tormented by the lean and shrunken people I have seen. Is it not foolish to starve out Germany? This procedure does not hurt the governing classes and the rich. They will not suffer until the rest of Germany is dead.

Starvation kills off the poor but leaves the militarists intact. This is not the way to crush militarism. It cannot be done by pressure from the outside. Regeneration always comes from within. Revolution or evolution, not smashing, is what is needed.

ARTICLE III. As I start to leave the hotel I pause in the entrance to gaze up and down the famous street. Unter den Linden. Thin streams of people are passing and repassing. It is Monday, but the atmosphere is that of Sunday. German week days now are all like Sunday. A little group of people is pressed against a big glass window. Here the latest war bulletins are posted. People always assemble at two spots—war bulletins and food shops.

Food Packages are Fakes. "It is uncanny to see tragic gazings into pastry shops and stores. Feet is not displayed, ordered why the butter stores were ignored. They purchase packages. Then I discovered packages black

we went up to a gray clad man asked him if he wasn't tired. But spies grow angry when spoken to. German officials have no sense of humor. If they had I wonder if there would have been a war.

Berlin Like Country Town For several days I wander about Berlin letting impressions sink in. There is as I have said, activity but it is the activity of a by gone day or a country town. Nowhere are there shining new taxis, prancing horses, and laughing people.

The taxis are the refuse of the front. The carriages have been resurrected from the past. The horses are chiefly valuable as study in bone anatomy. Poor things I often gazed in their dinner pails. They never had anything but chopped straw.

As for the people, there is a sombre grayness about them. They, too, are thin. I didn't see a big girth anywhere. Germany is stomachless. It isn't that people have nothing to eat but all except the rich have too little. The food they have isn't the right kind.

Germans Growing Thin During the summer there seems to be plenty of vegetables, fruit and a fair supply of black bread, but this without grease, sugar, or small doses not satisfying digestion. It's like trying to run a wagon without oil. It begins to creak. The German race begins to creak. As a whole, it is paler, thinner and sunken eyed. Sooner or later a crisis is inevitable.

Whether when it comes the desperate people will join the Von Tirpitz group and it will be one of ugly retaliation, or instead of an internal awakening and evolution depends on the attitude of the neutrals and the Allies. The soldiers, as well as the civil population suffer. The front line trenches may be well fed, but the men home on leave or in barracks are noticeably thin. They are pale, weary, and without life. They also have no stomachs.

Before I leave Germany the spies get on my nerves. What was at first amusing becomes a nuisance. I feel exactly as though I am in prison I acquire the habit of looking out the corner of my eye and over my shoulder.

These spies are as annoying to their countrymen as to me. They grow restless under such suppression. Free conversation is impossible except behind closed doors. Between German spies and the spies of other countries supposed to be at large public conversation is at a standstill. Everywhere are signs:

"Soldiers: Be careful in your conversation on account of the peril of spies." Soldiers are everywhere in Berlin. They are always coming and going. The cripples are not allowed upon the streets, but nervous wrecks are plentiful.

In spite of the concealment of the wounded, the population begins to understand its loss. One night I went to the station to see a big detachment leave for Vilna. All had been in war before. Their uniforms were dirty and patched. They sat on benches, clinging to a loved one's hand, or stood in listless groups. No one talked. They needed food and beds. The scenes of farewell were harrowing.

Here was a young boy saying good-by to a mother and three aunts. Here was a father saying farewell to a wife and three sons all under 17, of a mother in mourning taking leave of her last son, or a young wife with a baby in her arms giving a last embrace.

Silence as Soldiers Depart. As the train moved out of the station there were no shouts, no cheers, no words of encouragement. Instead there was a deadly silence. The men leaned out of windows, stretching despairing hands towards loved ones. As the train pulled away the little groups broke into strangling sobs.

They were shaken as by a mighty tempest. Paroxysms of grief rent and tore them. They knew the end, had come. A man may go once into battle and return, but not twice and thrice. Life held no hope as a game. He conducts military operations as a military commander despise.

One evening at midnight as I cross the Thiergarten I pass a small procession of new recruits. Midnight, my friend tells me, is the favorite hour for seizing fresh food for cannon.

There is something sinister in choosing dark hours, when the city sleeps, for this deed. On this occasion the recruits number a hundred or two. Their ages vary. They might be fathers and sons.

Women Doing Men's Work. Such is the fate of the men; neither is life any better for the women. They are to be seen everywhere—in the streets digging and cleaning sewers; on the road, with pickaxe and shovel, helping Russian prisoners lay railroad tracks; in the suburbs, clad in bloomers, acting as train starters; on the trains wearing husband's motor cap and coat. At night they come home to hungry children and empty larders. Their tiny savings go for bread and potatoes. The day laborers cannot frequent city feeding kitchens. They cannot afford it.

The meal served is a pint bowl of food, which is a cross between soup and stew. It contains potatoes, barley, rye, vegetables, or anything to be had and on the most days some odds and ends of meat. A bowl full is 10 cents, a half bowl 6 cents. A mother earning 40 to 60 cents a day pay 11 cents a head for food. It is the bourgeois class that patronizes the kitchen.

Food - Cooked in Vats. I visited these feeding stations. A large central market turned into a kitchen prepares the food. Here are big vats in which the food is steamed or boiled in bulk. From here the food is sent to feeding stations in different localities. Women of means preside over these places and conduct them well. The stewed mass is usually palatable.

Such places are a Godsend to the middle class, the small storekeepers whose business has failed, clerks, and stenographers, but for the unskilled laborer the price is prohibitive.

Signs of Decline Everywhere Everywhere the signs of decline are manifest. In the windows of houses, on the front of empty stores are great signs: "Zu Vermieten" (to rent). For years mechanics have been fighting for vacancies on the big thoroughfares of popular Berlin. Now they are to be had everywhere.

One Sunday I went to the Zoological garden, the popular resort of the masses. A band or two still played, but the groups were not half filled. Everywhere were vacant tables, when formerly it was a privilege to secure one. Little family groups in black sat silently before a lonely glass of beer. Sandwiches were a rarity. The frozen seemed to be made of colored frozen perfumes and were distressing internally.

In the iron cages there were still a few animals. Whether they have decreased in number I cannot tell. But they like the people, suffer from a scanty diet. The monkeys have grown contentions. Their tempers suffer. They raised a most terrific racket and continually bit and clawed and fought each other. Ironic laughter seized me. They were so human. I felt to wonder whether mankind was copying them or they mankind.

The two or three lions in the outdoor cages were lean and restless. They crouched and growled or paced feverishly up and down. There was none of the lazy indifference seen in circus fed animals.

In a flash they revealed Germany. Before the war, under benevolent paternalism, the people grew round of girth. Replete with good food and flowing steins of beer, feet and brain slugged. It is hard to be discontented and progressive when the stomach is full and the land flows with milk and honey. But suffering has come and a new race is emerging, a lean race, with active minds that begins to question German autocracy and militarism.

To an observant person three things are everywhere in evidence telling an unmistakable story. The fat stomachs, the endless signs "to rent," and the empty chocolate slots. The German race is surely sliding into a decline. What shall the women do? Shall it stand still by, or shall it stretch out a hand of sympathy and understanding to these troubled people and help them free themselves from the domination of a military government?

A CALL TO SERVICE

We have entered upon a fateful year for Canada and the Empire. We are at the crisis of the war, and success or failure depends upon the concentrated effort we, as a people, are prepared to put into the great struggle. This places a personal responsibility upon every man and woman in Nova Scotia.

During the past year we have enjoyed material comfort and prosperity. Our sacrifices have been as dust in the balance compared with the sufferings of those who have passed through the actual furnace of war. In beginning the New Year shall we not dedicate ourselves, as never before to the service of our country? If we enjoy the priceless privilege of youth and health, shall we not answer the call that comes to us from the far-off fields of France, where our sons are fighting for us the battles of liberty, justice and truth? If our duty lies at home, shall we not highly resolve to devote our time, our means, and our strength, to some patriotic work which is essential to the winning of the war? The people of our province have already given splendid proof of their courage and patriotism. Let us now show equal readiness to answer the call to service and sacrifice.

Conscious of the righteousness of our cause, let us face the coming year with undaunted courage, determined that there shall be no wavering until victory secures a lasting peace.

G. S. CAMPBELL,
Director of National Service.

Halifax, N. S.

1st January, 1917.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

BRITISH TAKE OVER MORE LINE ON FRENCH FRONT

London, Dec. 28.—British forces during the last ten days have taken over a good slice of the line heretofore included in the French front. Major-General Maurice, Director of Military Operations, announced late today.

"The inactivity recently exhibited on the Western front," General Maurice said, "has been due to the uncalculated inclemency of the weather and fogs. While awaiting the next test, the British in the past ten days have taken over a good slice of the French front. Big operations will probably not be resumed before March. New batches of guns are now going out weekly."

ALLIES ANSWER TO GERMANY

Paris, Dec. 30.—The Allies' answer to the German note of December 12 will be handed to United States Ambassador Sharp today, says the Petit Parisien, and published tomorrow. It is long and sets forth again the responsibility of the Central Empires for the European conflict.

It insists on legitimate reparations and restitutions demanded by the Entente, as outlined by Premier Lloyd George and also says that Germany be caused failing to formulate proposals for peace, removes in advance any basis for pour parlers. The note seeks to suggest that the Berlin cabinet having proclaimed in 1914 its contempt for treaties, cannot pretend to obtain the same conditions as Powers respectful of signatures and must offer guarantees.

CANADIANS MADE BIG RAID

London, Dec. 28.—The following communication is issued from the Canadian War Records Office: "One of the most successful raids ever carried out on the Western front was executed this week by the Canadians. The raid was made in the early afternoon, while the low winter sun was still shining. From several points of observation it was possible to witness the whole progress of the operation, and historical cinematograph films, for successful purposes, were obtained within a short distance of the attack.

"Preliminary bombardments had successfully destroyed the heavy enemy entanglements and generally weakened the German defences.

"Shortly before the hour of assault the attackers, consisting of picked men, carefully trained for this special occasion, filed into the trenches and took up a position along the tip of an advanced crater. The enemy remarked the unusual movement, because a few hours before the advance an active rifle broke out and several colored rockets were fired from the German trenches.

"Nevertheless, at the appointed moment our artillery barrage opened with a sudden crash of dense sound. Clouds of smoke were also liberated, isolating the area to be attacked. A covering fire from our machine guns added a deafening rattle to the stupendous medley of noise."

"The British shell orders in Canada total more than 500,000,000 of dollars. The Nobel Committee has decided to issue no peace prizes for 1915 and 1916.

The war is greatly enlarging the demand for daily papers. The London Times issues more than 200,000 papers every day.

Fifty two deserters left the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph, availing themselves of the offer of pardon, if they would rejoin the forces.

The Ganoque Board of Trade asks the Government to levy a tax for the Patriotic Fund, instead of continuing the present voluntary method.

The official lists of German casualties in November was 166,176 Officers and men. This makes the total number of killed, wounded and missing since the war broke out 5,923,000.

The Montreal Journal of Commerce is doing its best to furnish illustrations and descriptions of the war.

King George has signed an Order in Council empowering the Board of Admiralty to purchase the services of the Royal Navy men for No. 1

MAKE ENQUIRIES

before you buy an ointment, as to which gives best results. If you do, you will buy Zam-Buk, for this herbal balm has been proved by thousands to be the most reliable ointment on the market. It not only cures when other ointments fail, but its cures are permanent.

Mr. Isaac L. Philney, of Lower Five Islands, N.S., writes: "Zam-Buk is, without doubt, the most reliable ointment on the market. For two years I suffered with an ulcer on my leg, which defied all treatments—although I tried many and spent no end of money. Finally I tried Zam-Buk and the results were most encouraging. The ulcer soon showed signs of healing, and perseverance with Zam-Buk worked a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is equally good for eczema, ringworm, abscesses, running sores, blood-poisoning, scalp sores, boils, pimples, piles, cuts, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries. All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25. Send 7c. stamp for free trial box.

ZAM-BUK

IF YOU CANNOT FIGHT, PAY, PAY, PAY.

Fight or Pay! These are the alternatives that are before the people of Canada to-day. From taking one or the other of them there is no escape for the man of military fitness.

All of us must make sacrifices if the war is to be won. What is so self-evident a proposition that it should not be necessary to make it. Yet there are people who even yet do not accept it as applying to themselves. In the matter of financial sacrifices many a man is beginning to say to himself that he has given as much as he should be expected to give. But where is he to draw the line if he is in earnest about "doing his bit" to win the war?

Plainly, there is one place at which he cannot draw it and that is where the claims of the Canadian Patriotic Fund present themselves.

If there is one Fund more than another that must be maintained, at cost of sacrifices, if need be, it is this one. The work it has undertaken cannot be allowed to drop. The dependant of our soldiers must be protected against want, privation or unnecessary suffering. All Canada has pledged itself to the men at the front that their families will be looked after, and that pledge must be fulfilled.

For 1917 the call on Nova Scotia will be \$800,000. Of this large sum a good proportion will have to be raised from individuals. It is clear, therefore, that no good citizen can say that his subscription will not be needed. If he cannot not fight, it is up to him to pay.

PROVINCIAL RECRUITING NEWS

Halifax, Dec. 26.—A draft-giving Depot Ammunition Column has been authorized to recruit in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The officers appointed to this unit are Lieut. A. S. Gunn, 18th Battery, 4th Brigade, and Lieut. A. E. Andrew, 28th Battery, 12th Brigade. For the present Lieut. Gunn will have his headquarters at Moncton and men who enlist in New Brunswick will be quartered there for a time, while Lieut. Andrew will make the same arrangements concerning Pictou. As so far as a sufficient number have been enlisted to warrant their being brought together they will be mobilized at Sackville, N. B.

Major W. B. A. Ritchie who has been Chief Recruiting officer, first for No. 6, Military District, and afterwards for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, has resigned his position and is returning to his law practice in Vancouver. Major Ritchie has served very efficiently and faithfully since Sept. 1st, 1915, and the Province is under great obligation to him for the sacrifice he made in trying to do his bit. He will be followed by all good wishes.

Authority has been granted for the purchase of the services of the Royal Navy men for No. 1