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J. J. ROSSITER
Real Estate Agent

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(To Every Man His Own)

The Mail and Advocate

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., JUNE 26th, 1915

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Fat and Fifty

THE DAILY NEWS of Thursday had a very timely article which was inspired presumably by a contributor who seems anxious to see his name figuring in the "Machine Gun" List.

The editor very wisely remarks that there are other Funds which demand contributions at the moment, which have greater demands upon our resources. The fact is we have too many Public Funds just now; and were we to give to the Patriotic Fund, the results were far more satisfactory.

Discussing the contributors, the editor of The News says that there are many in our midst who have not made any "Sacrifices" in the matter of contributions; and if we examine the published lists we shall find corroborative evidence of this statement.

With a few notable exceptions, the contributors to the various War Funds are the wage-earners; and we may add, that our Volunteers and Reservists come largely from this class.

It is now incumbent on the well-to-do to wake up to the gravity of the situation; and as the "Fats" are chiefly found in this class, we hope that the article in The News will make them more responsive to the needs of the Empire.

He says that many have contributed largely from very slim resources: this is absolutely true. Those are really the people who are making "Sacrifices."

Talk is cheap; and drawing-room Patriotism will not avail to lead us on to victory. Enthusiasm is not a negotiable asset; and the only thing that counts at the moment is CASH, and lots of it.

We read recently in a Canadian Exchange a very interesting account (furnished presumably by somebody connected with the M. D.S.F.) of Grenfell's efforts on the North-East Coast to gather funds for the Cause.

We have rarely read such a graphic account of sacrifice as was made by the fishermen and their families to provide a handsome contribution for our soldiers.

We read that even a wedding-ring was passed into the Fund by a venerable old lady who had nothing else to contribute. When remonstrance was offered against its acceptance, she said that she would not need it much longer, as she must soon pass into the Valley from whose bourne no traveller returns.

This truly is Sacrifice; and it should be a lesson for many who fritter away enough in luxurious living, in a week, to furnish a handsome contribution to the Patriotic Fund.

The attitude of the F.P.U. on the great public question of the day is CLEARLY DEFINED IN THE PLATFORM ADOPTED AT THE BONAVISTA CONVENTION OF THE UNION LAST YEAR. The policy outlined is the MOST PROGRESSIVE EVER ADOPTED IN THIS COUNTRY. It is remarkable for the absence of all "Wild Cat" schemes. It takes into consideration the most pressing needs of the Country and of the People and advocates Safe, Sane and Economical methods for meeting these needs.

From the direct way in which it (the F.P.U. position) enunciates popular needs, department failures and administrative necessities, it proves conclusively that COAKER, THE MAN CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR OUTLINING THIS F.P.U. POLICY, has given the question of the day the most careful thought and has BRAINS, COURAGE AND INITIATIVE ENOUGH TO EVOLVE A CURE FOR THE ILLS OF OUR BODY POLITICS.—MOSDELL, in The Fishermen's Advocate, Dec. 20, 1913.

Our outports have responded very generously; at least, it seems so to us. Most of the knitting which found its way to Lady Davidson's W.P.A. organization came from humble homes in the outports. Now, when we consider the straitened circumstances of many on the North-East Coast during the past six months, these gifts have a worth beyond compare.

Why not organize a self-denial fund privately? This were a most commendable move; and it would have very lasting results, for "It blesseth him who gives and him who takes."

An Outrage

THE publication of salaries to post-office officials is one of the most interesting things of the season. Important settlements like Twillingate, Bonavista, and Grand Bank are perforce to be satisfied with a tenth-rate service while the so-called "second city" has the most up-to-date service possible.

Just for the sake of showing the scandalous mal-apportionment of public funds, we take the comparison, or rather, contrast, between Grand Bank and Harbor Grace.

Grand Bank is one of the most prosperous towns in the Island; and it is also the most progressive. It does more business in ONE MONTH than Harbor Grace does in SIX, we would almost say TWELVE.

It is the great center of the banking industry, and some 300 fishermen make it their headquarters for the season. Its exportations of fish are amongst the argest in the Island; and yet the apable and obliging Postmistress receiving the miserable pittance and obligin etatoin etatoinance of \$80, a-year for her services; and she is often obliged to remain up far into the night to receive and despatch the mails!

Harbor Grace is as dead as the Jodo; it has TWO MAILS daily arriving at regular hours. But it needs an Assistant at \$500, and TWO Mail Carriers to do the business of the town. Expenditure Fourteen Hundred and Eighty Dollars.

This is one of the many political anomalies in existence.

We wonder if this glaring injustice is appreciated by Messrs. Jarris, Buffett, Patten and Forey, and the other progressive merchants of the great Western Emporium!

What We Owe the Navy

WHEN Winston Churchill declared at Dundee that only surplus ships were being used at the Dardanelles he was severely astigated by the naval expert of The London Morning Post.

Probably what Churchill wished to convey was that the ships sent to force the straits did not weaken the Grand Fleet—and in that he was of course right.

The British Grand Fleet, that is the fleet in Home waters, is more powerful now than at the beginning of the war, its superiority over the German Grand Fleet greater than a year or ten months ago.

Mr. Archibald Hurd, a recogniz-

ed naval expert, says that Britain now has more than a 60 per cent. Dreadnought superiority over Germany, while in pre-Dreadnoughts she is overwhelmingly strong—over two to Germany's one.

Seven British pre-Dreadnoughts have gone down since the beginning of the war, but while they represented a weakening of the second line of defence, their loss had not the slightest effect on the superiority of the first; and there are 33 of them left.

Mr. Hurd contends that even if the entire British fleet at the Dardanelles was wiped out the fighting strength of the navy would still be such as to render an attack from the German High Sea Fleet a matter of suicide for the enemy.

The British Empire will be guilty of the basest ingratitude if it does not long remember the men responsible for the efficiency of the navy. How different things might have been had the army been one-tenth as well prepared?

'The Son of the Old Man'

UNDER this caption, a recent issue of The Current opinion has a very interesting article by a contributor an advertising man—who has a shrewd insight into human nature as it reveals itself in business.

He prefaces his contribution by saying: "There is only one kind of a successful business man and that is the self-made kind." He pursues the subject by adding: "There is one type of man—almost every large business has a representative—who has no chance to become successful. He is known as 'The Son of the Old Man.'"

The causes which produce the failure of the son with the silver spoon are manifold. The said scion of so-called aristocracy, as a rule, "goes to college"; and returns therefrom a nice enough boy, perhaps, but without much fiber. His life in college had been too easy. He had likely been coddled by indulgent teachers, was specially "coached" for the term examinations, and led a Bohemian existence during the vacation period, hobnobbing with gentry whose papas had large rent-rolls, or possibly "long ancestral name."

During his college career the "Old Man's Son" had not the exercise to develop the character and stamina of the successful business man. On his homecoming, he didn't have to worry about his job. He did not have to make good. He didn't have to figure how he was to get the job of the man above him; because business was to him about as serious as an afternoon set of Tennis, or a game of Golf!

Such a young man has no more chance to be the type of business man that his father is, or was, than a milk-fed Pomeranian has to be a pit fighter. His character has been sacrificed to FAMILY PRIDE—to the false idea of "the divine right of the owner."

We were once told of an amusing instance of this misfitness. The head of a large concern asked one of his broker clients that his son be taken into the broker's office. "Certainly," said the broker, "we will take him at the usual salary of \$25 a month, as a start-

er; but I must ask that for the PRESENT HE STAY AT HOME, for we are short of desk room!"

We have met several of these young nabobs. Fine fellows they certainly are—jolly, quick-witted, good mixers of up-to-date beverages; and thoroughly at ease on all social occasions. They can run an automobile, have a smart jargon of the street, and, presumably, know a good deal about the INTRICACIES OF FINANCE; but they certainly do not measure up to the standard of a successful business man. They have known from the start that INFLUENCE rather than personal ability would achieve their advancement.

Why will parents persist in the delusion that they are helping their sons by using influence to bribe the opposing players in football to yield readily to the son's effort, or to send along a professional to perform the DIFFICULT SHOTS IN GOLF.

In concluding, the writer of the article from which we have quoted, says: "There is another phase to this 'SON OF THE OLD MAN' problem which holds perhaps a more serious menace than the sacrifice of individual men. Through family control this poorly equipped son is fairly certain to be in time elevated to the presidency of the business. Now an ornamental secretary and director can do comparatively little harm; but an incompetent PRESIDENT is another matter. A compiling of records would show that an appalling proportion of FAILURES are directly traceable to the INCOMPETENCY of second-generation management."

This truly is a very interesting contribution; and it may be applied to our local conditions. If we look along Water Street to-day, we notice that time-honored names have disappeared, that the old business firms have gone to the dwelling place of the Great Auk; and, if we watch the procession of sports and social functioners, we shall notice that some of the ancient names still exist; but the holders thereof are holding inferior positions—possibly working at so-much-per for one of the hands of the Father's concern!

This picture is not overdrawn; and should the reader be curiously disposed, we suggest that he make a mental visitation of some of the Northern outports, and after dwelling for a few hours on the St. John's situation, move mentally westward. The vista is bewildering.

Some days ago we said that lack of personality is one of the besetting crimes of the age; it is nowhere so much in evidence as in the records of Water Street.

Inevitable

WHEN in what manner the United States shall cease to deal on friendly terms with Germany is not clear at this writing. That their present relations must inevitably come to an end most of us now see plainly.

The reply of the Berlin Government to President Wilson's note was but an incident in line with others. There was little, if any, surprise in it. There were a great many people who, though profoundly shocked, were not surprised at the Lusitania murders any more than they were at the Falaba, Gulfight and other incidents.

The German rulers proclaimed their moral code at the beginning of the war. They tried to explain away the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and the outrages which followed, with the excuse of necessity. There was some attempt later on to justify barbarism on other grounds, but it was half-hearted and ineffectual. Plain morality is a bar to continued friendship.

With this conviction goes the realization that America as the world's greatest neutral nation, the heaviest responsibility, their obligation to serve humanity, is involved in their efforts—to find the way of honor and courage.

A Cause Celebre

THERE is much more than a passing interest being taken in the fiasco which was enacted in the Magistrates' Court on Wednesday morning, and many of our citizens are now trying to figure out just how Mr. F. J. Morris, K.C., the Premier's brother, in his capacity of a Police Magistrate, finds justification for his extraordinary conduct on that occasion, when he acquitted young Reid, a son of Mr. W. D. Reid.

Be it remembered the young man acting, no doubt on good legal advice pleaded guilty through his counsel Mr. Higgins. He had been charged with two breaches of the Municipal regulations. We may confine ourselves to the more serious of the two offenses, namely, running a motor car at night, within the city limits, without lights.

To our mind driving a motor car without proper lights is no more technical offense, but a most serious infraction of a very necessary law. There should be no need to further labor this point. Daily, almost hourly, in this city, hair-breadth escapes of pedestrians, as a result of careless driving are in evidence. A kind providence has so far prevented fatalities, despite the apathy on the part of those whose duty it is to rigidly enforce the law.

But when a Magistrate, with a plea of guilty before him not only acquits a culprit, but fairly fawns on the subject of his magisterial benevolence, it is high time for the unmuzzled press to call a halt and demand that even-handed justice be handed out alike to the walf and the son of the wealthy railroad magnate.

Why, as was stated in these columns on Thursday, a medical man in discharge of his professional duty, should be haled before the Court and fined \$70.00 for a similar offense and Leonard Reid, the wealthy son of Mr. W. D. Reid go scott-free is a poser, the answer to which is for the present at least, locked up in the patriotic breast of Mr. Morris.

The public, however, would very much like to get a satisfactory explanation of a most extraordinary proceeding.

Unquestionably, young Reid knew, he was guilty and quite naturally expected to pay a fine; but what actually takes place? Why Mr. Morris, instead of imposing such a fine as would vindicate the law and at the same time notify all and sundry of the city bloods, that the public are a first consideration, entertained or disgusted those who were present by enumerating the reckless deeds of heroism performed by young Reid last Fall, while acting as a messenger for the Volunteers.

How such services, no matter how commendable they may be, could warrant this extraordinary judgment of Mr. Morris, as well as the fulsome flattery of the Inspector General of Police, which was offered as a reason why no fine should be imposed, baffles all sense of public justice and right.

We were therefore prepared to hear the torrent of adverse criticism which the treatment of this case has called forth from citizens generally.

To exonerate Leonard Reid from the consequences attaching to his violation of a city regulation, having in mind the dangerous character of his conduct, and all because he ran messages quickly for the Volunteers is altogether too puerile a reason to offer in explanation of such a travesty on justice—the people will not stand for such tommy-rot.

We regret exceedingly to place in cold type our strongest condemnation of the judgment, or rather Error of Judgment displayed by Mr. Morris. Conscience is sometimes an immense convenience. Mr. Morris's judicial conscience, in the case under criticism, certainly did not lack elasticity.

No common sense person in this city believes otherwise than that

Leonard Reid knew perfectly well he was openly violating the law, when he ran his car through the city at night without proper lights; and by so doing showed a wanton disregard for the rights of pedestrians.

It may be, that his negligence would cause injury to some strayed walf of the underworld or shock and main some helpless widow who was about under cover of darkness begging a bit for her helpless brood at some house; but what care we saith the ultra-rich: the ture of the ture which our pockets contain will guarantee us protection from the myrmidons of the law, while the little ten cent thief will be juged in the morning for stealing a dime.

Now shall the press "the people rights maintain, unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

There is no muzzle on The Mail and Advocate. In the interests of public morality and justice we want to impress on the principal actors in this judicial farce, that one law for all is the right demanded by British citizenship—all must be treated alike—the blue blood, who motors recklessly over our thoroughfares by day or night must be made to feel that his purse proud arrogance will not avail when his conduct places him within the pail of law.

Punishment, where such is due, shall be meted out in the same measure and kind to the silk stocking motoring lad from swell-dom, as it is to the hapless slave of youthful culprits that we notice investing the city at the present time. These boys are the product of poverty and its twin sister ignorance. They are in the majority of cases more to be pitied than censured.

We are weary and tired of the perennial walf of political froo-booters, when they belch out periodically their plea for a reformation, and can hope for no reform until the people rise in their might and destroy this high octopus in the form of a government which it would appear had hastened its tentacles on every fiber of the body politic.

Every department in the Civil Service is being used to facilitate the unholy designs of Grab-all-ism—the people are bleb white to maintain this carnival of corruption.

Graballism and Reidism must be speedily uprooted if Newfoundland and Newfoundlanders can hope much longer to retain a vestige of independence and it is only a vestige which still remains. The second regrettable feature of this outrage is the part played in it by Inspector General Sullivan, who is as unbending as a steel pillar to a poor boy, man or woman who breaks the law but who pleaded for leniency towards a millionaire's son.

Was it because of who young Reid is, or what his father is, or what his father possesses that caused Inspector General Sullivan to commit an act that has well nigh cost him his reputation as a strict defender of the law?

Why did he interfere? Why was Sub-Inspector Grimes ousted from prosecuting this case? Did Inspector General Sullivan really seriously consider what his action would mean in the eyes of the public?

We trust we will not again be compelled to expose such a bare-faced attempt to mock the law, or have such justifiable cause to condemn a judicial pronouncement of a police magistrate, or occasion again to publicly rebuke an Inspector General of Police for acting such a part as that performed by Inspector General Sullivan on Wednesday.

There is little wonder that the citizens of St. John's are so aroused over this very unfair and exceedingly indiscreet judgment of Acting Judge Morris.

The whole thing is regrettable, and it better not be repeated, or a more severe reproof will have to be administered to all concerned.

All Is Lost

THERE were cities in Belgium of medieval loveliness. Their beauty has been torn out of man's consciousness and spoiled to his love for ever, by moving up a howitzer and priming it with destruction.

First, the rumble of the gun from far away, then the whistle of flying metal, sharpening its anger as it nears, then the thud and roar of explosion as it clutches and dissolves its mark.

Now its seven-mile journey is ended. Over the peaceful earth and under a silent sky, bits of destruction are travelling, projections of the human will. Where lately there was a soft outline, rising from the soil as if the stones of the field had been called together by the same breath that spread the forest, now there is a heap of rock dust.

Man, infinite in faculty, has narrowed his devising to the uses of havoc. He has lifted his hand against the immortal part of himself. He has said: "The works I have wrought I will turn back to the dust out of which they came."

All the good labor of minds and hands which we cannot bring back is undone in an instant of time by a few pounds of chemical. That can be burned and broken in the passage of one cloud over the moon which not all the years of a century will restore. Seasons return, but not to us returns the light in the windows of Rheims or in the Library of Louvain.

Current News Items
From Over the World

IN mounting his horse at Oyster Bay recently, Col. Roosevelt slipped from the stirrup and fell to the ground with such force as to fracture a rib. He is said to feel greater regret over the reflection the accident casts on his horsemanship than over the injury to the rib.

As a result of the indifference showing made by the submarines attached to the Atlantic fleet during the recent naval manoeuvre, Secretary Daniels announced on May 27 that a thorough investigation of the matter would be conducted by the Navy Department.

Dispatches from Washington state that it has been definitely settled that the plan to send the Atlantic fleet through the Panama Canal next month for participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition shall be abandoned and that the fleet shall remain in the Atlantic.

A decision handed down on June 11 by the United States District Court of Oregon declared ten sections of California oil lands in Kern County, valued at \$15,368,000, to have been fraudulently patented by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and ordered them to be restored to the Government.

The Illinois Manufacturers' Association having shown that accidents are increased in factories by the workmen drinking in working hours, St. Louis foundries are prohibiting the use of beer among their employees while on duty but are encouraging them to drink milk. In some plants refrigerators and free ice are being provided for keeping the men's milk bottles cool.

Reports submitted by the National Board of Underwriters show that fire losses in the United States last year totaled \$221,000,000, a sum exceeded only twice in the history of the country—in 1904 and 1906. The fire insurance business in 1914 resulted in an underwriting loss to the companies slightly in excess of four per cent. A total of over \$323,000,000 in premiums was paid to 191 leading companies during the year.