

## The Horseless Carriage.

This column should have been started again about the first of June, which is practically the opening of the Motor season for each year, even if now the City Council is going to open it under the new Charter, on the first of April in future, even if it should be busy freighting. However, we are a week or two late because we didn't want to "pad" entirely with clippings from other papers and the local matter Dave has handed us to date is quite unprintable. (Yes, we have heard that one twenty two times but there's nothing doing!) As it is, we are using a certain number of clippings this week but more cars are getting out every day now, and somebody is sure to run into the "cop" on the Cross before long or do something else original which will provide "copy" for this column so here's letting her go!

Next we have to do up a new name for the column and also a new "nem-de-plume." The first because the quotation "Horseless Carriage" is absolutely incorrect, the correct version being "Horseless Chariot" and secondly, because the original "Mr. Dunlop" (of pneumatic tire fame) has passed in his checks since this column last published and the column is certainly not going to be conducted by a "dead one." Any suggestions regarding a new column title and a new nem-de-plume will be gratefully received also, right through the season, any local matter of interest to motorists will always be welcome.

Everyone will remember the trouble caused a certain prominent motorist by getting filled up with kerosene (his car we mean) in error for gasoline one day last season. Apparently, we are not the only ones who have "gas" troubles as vide the following from the Motor Column of that highly respected English family paper "The Winning Post":

"Nobody looks after the health of the poor little motorist, only his morals and the things he doesn't give a damn about. Otherwise, somebody would be down like a cartload of

bricks on the clever folk who are out to rob him. Once upon a time at a certain garage on the Portsmouth road every motorist who came for motor spirit asked for a different brand and all were given it out of the same cistern. Last of all a "Lizzie" set itself on fire in the process of opening its tank and they put out the flames by squirting the rest of the contents of the cistern on it!"

Now, as we said, we are not as a regular thing, going to fill this column with cuttings from other papers, but during the winter, cuttings have been sent us for the column, all the way from Halifax to New South Wales, which shows two things—one that the Telegram has a foreign circulation, and two, that some people apparently read this column last year. Where these cuttings are lengthy we have cut them down a bit but they are all worth reading:

### LICENSES FOR IDIOTS.

"Any person over a certain age can pay five shillings and get a driving license, whether deaf, dumb, blind, or an idiot," said Mr. George Whyte, the coroner, yesterday, at a Luten inquest.

"Judging from the appalling number of motor accidents," he added, "it seemed time to alter the laws. No license should be granted unless a competent authority were satisfied of the applicant's ability to drive and knowledge of the road."—New South Wales' Colonist.

That method of licensing, of course doesn't apply in Newfoundland; a cause of motor accidents which does apply, however, is covered by the following from the Halifax Herald under the caption of

### BLAMES JAY-WALKERS FOR AUTO MISHAPS:

"In discussing the recent automobile accidents which have happened in this city, and in which pedestrians were injured, Chief Detective Kennedy stated that although there was no record kept, he felt safe in saying

that in the great majority of cases, the pedestrians were at fault.

"Looking at the question from the standpoint of a man who drives an automobile, and I do," said Mr. Kennedy, "I believe that 'jay-walking' has reached a point in this city where something should be done. The average person walking the streets, doesn't even take the road traffic into consideration, they don't think drivers have nerves. They cross the streets when and where it pleases them and dash out from behind parked cars on the busiest thoroughfares, without even a glance to the right or left. I have often expressed surprise that more people are not injured on the streets. They don't stop to think that they are endangering their lives and creating a situation in which, even if an accident does occur, a car driver cannot rightly be held responsible. The only solution for city motorists, Mr. Kennedy claimed, was to abide by the ruling given out in a 'Safety First' campaign in an American city—to drive as though every man, woman and child on the streets was bent on suicide under their wheels."

Most of the clippings sent in seem to have to do with "Safety First." However here's one a little different:

### DYING FOR HIS RIGHTS.

"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the misanthrope rather crossly. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently:

"Here lies the body of William Jay, who died maintaining his right of way. He was right, dead right, as he sped along. But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

—Bermuda Gazette.

An anonymous friend from Montreal sent along a long cutting from the Montreal Gazette, containing a lot of good dope but we are just cutting from it a portion headed

### MOTOR HEADLIGHTS.

"The general committee of the Royal Automobile Club and Association of Great Britain has passed a resolution expressing the opinion

that the practice of switching off electric headlights when meeting other traffic on the open road, is fraught with considerable danger, and urging motorists to discontinue it. The committee considered that the possible risk of accident through dazzle is considerably less than that involved by switching off headlights."

The last cutting received gave an account of the Annual Dinner of the Nova Scotia League which appears to have been a most cheery affair and embraced several ideas the local Association might consider, adopting for their third annual jamboree at the end of this season. Some parodies sung of popular songs, were quite good. We have taken the liberty of localizing them a very little:

"There are roads that make us happy, There are roads that make us blue, There are also highways that are splendid. But for 'pot holes' every mile or two, There are all those roads that we've been promised. That the eyes of hope alone can see, But the roads that fill my life with gladness Are the roads Tom Soper built for me."

"There's a long, long road a-winding Into the land of the West Where the highways are improving And the scenery's of the best. There's a short, short time of waiting 'Till our road dreams come true, 'Till the day that I'll be speeding down The old 'Cow-Path' with you."

So much for the contributions. Many thanks, Messrs. Contributors.

We hear the Prime Minister got off a fairly bright one at one of the famous Board of Trade meetings. The railroad was under discussion and the possibility of the Government running it, when a member, present, holding the view that the Government couldn't afford to run the railroad, put the query, "How's the Government going to run the railroad; how's a person going to run a motor car? he cannot afford it!" "I don't know," said Sir R. A., "but I notice he generally does!"

We are afraid that this year's number plates are so brightly colored that no amount of oil placed on them will collect sufficient dust to totally obliterate the figures when one wants to "let her out." That's the worst of

## WHEN YOU BUY

having an up-to-date City Council, and how the Dickens, by the way, is a man going to serve two masters?

Mr. Wm. White, by the way, on behalf of the Motor Association, undertook to inaugurate a "Safety First" campaign, having school children particularly in mind, and the public hope that it will soon be convenient for him to get going as, already, there have been two accidents to youngsters, one of them unfortunately, fatal. Harry Thompson came out in the press recently with some excellent suggestions in this regard. Personally, we always understood that once Harry had fitted one out with glasses, there was no further need of sign posts to see what was approaching, but, cutting the comedy, his letter was absolutely to the point. Now, Mr. White, it's up to you!

There will be a certain very "swanky" looking green car going about this season. And, incidentally, thereby hangs a tale. It appears that a certain individual who is the possessor of a summer cottage, was very anxious to have the doors of said cottage painted an especial shade of green. Many local painters were called in consultation, but after much mixing, could not arrive at the desired shade, whereupon the special shade of green was especially imported. Unfortunately upon arrival of the consignment, through a series of errors, the paint got into the hands of a garage man who was overhauling a certain car—the property of a certain individual not remotely connected with the owner of the cottage. The garage man being of an enterprising nature, spread the green paint over the car till there wasn't enough left to paint as much as the door knob of the aforesaid cottage. The car looks fine but the cottage door doesn't. The painter is looking green, the air is blue and when the murder is eventually out somebody is liable to be seeing red!

MR. D.

## The Faith Cure.

A young doctor took his best girl to the opera. The curtain was late in rising, and the young woman complained that she felt faint. The doctor smiled sweetly upon her, and took something from his pocket.

"Here," he whispered, "keep this in your mouth. Don't swallow it." Shyly the girl placed the object on her tongue and rolled it over and over, but it would not dissolve. She felt better, however, and soon she took the tablet from her mouth and slipped it in her glove. She was curious to examine this tasteless little substance which had given her such relief.

When the happy couple were outside the opera-house the girl stopped under a lamp.

"That thing you gave me made me feel ever so much better," she cooed, gratefully, wrestling with her glove. Suddenly she gazed at something white and round in her palm. She looked up at his face.

"D-D-Dick!" she stammered, in a choking voice, "why it's nothing but a pearl button!"

## Tenant Evicted.

BUT DEWIES SUPREME COURT ORDER.

An incident which excited the curiosity of a number of people, occurred at the Ladies Tailoring establishment occupied by Mr. J. Burnstein on Water St., near Goodridge & Sons yesterday morning. Acting on an eviction order from the Supreme Court the Bailiff proceeded to the place early, and placed all the goods and chattels of Mr. Burnstein outside the premises. After the bailiff's men had finished their work at six o'clock, the goods again removed into the building. Further developments are awaited with interest, and it is not unlikely that the issue will be serious. The incident arose out of an application for the recovery of land by a landlord from a tenant. The trial took place on May 25th before the Chief Justice. Mr. Burnstein was represented by Messrs. McGrath and McGrath. Judgment as follows was handed down by the Chief Justice: "The plaintiff, Messrs. Francis Twyden and James

June 15, 1922, at St. John's.

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