

PARK DRIVE
Smoking Tobacco
The Best 15 cent
Plug
For Sale at
All Dealers
J. J. ROSSITER
Real Estate Agent

Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE"



(To Every Man His Own.)

The Mail and Advocate

Issued every day from the office of publication, 167 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, Union Publishing Co. Ltd., Proprietors.

ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., JULY, 10th., 1915

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Civic Matters

ST. JOHN'S is making a desperate attempt at becoming a city of the past. Everywhere you look around our city to-day you will see signs of decay and utter neglect. Our streets were never in a worse condition. Our sidewalks (save the mark) are nothing more or less than beaten paths. The rough pathways of the Cumberland Mountains in the Blue Grass State of our neighbouring republic have nothing on us in this respect.

The present Municipal Board came into office with a flourish of trumpets. They asked for a chance to make good. All the evils of other civic administrations would be done away with and St. John's would, they told us, take its place in the ranks of modern cities. That the same, if anything worse, methods of handling our municipal affairs exist to-day are apparent to all who care to look or take notice of the disgraceful condition of our city. Were it not for a kind Providence St. John's would have been swept out of existence long ago by a plague.

That this city can be considerably improved with the present financial income is apparent to all, or at least should be. Too much red tape and cheese paring is in evidence with the present self-elected chairman and his coterie of "spendthrifts." The personal of the present board is one which assures us that they will make money. "Flow like water."

We do not want it to be inferred that we wish them to throw the money wrung from the citizens to the winds of Heaven; but we do say and feel sure we have the approval of all our fellow citizens when we say better returns should be secured for the city for our present financial outlay than we get to-day.

The Longley pipe deal is a fairly good illustration of how foolish we mortals be. There is not the shadow of a doubt but that in a few years from now another expert will be railroaded in a Pullman Car to inspect what Mr. Longley, the expert, inspected.

Some few years ago a City Hall was purchased at a cost of over \$50,000. A City Hall is all right when we can afford one. The site of the present Civic Parliament is one that will never cause us to trip over ourselves in escorting strangers to look upon its architectural beauty. For housing three or four office hands the city makes a great "bargain." Had the money spent in this purchase and

in the fitting up of this building been devoted to lightening some of our back streets where our laboring classes are compelled to live in houses not much better than shacks the city would have been the gainer to a very large extent.

Where is the Committee that sat for weeks talking "hot air" over the plan for "housing the poor"? No doubt we will have another spasm from them when the next municipal election comes round; and we suppose we will have a civic election when Mr. Gosling gets tired of working for "nothing."

The present deplorable condition of this city and the unsatisfactory manner in which our civic matters are managed will go on as they have in the past unless the people arouse themselves from their slumbers and take an interest in civic matters, and do their part towards making our city "a place wherein to dwell!"

The Same Old Game

THE coterie who direct the policy of The Daily Star are gradually divesting themselves of the flimsy gauze of respectability which in the days of its journalistic babyhood precluded the ordinary reader from viewing its recent limbs; but just now literary hacks (subsidized, of course) are exhibiting the unspeakable deformities, perhaps un- wittingly, of the Anti-Confederate organ.

Beaten to a frazzle on every issue raised since it came forth, its efforts are now being directed towards sowing the seeds of discordant strife. It has made groundless charges against the President of the F.P.U., inspired by satanic hate of the individual and the cause which he represents; and it has now switched, at the dictation of its stock-holders presumably, to the discussion of questions which were better left untouched by pitch-handlers. Let us say to the Mephistophelian sheet, that it is doomed to reap the whirlwind.

The time has gone by in this country to try and resuscitate bogies, or to galvanize into life issues which have long been buried. Our toilers have learned but too well that sectarian flag-flying has always been engineered by men (conscienceless human bipeds) who had little interest in the welfare of the people other than the filching of subsidies from the Treasury, or the scooping in of the loaves and fishes.

Commercial upstarts of the gum-chewing variety can no longer befool the MASSES in this fair land. Battering off subsidies and political doles must have an end, and soon. Contractors with limitless gall and caddish swagger will be taught effectively that Defaulters on Contracts are in the same category as ordinary law breakers.

The hardy toilers of this country are not willing to become party to further gigantic swindling, to place in positions of trust, men whose brains are of the magpie order; nor are they going to permit get-rich quick contractors to bulldoze them further.

The luminary longs for the dawn of an era when we shall be enjoying such blessings? as secular education in the United States offers to such benighted? people as ourselves.

Heaven help us!

Shall we become so debased as to model our youth after such an ideal—where civilization is threatened with even greater perils than Potsdam Kultur—where secularly EDUCATED CRIMINALS like Harry Thaw, Morse, Molyneux, Becker, and Julian Hawthorne have caused even the sacred thing called justice to sink in the nostrils; where Divorce is knowing away the very vitals of social life; where worshippers at the shrine of Mammon are more in evidence than the followers of the Founder of Christianity?

Just recently an American author wrote:

MOSDELL'S BOOMERANGS

[A BOOMERANG—A missile of hard wood, peculiar to the aborigines of Australia, of two feet in length, and so constructed that, though thrown forward, it takes a whirling course upwards till it stops, when it returns with a swoop and falls in the rear of the thrower.]

Newfoundland Toilers awaited a champion, an organizer and a leader. Men there were a-plenty to pose as champions of the cause of the Fishermen, but it generally transpired that they were politicians at heart and not true friends of the Fishermen. Numerous leaders appeared at one time and another but they accomplished nothing either because of their half-hearted attempts or because they lacked the saving grace of organization. They were men who did not possess or engender in the Toilers that absolute confidence that is essential to the success of any general and champion of the cause of labor.—Mosdell, in The Fishermen's Advocate, Dec. 20, 1913.

Men looked for the saviour and the deliverer to come from legislative halls or from so-called upper classes. They had decided that he must be one learned in law or politics; prominent in business or some other department of public life. How else, said they, can he successfully organize and lead the Toilers and do battle on their behalf. But they were mistaken in their anticipations and once again was proven the old adage that it is usually the weak of the earth that is used to confound the mighty. The organizer and leader appeared in W. F. COAKER, who possessed none of the qualifications generally deemed essential to success.—Mosdell, in The Advocate, Dec. 20, '13.

"We have our moral Hell-Gate, which threatens our ship of state, and which it requires more than the genius of a Newton to remove. If we have strong hopes for the future of our country, we are also not without our fears. We are confronted with five great evils—Mormonism, Divorce, AN IMPERFECT AND VICIOUS SYSTEM OF EDUCATION WHICH UNDERMINES THE RELIGION OF OUR YOUTH, The Desecration of the Christian Sabbath, Gross and Systematic Election Frauds; and lastly, The Unreasonable Delay in carrying into Effect the Sentences of our Criminal Courts, and the numerous subterfuges by which CRIMINALS (who can read and write, too) evade the Execution of Law."

He says further: "It is not sufficient to know how to READ and WRITE. . . . It does not suffice to know that two and two make four. . . . The knowledge of book-keeping is not sufficient, unless we are taught, also, how to balance our accounts daily, between our CONSCIENCE and our GOD. . . . Heaven forbid that we must write the name of the Deity with a small 'g'! It will profit us little to understand all about the diurnal and annual motions of the earth unless we add to this science some heavenly astronomy."

We think it is Guizot who says: "In order to make popular education truly good and SOCIALLY useful, it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. . . . Religion is not a study or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and life."

Forester—the man whose article on The Kaiser and Social Democracy caused him to be imprisoned by the Potsdam Butcher—tells us:

"I know very well how far purely human inspiration will lead the world of youth. . . . I understand that a severe blow it must be to those WHO WOULD REPLACE RELIGION BY ETHICS when my conviction forces me to oppose them with all my energy, when I assert that just my thorough-going efforts in purely ethical instruction have CONVINCED me that such instruction is INSUFFICIENT—yes, that the ethical appeal, in order to become deeper, is forced by its own inner psychology to become religious; that the natural disposition to good must be impregnated; clarified, forti-

Aeroplanes Or Machine-Guns?

THERE is an extraordinary amount of revolutionary flapdoodle going on in this city regarding the War; and whilst a good deal of time is spent in patriotic exhibitions, our monied entry are doing very little to make their sympathies so effective.

We do not presume to know more about things military than our editorial brethren; but we flatter ourselves that we have considerably more common sense. We do not believe in exploiting our patriotism; but we believe in doing things that are practicable and practical.

Not so, however, with machine guns, for which there is a crying need. We are informed by a reliable Canadian Journal that "the huge casualty list among the Canadians at the front is due to the lack of machine-guns."

Then, if we add to this statement the opinion of military experts "that the present war will see the end of the rifle," and that "the German army is rapidly substituting men armed with machine guns in place of rifles; that they have 100,000 such death-dealing machines on the various fronts," we must admit that the crying need is machine-guns, and not aeroplanes.

The number of machine guns allowed to a British battalion is four, while the Germans are said to have a machine gun to every forty men, or twenty-five guns to each battalion.

"How long is this discrepancy to last?" asks The Ottawa Journal; and it adds: "Don't let us be catching up to the Germans in war equipment only after thousands more of our men THAN NECESSARY have been SLAUGHTERED owing to lack of equal equipment."

An English correspondent says: "The shortness of explosives has been notorious, and it has led to the sacrifice of thousands of lives."

We have produced no counterstroke to the enemy's submarine (during the month of June 89 British vessels aggregating 39,000 tons have been destroyed—all with loss of life).

"We are to this day conservative, imitative, amateurish, when victory can fall only to the most vigorous employment of the best scientific knowledge of all conceivable needs and material."

"Since this war began we have been piling up infantry recruits by the million, and making strenuous efforts to equip them with rifles. In the meantime, the actual experiences in war have been fully verifying the speculations of the imaginative theorist, and the Germans have been learning the lessons of these experiences. The idea that for defensive purposes one well-protected skilled man with a small machine-gun is better than a row of riflemen is very obvious indeed, but we have disregarded it."

"The Germans are giving up the crowding of men for defence purposes, and they are entrusting their light machine-guns to officers."

A machine-gun costs about \$1100; and in effectiveness, equals a dozen aeroplanes.

Will not some of our monied patriots rise to the occasion and contribute, individually, a machine-gun?

Here is an admirable opportunity to give concrete expression to their sympathy for the cause.

Just a small percentage of Government take-offs in certain cases would provide half a dozen, or more, of these essential engines of war.

There are two sides to everything; yet a woman only has use for one side of a mirror.

Most of us would rather preach than practice, anyway.

A leader is a great man who knows when to sidestep.

The Last Resort

"BREAK through to Calais" is the latest order of the German Emperor to his troops, according to the public messages received Wednesday.

That the effort would, shortly be made is the opinion long entertained by London military experts, so that the despatch, does not come as a surprise in any way. The German military is in a desperate state, and will sacrifice everything to make an impression on the British lines, that have so long resisted their terrible onslaughts.

They realize that if they cannot achieve some notable success very shortly, that their chances are forever done.

What with Italy pounding away at the southern door, Russian hordes battering on the east, and the probability of Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece joining in the assault there can be no hope of success if the mighty project of breaking through the stubborn British wall of determined men should be deferred much longer.

Just as Germany said of the big Russian counter-attack on the Pruth, that it was a forlorn hope, so it may be said that Germany's effort to reach Calais is a forlorn hope.

But those efforts driven by forlorn hope are often successful by reason of that very degree of desperation which gives impetuosity to the attempt. That Germany will make one of the most terrific assaults in history may be reasonably expected because she is like a lion that sees a cordon of hunters closing in on him.

Ten army corps, or something between 300,000 and 450,000 men, are being brought from Galicia and Poland to join in this gigantic assault on the British lines, but they will find the British Tommies there with the goods to meet them, and to give them a hot reception, as heretofore.

It may be "a contemptible little army" in point of size, but the German knows to-day that when it comes to the death grapple that there is nothing contemptible about its valour or its bull dog resistance.

Those Tommies are there to meet their German foes, and there they will stick in spite of all the brute force that may be hurled against him. And what can you do with foes like that, foes that will not take defeat, that refuse to be beaten, though decimated.

But although we have every confidence in the resisting powers of the British soldiery, and know that the Germans will find the road to Calais a hard one to negotiate, still we are not devoid of a certain amount of misgiving.

The German soldier is to-day fired with the spirit of success. Their arms have achieved wonders in the East in driving back the hordes of Russia, and men so stimulated by victory make terrible foemen.

Then again they have those mighty guns and terrific explosives that they have been using with such success against the Russian lines, and the question arises, have we the engines of war to meet them.

A fortnight ago the enemy was shelling Dunkirk from a distance of about twenty miles; they are therefore not more than forty miles from Calais to-day.

Should they succeed in getting a footing in Calais, we might expect an invasion of the shores of England.

From Calais to Dover is but twenty-one miles, and could be shot across by heavy guns. Therefore Germany could cover a landing party and transports right to the very shores of Old Abion.

Most good talkers are poor quitters.

If a man lends his influence he rarely gets it back.

Some men court, then marry, then go to court again.

HOW EXPLOSIVE SHELLS ARE MADE

THE outcry for more and more shells and other munitions of war which, early in the struggle, effectively arrested the attention of the mechanical engineers of Leeds and is yielding excellent results in that city, has caught on and is being earnestly taken up by engineers all over Yorkshire, Lancashire and other northern counties which possess or can obtain the requisite machinery and workers.

Thinking Yorkshiremen say that there must have been something in the talk about the need of high-explosive shells and other munitions or the Government would not have created a Ministry of Munitions with a Minister at the head who has distinctly scored in the handling of finance.

What are the high-explosive shells about which so much has been written and said? Where and how are they made?

These are the most interesting questions of the moment, as the demand for this, the very latest thing in infantry warfare, far and away exceeds that for shrapnel or any other sort of shells.

The shells are being made wherever tools and men capable of making them can be found. Considerable machinery that has up to now been engaged in turning out other shells is being adapted to the making of the high-explosive 3 in. 18-pounder.

By the courtesy of a scientifically and practically trained engineer who makes the machine tools with which the shell is produced we are able to give the following general idea of the processes by which it is created.

The outer shell is constructed of very high tensile steel, which, to start with, is supplied in lengths measuring about 4 feet 6 inches. The first operation is to cut the blanks to their approximate length on either a sawing machine or a rotary cutting-off machine. Next the ends are centred on either a centreing machine or a sensitive drilling machine with an attachment. The blanks are then mounted between centres in an engine lathe.

The outside of the shell is turned up to the groove for a copper band and the nose end is formed either by a form tool or by form turning attachment. The fourth operation is to bore a chase for the base plug and to finish turning the remainder of the outside diameter. This last process is very suitable for capstan lathes, machines which are fitted with chasing saddles.

Next the base is fitted in position, after which the shell is bored out and finished at the bottom, and then recessed back and chased, and the thread portion is chased and finished with a sizing tap.

The final operation is to form upon it waved ribs or copper bands by means of powerful presses, which impart to it the desired shape. Having been varnished by shellac, it is sent to Woolwich to be charged with its destructive contents.

The Woman's Part

As the war goes on women will have to take over a great deal of the work at present performed by men. The women van-drivers, lift attendants, and door-openers who may be seen any day at Harrod's Stores are a foretaste of what must soon be the rule instead of the exceptions. It will come to be considered a disgrace for any man of military age and fitness to be employed in occupations where his place could be filled as efficiently by a woman. One of the things this struggle will teach us is that the range of women's industrial capabilities is far wider than the world has realized.—London Daily Mail.