



Evening Telegram

W. J. HERDER, . . . Proprietor
C. F. JAMES, Editor

THURSDAY, July 10, 1919.

DOWN AND OUT.

Like Willard, the one-time champion heavyweight prize-fighter of the world, whom Dempsey defeated at Toledo last week, Germany is down and out. Willard met the fate of all other previous holders of the diamond studded belt because he failed to come back. And so it will be with Germany. Once the heavyweight of Europe, her omnipotence had been impressed upon all the smaller nations, and they looked upon her as practically invincible and unconquerable. Since the crushing defeat which was administered to Austria in 1866, and the humiliation placed upon France in 1871, Germany had regarded herself as the coming world power, and with her great military strength, her unrivalled manufacturing resources, both of which were the last word in organization, it looked indeed as if she were to become the heavyweight of the world in addition to being the bully of Europe. The eyes of rulers and people were turned toward extension abroad and extension by conquest, if necessary. They lusted for a higher place and more power, and conscious of their might they challenged the whole world for German supremacy. The end came with the knock-out administered by the Allies. Though trained to a hair, Germany failed to come back. Two victorious campaigns had been won, but the third, the greatest of them all, failed, and the final extinguisher to all the hopes so persistently fostered for years, was put upon the ambitious empire for German world control when, at the point of the bayonet, almost, the Allied peace terms were accepted and signed, and have been ratified by the form of government existing in Berlin at the moment.

The effect of all this on the minds of the German people, who in many cases are not impressed with the idea that utter defeat and submission have come upon them, cannot be

readily imagined. Every last one of them believed that the victory of the fatherland was assured and the downfall of their armies impossible. The shock, that has come to them, of failure, must be amazing and unrealizable. They are in that state in which Willard found himself, when he recovered from the dazing effects of Dempsey's knockout—surprised that it happened, and desiring to enter the contest again, but knowing that it is impossible because defeat has been so unexpected and so overwhelming. But like all "one-timers" they have hope—hope that the present set-back is only temporary, and that given ample time in which to re-train and recuperate, the past will be retrieved, and the injury avenged.

Such, perhaps, is the state of mind of the sixty-six million Germans, who form the population of the nation. They may still possess the desire animating the prize-fighter to "come back." But can they? The Germans are, though they probably do not agree to it, beaten thoroughly, subdued and demoralized, because if there is any fight left in them, they have nothing with which to begin again. The once great and mighty armies have been disbanded, the soldiers merging into the rank of civilians. Their fleets have been sunk, those not being destroyed in action having been scuttled by their crews, to the everlasting dishonor of German officers who arranged for, instructed and superintended the most perfidious act of all their perfidies. There is no money in Germany; there is little food; there is a shortage of clothing. They are minus arms and ammunition and to put an effective end to any intention of resuming hostilities, the armies of occupation are within their gates, and these will hold on with bulldog tenacity until Germany makes good the damage done by her rapacious and barbarian soldiery.

No. Germany cannot come back. Humiliated and thoroughly conquered, the country of the apostles of Kultur, has received the telling solar plexus blow, and down and out is written across her former national record. This is her reward for having, in her pride, exalted and magnified herself as above other people.

Oh! You Composer.

In yesterday's issue of the Telegram the caption composer caused trouble by setting the headline "Praying by Proxy" (Page 5, column 7) as "Praying by Proxy," and on Page 6, column 3, endeavours to make it evident that the New York Herald "Wants Destruction of Churches," when the correct setting should have been "Wanton Destruction of Churches." Something quite different altogether. And yet people imagine that running a newspaper is a cinch. Not 'arf!

Narrow Escape.

Three men while fishing in a motor boat about three quarters of a mile off the Narrows on Tuesday morning had a close call. The tug John Green was outward bound with a vessel of about 90 tons in tow, and came straight for the fishing craft, until within some thirty yards distance, she changed her helm and hauled across the motor boat's quarter, the alteration in the course bringing the tow line slack and causing it to sweep down toward the little vessel. The men on board the latter shouted to those on the tow to "hard up," and the order being promptly obeyed by the man at the wheel, the schooner cleared the fishing boat but the tow line was barely kept from sweeping the smaller craft out of the water by oars in the hands of the men on board and even then the margin of safety was a scant three feet. This happened at 10.30 o'clock in broad daylight, and our informant says that a sharp lookout could not have been kept by the crew of the tug. The fishermen are naturally very much incensed over the action of the tugmen in placing them in jeopardy. It is only by a miracle that a serious accident was averted, because had the wheelman on the schooner not responded so readily, a disaster would unquestionably have ensued. Too much care cannot be exercised by the lookouts on steamers and sailing vessels when coming in and going out the port.

Liner Grampian Crashes Into Berg.

Ship's Stem Bent and Bows Crumpled In—Two Stewards Instantly Killed—Thick Weather Caused Accident—700 Passengers on Board.

As a result of crashing into a giant iceberg 45 miles off St. John's at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, the big Canadian-Pacific Ocean Service liner Grampian now lies at Shea's wharf with her bow so badly smashed in that she cannot leave harbor until she receives very extensive repairs. Some thousands of people were down on the pier this morning to see the crumpled bows of the giant ship, and from all sides were heard exclamations of wonder that she had escaped sinking, so deeply had the iceberg penetrated through the steel plates. These were bent and buckled as a match-box could be crushed, pieces of blankets and mattresses, which had been on bunks in the forecabin, were sticking out through and testifying to the saddest part of the whole accident. Great pieces of ice, broken from the berg, still remain in the bow, the water, as they melt, dropping to the harbor below. Many cameras were in evidence to-day, everybody who possessed one wanting to have a snap of the great liner and her damaged bow. The Grampian arrived in port at five-thirty this morning, having come from the scene of the collision under her own steam, and without any other assistance. Seen by the

Telegram reporter this morning, Captain James Turnbull, of the liner Grampian gave the facts of the accident. The ship was bound from Montreal to Liverpool, carrying a full general cargo and seven hundred passengers. There was a very thick fog all the time, and the liner was going under reduced speed. Suddenly, when 45 miles off St. John's, the great berg loomed into view, and the order to reverse the engines was given. This was done, and succeeded, in a measure, in reducing the speed, thereby preventing the ship from striking the berg with the force it would otherwise have and the damage was consequently much less though still exceedingly severe. The shock, as it was, was very great, and nobody aboard was ignorant of it. There was no excitement, however, everyone remaining quite calm and collected. The usual panic and scrambling were here absent, and Capt. Turnbull pays a high compliment to the good sense and coolness of the seven hundred passengers and the crew of three hundred. Two lives, unfortunately were lost, these being of two stewards, who were in their bunks in the bow of the ship. They must have been killed instant-

ly. Portions of the bunks are to be seen protruding through the wrecked plates, while the body of one of the men may be seen from the inside of the ship. It is presumed that the body of the second man is behind the first. They will be extricated to-day and their burial will take place in the city. So coolly did the passengers take the happening—it might be told—that they held and enjoyed a concert last night as the ship was being brought to port. It had not been decided, up to this morning, that the Grampian was to go on dock, but it is certain that she cannot leave port until repairs have been made. Fortunately for all concerned, the berg struck the bow above the waterline, and so bent in the plates that the water was kept out. Even at that, of course, she could not attempt to leave port, and it may be sometime before she eventually gets away again. The S.S. Grampian, built at Glasgow, in 1907, is a first-class passenger boat of 10,955 total tonnage, fitted with electric lighting, wireless and all the conveniences of a big ocean-going liner. She has two decks and a shelter deck, measures 485 feet in length, 60 in width and 38 in depth. She is a twin screw steamer.

For Information.

The following telegrams from the Department of State, Washington, are quoted for the information of the Newfoundland exporters and importers:

"On July 1st the Department of State will take over the functions and personnel of the War Trade Board."

"Effective July 1st all control over export and import of wheat and wheat flour will be transferred from the War Trade Board and vested in the United States Wheat Director."

"By request of Wheat Director you are informed that properly executed licenses issued by the War Trade Board for importation and exportation of wheat and wheat flour will remain in full force and effect as issued by War Trade Board."

Ethie's Report.

The Ethie, Capt. English, returned to Humbermouth from the Straits service at 5 p.m. yesterday. The following report was wired the Reid-Nfld. Co. by Capt. English: "Made all ports of call to Battle Hr. Fishery not very bright on the Labrador, but there is good sign of fish at most places. Caplin is scarce all along the shore, both on the Newfoundland side of the Straits and Labrador. There is a better sign of cod at Flower's Cove than reported up to now. The weather is backward."

3,300 Miles Flight.

(From Westminster Gazette.) A squadron of Alcoa de Havilland aeroplanes has returned to Washington after a 3,300 miles flight in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. The actual flying time for the 3,300 miles was 1,940 minutes, an average speed of 101 miles an hour. In the trip they crossed the mountain "backbone" of the continent at a height of 16,000 feet, and dipped into the famous Grand Canyon of the Colorado River to a distance of 600 feet below the rim. Theirs was the first flight ever attempted across the Grand Canyon.

Published by Authority.

On recommendation of the Minister of Militia, His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Hon. A. E. Hickman, Minister of Militia (ex-officio), Chairman, Hon. Mr. Justice Kent, Chairman of the Civil Re-Establishment Committee, Major Macpherson, Director of Medical Services, Major Paterson, Director of Medical Services, and Major Parsons, Pension Commissioner, to be the Military Hospitals Commission.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Mr. Wilson Warren, (Grey River) to be a member of the Church of England Board of Education for the District of Ramona.

Department of the Colonial Secretary, July 8th, 1919.

The Poor Dear Star.

Really we can sympathize with the Star. It is a bad thing for a newspaper to be licked by another, especially when the paper that does the licking is served by reporters who could easily be the sons of the reporters of the paper that is licked. It is a shame that the reporters of the Star are so old-fashioned, so stiff, so unenergetic, so unenterprising and so unoriginal. Yesterday we gave some advice to the conferees of the Star: to-day we kindly pass over a tip or two to the Star itself. — the one that gets such "full, complete and accurate news" for its readers. In substance the advice is much the same as given to the Advocate: Have live wire reporters instead of ones who are only satisfied to merely trot along in their daily hunt for fish and personal items. Have reporters who get NEWS instead of the worn out fogies and the news columns will benefit greatly. The Star, as it has itself mentioned, is a young newspaper. But it should not let that deter it from doing its best. There is room at the top, young friend, and if you get the proper kind of reporters there is no reason why you should not eventually attain that position.

One thing, however, the Star should try to remember, and that is that it should not howl when it is beaten. That is a most inexcusable thing, even in a young paper. Buck up, little fellow, don't cry. Wipe the tears away and determine that NEXT time you won't be licked so badly. Above all, try hard to repress these spiteful little outbursts and you will be surprised at the improvement there will come in your paper. We are not charging anything for this advice. It is given free by a paper that has been long in the arena to one that is about to cut its milk teeth.

Express Passengers.

The following passengers landed at Port aux Basques yesterday morning from the Kyle, and are on the incoming express: D. and Mrs. Ramsay, E. and Mrs. Rowe, E. Sinnott, H. McKenzie, E. Sheppard, B. Smyth, A. Hiscock, Mrs. J. James, T. Fahey, Mrs. A. E. Powell and two children, H. E. Ward, H. and Mrs. Moore and child, T. Mitchell and two children, J. A. and Mrs. Reid, Mrs. F. Weir and son, E. Pitcher, Mrs. F. Slipper, B. and Mrs. Northrop, Mrs. R. Mosher and son, A. Fenwick, R. Parsons, Mrs. J. Hickman, Mrs. J. Palmer, L. Grolph, E. and Mrs. Burke, Mrs. A. Johnson, Mrs. L. O'Brien, Mrs. J. Noseworthy, Mrs. J. Guy, L. A. Shannon, J. Downey and E. Hollett.

ON DOCK.—The steamers Ranger and Earl of Devon went in the dry dock yesterday morning, each to undergo an overhauling and repairs. The former will have repairs made to her main shaft, which was broken while at the icefields; the latter will have her propeller, which was damaged on her recent trip to the northward, adjusted.

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ABBEY'S SALT is more than a pleasant tonic laxative. It is an agreeable saline, slightly tart in flavor; that makes a refreshing, sparkling summer drink, which quenches thirst and keeps the whole system in a regular, orderly condition. Recommended by Physicians and Druggists.

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USE "2 in 1,"

Black, White, Tan or Ox Blood, and you will
be happy.

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have just received the following:

- 120 boxes "Rising Sun" Black-lead and Paste.
- 25 cases "Nadruco" Cod Liver Oil Compound, Sabadilla and White Pine and Tar Cough Cure.
- 30 sacks Timothy Hayseed.
- 5 gross Gln Pills.
- 10 cases Shredded Wheat Biscuit.
- 10 gross Indian Root Pills.
- 50 cases Taylor's Borax Soap.
- 4 cases Genuine Maple Syrup.
- 50 cases Swift's Washing Powder.
- 50 cases Fride Soap.
- 50 cases Eddy's Matches.
- 10 cases Force.
- 100 boxes Clay Pipes.
- 50 cases Kufie Brick.
- 6 cases Cuticura Soap.
- 4 cases Sanford's Jamaica Ginger.
- 170 boxes Seeded and Loose Muscatel Raisins.

For sale at our usual small margin of profit.

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.
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Knowling's

New Shipments of

Floor Covering.

We have just received another lot of

Canvas Linoleum and Feltol,

in all leading widths from 1/2 yard to 2 yards wide. In addition to this we can offer a small lot of

2 yard wide Floor Covering,

slightly defective but quite useful, at \$1.30 per yard

Our new arrivals consist of all latest patterns and designs.

G. KNOWLING, Ltd.

July 3, th, sat, th, sat