

PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8 May 1900

VOL. XII., NO. 613.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A New Editor's Trials.

The new editor of the Telegraph, Mr. Walsh appears to be having troubles of his own. When he came to St. John Mr. James Hannay sat in the editorial chair of the morning liberal organ. Mr. Walsh was eager to go to work but his anxiety was not greater than that of the gentlemen who had dug into their pockets and put up the cash to make the old newspaper more modern.

The local representative of the syndicate introduced Mr. Walsh to the editor in chief and the upper Canadian took charge at once. He made the acquaintance of the composing room in the first place and inspected the "copy" in hand. The blue pencil got in its work and thus the new chief set the seal of his authority upon the office.

Next morning there were new head lines upon the first page of the Telegraph. The staid old subscriber rubbed his spectacles and gazed upon the sheet in amazement. Surely it was a waste of space to give so much room to a single line when he had all day before him and wanted the worth of his money!

Nevertheless the headlines have continued. It may be remarked that they have grown more numerous and complicated. The night foreman and the compositors, who set heads and the display type, have their work cut out for them. So has Mr. Walsh. He came from a place where enterprise and cash make newspapers go. Montreal is a large city and the circulation and patronage extended to the newspapers there warranted lavish expenditure. To essay the same in St. John even on a much smaller scale, is a venturesome task. We hope the new editor will succeed and the proper results will reward his enterprise. But he must not be too sanguine. St. John is a small city—small, it may be said, in more ways than one—jealous of an opinion expressed contrary to its own and disinclined to argue some questions. There are certain topics, Mr. Editor, that must be handled with a velvet touch. There is the winter port—a subject that only a gloved hand can approach. Blind submission to the belief that this is the only winter port in Canada is insisted upon. The rise and fall of the tides are a distinct advantage—never forget that. Remember that while the channel into the harbor is somewhat tortuous and hasn't any more water than the International steamers need at low tide it is always in danger of being dredged out and made straight. This is one of the stock subjects of the board of trade.

"When summer comes do not expect any fog." If a mist arises, revel in it, glory in it, exist in it, say we would not be without it for the sake of our girl's complexion and incidentally, to emphasize the fact that the Bay of Fundy is so secure from danger that ships and steamers plough through it without hindrance. At all hazards maintain that our mist is of a better quality and less dense than the fog which prevails six days out of the week in Halifax.

If you propose to discuss politics as well as news go and make the acquaintance of Dr. Hetherington, the medical superintendent of the lunatic asylum. He is a good fellow and you will grow to like him—in time. We may remark, sotto voce, that news and politics frequently interfere in St. John. May your guardian angel protect you if you show up a good and prominent liberal in any wrong doing. The town is small, we told you, and newspaper directors are apt sometimes to think they are managers. This is so true, Mr. Walsh, that the idea often extends to advertisers. Personal experience has taught us that, an advertiser sometimes become arrogant, and get the idea into his head that his patronage is absolutely necessary to the support of a newspaper. This has been so evident in the past that Messrs. N. S. & B. upon one or two occasions thought the associated press (or was it the United Press?) cable despatches unfit to print in a newspaper. So they sent word to one editor that they wanted to see him. He went and listened to a lecture which wound up by a withdrawal of the firm's advertisement. The fact that there was a three years contract was overlooked by the firm member who was so suddenly seized with this fit of pety and so the grave danger was averted.

But even the publication of a Salvation Army street hymn has been known to produce like results, and a criticism of a federal minister by an opposition daily once drew an emphatic remonstrance from a liberal (?) concern that such articles must cease! Do not think for a moment that we mean such advice as general. It is not, but the importance of large advertisers becomes impressed upon them occasionally and they imagine that they have some interest in the paper beyond the space they buy and pay for.

This is one of the penalties of journalism in a small city but even here they may be surmounted if the situation is grappled with in time.

Be careful of the police station. There are rival factions there. The police magistrate is a catholic, one of the lights of the laity, and the chief of police is a protestant, an orangeman—some even say a P. P. A. Do not take any part in their quarrel. If you find fault with the chief his protestant friends will be down upon you, and if you question any set of the magistrates—look out for the A. O. H. One term, the "P. P. A." you are, no doubt, acquainted with. There used to be some in Upper and Western Canada, they say, and it was said that they existed here. It is stated they are dangerous, that they have lists of the A. O. H. members posted up in their lodge rooms, and every man has his opponent picked out. But they say the same of the A. O. H. so keep clear of both of them. Don't touch the catholic and protestant question. It is apt to burn. A St. John editor should have no more religion than Mr. Nothing from Nowhere. Wear a shamrock in your button hole on St. Patrick's day and don't forget the rose and the heather on St. George and St. Andrew's anniversaries. Above all get a bit of orange ribbon for the 12th of July.

If we told you all that experience teaches in newspaper life in St. John space would fail us and you would get weary, but remember every small place has its weaknesses and that this is true of our town. For example, it would not do to forget the fact that every newspaper gets two pass books from the street railway,—touch lightly upon accidents. The C. P. R. is also generous (as far as Megantic) and so correspondents are out of place when any accident happens on that line; the tourist association needs must be promptly attended to—always remember that the Rhine of America flows through New Brunswick and that the Land of Evangeline is a pleasant myth. Encourage the park management, find no fault with anything there, not even with the lack of drinking water. Pat the animals and give it an editorial every fortnight. Remember that the hotels advertise with you and that so far as they are concerned there is no license law. True, they pay \$400 a year but do not inquire too closely into the whys and wherefores.

If you receive a letter that you feel should not be published get the first Globe that is issued and read it—addressed to yourself! This will give the impression that you are afraid of something in it. But you have had experience on this point.

Be loyal, no matter what it costs. Wave the old flag upon the slightest provocation and do not take a back seat for anybody on this point. Insist that your devotion for the Union Jack is as keen as that of the Mayor himself—and he likes the sight of it so well that his fox terrier wore one last week! Loyalty pays even more in a newspaper than in a man; Boers are at a discount.

These few suggestions are not offered in any facetious spirit. The necessity for considering them may not arise at once but, in due season, the woes of journalism in St. John always crop up. It is well that some joys are sandwiched in. They are few but healthy. That the new editor in chief of the Telegraph may get his share of them is the best wish of PROGRESS.

Freed and Doing Better.

Some North End people have been enquiring with a mysterious air of late the whereabouts of a man named John King, who was arrested for a robbery on Main street, but of whom nothing further was heard from police circles save that his case remained. There need be no mystery

about the matter for King is at present working in Boston. His crime of stealing a ham, while it was not a heinous one, was amply paid for by his many days of confinement, the authorities finally releasing him on the representations of several worthy citizens who said his family were in dire want and King himself promised to do better and provide for his own it allowed his liberty. Accordingly he was freed and to all appearances seems to be keeping his promise.

Death of Collector Ruel.

The death of Mr. James R. Ruel removes one of the best citizens in St. John. His efforts to advance the interest of the community have always been regarded as unselfish and praiseworthy. It is because of Mr. Ruel that we enjoy a free public library to day and had been permitted to have his way we would have had a building to do it credit. It is because of him that we have a beautiful cemetery conducted upon proper plans and upon a sound financial basis. Even at the time of the seizure that caused his death he was the energetic treasurer of the contingent fund. As collector of customs he was affable and obliging but he knew his duty and he did not permit his friendship to cause him to depart an inch from that path. His life was more useful than that of the majority of men. For nearly 80 years he lived and his name and work will remain even longer.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—A glance at this well filled page gives you its contents.

PAGE 2.—The Fire Traps of St. John—An article telling of the dangerous parts of the city and risky buildings.

Home-Made Strategies—The local board of strategy which meets in City Hall and how they concoct "tips" for Lord Roberts. General miscellany.

PAGE 3.—The Musical and Dramatic events of the week in the city and elsewhere.

PAGE 4.—Editorial on Fire escapes for public buildings—French and English Differences—The Queen's visit to Ireland.

A good thing on the A. P. A.—St. Patrick's Day and other selected verse.

Joys and Woes of Other Places—Good things from all over the country.

Straight talk on all subjects—Correspondents write about the charges against Inspector Vincent and hint at his licensed Road Houses—Insulting Ladies at the Opera house entrance. Judge Vanwart's case, etc., etc.

Many short items of real worth.

PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—City Society with the happenings of the week in social circles. Also similar correspondence from Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen and Calais, Truro, Parrsboro, Moncton, Woodstock, Annapolis, Campbellton, Bridgetown, Wolfville, Digby, Hampton, Sussex, and smaller places.

PAGE 9.—A whole page of South African features, including an article descriptive of the Boer woman and the part they are taking in the present strife, where Kruger will go when the Transvaal is annexed, forcing the Modder River, the prescribed prayer for British soldiers, and a budget of good stories about the stern Kitchener. Indeed a tempting array of good reading.

PAGES 10 and 15.—Another new story in two installments, "Sworn Foes."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading department, with a powerful sermon on the study of the parables. Other Sabbath day literature.

PAGE 12.—Allen writes still another most interesting story for PROGRESS entitled "My Feather Canoe"—a story for boys and girls. Miscellaneous items.

PAGE 13.—Frills of Fashion fresh from the centres of style, verily a woman's page.

PAGE 14.—"Long Distance Cavalry Rides"—an article on feats of horsemanship in war by Col. Dodge U. S. Army.

PAGE 16.—Adventures of Linemen—telling of narrow escapes from death telegraph, telephone and electric light wire hangers have had.

Births, Deaths and Marriages of the week all over the Maritime provinces.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo.

Red Tape That Kills.

Within the last ten days two more deaths have been added to the fast-enlarging list of "jail cases" at the General Public Hospital, namely Frank Hams and a man named Holman. It seems strange, but nevertheless true that the great majority, if not all, of these jail patients seldom recover. Perhaps because they are allowed

The case has aroused a lot of comment, and certainly would have stirred the people generally had the facts been less obscure. Hams might be termed "only a jail case," but in the interests of humanity he is as much of a human being as the most respected citizen, and worthy of just as much consideration. It is not the first time either the hospital authorities have carried this red tape business too far, and many precious lives have been endangered and lost thereby. Some day, it is to be hoped, there will be a shaking up of the dry bones in regard to the workings of this public institution, and that beside some interior changes for the better, the musty old rules and regulations will be modernized and christianized.

His Worship's Snow Unshovelled.

An oblong block of snow, cut as even as if from marble, barred the passage of King's street in front of the disused Newport House [after the storm of the early week. That little bit of snow signified a whole lot. It stood directly in front of the narrow doorway leading to the old Newport House apartments, the stores on either side being those of John K. Storey and L. L. Sharpe, the jeweller. Now His Worship Mayor Sears owns the building and is responsible for the removal of the snow from in front of it, as far as the unoccupied parts of the premises are concerned. In this case his share of snow shovelling amounted to about twelve by four feet, and couple of feet deep—the work of [less] than five minutes.

But since Mr. Sears persists in refusing to rent the two rooms up stairs to Mr. Storey the latter no doubt feels justified in not cleaning the snow from the entrance to these departments and so far as Mr. Sharpe is concerned it was none of his business to have the snow in front of the Mayor's property removed. So there it remained, like a barrier in a steeply chise, or a tablet in a cemetery, until crowding pedestrians kicked it about and kindly Old Sol persuaded the fallen flakes to resign altogether.

Mr. Estey on Stone Crushers.

Mr. James Estey writes a letter to the common council once in a while. One of his was read Thursday and provoked a smile because someone had said that it was about the purchase of the aerial ladder truck and there a lot of discussion arose just on this account. Ald. Tutts evidently had wind of the letter because he asked the mayor if he had not received a letter from Mr. Estey about the truck business. He moved that it be read before any action was taken. This brought Ald. McGoldrick to his feet. He objected to letters about matters that his department going to his worship or any one else. Then the debate wandered and there was amendment upon amendment and finally Mr. Estey's letter was taken up. It was about a stone crusher and the council neglect to answer a former letter of his. There was a general laugh and someone suggested that the writer might be an authority on wind mills but not on stone crushers. The last transaction Mr. Estey had with the Board of Works did not please the aldermen.

Ald. White's Attempt at Reform.

Ald. White's attempt to reform the board of management is not meeting with that sudden and complete success that might naturally have been expected. The chairman Dr. Christie, is not giving it his ardent support: in fact when it was referred to the board of works for consideration that body, of which he is also chairman, failed to consider the matter and so there was no report upon it at the meeting Thursday. But Ald. White noticed the fact and reminded the chairman and so it is presumed that he will follow the matter up. The expenditure of the board of management is very large indeed and is controlled entirely by a few aldermen (five) who meet when they please (privately) report when they please and, in fact do as they please. Ald. White seeks to have them based upon the same basis as the other boards, to have meetings open to the press and report all that is done and there is no doubt that his move is one in the right direction.



LITTLE "BOBS."

The above illustration shows Master G. Clifford McAvity, aged eight years and son of Mr. George McAvity, as he skated at the children's carnival at Victoria Rink last Saturday, winning first boy's prize. His suit was the regulation British Army South African khaki and Clifford deserved his cash reward.

to become dangerously ill in the King Street (east) prison before being removed to the hospital, perhaps because their worn-out constitutions make them an easy prey to their ailment, or is it because these poor unfortunates are considered lightly by the staff of the big Waterloo street institution?

At any rate the death rate among them is of a very high percentage.

The case of Daniel Higgins told of in PROGRESS Feb 24, was a brutal set on the part of the police. This man dying in an epileptic fit was carted to a stone cell of the Central Station and sent to the hospital only when it was too late. Profiting somewhat by the censure incurred by this episode the police authorities were a little more prompt in seeking medical aid for their next patient, Frank Hams. During the latter part of last week he was taken quite ill in the jail and Dr. Berryman ordered his removal to the hospital. Turnkey Clifford accompanied Hams in the ambulance, but when the vehicle pulled up in front of the big granite steps the officials in charge flatly refused to admit the suffering prisoner.

They said these were not the hours for receiving other than emergency cases and Hams must be brought back at the proper time. Naturally Turnkey Clifford was very much exasperated by this bewildering show of red tape and said the hospital people would either take Hams into the building or he would leave him there on the steps. This did not effect those in charge very much and still they held out against the unfortunate being allowed treatment. The outcome of it was that Hams was carted back to jail and next day after being again wheeled to the hospital died a very short time after he had been put to bed.

This time it is the hospital and staff that can claim what credit there may be in the case of Hams, in the Higgins instance it was the police. It can hardly be doubted by any sane person had the sick prisoner been allowed admittance the first time he sought it, his illness might have been checked and his life spared. But instead of this the red tape of the Waterloo street establishment, which all citizens help to keep up, put the suffering man back into a cold, clammy jail, there to grow rapidly or, beyond all recovery.