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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JULY 21, 1913.

A NEGLIGIBLE QUANTITY.

The Chicago Tribune of Saturday publishes a fac simile of a list of names of South Bend corporations and managers said to have been given by some unknown person to Col. Mulhall for the purpose of raising funds to aid James E. Watson's campaign for governor in 1908.

The list was written on a letter-head of the Oliver hotel and contains the names of nine concerns and a similar number of individual names, the latter written opposite the corporations they represented. The question attached to the fac simile is "Who wrote these names?"

The chronology appears to be that of a person unaccustomed to the frequent use of a pen and some of the names are misspelled. The letters are stiffly formed and unshaded. Col. Mulhall says J. D. Oliver wrote the list, but must be mistaken. We cannot imagine J. D. Oliver sitting at a writing desk in the Oliver hotel preparing a list of prospective contributors to the Watson campaign fund for Col. Mulhall. Besides, Mr. Oliver says he did not write it.

What does it matter, really, who wrote the list. The names it contains are those that would have suggested themselves to anyone familiar with politics in South Bend in 1908 or previous thereto. With one or two exceptions the corporations and individuals named, or the predecessors of the latter, have been those to whom the republican organization has looked for years for the larger part of its campaign contributions in South Bend.

Among the first and most interesting speculations on the opening of a campaign in years past has been as to how much such and such a concern or individual would give. These good angels of the republican party were always expected to give liberally and if for any reason they failed to do so the party went begging for money to run its campaign. The necessity of getting money from these concerns and those connected with them in order to make a successful campaign was common knowledge.

Little importance can, therefore, be attached to the question, "Who wrote those names?" Any one of a hundred or more men actively associated with the politics of the day could have written them.

ABSURD CRITICISM.

It is childish to say, as some Washington newspaper correspondents have, that Secy. Bryan is ignoring the Mexican situation, that he has not read the daily dispatches to the state department from the Mexican embassy and that he has never seen the compilations made by state department officials, which show conditions in Mexico in their relation to American and other foreign interests.

To believe such statements is to believe that Mr. Bryan is not only derelict in his duty but utterly devoid of interest in or curiosity concerning the affairs of his office. Much criticized as the secretary of state is by his enemies, both within and outside of his party, Mr. Bryan is recognized by all as a man of intelligence, and it is incredible that any but a veritable fool would be guilty of the neglect with which he is charged in the Washington dispatches.

The secretary of state knows that when the time comes he will have to deal with the Mexican situation and it is absurd to presume or assert that he is not taking advantage of every opportunity to prepare himself for an intelligent and just treatment of the questions involved. It is reasonable to presume that the state department is better informed than the public as to the true status of affairs in Mexico and has formulated its policy in accordance with that knowledge. In response to the hue and cry, however, Ambassador Wilson has been summoned to appear at the state department and personally give the secretary the benefit of his observations.

The ambassador may be asked also to explain what part, if any, he took in aiding the Huerta crowd to gain possession of the machinery of government, and to what extent, if any, he has double crossed the administration. It is not probable that Mr. Wilson's temporary recall is purely for the purpose of enlightening the state department as to its duty toward Mexico.

AGREE TO ARBITRATE.

An agreement reached by the Building Construction Employers' association and their former employees gives a greater promise of industrial peace than Chicago has had for a long time. The agreement is based on arbitration.

Following an ultimatum to the trades council that some 250 strikers should return to work and that "maintenance men" should be abolished the employers' association put a lockout in effect June 19 and maintained it until the thousands of men

thrown out of work yielded and the agreement was arranged. Both sides benefited by the arrangement in the matter of concessions and hereafter no lockout or strike is to be ordered until arbitration falls.

The efficiency of the agreement will depend upon the strength of the arrangements for arbitration. This is to be left to a joint arbitration board, which will be equipped with all the power possible in a body that cannot be endowed with compulsory authority. Beyond the agreement to exhaust the services of arbitration before a lockout or strike is ordered neither party can be prevented from disturbing the peaceful relations sought through the means of settlement. If either side wishes to make trouble it can do so, but it will not be quite as easy as before.

The agreement is a contract of which the courts can take cognizance and compel performance to the extent of exhausting the resources of arbitration. Beyond that each side will be a free agent.

The immediate effects of the lockout are to put 30,000 men at work and to resume construction on buildings to cost \$40,000,000. The loss occasioned by the month of idleness cannot be restored, but future experiences, of a similar character, may now be prevented.

POLITICAL BREACH OF PROMISE.

The third-term mayor of Cambridge, Mass., classic home of historic Harvard, is Irish, 40, and a bachelor. Last time he ran he told the women he wouldn't change his race and couldn't change his age, but would solemnly agree not to run again before he had changed his bachelorhood.

His blarney got him by, but did he marry? Did Barry marry? Divil a bit!

So now he's running again and a lot of indignant women are after his scalp for political breach of promise. Thereby showing up another value in this growing enmity of women's interest in public affairs. For with votes for women political bachelors will have to go. In their restraint of matrimonial trade guilt will be penalized and he who would bear the honors will also have to wear the chains.

When Penrose of Pennsylvania was once reproached for not having taken a wife, he said he was ready to marry whenever "the organization" would pick out the woman.

Mayor Barry can't escape by that excuse, for the Woman's Homestead association, Bostonese home boomers, say they're ready to help him choose if he's unable to do the choosing unaided.

So we guess, Mr. Mayor, it's up to you.

HOW ABOUT IT?

By Bertion Braley.

Yes, we'll admit that the old opportunity cannot be found in this up-to-date day, also confess that the modern community doesn't throw many good chances your way. Trusts and monopolies may be a blow to you. High cost of living is sure raising hob. Still have you really had "sit up" and "go" to you? Have you been honestly right on the job?

Things are not anywhere near as they ought to be. Many conditions should fill us with shame. We're not as free as our forefathers fought to be. There's a vast need for an honest game. Maybe the world has been putting the hooks to you. Still, let us ask you, as man unto man, rough as the road is, and bad as it looks to you, have you been doing the best that you can?

Haven't you loafed when you should have been laboring? Haven't you crumpled when trouble you met? Haven't you slept while competitors, neighboring, went out and got what you wanted to get? Yes, we'll admit that the game has the start of you, freely concede it's a grueling test. Still have you played with the soul and the heart of you? Have you been honestly doing your best?

A plan for an American protectorate for Nicaragua has been outlined by Mr. Bryan. It is similar to the Platt amendment which constitutes the control exercised by the United States over Cuba. The plan carries an exclusive right to construct an interoceanic canal across that country.

Much to the satisfaction of the Tribune Mr. Place has relieved it of the necessity of boosting Mr. Swaygart for the mayoralty nomination. But there is so much irony in politics, Mr. Swaygart may be nominated.

The railroads and their employees have come to regard prudence the better part of valor. Experience has taught that strikes are terribly expensive.

Though the least prepared for war of all the nations, as Gen. Edwards

says, the United States probably needs less preparation than any other country.

Raymond Hitchcock, who was here Saturday, is among those who made South Bend famous by incorporating it in "The Red Widow" as "Souze" Bend.

Congress is going about the enactment of a currency bill with a good deal of caution. The question is knottier than the tariff.

Japan may as well abandon the attempt to make a cause for umbrage out of the California situation. We have almost forgotten it.

Sen. Cummins' predictions are ripening early this year. One that the tariff will beat the democrats was picked Saturday.

Four Denver papers have been indicted for running unclean advertisements. But why stop at the unclean advertisements?

An honest man, the Tribune contends, is exclusively the product of a citizens' party.

The swatted fly is harmless.

Getting the News

BY FRED C. KELLY.

Once in a great while a new reporter actually has an adventure almost as exciting as that of a cub reporter in a fiction story of newspaper life in the Saturday Evening Post.

In the long run, experience is not unlikely to be a help to a man, and the old, seasoned reporter has a fair chance to put it over the inexperienced one. Still the exceptional cases occur just often enough to give a semblance of reality to the stuff turned out by the popular fiction writers.

In one of these exceptional cases the hero was Gus J. Karger, who, besides being one of the ablest political writers at Washington, was the close friend and spokesman of the last administration.

Gus was a police reporter on one of the Cincinnati morning papers a good many years ago. A report came into the station about midnight that a man was supposed to have been murdered out near what was known as the desiccating factory. That was all the police knew about it. Now, Gus Karger changed to get this brief report a little in advance of the other reporters because he was taking a walk up the street and met the policeman who brought the report in.

It was late to get out on a story with any hope of getting it printed the next morning, but Gus hired a night-blooming hack and started. The place was about five miles away. After a lot of adventures he found that the murdered man had been a murder in a certain cheap boarding house. Just before he reached the house, a man signaled to him and asked if Gus were the coroner. Being too young and inexperienced to know that one must not impersonate an officer, Gus eagerly assumed the role of coroner.

The man led the way to the scene and showed Gus the shotgun with which the murderer had pleasantly shot his victim. The murderer's name was also Gus—Gus Raabs—and so he and Gus got along nicely together. They both spoke German, too. Raabs was getting ready to flee across the river in Kentucky about the time Gus Karger arrived. Gus advised the man to give himself up, arguing that it would be better for him than to escape and be captured later.

But the murderer objected on the ground that he didn't like the idea of being hanged or of going to the penitentiary even. Gus insisted that he wouldn't be hanged—that it could not be more than manslaughter, and that a few years in the penitentiary wouldn't be bad at all. He told the man about a friend of his who had gone to the penitentiary, learned a trade there, and got so accustomed to the life that he didn't mind it. Gus talked so glowingly about the life at the penitentiary that the man decided to give himself up.

Gus Karger's problem then was to get his story to the paper and keep it away from other reporters who might be expected at any minute. The only telephone within several miles was in a watchman's hut at the desiccating factory. Gus was afraid to leave his prisoner, for fear he might change his mind and escape. So he took friend murderer along, after borrowing a key to the hut. He telephoned in his story, assured his paper it would be exclusive, and then he disarranged some small wires in the telephone, making it temporarily useless. Also he locked the door of the hut and dropped the key into some bushes, pretending to have lost it.

After cautioning the men at the boarding house to go on to bed and not talk to reporters—even those who might come representing themselves as attaches of the coroner's office—he and the murderer climbed into the hack for the journey back to the police station.

On the way Gus met the rival reporters. He bade his murderer acquaintance crouch down in the back where they couldn't see him in the darkness, and then he casually lied to the other reporters.

"How's it come you're blowing yourself for a hack for the return trip?" they asked him, suspiciously. "Oh, I got so disgusted with the whole thing I made up my mind I wasn't going to wait for a car or walk," said Gus. "I'm going to ride around a while now and get some fresh air."

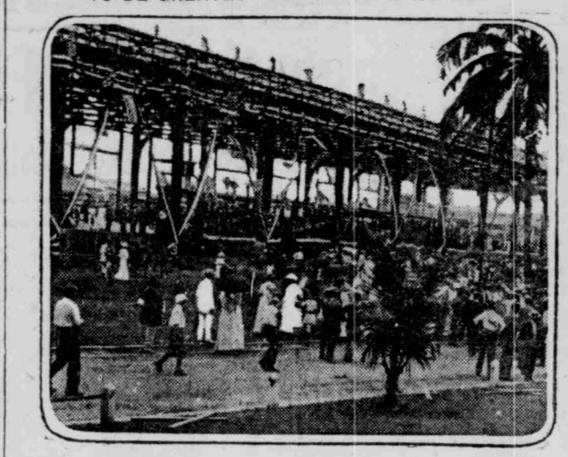
"Just goin' t' take yourself out for a nice little morning airing, hey?" they inquired.

"Yep," said Gus. It sounded a plenty suspicious, but they couldn't prove anything on him and passed on.

There was still another obstacle. If he went to the police station with his man there was still time for the other papers to get the story—or part of it—from the police. Gus decided to keep his murderer all to himself until the papers had all gone to press. They drove around town until daylight. Once or twice the murderer changed his mind about giving himself up and desired to get out and flee, but Gus talked German to him reassuringly and changed the subject by pointing out some place of interest from the window of the hack as they drove along.

Finally, he took the man to the police station, where, at Gus' suggestion,

TO BE GREATEST PORT IN THE WORLD!



Here is the first photograph of the immense shed the United States government is building at Cristobal, Panama, the Atlantic terminus to the canal. When the canal is opened it is destined to become the greatest port in the world, shippers say.

THE MELTING POT

HAUNTED HOUSES.

There's the queerest street in town. All the houses, old and brown, have been vacant years and years. I have often guessed the fears, That forbid men living there.

Round about them all is fair, Grassy mounds and trees and flowers, Birds that sing for hours and hours, And when rains come pouring down, On these houses old and brown, All of nature seems to sing.

Some delight, and happy thing, That inspires the very soul To rejoice and be made whole, Little gold flowers, buried low, Lift their pretty heads and glow.

Blue-bells twinkle, as in glee, Men smile shyly at me. And I think it is so queer That these houses, year on year, Stand so empty, bare and brown, With their blank eyes on the ground.

There's a queer thought comes to me, As those houses, looking down, On the street, or anywhere, Faces that are rightly fair. Yet some power that's undefined, Shows to me a vacant mind.

And they stand as bare and brown, As those houses, looking down, With their blank eyes on the ground. Vacant minds, what tragedy! Eyes that open, never see, Souls that wither day by day.

Wither slowly and decay, And that heritage divine, That was ever yours and mine, By the gift of Him alone, Bartered, thrown away and gone.

Vacant houses everywhere, Men's faces, grim despair, Stand unlovely bare and brown, Blank eyes ever looking down.

Beatrice E. Harmon.

HOUSE OF DAVID HEN LAYS STRANGE EGGS

Special to The News-Times. BENTON HARBOR, Mich., July 21.—Once upon a time a goose laid a golden egg.

That was a long, long time ago, And now it has come to pass that hens of the House of Israelites have gone the goose one better.

It has come to pass that each night as the Sons of the House of David gather the eggs they find them all stamped and labeled. The eggs of one white Leghorn hen especially have been noticed. The hen has laid 17 eggs during the past few weeks.

All sorts of strange inscriptions and signs have been found on these eggs. Besides the strange inscriptions the eggs are of enormous size for hen eggs. Some of them measure six inches in circumference and eight inches in length.

On one egg laid by Miss Leghorn are the figures "1915," and the word "keep." On the side is "O. K. Benjamin." Another egg displays an Odd Fellow emblem, three links being easily discernible. On the side are the words "Benjamin Mary" and on the other "Harbor" and under this "M.B."

On egg No. 7 near the top is the word "woman" and under this "Freeman, Abraham." One inscription in which the order places much stock is the figure of the sun on one side; on the other is a coiled serpent. The Israelites hold that the serpent, meaning evil, is fighting goodness or light.

On egg No. 12 is the inscription "1915—Not die," and at the bottom "Peace Return." No. 13 "Eden Springs" and on No. 15 "Revelations." Name, "Gabriel." Under these is the word "Christ."

Colonists have traced the letters on the rough surface of the shell with a pencil. When asked if they had seen the other recent stories of letters on an egg, the Israelites said they had read accounts, but could not understand the phenomena. They believe in the signs and think the lettering shows the House of David is acceptable with the Master.

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WE have taken occasion from time to time of the small appreciation of preachers and teachers as manifested in their pay, but it is less than we thought. A South Bend congregation has refused to pay its preacher \$5 a week and his board.

This man may not be much of a preacher, but he is worth more than that as an example of unselfish devotion to a good cause.

A LARGE share of the admiration stirred in our breast by the garden exhibit made by the boys and girls of the public schools went to the little gardeners rather than to their products. When we were a boy we had a genuine abhorrence of work in the garden and this antipathy has clung to us all these years.

MATRIMONY is said by high medical authority to be conducive to longevity for men, for the reason that they live much more regular lives. And yet it is rare that an old bachelor dies young.

FORECAST.

The pendulum has swung far. Since knowledge drew the line, And the leaf without a mar, Clothed the feminine form divine.

It will have swung back, When the advancing de collect, Meet without a blush, The spilt skirt of that day. D. B. H.

"There is only one drawback to writing," says a well known contributor. "You know some mean reader will count up the times you have used the personal pronoun 'I.'"

THE young man who perched himself on the railing just above Prospect point at Niagara Falls and fell into the water was hardly worth saving on account of his common sense, but of course a human life is a human life.

He could almost be classed with the young man standing on the bridge at Goat island a good many years ago who playfully caught up a little girl and saw her wiggle from his arms and go over the falls.

Niagara Falls has never been successfully monkeyed with.

J. P. MORGAN'S immortal utterance, that you can't summate a scrambled egg, reminds us somewhat of the political situation in South Bend.

HOT WEATHER EASE.

BY BERTON BRALEY. Oh, bother me not with duty And Hector me not with work. No matter, "Well, I should fuss." For politics cannot stir me. The office can go to thunder. And business can go to pot. I'm going to remain here under 'The shade of the porch—It's hot!

If Wall st. is in a flurry, If Washington's in a muss, I murmur, "Well, I should worry." I mutter, "Well, I should fuss." For politics cannot stir me. I don't give a hang for trade, And nothing on earth can spur me. To move from my spot of shade.

The toilers may all deride me, They say I'm a sloth, I know. But a tinkling pitcher's beside me And the hammock is swaying slow. There's no one on earth that has a More abate sense of ease. Oh, it's me for the cool piazza, And the breath of the lazy breeze!

WORTHY SON OF DISTINGUISHED FATHER.

When, a few days since, the remains of Mat. Clark were brought here from Denver for interment in the locality in which he was born, there was consigned to the grave a young man who but needed a few years longer on this earth to make his mark as a person of unusual talent, ability and achievement. It was my good fortune to become impressed with his superior qualities of mind and heart when he was a mere lad. So the years passed on he grew, and developed steadily. Had he lived to the age of the average individual there is but little doubt that his career would have been that of a man of deserved eminence among the successful men of their marvelous country. Matt. Clark was truly a most worthy son of his distinguished father, George E. Clarke. Death snatched both away far too soon.

John B. Stoll.

For Cuts, Burns and Bruises

In every home there should be a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, ready to apply in every case of burns, cuts, wounds or scalds. J. H. Polanco, Delvalle, Tex., R. No. 2, writes: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve saved my little girl's cut foot. No one believed it could be cured." The world's best salve. Only 25c. Recommended by All Druggists. Advt.

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The greatest advertising opportunity a merchant has is his show window.

A bright, attractive show window is an indication of an up-to-date and live store.

The night effect of a window depends on the lighting, and no light is so well adapted as ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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No matter how small your store or where located, Electricity will help your business.

Let us give you an estimate on wiring and explain why Electricity is the light for you.

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