

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY
210 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana
BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday, in advance, per Daily and Sunday copy... \$12.00
Daily, in advance, per year... \$36.00
BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday, in advance, per year... \$34.00
Daily, in advance, per year... \$32.00
If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2160.
CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
For Iga Advertising Representatives.
215 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIA NA, AUGUST 28, 1913.

THEY REAPED WHERE THEY SOWED.

Men who are students and observers of politics "as she is played", were not at all surprised at the action of Dixon W. Place and John A. Swygart in drawing away from the citizens' movement.

To the people who thought the citizens' primary was a bona fide effort among people of like beliefs to select the man best fitted to carry out those beliefs into action—and as well to the leaders of the movement, the news carried in this newspaper yesterday came like a bomb shell.

Place and Swygart were simply led to the slaughter. Their hands were tied because they stood by the principles put forth by their party and they were left helpless against an opponent who with his friends was unwilling to respect his own party principles.

Had Place and Swygart been fairly beaten, had the majority of the men who had subscribed to the principles of the new party honestly preferred Keller for their standard bearer, both men defeated would have turned in and done their utmost for him.

But they weren't beaten fairly. They were made monkeys of by the Happ-Keller aggregation. They were blindfolded and sent against an opponent fully armed and with eyes wide open. They were playing in a game where the dice were loaded against them.

The perversion of the primary supplies the last proof, if one was needed, that the men behind the citizens' movement are not on the square with the people when they assert that they seek only good government and non-partisan politics. These high sounding pretensions are merely tools to get votes with. It demonstrates conclusively that they are only seeking selfish control of city affairs and are using lofty arguments to divert the attention of the people from their real motives.

In the blow to public confidence which the statements of the friends of Place and Swygart afford the self constituted leaders have no one but themselves to blame.

They took these men in and sold them out. Exposed, they are left without defense. They have raped where they sowed.

GOV. RALSTON AROUSED.

Gov. Ralston, like Gov. Marshall a year ago, and Gov. Matthews ten years ago, has had to resort to force to drive the Chicago race track gamblers out of Indiana.

Gov. Matthews sent the militia to Robey and stopped the game so effectively that no serious attempt to resurrect it has been made since until the present.

It wasn't necessary then to shoot anybody and may not be now. Men who do not fear the prod of the law usually have a wholesome respect for bayonets.

From Robey the crowd sneaked back into Chicago when the militia set up their tents and placed their picket line. The same kind of a crowd will fade away from Mineral Springs if the khaki boys appear.

But it should not be necessary to use military force to stop racetrack gambling in Indiana.

The civil law and its officers should be sufficient for the purpose. The same resolution and sense of duty as displayed by the military would render the civil force equally efficient.

An impression has gone abroad in the state that the civil authorities of Porter county have been temporizing with the gamblers. Doubtless they are under strong pressure to do so.

The races at Mineral Springs put considerable money into circulation in Porter county. It would be like killing the goose that lays the golden egg to stop gambling. The races are a source of income to the people.

But the militiamen will be free from any sordid sentiment of that kind. Individually the soldier boys from Elkhart and St. Joseph counties might not take a deep interest in the affairs of Porter county, but as a military force racetrack becomes a state matter.

After disposing of the gamblers Gov. Ralston will give his attention to Prosecutor Ebin and other officials of Porter county.

A HOPELESS SCHEME.

The effort made by opposition senators to increase the limit of the proposed income tax may be fairly construed as an attempt to defeat the purposes of that section of the tariff bill.

The obvious purpose of the movement was to make the tax appear so burdensome that it would become immediately unpopular and proportionately ineffective.

Sen. Williams stated the attitude of the majority when he said, "We thought it well now to establish the tax upon simple grounds. Experience alone will show how it works and the

changes that may be necessary in it. In the future the American people will have representatives here who will revise and perfect it."

Senators Borah, Bristow and Cummins are betrayed by their attempt to increase the rate of taxation on incomes as the agents of the large class of individuals who will be affected by the law. The plan was shrewdly laid, but hopeless.

The president and the democratic majority in congress are endeavoring to lay down certain fundamentals on which future legislation may be built. They would establish the principles set forth in the tariff and currency bills. They do not expect to attain finality. They will be content to make beginnings.

The movement is a tangle rather than a retrograde. It seeks by a flank maneuver to circumvent the evils of the old systems of taxation and finance.

The methods of the opposition are familiar. A sure way to kill a law that cannot be defeated in passage is to load it up with unreasonable provisions. The morgue of the statute books are full of such cadavers. The democratic majority will not permit the income tax section to be killed off in that way.

JUDGE GALLAHER.

The announcement that Judge James F. Gallaher of Michigan City aspires to the nomination for the supreme court on the democratic ticket will meet with a cordial reception throughout northern Indiana. Judge Gallaher's reputation as an able trial lawyer and his work upon the circuit bench have attracted the attention of attorneys throughout the state. He is a strong, clean man, able in the law and of high ideals. The democracy of the state will render the commonwealth a valuable service in placing the name of Judge Gallaher upon its ticket.

The race course promoters at Mineral Springs may kick and protest and threaten all they like, but they might just as well pack up and go home. They are outside the protection of the law when they permit gambling and the presence of the troops insures that gambling must stop. Gov. Ralston gave them every chance to run the meet in a clean way.

A few belated vacations are still in progress, but they will be hurried through with as rapidly as possible. When the cool night of approaching September comes mankind experiences a recurrence of the desire to get busy.

The heartiness with which Mr. Place and Mr. Swygart do not pledge themselves to support the so-called citizens' ticket is one of the salient features of their joint statement.

Probably there are some weeds in South Bend, but they are not as much of a menace to public welfare as a graft combination that seeks to get control of the city.

We trust the efforts to prolong Harry Thaw's stay in Canada will succeed. The longer Harry remains away the less we miss him.

Seems natural to see Bob LaFollette scoring the "old guard" again. He'd better make hay while the sun shines though. The old Aldrich crowd is thinning out fast.

The joint statement made by Mr. Swygart and Mr. Place seems to carry its own reason for not appearing in black faced type on the first page of the Tribune.

The men who preach up about "purity in politics", must practice what they preach, or stop preaching. They can't get ahead politically by talking one thing and doing another.

Little respect can be felt for burglars who are so little schooled in their own business as to take plated silverware.

It is rather surprising that the Tribune did not charge Mr. Place and Mr. Swygart advertising rates for publishing their joint statement.

We are all quite sufficiently familiar with the sign language to read the sign by which we know John D.

The democratic ticket represents the only genuine citizens' movement in South Bend.

"Supposed to represent clean politics" is good. The situation could not have been more aptly put.

South Bend's big show will open next month. The neighbors are invited to come early and stay late.

About the only court that Herbie Warner is likely to have any connection with is the tennis court.

Mr. Swygart and Mr. Place wish it understood that their skirts are clean.

The more a fly is dead the less harm it can do.

Are the big liners all Jonahed?

\*\*\*\*\*
\* THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT \*
\* GROUCH YOU CARRY. \*
\* Why it is Poison to Your Body \*
\* and How it Will Kill You if \*
\* You Keep the Grouch Ac- \*
\* tively at Work. \*
\*\*\*\*\*

BY ALBERT FORD FERGUSON.

How many times do you poison yourself with a grouch? Don't laugh and try to pass it off as a joke. We are not using "poison" as a figure of speech. We're using it to mean just what the dictionary says: "Any substance which is introduced into the living organism directly tends to destroy the life or impair the health of that organism."

And the grouch is a far more popular form of poison for suicide than bichloride of mercury or arsenic or laudanum. Most of the people who take it don't know they are committing suicide. They think they are exercising the God-given right of American citizens to conduct themselves as they please, but grouches kill just as surely though not quite so quickly as any of those violent poisons that have same waded.

Did you ever hear of the pneumogastric nerve? You probably have, but haven't bothered yourself to distinguish it from a new brand of soap or search of the mental healing industry. It isn't either and it has some of the properties usually assigned to both. It has a cleansing power, in a sense, and it is one of the more less consider threads with which all the mental healers hitch their extravagant claims to imperishable fact. In a word, it is the means of furnishing nervous energy to the lungs, the heart and the stomach.

The pneumogastric nerve furnishes the stomach with whatever sense of action it possesses. It isn't necessary for anyone to tell you that when you take a lot of food, the stomach of the stomach with food—the stomach should have every opportunity in the world to do its work properly. There should be nothing that would interrupt its functions or reduce its power to digest food.

Now when you try to entertain food and a grouch in the same system you do about the same thing that railroad dispatchers do when they start two trains going in opposite directions on the same track. There is going to be a collision. You can't carry two loads along the same line of the nervous system any more than you can on a railroad track. Something has got to give way.

To properly digest food it is necessary that each factor of digestion should work to its maximum efficiency. In other words, every section of the factory into which you turn your raw materials for strength and energy, must contribute its proper and exact power. Nature isn't extravagant in providing materials with which to work. She gives just enough and no more. Now, when that pneumogastric nerve of yours is engaged in distributing your grouch over its department of the nervous system it cannot give the attention its job at the stomach demands.

You probably know that in chemistry there are lots of perfectly harmless solutions or combinations that include a lot of poisons. It is the combination of several of them that makes them non-poisonous. It is more or less the same with the organic functions of the human body, especially the functions of the stomach and digestive organs. They are secreting or expelling chemicals all the time. If a lot of these chemicals got loose in the system by themselves they would play hob. They are supposed to circulate together or with something else in just the right proportion that is they do when the organic functions are working. But—

When you have been making a monkey out of your pneumogastric nerve with a grouch, those healthy functions can't all work together and some of those poisons do get loose in the system and they do play hob. They don't kill you at once. Far from it. They provide you with a nice, long, lingering, painful death.

You start in with what you call nervous dyspepsia, and then you develop neuro-gastritis and then probably gastric fever and not infrequently apoplexy. You'll find a host of the sounding, high-priced, aristocratic names for them in the dictionary. But the right name is grouch.

Cut out the grouch and you'll put five to ten years' usefulness into the end of your life. Because cutting out the grouch means cutting out the dose of poison you take every time you have one.

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\* LITTLE OLD NEW YORK \*
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BY NORMAN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—A party of fresh-air children was being loaded into a train which was to take them to country homes. Tags on their clothing served to guide them to the different good people who had volunteered to care for them for a few weeks.

Just as the train was about to start, one of the social workers in charge discovered a small boy, about five years old, crying and tagless. No tag, no go, was the rule. She had just left the train and in two seconds she had pinned it onto the little chap's blouse and hoisted him onto the train.

The tag said "female, aged 10", but the woman who pinned it on hadn't the least doubt that some big-hearted farmer's wife would overlook the seeming discrepancy.

Pretty tough to be locked up in prison for defending a woman from a thug's attack.

That's just what has happened to William Cuff, 20 years old. Three months ago he received a medal for saving the lives of a boy and girl who were drowning in the East river. Several nights ago Cuff was near 61st st. and 1st av. when he heard a woman scream. Mary Burns, a working girl had been attacked by a man of about 45.

Cuff ran up to the couple. The man threatened to kill him and reached toward his hip pocket. Cuff handed him a right-hand punch that stretched him flat. The man's head hit the sidewalk hard and he died within 24 hours from concussion of the brain.

Notwithstanding Cuff's good record and Miss Burns' statement that he had rescued her from a brutal attack, Cuff was committed to the Tombs by Coroner Hollenstedt, without bail, on a charge of homicide.

Nothing too trifling for a New York pickpocket to overlook. They've got down to fountain pens now. Dozens of them are adroitly lifted from the owners' vests and coat pockets, in bridge crashes and subway jams. Undoubtedly a good fountain pen will fetch more at a "fence" than a bum watch.

HERE'DUTTON
A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN
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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Mrs. Le Grange, you understand, don't you?"—and here her voice became deep and bell-like with her conviction. "Sometimes women know things without having to be told, and I know that Mr. Wade is innocent. I would stake my life and my honor—everything I have—on that. And yet I am perfectly helpless about proving it. He is innocent, though."

Rosalie did not commit herself here. But eyes and dimples flashed their sympathy. And it was the inspector who spoke first.

"Well, that's what we're here to settle, and if he didn't do it, the best way out is to tell the truth." "As if," interpolated Rosalie, "you wasn't going to do that! Now tell the inspector about this Mr. Wade."

"He is my friend and attorney," replied Mrs. Hanska. "He lives in Arden. I have known him ever since I went there. He visited New York three times to attempt some legal settlement with Captain Hanska. He wanted me to get a divorce. I wasn't quite ready to do that, even if I could have found grounds. But I was willing to have a legal separation—something which would have rid me of Captain Hanska and let me go my own way. I authorized Mr. Wade to offer part of my mother's property, if that would do any good. The captain was living in a boarding-house. I knew his ways well enough to realize that this meant extreme poverty. He refused everything. He told Mr. Wade that as soon as he had arranged something—he didn't say what—he would find me and compel me to go to the city with him. I must get farther from New York. I had a few possessions of Captain Hanska's. I wanted to return them and close with him forever. Mr. Wade had an idea of making one last appeal, and I asked him if he would deliver those things at the same time. Yesterday morning Mr. Wade came down to New York. That's all I know—until I saw the newspapers."

"Her hair was black, and she had a gesture of despair." "And I brought her straight to you," said Betsy-Barbara with a triumphant air, as though her extraordinary cunning had settled the case for all time.

Now the inspector took up the examination again, for Rosalie sat musing, her eyes on Constance Hanska. "Which were the things you sent?" he asked.

"Let me see—what were they? Betsy-Barbara, you helped pack them. An old miniature of the captain—"

"And some family photographs—" Betsy-Barbara put in briskly. "And an old mahogany shaving-mirror which had belonged to his father—"

"And a Mexican hat-band and two knives and an Irish blackthorn stick and a silver cigarette case—"

A stethoscope upon Inspector McGee's pulse would have jumped at the word "knives." But his down-turned face betrayed no emotion. He checked his interruption, in fact, through two more items; and when he returned to the subject he went backward like a good attorney, concealing his pertinent question in a fog of impertinent ones.

"What kind of a cigarette case?" "Chased silver and turquoise—"

"Very heavy, and dark brown as I remember. And I think the ferrule was loose."

Rosalie, sitting impassive, quitted out of the conversation, saw the corners of the inspector's mouth twitch. She sat holding herself very tight, lest she betray the psychological moment.

"And the knives?" said the inspector. "Let me see—one was a little dagger that he used for a paper-knife and the other was a Malay kris with a bone handle and a silver blade. He got it in the Philippines."

"Yes!" exclaimed the inspector. And then with the sudden brutality which was a part of his third degree methods—"And it was with that knife Lawrence Wade stabbed your husband."

Inspector McGee might have thrown that very knife instead of his words, so sudden was the effect upon Rosalie Hanska. The color left her face. Her eyes grew big and wild. She flashed to her feet, trembling violently.

"Oh, no!" she pleaded. "Oh, no! Oh, that will hurt him so! He couldn't have used it—some one used it after he left—Lawrence Wade could no more have stabbed an unarmed man—"

She stopped, wrestled herself back to some semblance of composure. "Don't you understand he was a gentleman?" She turned from McGee's triumphant state to Rosalie's softened face. "Why, Mrs. Le Grange, gentlemen don't do such things. He was a gentleman—"

come with me to a lawyer!" "That's right," said Rosalie Le Grange shortly. "Inspector McGee, you can excuse us!"

"Not for a while," said Inspector McGee shortly. "Madame, I must have your official statement as to what you have just told me—before I let you leave."

Now Constance had risen; and Betsy-Barbara, in a state of suppressed fury, stood beside her, flashing sparks from her golden hair and her blue eyes and her little white teeth. Inspector McGee stepped to the door to summon a stenographer. And Rosalie, quick as thought, slipped up beside Constance.

"Not a word more than you can help about this proposing to you—not a word!" she whispered. "Step into this room, ladies," said McGee. "I'll join you in a moment. We won't need you, Mrs. LeGrange."

Along with the inspector, Rosalie Le Grange stood regarding him from top to toe. He faced her in a little embarrassment, which he covered with bluff.

"Well, you carried your pretend off nicely," he said; "anybody'd have thought you were sore on me."

For answer, Rosalie drew up a corner of her fine, firm, upper lip. "Sometimes," she said, "I hate a cop!"

"Well, we got the goods," he said; "motive's established, all right."

"You got the goods, not we," replied Rosalie. "don't you want me in on that game, Third degree? On the likes of her?"

But Inspector McGee, more interested just then in his professional problem than in what any woman thought of him, was pursuing his own train of reflection.

"In love with Hanska's wife—and Hanska'd mistreated her—and she wanted a divorce and couldn't get it. Wade and Hanska had quarreled. Wade goes up there with his curiosity and lays it down on the table. They quarrel again. Wade's a fencer. He picks up that knife and lets him have it just by instinct. Then he walks out of the door and gets rattled and beats it. Of course, it would be hard to establish first-degree murder on what we've got now—but we'll get it."

"You think so, do you?" replied Rosalie. "My, don't promotion make a smart man of a pavement-pounding cop!"

"Guess you don't know," replied McGee. "What this man in Boston and told him what it was for?"

"No."

"He said: 'I didn't kill him, but by God I'd like to shake hands with the man who did!' In the inspector's voice there was an air of finality and triumph.

"Did he say that?" asked Rosalie; "did he say that?" She mused for a moment, revolving many principles of human conduct drawn from her large experience.

"Martin McGee," she said at length. "I told you a while ago, I wasn't going to monkey with this thing. But I'm an old fool—and I'm in it—my own way, as I always worked."

McGee laughed. "I thought you couldn't keep out," he said. "but you'll run against Lawrence Wade at the end."

As the two strange women came through the door, they found Rosalie Le Grange waiting. Constance looked her full in the eye; and suddenly her hands went up to her own face and she surrendered herself to her misery. And oddly enough, she turned in her distress not to her friend and companion Betsy-Barbara, but to this strange woman. As a bruised child runs to its mother, she ran to Rosalie Le Grange and bowed a weary head upon her shoulder. Rosalie took her to the bosom on which—

THE MELTING POT

THE LAY OF THE REPORTER—ON FULL DAYS.
Gee, this is a lonesome burg, Gee, this is a dull old town, Gee, old man, nothing is doin', Everything is musty and brown.

Gee, there isn't a murder, Gee, not a first page frown, Gee, old man, not even a fire, When everything's musty and brown.

Gee, there isn't a scandal, Gee, not even a drow, Gee, old man not a sob story, When everything's musty and brown.

Gee, I'm getting weary, Gee, some one got a crown? Gee, old man I gotta have one, Or I'll be musty and brown.

PERHAPS it would be just as well to begin looking up another college president to take Mr. Wilson's place in 1921, as the common law rule of limitations runs against a third term.

THE identity of the latest Charlie Ross claimant seems to depend on the ability of a New Jersey woman to find on his person a birthmark as large as her thumb. We are in a fever of curiosity to learn whether it was a strawberry mark or a hare lip.

THE editor explained that the appearance of the word timely in the place of untimely in the death notice was merely a typographical error.

Under The Trees. Just at that time in love's young dream When you're disposed to hug, It is not nice to hear her scream, "Let go! There is a bug!" —Exchange.

Just at the time in love's young dream When you start to take a kiss, It jars to hear her brother scream: "Well, what do you think of this!" —Indianapolis Star.

Just as the time in love's young dream When your arm encircles her waist, 'Tis extremely awkward, to say the least, To be by the old man chased.

SOME of the people who do vaudeville stunts should bring written excuses from the county poormaster.

A True Independent Movement. (Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette.) Evolving from a meeting of rail-

road doctors and lawyers the "independent" movement finally developed into a "committee of thirty" and, it not only excluded the people from its caucuses, but it wants to run Ft. Wayne for four years, if it can find "snickers" enough, as one of its lawyers called the people of Ft. Wayne.

BANANAS are pronounced fruit of the poor, but if it is publicly mentioned they will immediately become the luxury of the rich.

OWING to the drought in Kansas D. B. H. has been unable to supply us recently with a variety of highly perfected bou-mots that gave a keen relish to the contents of the Melting Pot.

NOW will you come through? THE exchange of notes between the United States and Japan on the alien land law has developed into a friendly correspondence.

BUT the horrible thought remains that the Japs doing vaudeville stunts in this country may be soldiers in disguise ready to spring upon us at an unguarded moment.

Where Did You See This? "Make fools believe in their foreseeing Of things before they are in being; To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd, And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd."

A PERSON, a book, a bit of time well mixed produce a fine development, says Dr. Greene. But, we may add, the reading which does not begin at home is full of perils to the reader. The mind, like the palate, acquires its tastes from the food it feeds upon.

A Little Verse. Sunshine, sunshine, ever shining through, Are lights, are lights also enhance the view; If sunshine girls their charms would hide, Let them pass by on the shady side.

THERE are many new ways of being naughty, but traced to their last analysis they will be found to originate from the original article. C. N. F.

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