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SOUTH BEND, INDIAN A, SEPTEMBER 3, 1913

HUMOROUS LIBELERS.

We do not care to rob the newspaper humorist and cartoonist of material, but we have interviewed a dozen or more boys and only one manifested any reluctance about going to school.

From this we conclude that the average boy or girl likes to go to school. The surroundings, the courses of study, the methods of imparting instruction have been made so attractive and interesting that the opening of the new term is anticipated with pleasure rather than dread.

It was not always so. A generation back felt differently about going to school. The young people were prompted more by a sense of duty than anything else.

Now school is made an attractive place. Learning is made a cumulative pleasure. The schoolroom has been given a new atmosphere.

The powers of observation are now exercised as much as the memory. Knowledge is acquired the easiest way, the most natural way.

A COMMUNITY OF INTEREST. Viscount Haldane sounded a note of Anglo-Saxon amity in his address to the American Bar association meeting in Montreal.

Lord Haldane, who is the lord high councillor of Great Britain, crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of delivering this address to the American Bar association.

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The fact that the four thousand miles of frontier between the United States and Canada is practically unfortified was pointed to as a striking example of the mutual acceptance of the principle that all disputes between the two nations will be settled by peaceful means.

FALLEN THROUGH ITSELF.

The so-called citizens' movement has decayed from within and fallen apart. Like a worm stung apple it is rotten to the core.

To produce good fruit it is necessary to have a healthy trunk and protect it from the attacks of marauding insects.

The so-called citizens' movement was founded in the sordid ambitions of a few individuals and encouraged by a score or more of aspiring persons who thought they saw in it an opportunity to get into office and control the patronage of the city.

They are not reformers. They are grabbers. They are looking for something they can use for their own benefit. They have nothing but empty promises to offer as an earnest of their sincerity.

At first the public seemed inclined to fall for it, but out of their own mouths the managers became self-condemned. Good citizens are now fighting shy of it.

A TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP.

George Wyman's farewell expression of appreciation to his associates in business and to friends outside the commercial enterprises in which he was engaged, conveyed to them by the hands of Mrs. Wyman, was characteristic of a man who in his lifetime performed many good acts without ostentation and who with his latest thoughts had considered for those whose lives had been closely associated with his own.

The expression of his regard and esteem, thus conveyed, will have a double sentimental value since they could not have had the slightest intimation of what was in Mr. Wyman's mind when he prepared the list of names to which he wished these expressions sent.

The distribution must have been a labor of love in which she could not but find the highest satisfaction.

GROUP INSURANCE.

A recent development of social value is group insurance. Many employers are taking advantage of it to show good will to their working force. The plan is simple.

Now school is made an attractive place. Learning is made a cumulative pleasure. The schoolroom has been given a new atmosphere.

Group life insurance does not operate to extinguish an employer's liability under any plan of workmen's compensation now in force.

Would its general adoption tend to interfere with labor's demands for higher pay? It seems unlikely. It could only through labor's consent. The pressure of needs upon the payroll is not usually reduced by voluntary concessions on the part of employers, especially when disguised under forms of philanthropy.

Our time is a time of transition from feudalism in business to democracy; from the imposed rule of a few to the co-operative rule of all. The great distance between these extremes has to be bridged by compromises if we are to get safely across without spilling the contents of our apple cart.

Until we learn to insure the weak and helpless as a community obligation, as with mothers' pensions, let us be glad that there are employers liberal-minded enough to do by grace what we ought to do by right.

As Mr. Place and Mr. Snygart said, the so-called citizens' movement was "supposed" to be organized for the purpose of eliminating politics from city affairs.

We commend Sen. Cummins for advocating a tax on deals in grain and stocks. Some influence should be exerted to subdue a traffic that costs the country millions.

The cotton crop is estimated to be nearly two million bales below that of last year. The loss will fall on the consumer. The producer and middle-man will not miss much.

As might have been expected the New York money power is doing what it can to discredit the currency bill. The combination is extremely jealous of the power it wields.

Automobile racing has so strong a hold on the public fancy that it can be abolished in only one way, by gradually killing of the drivers.

It will be interesting to watch the Tribune's efforts to get back into the society of the "bastard" republicans after the election is over.

Just two months to election day, but there won't be enough of the so-called citizens' party left to hold a memorial meeting.

Citizens seeking the good of the city will serve the community best by voting for an honestly nominated ticket.

The democratic ticket embodies a higher representation of good citizenship than any other ticket in the field.

The school teacher occupies the center of the spotlight.

HOW I FELT AS I WAS DROWNING TO DEATH!

Girl, Just Rescued in Nick of Time, Tells How She Heard Music, Saw Angels, Smelled Perfumes and Wanted to Die

Special Correspondence.

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 2.—Entrancing dreams, enchanting visions, sounds of languid, celestial music, the subtle odor of rare perfumes—all these came to a young girl as she was drowning. The girl, Miss Laura Bennett, had gone down three times in the surf before she was rescued by lifesavers.

Vividly, Miss Bennett tells of how she felt to drown. Such strange fascination did the marvelous visions she saw have on her that when she was revived her first words were: "I want to go back. It seemed to be I was being wafted through space on a great pile of narcissus, with a slim band of golden-haired girls dancing languidly about me, singing."

"For the first few seconds it was terrible," she said. "I seemed that some huge, cruel hand was gripping my throat and choking me slowly—oh, so slowly, but relentlessly. It seemed to me that I was trying to tear his fingers away from my throat, but somehow I seemed to have lost all my strength."

"Then all of a sudden, everything changed. The pain all disappeared and there came a feeling of absolute drowsy peace. Some wonderful perfume came to me, and for several seconds I tried to figure out what it was. Finally I recognized it as the subtle odor of the narcissus blossom."

"For a long time I lay and basked in that perfume. Then, sounds of singing came to me—a gentle lullaby set to a tune that could never have been written by mortals. It was too seductive. And then a group of slender girls came walking along, singing as they came. They were clad in great swathing veils of all the colors of the rainbow—although a tint of pale violet seemed to predominate. One of them carried a tiny gilt harp, and now and again she would touch the strings in some soft chord, to go with the singing."

"Then came the most remarkable thing of all. One of the singing girls, a dainty little thing, with masses of red gold hair, came up to me, stretching out a cool, slim hand and touched my forehead."

"Then, one by one, grew more and more dim, and finally dematerialized. "And then finally I heard a human voice say, 'thank God—she's all right. She's coming round.'"



MISS LAURA BENNETT.

THE RED BUTTON A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK By WILL IRWIN Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

What they thought had now become a matter of entire indifference to Tommy North. The rest of the boarders put down his rapt silence to embarrassment over his late experience; and they left him out of the conversation. It was just as well. When Miss Harding remarked, "Wasn't that a terrible accident up in the Bronx?" he would have answered, had he been required to answer, "They are just the blue of periwinkles."

"Now one other thing," she said. "I beg your pardon for being so personal, but weren't you—a little—a little—indeed—oh, yes, indeed!" he would have said that the question—as a matter of fact it referred to the weather—had run, "Hasn't she a wonderful mouth?"

"Twice he laughed approvingly, causing Miss Harding to remark that he was getting back his spirits, anyhow. This was when Betsy-Barbara ventured a mild joke. In the conversation she included him in the general ban.

"For a second time that day, a woman looked on him with eyes of rebuke. Momentarily, Betsy-Barbara left the main track. "And why did you do it?" she inquired. "Not that it's my business, perhaps. I only wondered."

"I don't know," said Tommy. "I just got on thinking until this was all my world. I guess," he added suddenly, "there was nothing else to do." This came to him as a bright and perfect answer. He was totally unconscious that he had quoted Rosalie Le Grande.

Betsy-Barbara smiled and wagged her head, so that the shaft of golden light across her hair shifted from left to right and from right to left. "Nothing else in New York?"

"Unaccountably Tommy North's tongue unlocked itself, what with the necessity of defending himself; and he talked. "Well, that's all a woman knows about it. I can't spend my time riding on the rubberneck wagon, can I? When the whistle blows, a man feels like doing something. I don't always want to feed in a joint like this. Sometimes there's something—some easy. So I percolate through Lobster Lane—"

"Oh," exclaimed Betsy-Barbara, "what a quaint name!" "I mean Broadway," explained Tommy. "Well, I get a cocktail or two or maybe three, according to whom I meet. Then I eat—and drink—and when we part it out on to Benzine Byway—"

"What a weird name!" commented Betsy-Barbara. "Broadway again," said Tommy North, pausing only an instant. "And by that time, it's all lighted up—and my friends are all lighted up—and I'm all lighted up, and we proceed down the Twinkling Trail—"

"Broadway, I suppose," interpolated Betsy-Barbara. "Yes," said Tommy, "the Riotous Route is another of its aliases. And the first thing I know it's 2:30 a. m. and I'm in my room admiring my own imitation of a young gentleman of Gotham going to bed, a knock-about act seldom equaled on any stage. But you needn't deliver that James B. Gough oration I see trembling on your lips. I don't need it. I've got mine all right. I've lost my job today on account of being 'entirely.'"

To Betsy-Barbara, herself engaged in the economic struggle, this fact seemed more important than to Tommy. "You have?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I've given up my position in Arden in order to be with Constance and I don't know how I shall live after three months. But something will turn up, I'm sure. Had you held your place long?"

want to talk," said Rosalie from the door. She turned away with a smile on her lips and a glint in her eye. And Tommy set down before his inquisitor. It was little he added to the evidence, prolonging this pleasant third degree as he might. He could but retell the story. Only one thing he evaded, dodged, eluded. It was his name. A. H. Compton, entertained Saturday in honor of her mother, Mrs. Wells' birthday, Mrs. John Deacon of South Bend and Mrs. B. F. Vogler and daughter Catharine of Chesterton were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Van Dusen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Dusen and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fry and son of South Bend were guests at dinner Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Van Dusen. Mr. and Mrs. Max Harris and child of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mr. and Mrs. McCampbell and children of Xenia, O., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Oglesby of Laporte, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maas and daughter, Ellnor, of Gary, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. King of New Carlisle were guests at dinner Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas.

Mrs. Bessie Wild of Chicago is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Clendene. Mr. and Mrs. James Rice returned Monday from St. Wayne where they visited their son, William Rice and family.

Mrs. A. E. Benton of Laporte and daughter, Miss Beasie of Chicago, were week-end guests of the former's brother, C. A. Parker, and family. Funeral services for Mrs. Greeley Reed, who died Friday, were held Sunday at the M. E. church at 2:30 o'clock p. m. and interment followed in the New Carlisle cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Landon Marsh and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Prince of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sandmeyer of New Carlisle are occupying a cottage at Hudson lake. Mr. and Mrs. Will Van Dusen and granddaughter, Olive, of Three Oaks, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Van Dusen.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hauser and daughters, Mrs. M. Masdalena, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hauser and child returned to Chicago Monday after spending a month at Hudson lake. The Delta Beta Phi sorority had a picnic at Hudson lake Monday. Mr. and Mrs. George Darsten of South Bend spent the week end here. Fred Hicks of Clarktown was a guest Sunday of Madore Parker.

THE MELTING POT

AT THE RESORTS. The summer resort is where The people go to see. Each other spend their money. 'Tis not, as you might suppose, Always a thing of beauty and a joy, Nor flowing with milk and honey.

It is rather such a place as that Where people take their chances, And often these are all they get. The rest, the cool, the shade exist Only in the hotel's glowing folder, Leaving the guest to fume and sweat.

WHO SAID CHICKEN? Everybody. Where'er one goes 'tis chicken. This is the open season for fried chicken, but it might better be open on some of the fryers. Fried chicken stands in the abstract for a delectable dish, but in the application for many an unpardonable sin.

WHERE CODFISH BALLS ORIGINATED. By Old A. L. H. (Continued From Yesterday.)

Norfolk, Mass., Aug. 28.—It is also said that the whales are so interested in the welfare of this quaint town that when a fire breaks out a number of whales can be seen trying to squirt water upon it. It is also declared that if a seafish person can wash the throat with whale sputtle he will at once recover.

SOME day an "aged" man 50 or 60 years old is not going to be able to maintain his youthful temper, and he is going to walk right in and slap the cub reporter on the wrist.

WHY should "HOT AIR FREE" be advertised in large letters on Vista-va, when it can be had anywhere and from almost anybody at the same price?

Betsy-Barbara, rising, "but such wonderful things happen to people in New York. Everybody's a Dick Whittington here. Only if I were you I wouldn't." She paused and looked at him very curiously.

"No," replied Tommy, docilely, "I won't." And his heart added, "Not while you're around." But his lips, "Remember, if there is anything I can do."

"Oh, thank you," replied Betsy-Barbara; "good night!"

"At the door of the dining room next morning, Rosalie Le Grande met Mr. North.

"Thought my proposition over?" she asked. "Yes, I guess I'll stay," replied Tommy, shortly.

"Thought you would," replied Rosalie. And as she entered before him she was smiling into the air. Decidedly she was enriching her life in these days with vicarious troubles, but also with vicarious joys.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW CARLISLE.

D. A. White, for many years a prominent grocer of this place, is retiring from business and has sold his stock of groceries to his son, Clarence White, and L. M. Bunch. The young men took possession Sept. 1. Both are well and favorably known here.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. Dolan of Chicago were here Saturday to spend the week end with relatives, returning Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Al Woolman of Three Oaks, Mich., were guests Sunday of Mrs. Jennie Woolman. Miss Alvina Rexinger and niece, Miss Helen Carr, returned to Oak Park, Ill., Monday, after several days' visit with relatives here. F. D. Warner was in South Bend Monday on business. Miss Verna Whitaker of Indianapolis is a guest of Miss Clara Woolman. Mr. and Mrs. Hoelocker of Laporte are visiting the latter's uncle, Jacob Ackley and family.

LORD Haldane thinks we should become more stitcheikheit, and we take the chance of agreeing with him without knowing what he means.

A Little Verse. September always tries to give A semblance of the summer, And were it not for cooler nights, 'Twould put us on the hummer.

JUST to tantalize those people who think the country should be deprived of Secy. Bryan's lectures we are going to tell that he slipped out of town after working hours on Labor day and delivered one.

Something Worth While to Forget. (Old Doc. Evans in Chicago Tribune.) "You probably have a variety of neurosthenia as syphilophobia. Your need is to forget your fears."

IT is recorded by the baseball reporters as a remarkable thing that a sweat by Schulte defeated the Cardinals. When will our dear young friends learn that swats are the essence of victory in baseball?

THE superior safety of aeroplanes over automobiles was illustrated by recent events. An aviator turned a somersault 3,000 feet a pair of auto racers were killed in one smash on the perfectly safe earth.

ONE of the mysteries of the period is why so much money is spent trying to save the sandbar on which Cairo, Ill., is built. Doubtless the inhabitants have a theory.

THE last word in international relations: SITTILICHKEIT. C. N. F.

HARRISON TAKES OFFICE

Is Sworn in as New Governor General of Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Francis Burton Harrison, who resigned Monday as representative from New York, Tuesday was sworn in as governor general of the Philippines in the office here of Brigadier Gen. McIntyre, head of the bureau of insular affairs. Gov. Harrison will have an interview with Secy. Garrison in New York Wednesday to talk over a general policy in regard to government of the islands. In a day he will leave New York preparatory to sailing from San Francisco Sept. 10.

SUSPENDED SENTENCES FOR YOUNG JOY RIDERS

On their promise that they would never get in trouble again Donald Jester and Harold Lane, the two lads who took an automobile several weeks ago for a joy ride, were given suspended fines of \$25 and 10 days in jail.

The case has been hanging on the docket for two weeks, having been continued until Judge Farabaugh returned from his vacation. At the time of trial the stories told by the two boys did not hang together.

CHARGES NON-SUPPORT.

Alleging non-support Martha Sears filed suit for divorce in superior court Tuesday from Benjamin Sears. The couple was married March 29, 1904, and separated Oct. 10, 1911, according to the complaint.

COMICAL CREATURE HAS CUTE POCKET IN ITS LONG BEAK.

BY AUNT GERTRIE. This is a pelican. It isn't a bit pretty on land, but it makes up for it in the water.

When it stands on a rock with its web feet spread out and its thin neck and bill curved like a hook, it looks such a comical creature. The pelican, you know, is as large as a swan. Its white feathers are usually tinged with red, while the breasts of the really old birds are quite yellow.



The remarkable feature of the pelican is its beak. The upper part is long, large and flat and has a hook at the end which curves over the lower part.

And what do you think? Mother Nature has provided this strange bird with a sort of pocket in the lower part of its beak into which it can put fish!

When there is nothing in this pouch or pocket, it looks very small. But it can be widened so that several fish may be carried in it.

You see, the pelican is a wonderfully clever fisher and fishes for its food every day in the streams and ponds.

When there are baby pelicans, the old mother pelican catches fish, but doesn't swallow them. Instead she keeps them in her pouch till she gets back to the babies. Then she opens her beak and each baby pelican takes its turn pushing its bill down the mother's mouth to take out fish to eat.

Although the pelican is not at all beautiful when on land, it is very graceful flying through the air. Sometimes you will see a whole flock of these white birds going at a great pace overhead.

THE PUSH BUTTON

that floods your room with ELECTRIC light is the key to a wonderful system of household efficiency.

Not only the safe, convenient and economical Electric Lamp, which alone is worth twice the cost of the service, but the many Electrical appliances that make housekeeping easy and pleasant and cost so little to operate.

Why should anyone be without Electric service when it is so easy to obtain and cost so little.

It's time to be thinking of good lighting for the longer evenings.

Let us explain our special proposition for residence wiring.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company 220-222 W. Colfax Ave.