

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.

RECKLESSNESS AND WRECKS.

There is a marked trend in the direction of making safety the first consideration in the operation of railroads. The New Haven wreck was the last straw.

China offers the best opportunity for territorial extension. It is near at hand. The Japanese are sanguine of a comparatively easy time getting possession of it.

The demonstration, however, was not countenanced by the government, except to the extent of a parley for the purpose of restoring order.

Commissioner McCord originated the "Safety first" slogan and has been active in the formation of "Safety first" clubs among the officials and employees of railroads for the study of safety methods.

The making up of lost time is perhaps the most dangerous factor of the present system of operating trains. It makes defective signal systems and wooden cars doubly dangerous to the traveling public.

If the reckless running of trains can be stopped, if all steel cars are used and if efficient signal systems can be installed travelers will have little to fear but the human factor.

Premiums on reckless running or penalties for failure to make time are offered by the railroads themselves. On the limited trains between Chicago and New York passengers are refunded a dollar each for every hour they are behind schedule time.

The results are seen in the numerous wrecks. If the interstate commerce commission is given the same authority over operation that it has over rates the waste of human life resulting from reckless running will be greatly reduced.

IS IT TRUE? The so-called citizens' movement is ostensibly based on the hypothesis that South Bend is a corrupt community; that its people are more wicked than those of any other city; that its officials are grafters; that its atmosphere is so poisoned with the exhalations of vice that it is dangerous for the young to breathe it.

The promoters of this movement would have us believe that South Bend has Sodom and Gomorrah faded for immorality, licentiousness, extravagance, sinful unrest, the pursuit of folly, the skeleton in the family closet and the debauchery of the young.

They would have us believe that unless the so-called citizens' ticket is elected South Bend cannot be saved from a rain of fire and ashes, and that the few moral, upright people they seem to think we have will be obliged to leave to save themselves.

Ask yourself the question, good citizen, and answer it for yourself. Remember the many moral influences that are thrown about the young in South Bend, remember the hundred churches that are not large enough to hold their congregations, the christian associations, the numerous societies for religious and mental culture, the unsurpassed school system, the thousands of attractive and happy homes, the beautiful streets and parks and the boulevards we are building, the playgrounds for children, the hospitals and dispensaries.

Remember these and other good things that will occur to you and answer the question for yourself. JAPAN'S NEW DISTRACTION. For the moment the attention of the Japanese is distracted from the grievance created by the California alien land laws by the more serious one growing out of the assassination of a Japanese official by Chinese.

Public sentiment is inflamed to such a degree that a mob besieged the foreign office and demanded military action. Of course it was only a mob with many students in its makeup, the sort of a mob that is easily gathered under the leadership of mouthy enthusiasts, but it is suggestive of an undercurrent of animosity toward China and a desire to go in and get what Japan fell short of in its wars against China and Russia.

The war spirit is strong among the people of Japan. They are trying to christian nations, but the desire for conquest is strong within them. They need more territory for the accommodation of their restless, aggressive people.

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The demonstration, however, was not countenanced by the government, except to the extent of a parley for the purpose of restoring order. Japan is too wily to have forced upon it by a mob. Yet China must settle.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME. One of the most potent factors in modern civilization was instituted in 920 by Henry I of Germany, namely knighthood, from which came chivalry, loyalty, devotion to women, and all the fairest flowers of the Middle Ages.

Henry's order of knighthood took no regard of rank, but was planned to admit everyone who could worthily pledge himself to a life of warfare in defense of king and country. Henry and his lords discussed the qualities which should be required in a member of the new order.

"A knight," said Henry himself, "must not by word or deed injure Holy Church." "Nor harm the Empire," added Conrad, the High Steward of Germany. "Nor injure any woman," put in Hermann of Swabia. "Nor break his word," inserted Berthold of Bavaria. "Nor," concluded Conrad of Franconia, "must he ever run away from battle." So these were the qualities required of a knight. The order has by no means proved to be as pure in practice as it was theoretically, but it proved a mighty step in the progress of nations.

An organized effort to stop the slaughter by motors has been inaugurated in Chicago by placing a control on speed and carelessness. The organization should become nation wide and work for the passage of laws against selling machines to people who cannot show certificates of fitness to operate them.

Is John D. Rockefeller ordinarily so discourteous and unkind that when he helps an old lady into his automobile and takes her home the act thought worthy of mention by all the newspapers in the country? Or are we nutty over millionaires?

If Mrs. Parkhurst is coming to America to enjoy our boasted freedom of speech she will find it has its limitations. We let everybody say what he pleases as long as it does not seriously interfere with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Huerta is keeping the state department guessing with his peculiar conceptions of diplomacy, but he cannot hold out long against the policy that demands his elimination from consideration.

In the final showing up of the so-called citizens' movement in November the projectors will receive the repute they have earned by trying to put something over on the people.

It is scarcely worth while using space to expose the animus of the so-called citizens' movement, and yet there may be a few to whom the message has not been carried.

Many views of the currency bill have been expressed. From the multitude it should be possible to select the best.

The moribund state of the so-called citizens' movement should be called to the attention of the coroner. Japan would like to have one more crack at China, just to see what she could do.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK BY NORMAN. NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Just as if Police Commissioner Waldo didn't have enough troubles, into his office walks Franklin Ardell, and says he to the police mogul: "Can't you please fix things some way so that your policemen won't stop actors from getting jobs up in Times Square?"

Waldo begged to be enlightened. He knew that the "move on" order applied to everybody on the sidewalks, actors included, but what had that to do with jobs?

"A whole lot," explained Ardell. "A few weeks ago I didn't have any job. I'd been around the offices and the agencies till I was discouraged. I was standing at 43rd and Broadway one morning when along came the stage director for a new show. He spotted me. I was just the 'type' he wanted for a certain part. He introduced himself. I went to his office, landed the engagement, and I'm eating regular and getting my name in the paper."

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

The honeymoon was over. And Helen knew in her heart that she was glad. Like emotional women she was full of sentiment and romance and every harsh, impatient word he had spoken had hurt her most keenly because it was their honeymoon.

She had had all the young girl's dreams of the idealistic beauty and tenderness of the honeymoon. And that dream had been daily shattered. She had known that with most married people there came in time slight disagreements and discords (although she had felt they could never come to Warren and her). But that there should be dissensions and quarrels all through the honeymoon was a pitiable revelation.

But now, like the spider that patiently reweaves every break that is made in his web, Helen began to pick up the torn threads of her romance and weave them anew.

Their real honeymoon, she told herself hopefully, would begin when they were finally settled in their new home. After all, that was what their life together really began. And they would find there the peace and harmony and happiness that had eluded them on the bridal trip and during the week with his people.

Beginning Home Life. Their home life! All her hopes and dreams were now centered upon that. And for a time at least she was not to be disappointed. There is nothing that brings people together so much as a common active interest. And in the work of fitting up and arranging their new home they both found much wholesome activity and a great deal of pleasure.

The household machinery did not run smooth, but of course, that was not to be expected in the beginning. And the charm of the novelty was still upon them. So they laughed over their mishaps, confident that everything would run like clock work when they were "really settled." That was a phrase they both used very often. Every mistake and discomfort would be avoided when they were "really settled."

They did not know that the happiest periods of our lives are those in which we are preparing for some happiness—in which we are "getting ready to live."

At first they had taken their apartment out, but now a maid was installed in the little kitchen. Anna was a capable good-natured German girl who at once took a real "liking" for Helen and at a warty inn set in the welfare of the "young pair."

Just how fortunate they had been in securing the services of Anna Helen did not realize until they lost her some time later. And that many things, even in their unsettled state, ran smoother under Anna's management than they would later on was something else she could not know.

Most of the days Helen spent in the shops buying curtains and table linens and the many small household furnishings. Only the furniture and rugs and a few essentials had been bought before they moved in, for Helen had thought the other things could be selected to a greater advantage afterwards.

And now some of the happiest days of her marriage, though that too she did not know, were spent in buying these things. Shopping is an unending source of pleasure to all women at all times. But to a bride the buying of the furnishings for her new home is a joy supreme.

Several times, when the selection of something important like the dining room curtains was involved, she would ask Warren to leave the office a little early and meet her at a certain shop on his way home.

Although he had a strong and deep-rooted aversion to all large shops and to department stores in particular, these appeals to his judgment were nattered, and he usually complied.

And so, looking forward and arranging for their future comfort and happiness—the first few weeks in their new home passed very pleasantly.

And Helen, naturally an optimist, tried to forget the disappointments and disillusionments of their honeymoon—and told herself hopefully that from now on they would be very happy.

time of day with one another and to get submerged. We're there in the hope of meeting somebody or attracting somebody's attention who will give us work. Not to be able to stand on Broadway means just so much less chance of bread and butter for a whole lot of us.

"Well!" ruminated the commissioner, "that certainly seems tough. I don't quite see how I'm going to enable my policemen to distinguish between actors and the other people that stand around up there. But I'll try to do something for you."

"Thank you," responded the actor. "There's many a poor chap will be grateful. I'm sure we'll all do our best to take up as little room as possible and keep out of busy people's way."

So now the Times Square cops have got a new problem.

THE RED BUTTON A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK BY WILL IRWIN

(Continued from Monday.) CHAPTER VII. Facing the Music. Tommy woke next morning to the appropriate mental and physical tortures. When memory had finished with her rack, the future applied thumbscrews. If he went down to breakfast he must meet her. Remorse and jealousy struggled in him with a perverse pride. At any rate, he would not run away. No, he would face her. He would look into her eyes, which would be shocked and averted. The last embers of a ruined existence would shine through his own. Then, after she had seen and realized, he would go away forever and never see her just one flower with his card—to let her know what he had felt and what he had cast aside.

Then—since the human spirit is never static—having touched the lowest depths, his thoughts began to rise toward hope. Just how had he behaved last night? What had she seen him do? From the haze of confused memories, a clear fact appeared in this place and that. He had got up the first night some hours before it was dim. He had been aware of her standing at the landing. How had she looked? Somehow, he could not remember her face. Why? Because he had been looking at a shoe-buckle—at something which glittered—why?

The tragic night of the Hanska murder flashed in upon him, and with it the fact which he had told neither the police in the third degree process nor yet the coroner at the inquest, for the simple reason that he had forgotten it. Now, he remembered it clearly, perfectly. A freak of drunken consciousness had brought back something which he might never have remembered again.

"Gee whizz!" he cried, leaping out of bed, headache and all. "She's looking for evidence—this will fix her!" A cold dip and a dash of bromide restored him wonderfully, for the tissues of Tommy North were resilient and young. As he entered the dining-room, he saw a note pinned to the door and a little languor indicated the crisis of the night before.

Betsy-Barbara and Constance were already seated. Betsy-Barbara looked him full in the eye, classic as the eye of a goddess.

"Good morning, Mr. North," she said evenly. Nothing whatever gave a clue to her inner emotions.

Good morning, replied Tommy, shortly, and he sat into his chair and attacked his grapefruit.

The breakfast went on. Betsy-Barbara talked freely; she appeared animated even. She included Mr. North in the conversation, throwing him a question now and then. He noticed, however, that these questions came only at regular intervals, as though she were remembering to be very careful. That might be a good sign or it might be a bad one, he could not decide which.

Betsy-Barbara and Constance had risen now. Tommy North, with an effort of the will, rose and followed. "Miss Lane," he said, "I'm glad to hear him, he spoke louder, 'Miss Lane.'"

Betsy-Barbara turned. Alone with him, since Constance had gone, her eyes showed the emotions which she had suppressed in public. "What is it?" she said telly.

"I wanted," said Tommy—"I wanted to tell you something."

"That you needn't make any more explanations—thank you!" She was turning away when Tommy recovered himself.

"Oh, it isn't that," he said. "I LISTEN! Stern and sharp and short. As insistent as command. And explosive as a gun's report. The light of the sun on his hand. A Listen! Don't it make you hot To have somebody say it, And feel like giving him a swat, Though you may not betray it?"

WE heard "Billy" Sunday called various things while here conducting his well known regeneration of South Bend. This is the classic as the epitome recently applied where he was referred to as the procurer "Billy" Sunday.

Procurer, we learn by consulting our classic dictionary, was a legendary Greek robber, whose favorite diversion was stretching the limbs of his captives, if they were too short, or cutting them off, if too long, to fit a certain bed.

So now we have the modern word, procurer, ruthlessly forcing into conformity. A happy application.

QUITE appropriately George Wing is the demon motorcycle cop of Highland park, Chicago.

THE modern tendency to commercialize matrimony is robbing the institution of many of the homely attributes that gave it a peculiar charm.

can't explain that, of course. I'm not trying to explain that, Miss Lane. It's just something—something new in the line of evidence—about the Hanska case—I think it may help.

Betsy-Barbara turned again—and this time quickly. Her look was startled—but—heaven be praised—friendly.

"Something new?" she said, breathlessly. "Oh, you angel fresh from heaven! Shall I send for Constance?" This was the point where Tommy North became a strategist.

"It has to do," he said humbly, humbly, "with the way I was last night. You saw me—I shouldn't like to tell her."

"What's take a walk," proposed Betsy-Barbara, with her wonderful practicality.

"If you wish," said Tommy North humbly, and yet thrilled with a sense of renewed companionship. Indeed, by the time they reached the street, he had recovered his spirits so much as to prepare because the street was so noisy, that they take a cross-town car and walk up Fifth av. The car was crowded; they must stand; so they did not approach the subject of the moment until they were treading the street of the spenders.

"Well, what is it? I'm dying to know," said Betsy-Barbara, the instant they reached the avenue.

"It may mean something or it may not," said Tommy. "Of course, on the night of the murder I was—and last night I was—"

"Completely, irrevocably, entirely, I should say," replied Betsy-Barbara, with emphasis.

"Did I do anything strange?" inquired Tommy, "when I first saw you?"

"You nearly tumbled at my feet, for one thing," replied Betsy-Barbara.

"What—what were you wearing on your feet?"

Betsy-Barbara thought a second on this peculiar question.

"My velvet slippers with the rhinestone buckles," she said.

Tommy nodded solemnly.

"That was it—was reaching for them last night—just as I was reaching for something the night I fell at Capt. Hanska's door. And it brought everything back."

"Oh, what do you mean?" begged Betsy-Barbara. "Go on! Please go on."

"I had got to the head of the stairs on the night of the murder," said Tommy. "The gas was lighted in the hall. I was picked. You know how your mind got on one little thing when you're picked—"

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE. By Condo



been busy filling out the necessary petitions for the men from across the waters. A United States examiner will conduct the hearing before Judge Funk.

Those who will appear are: Essa Rahal, Wladyslaw Ladewski, John Steh, Joseph Ciszewski, Steve Steh, Emory Bari, August Bloch, Hayman Klingman, Michael Strautz, Jacob Rothbaler, John Seifert, Frank Marszakowski, Stanislaw Szeszowski, Anton Mayerhofer, David Neponyashsky, Theodor Van Aiele, Emerick Kulesar, August Anderson, Joe Hernandez, Walenty Walkowski, Octaf Ver-nac, Peter Beckiewicz, Adolp Van Hoed, George Goldstein, Wolfana Waechter, Henri Spoelt, August Stephan, Arthur Van Ooteghem, Julius Meunick, Oscar Berkowitch, Jacob Jaworski, Charles Leukes, Peter Tal-bow, Joe Koestis, Henri Himschoff, Michael Oswald, Daniel Obradovich, Janos Madarosz, John Olson.

And while we jabber and sneer and smirk And our words of wisdom fall The world will trudge to its daily work And never will care at all!

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS



No Bugaboos Down Cellar

Children can save you many tedious steps; but the tired-mother hates to send a child into a dark cellar, and children dislike to go there.

Edison Mazda Lamp

conveniently located in the cellar-way will brighten the darkest cellar at the mere touch of a switch.

Every dark corner can be safely lighted with Electric Light. It is the most economical light to be had. Let us give you a figure on wiring your home. Our home wiring proposition is the most attractive ever offered in the city.

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