

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 2, 1913

A DISCREDITED MAN.

The chance of impeaching Gov. Sulzer, in the opinion of men well informed in the law, is steadily diminishing. Tammany is likely to be denied the satisfaction of seeing its enemy ejected from office by the process of impeachment, but the discrediting of the governor in the eyes of honest men is already complete.

To accomplish the governor's impeachment on the charges preferred it would be necessary that the offenses should have been committed after he was elected and inducted into office as the chief executive of the state of New York, whereas the acts complained of were performed when he was a private citizen and only a candidate for the office to which he was subsequently elected.

If the governor can be convicted of a penal offense he may yet be deprived of his official position as such conviction would itself disqualify him for holding the office, but the grounds on which the impeachment proceedings are based are not deemed sufficient from a legal point of view.

Should it be proved that Gov. Sulzer misappropriated funds contributed by his personal and political friends for election expenses a criminal action might be brought if any of the contributors are so disposed, but the chance of that is comparatively slight. The probability is that the governor will remain in office a discredited man and that his future career, which promised so favorably, is ruined.

Gov. Sulzer had the instinct of the political reformer and he had the courage of his convictions. To carry out his reform he broke with Tammany and through his indiscretion exposed himself to the attack that has been made upon him. Unfortunately his reform policies were not grounded in rectitude of personal conduct, if the testimony may be believed.

AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.

Succinctly stated the opposition to woman suffrage in England is based on the aversion of the men of that country to being dominated by the women. There are 1,700,000 more women of voting age than men in England.

Lord Northcliffe, who owns and controls some of the most influential newspapers in England says so. He says ninety-nine out of every one hundred men in England are opposed to woman suffrage for this reason. They won't stand for it. Their fear of female domination is as great as the dread of black domination in the south. No self-respecting man, says Lord Northcliffe, is going to be dominated by women.

The trouble in England, as the late Mayor Gaynor sized it up, is that there are not enough husbands to go round. England is such a good place to leave the young men hike for the colonies or other parts of the world as soon as they are old enough to leave the parent nest. And they never come back, to stay. They become enamored of the broader, bigger life outside the "tight little isle" and refuse to give it up.

SECESSION IN MEXICO.

As an abstract proposition the plan of the five northern states of Mexico to secede and form a confederacy will not do. As an expedient for bringing about an adjustment of the difficulties that now harass the republic it may have a salutary effect.

The five states involved in the secession agreement, according to reports of American refugees arriving in El Paso, Texas, are Sonora, Durango, Coahuila, Sinaloa and Chihuahua. The last named is the center of the Carrancistas rebellion. There are in all twenty-seven states, including Lower California, but the five named comprise the larger portion of the territory of the republic and are the most thickly inhabited and prosperous.

Most of the American investments in Mexico are confined to these northern states, Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango particularly, these states being especially rich in mineral deposits and agricultural possibilities. The capital of the confederacy, should the secession movement succeed, would doubtless be placed at Chihuahua.

WILT BE MINE, FAIR SIR?

Sweden is all puffed up with "progressive" pride over a law giving woman the right to propose marriage, but she needn't be, since woman has always had that right in our own dear America. Fact is that, in our country, the law has especially aided her in asserting that right, as was demonstrated in a recent instance in California.

Mr. Smith was slow about proposing to Miss Jones. Miss Jones got one of those automatics that puncture nice round holes in a slow sultor as long as the lady keeps her finger on the trigger, called on Mr. Smith at his boarding place, put the muzzle of the automatic under his nose and proposed marriage. He blushed and accepted her. They proceeded at once to the county court house for a license. While Miss Jones was trying to get around disclosure of her age to the license clerk, Mr. Smith dropped from a second story rear window and took up his residence, temporarily, in a large patch of greasewood and manzanitas, in the suburbs. But the police smoked him out of the brush and deposited him before an august judge, who, in behalf of Miss Jones, proposed marriage. Mr. Smith accepted. Miss Jones became Mesdame Smith on the spot, "and they lived happily ever after," etc., etc.

We guess that little old Sweden, in her efforts to promote entrance into the holy bonds of wedlock, won't be able to concoct anything more effective than this. Of course, there was what might be called "ulterior motive" in the marriage proposals by the lady and the court in this Smith case and we advise Sweden, if there's anything compulsory in her new law, not to keep the suburban brush cut off too closely. Evasion is bound to become an art in any country which requires a fellow to stand still, unhitched, while being proposed to, regardless of the sincerity or necessities of the fair sex.

A DESIRABLE RESULT.

If it should rain every day of the week and if no visitors should come to see the exhibits the exposition would be far from having been given in vain. Its educational value to our own people is worth all the trouble and expense.

Public spirit is built on appreciation. Local pride is based on knowledge. A community cannot be proud of what it knows little or nothing about, nor can it manifest public spirit if it has no appreciation of its resources and opportunities.

South Bend people cannot view the varied exhibit of industrial and agricultural products without feeling the stir of local pride nor without the feeling that here is something extraordinary, something the world at large should know about and which should be made available to all who might desire it.

Behind the exhibit is the spirit of progress and it is desirable that every man, woman and child in South Bend should become imbued with it. Knowing what we have and do here strengthens our faith in our city and gives us more courage to recommend it to others.

If the first fall exposition serves this purpose it is a liberal compensation for what has been done. It will give us that complete harmony of action and the force and impetus necessary to successful competition with rival cities.

The chairman of the New York reform commission, Thomas Mott Osborne, is serving his self-imposed sentence in Auburn prison. He spent his first day hauling coal and weaving baskets. He is getting at first hand the information the outside world needs to form an intelligent estimate of the merit of our prison system.

The tariff bill is held up by Cong. Rainey of Illinois as a triumph of democracy. Regardless of its merits it is at least a fulfillment of democratic pledges.

Concrete roads, such as those built in the vicinity of Detroit, are finding much favor with delegates to the good roads congress.

A tug hauling mud was the first vessel to pass through the Panama canal. It was as significant as the more showy later processions will be.

Mexican recalcitrants an object lesson in common sense. They have agreed to hold an early presidential election.

The proposed Mexican confederacy may win a diplomatic victory, but it cannot hope to stand.

Fires enjoy the return of warmer weather.

The sun may be shining tomorrow although it is cloudy today.

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Mabel Herbert Unger.

The thrill of motherhood! Helen tried hard to feel that when the baby was laid in her arms. But somehow she couldn't. Her strongest feeling was one of uneasiness, of a nervous fear of hurting it. She could find no way of holding it comfortably.

However she placed it, it would manage to rattle into some other position. She was afraid to sleep when it was beside her for fear she would turn over on it. She had horrible visions of waking up and finding it smothered to death. It was so little, there seemed no way to keep it covered, and yet keep its head out so it could breathe.

She was glad the room was kept dim. She didn't want to see it again now. She had looked at it once and it had been so red and wrinkled that her feelings had been almost one of repulsion. She had told herself that it was a most unnatural and unmotherly feeling, but that had not changed it.

Dreams and Reality. Her dream pictures had been of a golden-haired, blue-eyed baby—the kind one sees on calendars and infant food advertisements. But this was very different. There wasn't any hair at all, and its eyes were so squinted that their color couldn't be told.

After the first look, she had turned her face to the wall with a faint request to the nurse to take it away. The nurse had tried to assure her that all very new babies looked like that, that it took several weeks before they were ever pretty.

And then Helen asked if Warren had seen it. And when she was told he hadn't she asked them to keep it from him until it looked a little "different."

For some reason she felt it was her fault, that its unattractiveness was a personal reflection on her. She wondered if she could ever grow to love it—if it should always be ugly. The possibility of having a homely child had never occurred to her, so certain had she been that her baby would be so beautiful. And now—

Mother Thoughts. Probably after a while, it wouldn't be so red and wrinkled, but its mouth had seemed so large. Could time change those things? From that one glimpse, deep in her heart, she could not believe that time would make it a beautiful child.

If it had been a boy, it's looks wouldn't have mattered so much, just so it was big and strong. But an ugly little girl! The thoughts made her sick at heart.

And then she thought of all the dainty little clothes she had made—ribbons with blue ribbon. Blue ribbons on that crimson baby! Nurse don't use any of those little dresses that have blue ribbons. I don't think blue would be very becoming to it now.

The nurse promised, repressing a smile. "An Ugly Little Girl." And then again she turned her face to the wall and began miserably to plan how she would dress it if it were always the ugly little girl! At least she would have the judgment to dress it plainly, to make it as inconspicuous as possible. She had always thought it ridiculous to see ugly little children dressed up in all sorts of frills and furbelows.

And then she thought of the family reunion and dinner at Warren's father's, when Carrie (Warren's sister) would bring her three beautiful children! And she had looked forward so proudly to taking her own beautiful baby! And now—

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

OCTOBER is the month designed by nature to reconcile the wayfarer through this vale of tears to the approach of winter. Nature does these things. She rarely shocks us. Her methods are so graduated that her various moods are pleasant to us.

As far as our preferences go if we could not have October we would be highly indifferent to the rest of the year. With it we patiently endure the cold slops of winter and the hot dregs of summer and the "catarrhal spring."

One brilliant October day with the woods ablaze and the air as sparkling as champagne has more real life in it than a whole week at any other season.

Why, Girls! (Laporie, ARGUS-Bulletin.) The W. H. Y. girls are planning to spend Saturday in South Bend, where they will have dinner and attend the theater. While there they will be the guests of Mrs. Frederick Sims.

THERE is a tang of tragedy in the Retroart case.

SOMETHING uncanny in the shrewdness of the revenue department in forbidding income tax payers to deduct the cost of living. With that taken out mighty few people would have to make a statement.

The Real Thing in Admiration. (Laporie Herald.) We honestly believe that Sen. LaFollette of Wisconsin is the greatest man in politics today in this country.

IT seems to have been the home rule bill that put all this stir in Ulster.

WE are unable to see any other reason for putting "Damaged Goods" on the stage than that it will draw. The well known human nature can be depended upon to sacrifice itself to the box office.

Relic of 1892. (Indianapolis News.) Muesel supports his captain on the right as guard. He is the strongest man on the team and can carry three and four men on his back with apparently no inconvenience. He weighs 190 pounds.

Studebaker plays full back and kicks with dexterity. He is also a success at getting the ball between the goal posts and over the bar on a good kick. Studebaker is a splendid blocker and does excellent work in guarding.

WE are about to ring the court house bell for certain delinquent contributors whose initials need not be mentioned.

ONE distinguished citizen expresses regret that he did not see the Panama canal before the water was turned in; another that he may never see it at all.

IT is enough for us to know it is there.

WE do not worry.

C. N. F.

Walk! Walk! This Man Must Keep on Walking or He Dies!

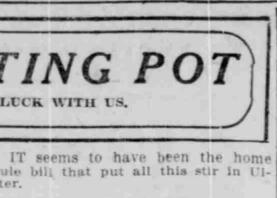
Special Correspondence. PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 2.—Walking all the time! Walking for life! Walking that he may not die! This is the fate of Albert Hoffman.

Some time ago, in San Francisco, the wrinkle-faced, sad-eyed old man is now a wanderer on the face of the earth, doomed to walk the highways of the world, in sun or rain or summer, in snow or cold of winter, while earthy time shall last—for him.

Had fortune been less cruel to him, were the wealth of a capital of industry at his command, he might wear better walking boots, a better coat might shield him from the elements, but still his endless plodding would of necessity continue. He could not get of a peculiarly rough place in an auto. He could not cut time or space by means of a Twentieth Century limited. He cannot ride; he must walk!

Even the night time cannot afford him more than partial success from his daytime woes. "I cannot sleep more than four hours at a time, and I do not require an alarm clock to tell me when it is time to move," Hoffman asserts, grimly.

This strangely afflicted man arrived in Pittsburgh the other day from New York city. He was bound westward for no better reason than because in far-off San Francisco are his memories and associations of a happier time, and he must walk. He had walked to New York to visit a sister. From the Pacific coast he will walk eastward—because he must walk, walk, walk.



Albert Hoffman, who must walk to live, hicle because of the ill effect of the vibration.

When he sleeps for four short hours he is awakened by the needle-like thrusts that pierce his benumbed limbs, and he must immediately leave his bed and begin to walk. Hoffman seems to take his affliction philosophically.

After two years of treatment in the hospital he was sent forth, his hips supported by silver hoops. He cannot get along without the hoops, and, because of the retarding influence they have on his circulation, he must keep in almost continuous motion or become completely paralyzed and helpless. He cannot spend even his hours of repose upon a train or in any vehicle because of the ill effect of the vibration.

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The Ideal by Berton Braley

BY BERTON BRALEY. The firmly declared that the men she should marry.

Mus, wholly conform to a certain ideal. He mustn't be homely, like Tom, Dick and Harry.

But was handsome and noble, with muscles like steel; He must have an intellect, masterly, splendid.

Ambition and power, and honor and fame. With knowledge and humor delightfully blended—

And other requirements too many to name. She married a chap who was as dull as you find 'em.

And homely, besides, as an unpainted fence. The wise ones had long ago left him behind 'em; His lack of ambition was something intense;

you know all babies are like that at first. It is going to be a beautiful baby; the doctor said so!

Ohio's Oldest Circuit Rider is "Coming Back"

After 40 Years of Work, the Rev. Whitlock Can't Remain Out of the Pulpit, So He Has Taken Charge of Another Flock.

Special Correspondence. TOLEDO, O., Oct. 2.—"Yes, sir, I'm a—what is it you call it?—a 'come back.' That's it. Feel just like an old fire horse that's been on pasture for a time. I'm anxious to get back into the harness."

It was the Rev. E. D. Whitlock, father of Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, who spent 40 years of active service in the ministry. Dr. Whitlock retired two years ago following a long period of illness. At the Methodist conference at Urbana last week he was assigned as pastor of the Spring st. M. E. church here.

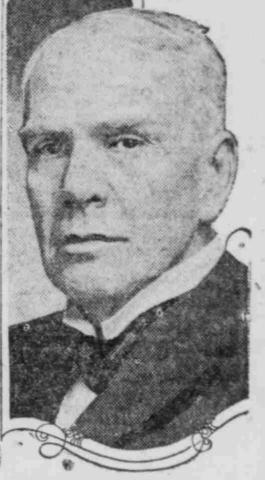
"I began my ministry in 1873 in Darke county, Ohio," reminisced Dr. Whitlock. "At that time my circuit embraced five different churches at the log variety. Some Sundays I preached three times.

"The nearest church to my home was 11 miles. I used to make the trips on horseback—that is, when my parishioners were generous—but a great deal of my traveling was done on foot.

"Life in those days was very simple. Not much like church-going these days, when people come in big automobiles and carriages and street cars. "One trip I remember we made on a hand-car. I'd load Mrs. Whitlock and some of the women on the car and away we'd go. And you bet the women folk took their turn at pumping. It was a case of taking your congregation along with you."

"The problems of the cities have become the problems of the churches. Civilization has imposed upon the churches, increased and varied work. It has to meet the social reform that has been sweeping the country; it must meet the problem of the poor girl who has not an adequate wage to enable her to live decently and morally; it must combat with the problem of caring for the young people who come into the city without a place to go.

"The social reform is a good thing. A great help to the church. It brings into active work people who otherwise might not come to church at all. "The only way the problem of the



THE REV. E. D. WHITLOCK.

inadequacy of the wage for girls can be met is through the universal christianization of the social order—business, commerce and trade. Then men in society will get the view of Christ in regard to the great humanity, and the rich and the poor, the people in the slums and on the boulevards, will be brought into such relation that each will care for the other.

"The problems have been forced upon the churches by the increased size of the cities and the floods of immigrants who come to this country unacquainted with the language and customs and find themselves engulfed in a maelstrom."

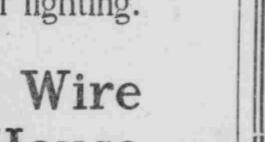
Health Commandments. (New York World.) Tenement house committee of the Brooklyn bureau of charities has issued on a little card printed in old English type these ten commandments:

- 1. Thou shalt honor thy neighborhood and keep it clean.
2. Remember they cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt take care of thy rubbish heap else thy neighbor will bear witness against thee.
4. Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy back yard, thy hall and thy stairway.
5. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly breed.
6. Thou shalt not kill thy neighbor by ignoring fire menaces or by poisoning the air with rubbish and garbage.
7. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day and night.
8. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunshine thou canst obtain.
9. Because of the love thou barest

thy children thou shalt provide clean homes for them.
10. Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to health and happiness.

WANTED A TIP. "My name is Hilber," he said. "I understand you caught the burglar who robbed our house night before last. Yes, we've got him," answered the police lieutenant. "Want to speak to him?"

"You bet I do! I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last 25 years."—N. Y. World.



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