

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY. 214 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana. BY CARRIAGE. Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$5.00. Daily, single copy, 10c. Sunday, single copy, 5c.

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 1181. Bell phone 2160.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN Foreign Advertising Representatives. 235 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1913

TWO VERSIONS.

The people of South Bend have been treated to two versions of the estimated cost of the installation of an independent distributing plant for South Bend to distribute electrical current for street lighting.

We are of the opinion that the argument in question is entirely fruitless and aside from the real point in which the people are interested.

The state public utility commission will give to every customer of a public utility the benefit of a reasonable rate. This means such a rate as will insure to the utility company a reasonable return upon its actual investment.

To the end that the lowest possible rates may be secured the commission will not permit a duplication of plants—either power plants or distributing plants. It is self evident that a single distributing plant used for transmission of current for power, private lighting and public lighting is more economical than a duplication of such distributing plants for each of such purposes.

Any plan leading to such duplication means uneconomical waste and is absurd. Believing Mr. Rice to be sincere in his attitude, we think he is misguided, and for the following reasons:

In determining a reasonable rate the commission must of necessity determine the reasonable selling price of current at the generator. This will include the company's reasonable profit on so much of its properties used to develop and generate the electric current.

One of these long forgotten tombs was especially rich in human interest. The deliver, in digging, first came to an inverted kettle of copper, about the size of a tea kettle. Evidently this kettle had been inverted to keep the seepage of the rains and melted snows from descending upon and destroying the remains beneath.

The size of the grave indicated that it had been made for a baby. Time, in spite of the inverted kettle, had, however, eaten away all traces of the little form. But in a tiny casket of baked clay, securely wrapped in bark, some of whose fibers still remained, were proofs that the grave had been that of a baby.

Some sorrowing parent had wrapped the still form of the loved papoose in bandages of finery, laid it gently in the hollowed earth, placed over it the protecting kettle and alongside had put the little one's pet toys to keep it company on the journey to the happy hunting grounds.

After all these years it still seems almost a sacrilege to disturb a spot once hallowed by a mother's tears. Across the centuries the touch of nature reaches to make the world akin.

WHAT'S COMING.

"Hello Bill! Can you spare that five you owe me?" or "Wife and I will be up to see you tomorrow"—these or similar messages may soon be floating through the air and at your neighbors will know what's doing. You see that little wizard Marconi, who perfected the wireless telegraph that has been the means of saving so many lives at sea, has now invented an instrument with which he has sent the sound of his own voice across the Atlantic from Clifton, Ireland, to Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

No more long waits for pretty telephone operators to get you a number while you impatiently fume and try to think up some new word to apply to the "phone service. No more bells ringing in your ear or disconnected wires in the middle of a conversation. And no more heavy tolls for a chat with your distant friend. These and many other discomforts of telephone users will be things of the dark past, when the wireless telephone is in use. Of course, you're liable to get your imaginary wires crossed and pour sweet nothings into the ears of your grocery man by mistake, but leave it to Marconi! Before he's through he will find a way to even prevent the eavesdroppers who now get the news of the neighborhood on the party lines.

HIGH COST OF DREAMING.

Can you read about the interstate commerce commission's investigation of the St. Louis and San Francisco receivership, without getting mad and advising confiscation of railroads? In promoting their syndicate, the chairman of the board of Frisco directors, put in \$75,000 and raked off \$25,000 profit. Another Frisco official's rake-off was \$23,000 on an investment of \$118,000. And so it went

the raise should be granted by the present administration.

In a little over another month the present administration will have finished its work, and likewise all the boards under it. The salary increases requested cannot go into effect until the first of the year, or at least there would not be more than one month's pay under it until another administration takes hold.

To be frank about it, we are of the opinion that the department officials and firemen should have their increase. Statistics submitted from Gary, Hammond, Ft. Wayne and Evansville, show that they are receiving less than the firemen of those cities, and the increase asked measures up to a comparative equality.

However, the men on the department next year, either by reappointment or reappointment, will hold their jobs under the next administration and that administration should be privileged to fix the compensation. It is not an unfinished job, like the lighting contract before the board of public works, that is before the board of public safety.

The total amount of increase asked for chief, assistant chief, 12 captains, 12 lieutenants, and 40 firemen, would be only \$5,140 a year, not much, but the principle still holds. The men deserve it, no doubt, whether the present men, or their successors, but the question is, who should bestow it?

THE WORLD AKIN.

Up in the northwestern corner of New York state a deliver into the lore of the past the other day opened some graves. They were the graves of Seneca Indians, made soon after that fine tribe had its first contact with white men.

For the first time, since she married, she was sitting at the table alone with a man who was not her husband. And the fact she was not quite sure of the proprieties of the situation gave to it an added glamour.

An hour ago, as she came out of a Fifth av. shop, she had almost run into a big, storm-coated hurrying man.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured hastily and was about to dash on, when he stopped short.

Her startled gaze changed to a happy recognition as she held out her hand with a laughing "I guess it is." When the first surprise of the meeting was over, and Will Farrel had explained how he was on here from Colorado, where he had been living for the last few years, he insisted that they go in somewhere and have tea, and "talk."

"Why shouldn't she?" After a moment's hesitation, Helen consented. Why shouldn't she have tea with Will Farrel? The fact that they had once been engaged should not matter now.

He guided her through the crowded hotel corridor and into a secluded corner of the "palm room." As he gave his coat, hat and stick to the waiter, and ran his hand through his hair, in the old familiar way, Helen was filled with a rush of memories.

"Here, let's get through with this order—so we can talk. Will you have anything besides tea—a glass of sherry first?" "Oh, no—just tea and muffins."

She nodded, her color deepening. "And now I suppose you want a foot-stool and unsalted butter?" She laughed. "Yes, my wants haven't materially changed."

"No, but everything else has," he answered gravely. There was a moment's pause in which Helen carefully rearranged the silver by her plate. When she raised her eyes it was to find his fixed on her.

"Are you happy?" he demanded. She started. "Why, how can you? Of course, I'm happy."

"Oh, there's no occasion for 'sir' or 'how dare you'—an asking you a perfectly simple question, are you happy?" "Why, of course, of COURSE I'm happy."

"As happy as you thought you would be?" "Why, you haven't any right—"

"Yes, I think I have. You put me aside for a man you thought would make you happier. That should give me the right to ask you if he has."

"Of course, he has! Oh, why do you talk like this? You will make me sorry I came."

"Very well, gently, we will talk of something else."

And then he kept carefully away from personalities as he told of his ranch in Colorado and some mining interests that had proved most profitable.

There was about him the unconscious force, the power, the indescribable air of a man of large affairs. And Helen felt a vague sense of peace and restfulness in his presence. Her life had so long been made of a strained, nervous attempt to keep Warren in good humor, and to avoid displeasure, that to lean back now and be entertained, to feel that she was not in an atmosphere of irritability and criticism, but of approval and admiration, was for her a new and enjoyable sensation.

Without analyzing all this, she only knew that the moment was a very pleasant one. It was not until she noticed the big clock at the end of the room that she realized how long they had been there.

—big swag for the promoting of a concern headed straight for a receivership.

Chairman Yoakum gives as causes for the receivership: Failure to sell Arizona and New Mexico real estate; loss by investment in Texas and Louisiana lumber properties; annual loss of \$150,000 for 11 years, through owning a rotten Illinois railroad.

Besides, Yoakum testifies, that he had what he calls "a dream of empire." It was a water-level railroad from St. Louis to the Panama canal and they could have promoted this dream, too, if the Mexicans hadn't gone to fighting, with every tie along the route representing some sucker who paid a Yoakum for doing his dreaming for him.

Save your toes! A Berlin violinist, who lost a finger, had surgeons transfer one of his second toes to his hand and now fiddles as well as ever. But it's possible that that toe becomes unreliable at ragtime music, like all the rest of us.

This year's Nobel prize for literature goes to Rabindranath Tagore, a Hindu poet. Oh well, if they're going to let in Hindu poetry, we might just as well use our muse for non-support at once.

Widows in the Tingian tribe of Filipinos do not baffle for six months after the funeral, out of respect for the dead. There's no question about it being a strong tribute of respect.

Every day in the year there are eaten in New York city 342,465 bushels of potatoes.

Ninety per cent of the stenographers today are women.

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

In Which Helen Has Tea With an Old Friend and Revives Old Memories.

The music, the lights, the palms—all the alluring surroundings of a fashionable hotel tea room. Helen leaned back in her chair and gazed at the handsome, well-groomed man opposite her with a feeling as though she were living in a novel. She felt quite sure that the heroine of a modern "best-seller" must have some of the same sensations.

For the first time, since she married, she was sitting at the table alone with a man who was not her husband. And the fact she was not quite sure of the proprieties of the situation gave to it an added glamour.

An hour ago, as she came out of a Fifth av. shop, she had almost run into a big, storm-coated hurrying man.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured hastily and was about to dash on, when he stopped short.

Her startled gaze changed to a happy recognition as she held out her hand with a laughing "I guess it is." When the first surprise of the meeting was over, and Will Farrel had explained how he was on here from Colorado, where he had been living for the last few years, he insisted that they go in somewhere and have tea, and "talk."

"Why shouldn't she?" After a moment's hesitation, Helen consented. Why shouldn't she have tea with Will Farrel? The fact that they had once been engaged should not matter now.

He guided her through the crowded hotel corridor and into a secluded corner of the "palm room." As he gave his coat, hat and stick to the waiter, and ran his hand through his hair, in the old familiar way, Helen was filled with a rush of memories.

"Here, let's get through with this order—so we can talk. Will you have anything besides tea—a glass of sherry first?" "Oh, no—just tea and muffins."

She nodded, her color deepening. "And now I suppose you want a foot-stool and unsalted butter?" She laughed. "Yes, my wants haven't materially changed."

"No, but everything else has," he answered gravely. There was a moment's pause in which Helen carefully rearranged the silver by her plate. When she raised her eyes it was to find his fixed on her.

"Are you happy?" he demanded. She started. "Why, how can you? Of course, I'm happy."

"Oh, there's no occasion for 'sir' or 'how dare you'—an asking you a perfectly simple question, are you happy?" "Why, of course, of COURSE I'm happy."

"As happy as you thought you would be?" "Why, you haven't any right—"

"Yes, I think I have. You put me aside for a man you thought would make you happier. That should give me the right to ask you if he has."

"Of course, he has! Oh, why do you talk like this? You will make me sorry I came."

"Very well, gently, we will talk of something else."

And then he kept carefully away from personalities as he told of his ranch in Colorado and some mining interests that had proved most profitable.

There was about him the unconscious force, the power, the indescribable air of a man of large affairs. And Helen felt a vague sense of peace and restfulness in his presence. Her life had so long been made of a strained, nervous attempt to keep Warren in good humor, and to avoid displeasure, that to lean back now and be entertained, to feel that she was not in an atmosphere of irritability and criticism, but of approval and admiration, was for her a new and enjoyable sensation.

Without analyzing all this, she only knew that the moment was a very pleasant one. It was not until she noticed the big clock at the end of the room that she realized how long they had been there.

"Oh, I must go—I had no idea it was so late," as she began to draw on her gloves.

Outside he motioned for a taxicab and they were whirled up the avenue. Helen leaned back, keenly conscious of the man beside her and of his consciousness of her.

The invitation to dinner. When they reached her apartment he helped her out and stood bare-headed as he held her hand. There was an awkward moment, and then she said nervously, "Oh, you must come to dinner with

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of 'The Perfect Tribute, etc.'

Copyright, The Robbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from Thursday.) CHAPTER XVIII.

After Five Years.

The window of the cell was small, but it was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the sea-line six miles away, and by leaning close to the bars, the hill that sloped down into wooded country beyond the sandy beach of the shore. The jailer stood close by the little window in the stormy sunset for a better light as he dropped the medicine.

"On—two," he counted the drops carefully to nine, and then glanced at the prisoner on his cot in the corner, who tossed, and talked rapidly, disjunctively. "It is high time that the doctor saw him," the jailer spoke, and the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to run on. I am glad the governor is coming back."

With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring at the jailer.

"Pietro!" he called in astonishment. "My dear old Pietro!" and flung out his arms eagerly toward the man, and would have sprung from the bed to him.

But the jailer was at his side and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, signor," he said respectfully. "You are only old Battista; you will see if you look. Only Battista, who has taken care of you these five years."

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him curiously, then slowly, a sigh the light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good Battista. A smile full of a subtle charm made the worn face bright. He spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he explained gently.

"Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked, noting much noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throb of memory which always moved within him when he thought of Pietro. Battista opened that the name stood for some one dear to the jailer also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

"Will it make me better, do you think, Battista?" he asked earnestly. "But yes, signor; the doctor is clever."

"I want to be better; I must get well, I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

"Surely, signor. That will be soon now, I think, for it is five years; they will let you go soon, I believe," Battista lied kindly, but he knew how the Austrian tyrants left men for a little thing, for a suspicion, for nothing, lying in dungeons worse than this for three times five years. It was a mere chance, he had heard, that this young signor had not been sent to Spielberg instead of this place; to horrible Spielberg, where one might see high-bred nobles of Italy chained to fetters, living in underground cells. Battista shuddered. He had come to have a great affection for this prisoner; he trembled at the thought that some caprice of those in power might send him even yet to Spielberg. Moreover, Battista hardly dared think it in his heart, but he himself was Italian—a patriot. And behold him, jailer to a man who was suffering—he believed—for the patriot cause. His soul longed to help him, yet he was afraid, horribly afraid, even to be too gentle with his prisoner. It was an off chance that had left him here. Battista Sorani, in the castle of his old masters, after the castle had been confiscated by the Austrians, to be used by them as a prison. But what could he do? He was a poor man; he had a wife and children to think of; his knowledge of the place had been useful at first to the new lords, and then they had seen that he was hard working and close mouthed, and had kept him until they had forgotten, it seemed, that he was Italian at all. So here he was, set to guard men whom he would give his life to make free. But the masters treated him like felons. It meant more than his life to be disloyal—it meant the lives of his wife and children. There would be small pity for such as Battista when great nobles were treated like felons. So Battista was trusted as if he were Austrian born.

All this flashed through his mind as he gazed pitifully at the sick prisoner, only just out of bed, and set with that band of white hair, the badge of his captivity, in the thick brown tangle of his hair. He lay very still now, as if his tossing were all finished; his face turned to the wall; Battista, soft-hearted, cautious, stopped to look at him a moment before going out. As he looked the dark head turned swiftly and the bright big eyes met his with a light not delirious, yet not quite of everyday reason.

"You are good to me, Battista," the boy said, "and just now you gave me a great pleasure. I would like to yet to think of it, for you see, I thought you were Pietro—my dear Pietro—the Marquis Zappi."

Battista, breathless, stared, slammed the door, and returned to his post. "Whom—whom did you say, signor?"

But the prisoner had flashed into reason. The color went out of his face as the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say a name? Battista—you will not betray me—you will not repeat that name? I would never have said it but that I was not quite steady. I must have been out of my head; I have never spoken his name before in this place. Oh, if I should bring danger to him! Battista, for God's sake, you will not repeat that name."

Battista spoke low, glancing at the heavy iron door of the cell. "God forbid, signor," he whispered. "that I should speak, here in his own castle, the name of my young master."

There was a long silence. The prisoner and his jailer gazed at each other as if saying things beyond words. Then the boy put out his long

us before you leave town. I should so like for you to meet Mr. Curtis."

"Thank you, I should be glad to come, but it would have to be this week as I am leaving Monday."

"Saturday then—are you free Saturday?" "Quite free," he smiled.

"Then at seven."

He bowed over her hand, and she hurried up to her apartment.

Should she have asked him? She had done it nervously, impulsively, to bridge over an awkward moment. What would Warren say? What would be his attitude about the dinner?

hot fingers and caught the man's sleeve.

"Battista," he murmured. "Battista—is that true? Is it possible? Do you know—my Pietro?"

"Know, my signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My father has served his for 50 years. The man was shaking with a loyalty long pent up, but Francois lifted his head, leaned on his elbow, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"But, Battista, I know you now; he has spoken to me of you; it was your son, the little Battista, who was his body-servant when they were children."

"Yes, signor."

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castelforte; you would not tell me."

"I could not, signor. It was forbidden. It is forbidden. I am risking my life every minute."

"Go, Battista," and Francois pushed him away with weak hands. "Go quickly—you have been here too long. There might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you."

"It is right so far, signor," Battista answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hands to his lips. "The friend of my young master," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional faithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappi had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrorized and ground down by these "Austrian swine"; the memory of the old masters, the personality of any one connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in his own, then he stood up.

"I shall be back at bedtime, signor," he said quietly, and was gone. (To be continued.)



Rates for Charging Electric Automobiles

Electric automobile charging outfits are operated on our regular power rate, which consists of a service charge of \$1.00 per horsepower per month, plus a charge for the current consumed.

Cars having from 24 to 32 cells are rated at 2 horsepower, and from 32 to 44 cells, 3 horsepower. The consumption of current varies from 100 to 300 kilowatt hour per month—depending on the number of miles car is run, which gives a rate of from 4 to 5 cents.

Our rate for the first 100 kilowatt hours is 6 cents, for over 100 kilowatt hours and under 200 kilowatt hours 5 cents, and over 200 and under 300 kilowatt hours the rate is 4 cents.

The greater the amount of current used the lower the rate per kilowatt hour.

The average cost of running a pleasure car is from \$7.50 to \$12.00 per month.

No other mode of travel is so clean, convenient and economical as with an Electric car. Any lady can operate it and you know just what it costs you each month.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 West Colfax Ave.

Tremendous Sale of Coats

—at Wilhelm's

A purchase of 500 Coats just from a New York maker's hands to be sold at ridiculously low prices. The lot includes Arabian Lams, Sealette Plushes, Salt's Astrakhans, Boucles, Chinchillas, "Nob" Eponges, Zibelines, Broadcloths and all this season's best cloths; kimono, drop shoulder and raglan sleeves; belted back and all the best last-minute styles.



\$13.50 Values

For

\$8.98

\$18.50 Values

For

\$12.98

\$20.00 Values

For

\$14.98

\$22.50 and \$25.00 Values

For

\$16.48

\$33.00 and \$37.50 Values

For

\$19.98

Garments that the Actual Cost of Production is More Than We Ask.

Ladies' Ready to Wear

Wilhelm's CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON

Ladies' Ready to Wear