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STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR. BY FRED C. KELLY.

Here is a little tale that illustrates well the Washington point of view about things.

There is a colored employe in the senate office building who is of the old-fashioned, ante-bellum type, and popular with the senators. They nearly always stop to joke with him. Shortly after the new administration came in, Sen. Hoke Smith stopped to talk to the colored man one morning and said: "Henry, it's really too bad you're going to lose your job. You've been here a long time, and we'll all miss you."

"Oh, I ain't goin' t' lose no job," replied the colored man, cheerfully. "Of course you are," declared the senator, with mock gravity. "Don't you know we've now got a new administration—a democratic administration?"

"Yessah, yessah," answered the colored man, "but th' administration can't change no fastah than I can!"

Accepting the theory that you can't fool children and dogs, Frank O'Hair of Illinois, Joe Cannon's successor, is a great chap. Put it up to all the children and dogs in the neighborhood of the capitol to celebrate the birth of one so lowly born. Their stockings will be filled with shivering legs on Xmas morn. Holly, mistletoe and evergreen.

HERE is the idea: "Anyone who hereafter loots or molests property of foreigners or Mexicans," proclaims Gen. Villa, "will be executed. The right to confiscate property will rest only with the rebel government." If Huerta doesn't see it first.

Sen. Miles Poindexter of Washington is annoyed every time he goes anywhere on a train by people who persist in taking him for Rep. Hobson of Alabama. It isn't that he has anything against Hobson, but he is constantly afraid of getting himself in wrong. A man sinks into a seat beside Poindexter and begins to engage him in light conversation.

Sen. Kern blossoms out every little while in bright colors. He would rather wear a red necktie than not. The other morning when he appeared with a particularly saucy piece of neckwear, he attracted the attention of Sen. James Hamilton Lewis, who came up and stroked it with admiration.

Victor Murgock has been telling this tale about the colored pastor's speech. "I suppose now," said he, "to try to explain the unexplainable, to solve the insoluble, and to unscrew the inscribable." (Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

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THE MELTING POT COME! TAKE POLLUCK WITH US.

IN re the high cost of living we observed that Dr. Emil Hahn, the eminent Berlin scientist, figures that a human body weighing 150 pounds is worth \$7.85 cents. The elements are thus scheduled: Fat, \$2.60; iron, barely enough to make a nail an inch long; enough to whitewash a good sized hen house; phosphorus, enough for 2,200 matches; magnesium, enough to make a pretty display of fireworks; albumen, enough for 100 eggs; sugar, a teaspoonful; salt, a mere pinch.

TO produce this body, it is estimated, costs \$5,000. If the owner of the body has attained maturity, from a financial point of view the investment seems to be an unprofitable one.

THIS is where the Florida climate slips a notch. Birds of passage can save railroad fare and enjoy all the comforts of home.

LECTURE engagements by members of the cabinet have become a source of endless irritation to the watchmen on the battlements. Yet the misguided people pack the halls to hear the lectures.

Happy Day. Two kids—and later three. Won't be "among those present" at any of the Xmas trees. No eats or gew gaws to celebrate. The birth of one so lowly born. Their stockings will be filled with shivering legs on Xmas morn. Holly, mistletoe and evergreen.

HERE is the idea: "Anyone who hereafter loots or molests property of foreigners or Mexicans," proclaims Gen. Villa, "will be executed. The right to confiscate property will rest only with the rebel government." If Huerta doesn't see it first.

A COMMERCIAL traveler has sued the St. Paul railroad for damages resulting from being bitten by a bedbug while riding in one of the railroad company's sleeping cars. They do this differently in India, where the

bedbug is held sacred. Instead of killing the bugs, which would be a sin, or driving them out, which would be equally sacrilegious, the upper classes feed them. A lower class man occupies the beds until the appetites of the bugs are satisfied and then the family can rest and sleep in comfort. Why not send the porter to bed first?

THE avidity with which certain elements devour white slave moving pictures and vice-reform plays may be taken as an indication of public interest in moral reform, but it would probably be a mistake. Showing how it is done will never reform anybody. Showing the consequences may help some.

AMERICAN Individuality. (Corwith, Ia., Hustler.) There was a show troupe changed in Miller's restaurant and remarked that this was their first appearance in the north as they always played in the south. Erroll Miller remarked that he supposed they found the customs quite different here from what they are at Cornell.

A MAN at Red Bank, N. J., came to his death by falling from a balcony while dancing the tango. Many others have fallen farther than that while dancing the tango without a fatal result.

Where Virtue Puts One Over On Vice. (Logansport Pharos-Reporter.) Virtue in Logansport is using so much rouge and paint these days that a man has a hard time finding Vice.

STILL, Vice is not worrying. WHY should it? C. N. F.

HELEN CALLS WARREN ON THE LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE AT MIDNIGHT. BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen gazed sleepily out of her moonlit window. From below came the faint striking of the dining room clock. She counted on the slow regular strokes—twelve, it was midnight.

For three long hours she had lain there tossing feverishly. Her head ached, her eyes burned, and the throbbing pain in her heart seemed unbearable.

To the telegram she had sent Warren yesterday—there had been no answer. All last night and all today she had waited quivering for an answer—but none had come. What could it mean? Surely he must be ill—very ill, or he would have answered.

How much longer could she stand this suspense. Through the open window came the sound of crickets and tree frogs, and the night air was softly fragrant. She drew a kimono about her and went over and knelt by the window. The moonlight was almost as bright as day.

There was a sudden rustle among the lilac bushes under her window and Rover sprang out and ran across the yard. "Rover, Rover!" Helen called so softly that it was hardly more than a whisper. But Rover heard and came running back under the window. He looked up at her with eloquent eyes, and she knew that he was as though he felt the witchery of the night and the moonlight, he lay down and rolled over and over in the soft grass.

Something like six dollars, I think. Hold the wire, I'll look it up." A pause. "Yes, six-fifty for three minutes and two dollars for each additional minute or fraction thereof," evidently reading from the rate book. "But if I shouldn't get the party?" asked Helen.

"Then it won't cost you anything." "Well, I want to try," desperately. "But don't charge this to my father, Dr. Allen. I'll come down in the morning and pay you. Now will you try to get New York? Will it take long?"

"Not very. What's the number of the phone and the name of the party?" "Riverside 2603, and the name is Warren E. Curtis, Riverside 2603." "All right, I'll call you when I make the connection."

"Oh, no, I don't want you to ring this phone. I don't want to wake any one up. Can't I hold the receiver?" "Why, yes, you can. But it will take some time."

"That doesn't matter. I'll hold the phone. Just make the connections as quick as you can."

Waiting for the Distant Voice. With every quivering nerve strained to the breaking point, she stood there in the dark, leaning against the wall, the receiver in her hand. "What would be the result of this. What would the next few moments mean? What would they bring next?" The wires buzzed loudly. She could hear the mingling of distant voices with occasional words. "St. Louis—New York." And then at last she heard someone give the number "Riverside 2603." She was cold all over now, and trembling so she could hardly hold the receiver.

Another wait that seemed eternity, then— "Here's New York. You want Warren E. Curtis, Riverside 2603?" Helen heard herself say "Yes." "All right, there's your party. Go ahead."

"Hello, hello," she called quiveringly. But she heard only the buzzing of the wires. "Hello, hello," she cried again. But still only the deepening buzz. "Go ahead! There's your party," repeated central.

"But I can't get them," Helen called desperately. "Then came a faint 'Hello.' Strange and far away as it sounded it was Warren's voice!"

"Oh, I can't hear you! I can't hear you!" she sobbed. "Are you ill—just tell me that?" "Again his voice—still indistinct. "Oh, I can't hear you! I can't hear you!" she sobbed.

And then came plainly. "No, I'm not ill. You get a letter tomorrow. Do you realize what this is costing? There is no reason for it. Don't ever do such a fool thing again! Good bye!"

"Wait, wait, Oh, Warren—Warren," she cried, but he had cut off. Only the buzzing of the wires answered her.

At length she turned slowly back to the house. As she stole through the dark hall, feeling her way along the wall with her hand, she accidentally touched the telephone, causing a faint stir of the bell.

The telephone! The telephone! The same telephone that was in their apartments in New York, where Warren was now sleeping. In a few minutes she could be talking with him!

She was leaning heavily against the wall. Why had she thought of that? In this way she could end her suspense at once.

The cost! But what difference would that make if she could only hear from him? If she could only know what had happened.

Without stopping to consider, just following the wild impulse that led her one, she felt for the receiver and took it down.

"Hello!" eazing in the darkness before her. "Is this a long distance telephone? Can't I speak to New York from here?" "To New York?" the operator's voice answered sleepily. "Yes, all the phones are long distance." "How much will it be?"

—at Wilhelm's Semi-Annual Clearance Sale starts the day after Christmas, Friday, Dec. 26th. Everything sold, regardless of cost. \$15 and \$18.50 values in Ladies' and Misses' Coats, all satin lined, at \$5.00. \$20 COATS at \$9.98. \$35 and \$40 COATS at \$19.98. \$6 and \$7 CHILDREN'S COATS at \$1.98. \$18 and \$20 SUITS at \$9.95. \$25 and \$27.50 SUITS at \$9.95. \$35 SUITS at \$14.98. \$7.50 worth of Furs at Less Than Actual Cost. Hundreds of Silk, Lace, Net and Chiffon Waists to Choose From. Petticoats, Skirts and Dresses Priced Ridiculously Low.

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 23, 1913.

THE OLD COUNCIL'S FAREWELL LESSON TO THE NEW.

South Bend's common council, the one that has served as the legislative branch of the out-going administration, closed its labors Monday night beneath a halo of splendor—but for one thing.

It leaves a bad taste in the public mouth, in that, up to the last minute it clung tight to its policy of secret—"star chamber"—sessions, for the discussion of public business; a custom that is particularly objectionable especially when, as was the case Monday night, and as it has frequently been in the past, some aggregation of public utility magnates is on hand asking for something.

We refer to the presence of three representatives of the Chicago, South Bend & Northern Indiana Railway Co., apparently in opposition to the passage requiring street cars to stop "dead still" before crossing any of the city's boulevards or driveways. The ordinance as drafted applied to all present crossings, and all that may hereafter be made, but after the "star chamber" conference, and evidently as the result of it, an amendment brought the requirement down to the crossings at Lafayette and LaSalle, Lafayette and Washington, and St. Louis and E. Madison sts.

Why a discussion of this question could not have taken place in open session where the public might hear, either in person or through the columns of the press, is the mystery. Of course, there was nothing wrong took place. There may be good and sufficient reasons why the change in the ordinance should have been made, but why not add it to the wisdom of all of us. Our criticism is not of the result, but of the method by which it was brought about.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the next administration—the next council—will be less fearful of taking the public into its confidence. If a street railway company, or any other utility corporation, or anyone else, has business to transact with the public, it is the public's business, and the public has a right to know all about it, including the whys and the wherefores. It is natural to be suspicious of secrecy, and it is the all too frequent resort to secret conference regarding public matters—more than anything else,—that has brought so many legislative bodies into disrepute.

Pres. Howard in his farewell address might well have added the use of the "star chamber"—the committee of the whole,—in that "hole" over in the southeastern corner of the building, to his list of the out-going council's mistakes. It is this much as anything that has cast whatever dark shadow exists, over that council's work. Human nature courts the mysterious, but rebels against being left out on it.

Mayor-Elect Keller and the council that goes in with him may well take a lesson from such a chain of incidents, and lift the blinds.

FIGHTING THE BUGS.

The state of Kansas is endeavoring to stop the loss of thirty millions a year caused by insects. A state wide campaign of extermination has been inaugurated based on a scientific understanding of the character and habits of the insects causing the damage and with the cooperation of every farmer in the state it is hoped to materially lessen the loss.

The insects which make war on Kansas crops are chinch bugs, Hessian fly, army worm, codling moth, San Jose scale and others. The head of the state agricultural college estimates the damage caused by the chinch bug alone at \$16,000,000 and by the Hessian fly at \$2,000,000.

Efforts at extermination are being directed mainly against the chinch bugs. Every farmer in the state is asked to burn up all piles of trash and grass on his farm and road officials to burn the grass along the highways. The bugs hibernate at the roots of the grass and under the protection of trash heaps and heat kills them.

Rain has helped the fight against the Hessian fly. The fly cannot stand protracted wet weather, but the only other known means of fighting it is deep plowing as soon as the fly appears, but as the fly does not begin its depredations until the winter wheat is up farmers object to plowing their fields and losing the crop.

Concerted action only can succeed in an undertaking of this kind. If sporadic and breeding places are left here and there the efforts of those who follow the instructions of the state authorities will be largely nullified. The application of scientific principles is defeated by indifference and neglect.

REFORM'S HARD ROAD. Reform has a hard time getting anywhere. Its ticket is always questioned at the gate and the conductor is apt to take it up and eject the passenger. When it arrives there are few to meet and welcome it.

For example there is the eugenic marriage law of Wisconsin. It got by the legislature, but the doctors objected to the size of the examination fee and now a decision of the supreme court steps in and threatens to throw it out.

If there is any virtue in this supreme court decision the eugenic marriage law got a bad start. It started before it was ready. The way had not been cleared. The law could not get by.

The joint came when a Milwaukee lawyer declared that a marriage ceremony is unnecessary in Wisconsin and that, therefore, the eugenic measure is useless. All that is required in Wisconsin, this lawyer asserts, is that two persons who are not married at the time agree to accept each other as mates.

legislature can meet and circumvent it by legislation, and until that happens eugenic marriage will be the exception in Wisconsin.

A DISTURBING NOTE. There is a disturbing note in the outspoken repudiation of the Monroe doctrine by one of South America's most eminent statesmen, Dr. Marcial Martinez de Chile. It is a suggestion which will be received in the United States with genuine regret and surprise if not alarm.

While the Monroe doctrine emanated from a president of the United States and had its inception as a measure of protection against foreign invasion of the American republic it was incidentally destined to guard the Latin-American republics against the same danger. The idea was mutual protection and it has been understood that all concerned were interested in maintaining the doctrine of foreign non-interference as a live issue.

It is therefore rather startling that so distinguished and able a statesman and diplomat as Dr. Martinez should declare the issue dead. It causes a feeling of uneasiness as to the extent of this discussion among our South and Central American neighbors and speculation as to the causes of it. We of the United States are not prepared to say that it is immaterial to us whether the Monroe doctrine is respected by the Latin-American states. We must depend upon their friendly cooperation if the principle is to be peacefully enforced and it would be a serious obstacle to its purpose if force must be used to compel Latin-American states to respect it.

Now that we have an art center of our own and have manifested an interest in it the information that a Corot owned by Edwin Gould is estimated to be worth \$100,000 is of value. It is also interesting to know that Edwin Gould thought so much of the picture he accepted it as his share of the personal estate of his father, Jay Gould.

Rep. Pepper of Iowa, who was regarded as a likely candidate for the senate, died Monday at his home in Clinton following an operation for peritonitis. Mr. Pepper had gained a reputation as an able and industrious member of congress.

They said he couldn't get his party to agree on tariff or the currency, and now are saying he can't get the democrats to agree on government ownership of railroads in Alaska. Aren't they the pessimistic things?

The application of the slapstick to hobos and other undesirables is keeping the city fairly clear of them. It matters little where they go just so they go.

In Wisconsin it is discovered that the common law stands in the way of eugenic law. Mating came before marriage.

They are planning to have a "go to church day" in Chicago Feb. 1. As a novelty it should appeal to even blasé Chicago.

Mobs jam a New York theater to see the white slave films. The pictures appeal to their morbid curiosity.

Speaking of the weather our stock

of laudatory adjectives look like ten cents worth of sirloin steak. The colonel must have been pleasantly surprised to find he could get a fight away down in Chile. Only two more days till Christmas. Time yet to help make it happy for somebody. When Zapata gets into Mexico City he proposes to paint the town a blood red. Smoke is a nuisance, but much more endurable than cold boilers.

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

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