

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO., PUBLISHERS. 210 WEST COLFAX AV. Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana...

CHILDREN IN SHOALS.

When Theodore Roosevelt was in California recently, a woman, the mother of seven children; her husband, a workman who in times of steady employment could not support his family in comfort, and who had been out of a job for several months, with no work in prospect...

Should she and her husband, she asked, give additional hostages to fortune by having more children? Col. Roosevelt's answer was, in substance, "Yes, of course. It is your duty to have children—the more, the better. Don't think of the economic problem. You will get along somehow."

This reply aroused the indignation of many women who think differently on the big-family question. One of them has written an open letter containing this criticism:

Motherhood (and fatherhood, too) for that matter) among the more highly civilized is more than the physical act of bringing offspring into the world. It consists partly of a mental attitude—a reverence for life and a belief that the creation and conservation of life are the highest and holiest of human endeavors.

Mr. Roosevelt's teachings are rather horrible. Let us increase and multiply blindly until the country is overrun with a half-nourished, ignorant population, and then joyously take the slightest excuse to turn some of our surplus citizens into cannon's meat.

It is well for the future of civilization that an ever-increasing number of men and women are raising their boys not to be soldiers, and their girls to be mothers in the truest sense, by teaching them that human life is a sacred thing.

And when you come to think it over, isn't she right? Isn't the big-family gospel really a by-product of militarism? If "the state needs men" what does it need them for? The only purpose for which mere numbers count is warfare.

The modern idea, preached with sincerity and logic by women leaders of the sex, is that "human life is a sacred thing," that life should not be considered lightly, that every child born into the world should have a fair chance, and that as long as the community as a whole does not guarantee every child that fair chance, parents should have no more children than they can provide for decently and comfortably.

SOME FOLK'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS. Hon. John B. Weber, demagogue-member of Mayor Keller's board of public works, is peeved; perceptibly peeved. We do not know whether or not he is as perceptibly peeved at our contemporary as he is at us or not, for mentioning the effect likely to be had upon his candy business, by the mayor ordering the "lid" clamped on the "paddle-wheels" at Springsbrook park, but we have heard from him, mark that; of course, by indirection. No, most assuredly, an honored member of Mayor Keller's board of works, and if you please, business man—manufacturer of sweets,—would not be expected to come to the office and expostulate with mere "hired help." Or, it may be that he knew, or thought that perhaps the "hired help" knew, what it was talking about, and might be less amenable to his protest.

Mr. Weber's complaint is that reference to his candy in connection with the Springsbrook park "paddle-wheels" is prying into his personal affairs. Well, it seems that one of the main activities of the present administration, for which he is in part responsible and a beneficiary in one way, has been to injure some people's private businesses. We thought that it might be handing the administration a little bouquet, to point out that it does not exempt its own members from its ravages.

Of course, we had forgotten, in such connection, how the punch-boards were allowed to remain an extra month after other gambling devices had been ousted, because certain candy men wanted their customers to have an opportunity to work off their stock on hand; but then, that is now ancient history. And now, come to think of it, maybe it wasn't the part of any particular consistency with the administration after all; this Springsbrook park incident. Mr. Weber draws an annual salary of \$1,800 a year from the city as member of the board of works, and possibly Mayor Keller thinks that is compensation enough for the loss of business that may accrue to him because of the administration policy. It is more than most of the "injured" get.

WHY'LL HAVE IT? When the warring governments begin to issue treasury notes, watch out! says Roger Babson, for it means that prices of commodities, dependent on supply and demand, will climb as the value of the paper dollar decreases. "The wages of soldiers, however," he

will be Roumania. The only reason she hasn't joined them already is said to be a desire to harvest her grain before plunging into the conflict. The crops in all the Balkan states except Serbia, whose agriculture has been prostrated by the war, are said to be bountiful.

It may be that similar considerations are holding back Bulgaria and Greece, although their problems are more complicated. It is even possible that those two nations will remain neutral throughout the war. As for any of the three joining the Germanic allies, there seems not the slightest doubt of it. The most German diplomats hope for is to prevent their ranging themselves with her enemies.

The latest move in Roumania shows clearly which way the war wind is blowing. Turkey is seriously short of ammunition, and the Constantinople campaign may hinge on her getting supplies quickly. Germany is reported to have forwarded thousands of cars loaded with munitions, confident that Roumania would let them pass through. But Roumania held them all up at her border, where they are now congesting the Austrian railways.

Cars that happened to pass the frontier were seized and the contents confiscated. The Germans have tried to ship rifles concealed in false sides and bottoms in freight cars, but the Roumanians have foiled that ruse. Shipments of German beer to Constantinople have been stopped since the Roumanians found the beer kegs filled with cartridges and shells.

Roumania's decision seems not to be affected by the present discouraging plight of the allies. Like Italy, she is planning to join them when their fortunes are low, particularly Russia's. It cannot be said, therefore, that she is picking a "sure winner" and aiming to share the spoils of victory with little effort. She seems actuated less by the expectation that the allies will win than by fear that, without her help, Austria and Turkey—her natural enemies—might win. Like Italy, she doesn't dare to take the risk of a Teuton victory.

STILL IT DID THE LADY GOOD. A party of tourists passing through the Osage Indian reservation in Oklahoma last week, spied a group of squaws and papposes at a way station. Squallid and dirty, robed in faded blankets and cast off clothing, they presented a pathetic appearance.

One lady remarked: "The poor things; they look half starved. I thought the government took care of these unhappy creatures." Wherewith she tossed them a handful of small coin for which the kids scrambled, while the squaws looked on and grinned.

That lady went upon her way with the comfortable feeling that she had, at least, fed a hungry mouth or two. We hope she doesn't see this; we hate to burst a rainbow-hued bubble. But those self-same Indians enjoy an annual income of \$2,500 for every man, woman and child in the tribe, from leases on their oil lands.

Lo! the poor savages, indeed! SUCCESS. Under a spreading chestnut tree the village blacksmith lies in a comfortable hammock smoking a two-for-a-quarter cigar. His name is Matthew McNulty, and the chestnut tree stands in front of his cheerful farmhouse just outside Lafayette, Ind.

Day in, day out, from morn till night, as the poet sung, you could hear McNulty's bellows roar, for nearly sixty years—if you stuck around that long. During those years he shod more than half a million horses and mules. He used to have a monopoly on shoeing the tow-path mules that hauled the canal boats between Lafayette and Toledo.

McNulty has retired now, with a fortune of \$40,000 and a farm, over a mile above the good living he's made in his blacksmith shop in all these years. And it's a good bet that no retired city banker or merchant gets more satisfaction out of his career and his millions than McNulty gets out of his anvil memories, his little farm and his forty thousand.

HE COULDN'T DO WORSE. Uncle Sam might not make good as a railroad operator but one sure thing is that he couldn't do much worse than some of the eminent individual experts who have been trying their hands at the game.

On top of the collapse of the Frisco comes the receivership of the Rock Island; because it can't meet a due bill of \$38,248. Rock Island stock sold a while back at \$81 per share. It is quoted now at less than \$1.

As a hypothetical corporation it is difficult to conceive of United States postal stock selling at any such figure, isn't it?

WHY'LL HAVE IT? When the warring governments begin to issue treasury notes, watch out! says Roger Babson, for it means that prices of commodities, dependent on supply and demand, will climb as the value of the paper dollar decreases. "The wages of soldiers, however," he

adds, "are fixed by law and of the other working people by custom." Coincidentally, as the value of the paper dollar decreases the value of gold rises. When the foreign world is flooded with treasury notes, who will have the gold?

Button, button, who's got the—ha, there! you American banking system! BOB WITH THE BIG STICK. It is said that Pres't Wilson has turned the Mexican situation over to Sec'y of State Lansing, with actual executive power and initiative.

The rough and ready brand of shirt sleeve diplomacy evidenced by the last communication to Germany, for which Lansing is supposed to have been responsible, is just what is needed in the Mexican affair at present.

The United States forest service estimates that 800 million feet of timber could be cut in the national forests of Alaska each year without lessening their productivity. In other words there's 800 million feet new growth each year, which is, at present, worth on the stump, approximately, \$1,360,000 or almost 20 per cent on the purchase price of all Alaska.

Thomas A. Edison, who advocates abstemious eating, says a "food jag" is worse than a "whisky jag." If any toper disputes the statement, just let him acquire a case of acute indigestion.

There are now but three states without compulsory education laws; Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. Here's hoping they will swing into line at an early date.

Poet Sam Kiser sings: "I know not whither you may fare," etc. As the jitneys don't give transfers, we'll bet she's going to take a plain street car, Sam.

As American labor leaders, Wilhelm Hohenzollern and Franz Josef Hapsburg don't seem to be making good.

Go away, Harry Thaw has refused to go into vaudeville, even to get back his lawyer's fees.

More Puckerville Items. Tud Bussard is a bout to retire from business. He sold two sewing machine-needles last week.

Tim Squires and Lafie Habz had a heated argument the other day. They'd just threatened to lick each other, and was ready to clinch, when their wives yelled "Dinner!" and you'd ever seen how tickled they was.

Another close call. Not mentionin' names a prominent society man come home from "Lodge," and his wife met him and was going to lay her head on his shoulder, but she didn't, she just sniffed, and an' she's been on a still hunt for that brand of perfume ever since—she says she'll find her yet. Judgin' from the shape of her nose she'll do it too. F. L. T.

WE no longer need to play it's summer time; the summer's here, warmer than ever.

MENTAL SNAPSHOTS. Frederic Isham a Genius at Capturing Live Characters.

Standing on the corner of Fourteenth st. and Broadway, Frederic Isham "discovered" a pale young playing a piano in a huge van and handing out copies of a popular song to the tune of a badly rendered ballad.

Something about the man attracted and held Mr. Isham's attention—and into the book went the pale young man. He's there, you can read all about him, what he thinks, how he acts, what becomes of him—and it's interesting, every word of it. "A Man and His Money," the book which is to be distributed next Sunday to readers of this newspaper who present the coupon before Tuesday evening, clipped from next Sunday's issue at any of the branches listed in the big announcement of that day.

Again the selection of the best story will be conceded by all readers, for this book, carefully reviewed by experts, is pronounced the best selection possible to make for this week. You'll enjoy it from first to last—it's the sort of a book that rings true, that interests, that makes you want to read it again after you've reached the last chapter.

Don't miss it; it will add another to the collection you have started with these coupons and will furnish entertainment for every member of the family as well as an addition to the library. Clip the coupon next Sunday and get your copy at the nearest distributing point to your home.

BITS OF INFORMATION. Most of Japan's pearl divers are women.

A professorship of railroading is the latest innovation at Harvard.

More than 62,000 women in the United States cultivate fruit.

Area of Canada's forests is more than double all of Europe's.

More than 1,415,000 Canadians are liable for military service.

A description of Tiflis says that 70 languages are spoken there. The many races mingle, but show no signs of combining.

The barner cotton county in respect to number of bales is Ellis county, Texas, in which the ginnings from the growth of 1914 amounted to 143,714 bales.

In the use of automobiles per capita, Iowa is placed at the head of the list of states, having one car to every 21 of its population.

A novel electric flatiron has appeared on the market which is provided with a headlight. The latter consists of a small lamp of four-candle power operated at six volts. The beams of this lamp are projected down on the work directly in front of the point of the iron.

The prize "fish story" comes from Marlinton, W. V. While the Rev. Joseph Johnson was baptizing converts in the Greenbrier river a one-pound black bass found its way up his trouser leg and finally got above the belt and into the folds of his shirt. He allowed the fish to remain until he finished the services, and then took it home and had it fried for dinner.

WILL UNVEIL STATUE OF GERMAN OFFICER. Berlin to Celebrate in Honor of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg on Aug. 28.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 11.—A gigantic statue of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, whom the Germans call "our iron Hindenburg," will be unveiled in Berlin on Aug. 28, the anniversary of the battle of Tannenberg. The statue is 12 meters high and the sword borne by the general is 6.3 meters in length. Owing to the famine in copper and iron the statue has been constructed of wood.

heard what was called "Turkey in the Straw" in Texas, called "The Devil's Dream" in southern Indiana, and "Hell for Sartin" in eastern Kentucky.

But the name with which Lyman Drake carried off the honors at Decatur is new to us, though doubtless it is old in all of those gray old towns along the Wabash, relics of pioneer days, where it may have been so named long before Lyman Drake, even though 78 years old, was born. It may have come down from the days of the flatboatmen who once navigated the Wabash, in considerable numbers, and who, according to veracious chroniclers, often raised a state of things along shore described in the title. Let it stand as a part of the romantic history of the Wabash valley, linked with that sweeter, tenderer lay of how the moonlight falls on the Wabash through the spreading branches of the sycamore trees. Let moonlight and firelight both fall upon the Wabash country, a land of old and just renown.

DEMOCRACY STANDS ALONE. (The Newcastle Times.) The democratic party is the only political organization in the United States that has a united or cohesive organization. It is the one great party that has definite principles and purposes to offer the people. Other parties are floundering about in an effort to find some plank or planks to get in on. It makes little difference what effect these planks would have.

The democratic party is managed by logical heads both in the state and nation. The first act of the Wilson administration was to enact a financial measure, one that would put our money on a sound basis and make credit firm. Without a sound financial system the business interests were in constant peril of financial buccaneers who could bring on a panic and ruin at will.

Persecution of business because it was big was stopped and an era of better feeling between the government and railroads and big industries was established. Now the administration has taken up the matter of national defense and will handle it with the same skill as was the financial measure. When the plan is carried out the United States will have a defense that is worth while. The war has seriously interfered with the carrying out of a number of measures but in the face of this great handicap the country is in excellent condition.

The people know that the democratic party and administration is opposed to war, but they do not know the policy of any other party on this subject. They do not know what some other party might do with the splendid financial system that prevented a panic when the European war broke out. There is no element of doubt as to any policy of the Wilson administration.

For the state, it is sufficient to say that six years of democratic rule have paid its debt, and put it on a self-supporting basis for the first time in many years.

The following advertisement appeared in the Saline County (Missouri) News: Position Wanted—A young person, having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, mathematics, music and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY. THE LARGER VIEW. (Dayton Herald.) Without a sense of humor we never can have the larger view of life and observe things in their proper perspective.

One of the ablest editors in the country tells us: "He who is lacking in a sense of humor, and consequently unable to make allowances for human foibles and weaknesses, on the ground that exactness and rigidity should, at all costs, be extorted from that which is naturally neither rigid nor exact, is apt himself to move but stiffly through life. He may devote his entire time and effort to the attempted reduction of the human to the mechanical and yet continually be confronted with these same shortcomings bobbing out in the most unexpected and inconvenient way. Lacking in a sense of humor he is lacking in love, without which there can be no real lasting success."

A sense of humor gives us the big view, the gentle, the tolerant view. We look for tenderness in certain authors, those rare touches of feeling which find a ready echo in the universal heart. That is why we love such authors as Thackeray and Dickens, Mark Twain, Charles Lamb and many, many more.

We sometimes lose our mental balance but if happily we possess a sense of humor that balance soon is restored.

Humor—true humor—is honest; Cervantes destroyed the last vestiges of speculative chivalry, but did not affect the heart of the thing.

Perhaps some one subjects us to ridicule—that is a severe test; but if we have a sense of humor we are able to save ourselves from any lasting effects of the shafts directed against us.

The most lovable men and women, the kindest, best and noblest, possess this great essential quality. This fact helped Lincoln through days of darkness and deep trouble.

Humor represents brightness; it helps us to overlook the faults in others; it helps us to make the world happier and better.

True humor is always kind; it does not ridicule; there is no sting to it; it helps us to get away from our sad thoughts, our troubles.

"HELL ON THE WABASH." (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) An Old Fiddler's contest, at Decatur, Ill., has struck a new note. Always in reading of such contests we are loath with a expectation which is never disappointed for such old friends as "Leather Breaches," "Money Musk," "Old Zip Coon" or "The Arkansas Traveler." But the prize out Decatur went to Lyman Drake, 78 years old (or is it 72 years young?) for his playing of "Hell on the Wabash."

and sweet, sublime. Its balmy breezes fan our cheeks, the sky with summer showers leaks, and insects sing among the shocks, while loving herds and bleating flocks in fertile fields afar are seen grazing at leisure on the green. There is much more of this, but that is the idea.

Why Teachers Want Vacations. (Extract from letter to the Times on Sunday: "All sorts of courses at reasonable prices are open to those who seek knowledge. The summer months give teachers a chance to equip themselves for better work and higher station. Too many teachers refuse to consider the vacation at all seriously, and it will not be until it is taken from them that they will realize what opportunities have slipped by.")

Oh, sea, thou rapturous, rolling symphony, Oh, pines, rich slakers of the heart, Oh, wind and earth and heavens over me, Oh, blessed stillness after sounds accure.

What oil of quiet, what wine of inspiration Binds now my raveled brain, my spirit worn! What mounting pulses grip with exaltation My jaded heart; my body is reborn.

My mind revive, the world afresh, my eyes Look far unseeing, back, within and on; Leisure and solitude, those luxuries, Spur me to paths and labors of my own.

No summer school, no crowded class, Of wise professors with insistent themes, Can bring me to the little ones again As do my books, my mountains, and my dreams.

What do they teach in all the tedious day? I've learned to be a child again and play.

TALK about the mints coining money! Go out and listen to the cornfields making billions while you sleep!

Your Last Chance. (Great Falls, Mont., Tribune.) PERSONAL—I will sell myself as a life companion, in lawful wedlock to a good respectable man between the ages of 32 and 40. The highest bidder will be accepted. Address Box 111, the Tribune, Great Falls, Mont.

"Bathing suits one-fifth off," announces a local advertiser, but we do better than that at any of the Chicago bathing beaches.

THE persistency with which the sun has been shining of late suggests that a better distribution would be more satisfactory.

IF suggestions are of any value to the forces of nature. C. N. F.

SOUTH BEND'S GREATEST BARGAIN GIVERS ECONOMY DEPARTMENTS 219-221 SO. MICHIGAN ST. In Conjunction With the Independent Stores—Second Floor

"Daisy Day" "Bargains" THURSDAY Odds and Ends of Ladies' Furnishings at Less than Half Cost of Production.

150 Ladies' Aprons, all colors and sizes; values to \$1.50. Daisy Day

59c

135 Corsets, full length and short; all sizes; values to \$2.50. Daisy Day

45c

200 Kimonos, all prettily flowered and plain colors; values to \$1.50. Daisy Day

39c

250 Corset Covers; regular 59c values. Daisy Day

26c

150 White Embroidered Petticoats; all sizes; values to \$1.50. Daisy Day

59c

200 pairs of Ladies' Silk Gloves, all colors and sizes; values to \$1.00. Daisy Day

49c

50 Ladies' Nightgowns; all sizes; regular \$2.50. Daisy Day

45c

300 Satin Petticoats; all colors and sizes; values to \$1.00. Daisy Day

39c

150 pair Ladies' White Canvas Slippers; values to \$1.50. Daisy Day

89c

75 pair Ladies' High Shoes in patents, vici; all latest styles. Daisy Day

\$1.79

SPECIAL FROM 10 TO 2 O'CLOCK 300 pair of Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, in all colors and sizes; values to \$1.00. These hours 49c

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