

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1915.

THE MUNICIPAL BUDGET AND OUR UNWORKING POOR.

Perhaps, while true, that the city continues in need of the full proceeds of a \$1.29 tax rate, despite the disposition of the city hall debt which has for years utilized four cents of the amount...

It is well to have somebody in the council to bring these things out, for the public education, if nothing more. It is where a minority party in all government becomes an invaluable adjunct.

True, we do read every once in a while of some great lumps of saving that the departments have put over, as for instance, in the case of the water department, which periodically announces the increased amount of water pumped, and the enormous saving on coal, just as though it were of the present management's coinance.

Major Keller asserts that the four cents is needed, because, for example, when the new building code is passed, the city will have to have a building inspector—another officer,—but it would seem that in an economy administration like the present one, fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year might be saved from somewhere to pay that officer, without having to levy a tax for it.

At one point, however, in the councilman's talk, we are determined to take him to task. We refer to his assumption that a reduction of the four cents might be a relief to the poor of the city the coming winter and tend to avert a repetition of the situation of last winter.

hobbies to do their work at a lesser wage, thus to increase their dividends, there will be a less demand upon the federated charities in spite of taxation. It isn't a reduction of taxes at the city hall that is needed to keep down the winter unemployed but the inoculation of some local employers with a larger civic, and even, business patriotism, preferring local men in our factories to some of the migratory birds that are shipped in here and employed in order to give the local men a "rest,"—and effect the appearance of a panic.

What happened in South Bend last winter happened in every democratic stronghold in the country, and the cry of the "full dinner pail" was sent along with it, for those whose services were dispensed with. Local democrats who seek to throw the responsibility upon the city administration, in order to relieve their party, are merely putting sand in their own porridge.

Neither a four-cent tax, nor Mayor Keller, nor the common council, can affect the employment question this coming winter in the least, so far as concerns the issues that were before the council Monday night, but a healthy and intelligent public opinion can, and it might be exercised by refusing the accepting of conscience plasters from our "charitable" employers in the way of donations for the poor whom they create, while croakily seeking to enlarge the volume of the "full dinner-pail" cry, along the highway to a return of republican sneak-thieving office-seekers.

THE LAUGH WAS COMING.

The fallacy of the police method of identification of suspects was recently emphasized in a ludicrous way in Dallas, Texas. A prisoner was arrested on a charge of dynamiting. He was suspected of having purchased the dynamite from a merchant in Fort Worth, who swore roundly that he could pick the purchaser of the explosive out of a thousand.

He positively identified a newspaper reporter present. Now everybody knows a reporter never has money to buy dynamite, so everybody laughed. Sensing his mistake, the witness backed up and spotted a court officer next. Everybody roared. Pointing at the prisoner the district attorney asked if the witness had "sold that man any dynamite." Suspecting a frame up, he stoutly declared he had never seen the man before. The judge, in disgust, dismissed the charge.

It's laughable, of course, but suppose the accused had been in the prisoner's box where the witness instinctively looked for him, and where the police generally put him, in such cases. Quite likely a witness with so defective a memory would have been quick to identify him as the purchaser of the explosive and thereafter would have stuck to it through thick and thin.

An innocent man would have probably been railroaded on "circumstantial evidence" once more; the laugh would have been on old dame Justice and the comedy a tragedy.

PERFECT, NOT "MODEL" HUSBAND.

A simon-pure, 100 per cent husband has at last been discovered. If anybody doubts, let them scan this catalogue of virtues possessed by Edward K. Fischer, a railway clerk of St. Joseph, Mo.

Fischer is so industrious that in eight years of wedded life he has not lost one hour's work from the office. He is so thrifty that before he was married he saved \$600 on a salary of \$50 per month, and he has since bought a home with the savings from a \$60 salary.

He requires for spending money only 25 cents every two weeks. He

gives his wife the rest, and walks two miles to work to save carfare. Speaking of domesticity, he has been away from his family only one evening a year since his marriage. He has sent his wife on trips to Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, San Francisco and elsewhere.

Is he not a perfect husband? Well, that depends on the viewpoint. It happens that Fischer is suing his wife for divorce. It looks, on the face of it, as if he spoiled her by over-indulgence. Would a perfect husband do that?

NOW, GET THE HOOK!

Venustiano Carranza, self-styled president of Mexico, once more gives proof of the dog-in-the-manger policy which he has adopted.

The coalition of the United States and the South American powers is, without question, for the sole purpose of evidencing conclusively to the people of Mexico that this country has no ulterior or sinister motive in demanding restoration of peace in that country; that it is not its purpose to further the interests of any one of the present factions but to amalgamate them into one, which will give to the unhappy and starving people of Mexico a maximum of that liberty for which they have fought.

Carranza must know that his efforts to subdue his opponents are doomed to utter failure, as are, for that matter, Villa's.

His people are crying, in their woe, "Viva la paz!" They are starving to death by inches. The part of a patriot would be to grasp the opportunity offered to, without loss of prestige or honor, grant their prayer. But no, if Carranza cannot rule no other shall. "To Hades with the populace!" is his motto.

It is plainly apparent that Carranza must be effaced from the scene before any real good can be accomplished. The sooner that is done the sooner will the unselfish efforts of Mexico's neighbors to bring about a cessation of the hideous warfare which is crucifying that country and its poor people be crowned with success.

WE buy our cigars by the bale, using our hand for a baler. The man who sells them to us tells us to take away all we can carry in our hand. In this

for the emotions; and that is the worst you can say of the other damn.

Get out the old geography you studied when you were a boy, and find the place on the map of the United States marked "Great American Desert" and you'll have the exact spot where the floods are threatening one of the biggest wheat crops in the history of this country.—Boston Transcript.

What the Papers Say

DEFEND PRIMARY LAW.

(St. Wayne Journal-Gazette.) Gov. Samuel M. Ralston's action in calling attention of Atty. Gen. Richard M. Milburn to the fact that George W. Lott, candidate for auditor of state of the progressive ticket in 1914, has brought suit in the court at Vincennes seeking to test the state primary law enacted by the last general assembly, shows the right spirit.

The Webb-Kenyon law was enacted to regulate the shipment of liquor into "dry" territory. It provided that where a state had passed laws against the sale of liquor, it should be unlawful for a common carrier to deliver liquor into such territory. That is the substance of the law, although there are several provisions in the measure.

DAMN.

(New York Times.) A contributor to the Sun grieves over the ignorance of those who assume that "tinker's dam" is a "profane expression." A tinker's dam, says he, was a chunk of dough or batter used before the days of muriatic acid to keep the solder from spreading; and as the solder commonly did spread, nevertheless, the tinker's dam was as nearly worthless as the common expression of dis-esteem for it implies. He differentiates it from the common or garden damn and says: "There is no profanity about it."

But not to care a tinker's dam is just as profane as not to care a varnerk damn, unbranded with ownership by tinkers or others. Taking the "n" out of damn does not take the curse off. If it is profane not to care a damn, it is just as profane not to care a whiffet, a jabberwock, a goop, or any other illegitimate and unsanctioned word. When one intentionally conceals his refusal to appreciate the article under discussion at the value of a damn, he is not swearing or cursing; he is literally using bad language, for, in the sense he means, there is no such noun as damn. We know what a tinker's dam is, but what is a damn? When one says he does not care a whoop he is far more definite, for there is such a thing as a whoop. Where, then, arose the idea that not caring a damn was being profane, and why do persons who do not care one plume themselves on the devilishness?

It is not profane, but it has the sound of being profane and that is all that is needed. An individual who would not for the world have used blasphemous language, used to relieve his feelings by pronouncing the name of one of Wagner's operas in tones that caused neighboring windows to fall in, and "Gottedammerung" save him as much satisfaction as if he had violated a commandment. And who was the man who always whoops? Charles G. D. Roberts and Josephine Dodge Daskam because they sounded so profane? There is an excellent Methodist in this town who severely reprehends profanity whenever he hears it, but who produces all the effects of shocking blasphemy by the unblatant emphasis he lays on the exclamation "For government's sake!" Col. Roosevelt plumes himself on his abstinence from profanity, but none of the unregenerate ever got such satisfaction out of a real oath word as he does out of "Gottedammerung." No, tinker's dam belongs in the comfort-giving galaxy of profane refrains.

THE MELTING POT COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

TO F. L. T. If you would break your vow of five-and-twenty, Why I should find myself in keen distress; For I have made a vow—have made a plenty, And I shall keep them all—unless I were to go to Diamond lake some day, And there behold you, Miss, why I confess I really would have naught to thee to say. A glance is all I guess, quite all—unless— Unless you were first to break your vow, Then I perhaps would find redress In knowing you'd give up fool vows somehow, Then I'd drop mine, yes! drop mine—unless

The longed for lady, believe me Flora, There cannot be another girl, unless You will it so, but that's another story— OH! YES, WRIGHT ATEM.

ANY one of recent tragic events would have been accepted as the last word in the unexpected. The combination gives a large vocabulary.

ADD symptoms of the end of the war in Europe. "Will be mighty glad," writes old Hi Sibley, "to see South Bend again about Sept. 6."

By the same mail we acquired a request from Elbert Hubbard II to become a subscriber to Fra, but we get so many papers and magazines from the exchange table we wouldn't have time to read it if we wished to, which we don't.

OUR conception of the highest altitude in unpopularity is the well known lake trip, and it is not due to the weather.

WE buy our cigars by the bale, using our hand for a baler. The man who sells them to us tells us to take away all we can carry in our hand. In this

ing liquor in "dry" territory. The state had passed a law making it a crime for a common carrier to do so, and the indictment was found under the state law. The company appealed the case to the supreme court of the United States, and a decision was lately rendered.

In the decision the court held that if the liquor was intended for the personal use of the party to whom it was consigned, the express company could not be punished for delivering it. The court held that the Webb-Kenyon law did not contemplate preventing the shipment of liquor into "dry" territory under such circumstances, but that it was the evident intention of the law to prohibit the transportation of liquor for commercial purposes into such territory. In other words, the court held, in substance that a man cannot be prevented from receiving a package of liquor intended for his own use, regardless of what a state may say upon the subject of transportation. This is, of course, providing the shipment was an interstate matter. The federal court would have nothing to do with the shipment of a package of anything within the confines of the state. The government gets control of transportation only because it goes from one state to another.

DOUBTLESS, we will be mollified if, in lieu of having seriously embargoed our exports, the allies borrow enough money from us to purchase our surplus products. Still, we would not wish it understood that we are disposed to give the allies a monopoly on our marketable stuff. We reserve the right to sell and buy where we please.

WE are not insensible to the alluring charms of interest. NO! mildly submissive to the well known holdup. C. N. F.

THE WEBB-KENYON LAW. (Dayton News.) A subscriber writes to ask if the supreme court "knocked out" the Webb-Kenyon law a short time ago. He says it is his understanding that the decision makes the liquor-selling law, as it is called, unconstitutional. But he is mistaken. The decision did nothing of the kind.

The Webb-Kenyon law was enacted to regulate the shipment of liquor into "dry" territory. It provided that where a state had passed laws against the sale of liquor, it should be unlawful for a common carrier to deliver liquor into such territory. That is the substance of the law, although there are several provisions in the measure. Some time ago an express company was indicted in Kentucky for deliver-

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