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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1915.

WELCOME! METHODISTS!

This is Methodist week in South Bend—very much so. The entire Methodist clergy of the 54th Northern Indiana conference is here to receive their allotment of jobs, and in these days of stress and strife, a job, even as pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church at from \$100 a year up, is a thing not to be sneezed at. This, however, is not all. The Methodist church is the second largest church in America, in point of numbers; the largest of the Protestant churches, and the very heart and soul of evangelism. Here again, its leaders, its ministry, are down to discuss our moral and ecclesiastical sins, and renew their announcements, Biblically inspired, on what we must do, and must not do, to be saved.

Doubtful too, if there is any other church in existence that measures up to the Methodists in insisting upon the life of its members measuring up to their professions. It is not saying that they always do it, and it is not saying that the failure is not frequently overlooked if not occasionally condoned, but that with this insistence constantly before the membership, revived with each annual conference, and spread broadcast in what are sometimes "sermons of fire"—speaking semi-figuratively,—it quite certainly has a salutary effect. At least, the Methodist church never lets its members forget that there is more to religion than theories, formalities, baptisms, catechisms and creeds.

Decidedly welcome, yes; these Methodist visitors to our city. It is merely reiterating Mayor Keller's welcome of last night. Very appropriately he "canned" the sort of welcome that he extended a year ago to the United Commercial Travelers; quite as appropriately as he might have "canned" it in the first instance—for the whole world, even the U. C. T., is religionizing life just at present, with a degree of success everywhere, a part no doubt, of Methodism's reward.

Life, improvement, of the race, progress—it is all considerable of an admixture of church results, school results, press results, even theatrical results, occasionally crystallized into political results, but always primarily through the regeneration of the individual. Church activity, that of any church, regardless of the sect, is a thing not to be frowned upon, where the advancement of mankind is the goal. Methodism has ever maintained that standard. It may not be your church, and you may not agree with certain of its tenets, but it is the church for those who do, and they are a considerable aggregation of remarkably good people, with just enough of exceptions among them to successfully prove the rule.

Church organization is essential to an effective campaign to advance the cause of Nazareth, same as political organization is to advance principles essential to the maintenance of a government by parties, such as is largely the case with these United States. That is what the Methodists are here for now. May they go away, when they leave, satisfied that they have been well treated, and may their plans materialize great good for all humanity.

THE TIRED BELT.

The Rockefeller Foundation's hookworm report reveals the amazing extent to which this plague has infected the human race. We have become familiar with the fact that it is prevalent in some of our southern states, and is found in the tropics generally; but few persons have realized that the disease is prevalent in countries containing more than half the people in the world.

According to the experts who have been investigating in many lands, the hookworm belt circles the globe in a zone about 66 degrees wide, extending roughly from parallel 36 degrees north to parallel 30 degrees south. The number of persons actually affected is, of course, impossible to determine; but there are about 600,000,000 people living in the plague-ridden countries, and the number of victims certainly runs into the hundreds of millions.

It is no longer any question that the recognized backwardness of tropical races is due largely, perhaps primarily, to this parasite, which destroys human ambition and progress by sapping its victims' vitality. The traditional "laziness" of tropical peoples is really a chronic tiredness, due to disease which in most countries is still unrecognized.

The tropic heat doesn't necessarily produce indolence, as our own Panama workers have proved. Two contributing causes of that indolence, yellow fever and malaria, have already been eliminated in enlightened communities by the elimination of the disease-bearing mosquito. It now remains to eliminate the last and greatest cause, the hookworm.

There is no doubt that this enemy of mankind can be defeated. In our

own southern states great progress has been made, both in curing victims and in teaching the natives how to avoid contracting the disease. The same remedial and preventative measures will be extended, before long, to all the countries affected, or at least to all the civilized countries.

Eventually, then, we may see the traditionally "disease-ridden tropics" as healthful as the temperate zone, and countries now unprogressive or uninhabitable may become the seats of a great and vigorous civilization.

THE DARDANELLES.

Too many wars have been fought already over the Dardanelles. They have now become—along with Constantinople and the Bosphorus—the chief bone of contention of this war. The sooner their status is settled, the better for the world. If their ownership is determined by a decisive campaign, it may lead quickly to the end of this war and prevent future wars.

The ideal solution of the Dardanelles problem would doubtless be to neutralize permanently the whole passage from the Black sea to the Aegean. But perfect neutralization seems impossible. It has been tried under Turkish rule, with the supervision of the powers, and this war proved the attempt futile. It is unthinkable that that great waterway should remain in the hands of the Turk. Some big power, with a sense of responsibility to the world, ought to have it.

Geographically, of course, the Bosphorus and Dardanelles belong to Russia. Without such a natural outlet to the Mediterranean, Russia is about in the position the United States would be if we had no Atlantic seaboard at all, except the gulf of Mexico, and the commercial outlet of the Mississippi and the eastern states were controlled by Mexico and liable to be closed at any moment. With the Dardanelles shut, Russian commerce would be permanently stifled, because Germany controls, and perhaps always will control, Russia's outlet in the Baltic sea, and her Arctic ports are ice-bound most of the year.

Germany however, wants the Dardanelles in her hands, partly to keep Russia bottled up, and partly to make the ancient "Bride of Hellas" a new Teutonic bridge for a German empire reaching far into Asia. And there will be a struggle of unprecedented fierceness in that stormy channel and on the ancient battleground of races that borders it, before its ownership is settled for good.

WHY NOT BE GENERAL?

We haven't read the proposed "jitney" ordinance, now in the hands of the council, so very close, and it may be that we have missed some things, which we hope we have. We hope the council will at least be consistent as far as it goes, so far as it will, for consistency is a jewel, even among councilmen—with some special interest to serve, like for instance, the south side, which, we understand lives just now in a more glowing anticipation of a Sample street car line.

For the jitney bus question, when properly handled is as dangerous to monkey with as the loaded end of an army mule. We have mentioned several instances where anti-jitney agitation, or legislation, has backfired. Now, Los Angeles, owned body and soul by the Pacific Electric and proud of it, is guilty of lese majesty.

It passes an ordinance prohibiting the riding of passengers on the steps, or running boards, or any outside part of the jitneys.

No, that isn't all. It includes all public vehicles,—which includes street cars.

No longer will the beach and baseball cars move clanging along with their profit-making load of passengers standing on the steps, running boards, coupling bars, etc.

No longer will a car with an inside capacity, including straps, hand rails, and seats, of 100, register 150 fares on its open-faced dial.

No, not again; there's an ordinance against it. And Mayor Sebastian says it must be enforced; there shall be no discrimination.

IT BEATS THE BAND.

It beats all what notorious liars the newspapers immediately become when they print any news derogatory to the Germans; that is, in the estimation of those German-Americans whose devotion to Germanism runs plus. You should have heard them—maybe you did hear them—when the report came Monday morning of the retreat along the western frontier, and the capture of 20,000 Teuton prisoners. It was hatched up, they said, to help the Anglo-French war loan through. It couldn't be true notwithstanding

CAN'T KEEP UP WITH WAR AND DISCOVERY.



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WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

POVERTY AS A SPUR.

It is poverty a greater handicap to a young man than wealth? "No," says Prest Sharpless of Haverford college; and he supports his statement by giving many observations which he has made during his long career as an educator. Poverty acts as a stimulus, and everyone who is not in prosperous circumstances desires to be; and poverty subjects a person to such rigorous experience that the imperativeness of diligence and of economy is inculcated so firmly in the mind of the struggler that future success is made much more probable than it would be otherwise if these necessary qualities of human nature were left undeveloped. Prest Sharpless points out that the majority of the world's benefactors were men who were not favored in the beginning with the possession of the luxuries of life, and in many instances, were men who even lacked the common necessities of life. But the insistent spur of want urged them ceaselessly; it compelled unremitting toil, and the result of their labors is evidenced by the high stage of civilization which humanity has attained. Then, too, poverty is considered as a sort of disgrace by many people, or speaking more properly, as the direct and inevitable result of incompetence and laziness. Consequently the characteristic known as pride will drive men to strive heroically; and in this also we note the demonstration of the principle that poverty is a spur instead of a handicap to success. But there are other causes of poverty than those arising from voluntary remissness; sickness, business reverses and other unavoidable occurrences are often responsible, and in these cases the world would be a much less just and equitable place if it were not for the fact that the boy in ordinary circumstances, that is, the boy who has no assets except health and ambition, is far less liable to fall in his life work than the boy who possesses a fortune.

RAIDING THE AFFLICTED.

The Eastland carries over eight hundred souls to death in Chicago. Chicago's grief was awful. It demanded that responsibility for the tragedy be fixed forthwith and the guilty punished.

Incidentally, it wasn't done, but then, Chicago hollered her loudest, so that lets her out. A relief fund of some \$257,000 was raised for the survivors. God knows most of them need relief. There are 190 widows among them, 138 children to feed and clothe. Now the Day Book, a perfectly fearless publication of Chicago, sounds a warning. Damage suit sharks, crooked shysters, ambulance chasing lawyers, are flocking like vultures to the carcass, trying to get at least a part of this money away from the unsophisticated beneficiaries. Some represent big firms, it is whispered. Chicago has a chance to partly redeem herself in the eyes of the outside world. Guard these poor people from the wiles of the ghouls, not only in paying the money to them, but in advising as to its disposition. Stand between the grave robbers and their prey and Columbia will forgive, even though she may not yet forget the Eastland.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

There's going to be an explosion in the democratic party within six months, declares Victor Murdock. Say, this is just terrible prophecy. Can it be possible that Victor has located an infernal machine in Germany's midst? In these days of general bombing a fellow who gives six months' notice of an explosion is simply cruel to withhold the specifications. Where's she going to bust, Victor?

Now that Dr. Dumba has about finished impressing upon all citizens of Austria and Germany the perils of hanging on to their jobs in American factories, we take the liberty of suggesting that the naturalization office is open, every day except Sunday.

game is worth the powder. That view is correct. It is said that a great need of this country is to obtain stability in its international relations. This is true, when this contention is rightly understood. It is not to be supposed that tariff schedules are to go on unchanged, year after year. They should, on the contrary, be adapted to existing needs and conditions. But quixotic changes and revisions for purely political ends, without intelligent regard to the requirements of business and industry—these should be done away with. The feeling that a responsible, competent board was engaged in dealing with tariff problems on an economic basis, placing the general welfare above partisan and sectional considerations, would be worth a good deal to capitalists and manufacturers in affording a reasonable degree of assurance that such changes as were made would be in accord with safety and reason. We have had much frankish legislation with the tariff, and legislation based more or less frankly on disregard for the protection element and insistence that revenue should be the sole consideration involved. And we have also had some legislation that went wild in respect to both the protective and revenue features. The Eagle sees some discouragement in the fact that the tariff commission created under Prest Taft never got its ideas adopted, and was promptly dismissed with change in the administration. But because congress rejected the advice of this board does not prove that the board's findings were without value. And even if it could be shown that this particular board was lacking in fairness or ability, that would not warrant condemning the whole idea of a tariff commission as unfit. The fact is that many of our national legislators find the tariff a valuable political asset and are not desirous of having it settled in accordance with considerations apart from politics. But the public has interests that should not be subsordinated by politicians. Let the work in behalf of a tariff commission go on; it has justice behind it.

BEING A BACK NUMBER.

(Columbus, O., Dispatch.) One of the easiest things, these swift moving days, is to become a back number. A lawyer may school himself thoroughly in the knowledge of his profession, but if he is to win, he must continue his study; there will be something for him to learn every day, and then he will wish for longer days in which to learn more, so with a physician, especially with a specialist. Every day is sure to add something to his particular science, and he must know it, if he is to lead. What is true of these two professions of law and medicine is true of every profession and skilled employment. The knowledge, which is all the time accumulating, one must have as certainly as a carpenter must have his tools. That is why it is so easy to become a back number. Keeping abreast of the knowledge peculiar to one's occupation is hard work and constant work, but the reward is abundant for the man who thus exerts himself. Years may come to silver his hair, but he is still the master of his task, and he will not be distanced by the newcomers in his field of endeavor. Moreover, his keen interest will keep him young, his continued success will conserve his health, and he will serve better and live longer. Don't by any sort of a let-down, run the risk of becoming a back number.

Outlines of the Book of Joshua prepared for Neighborhood Bible classes by Dr. F. N. Palmer, now ready at the Y. W. C. A.; 15 cents. Advt.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

DIPPY DITTIES.

XVI.—Entitled: "Chimpanzee, My Chimpanzee." (And dedicated to F. L. T.) Your poetry, my primate friend, Has gorillistic charm and blend. But sad to say you really make One very, very crude mistake— Outside of that you're rood, my friend.

A wee translation now and then Is needed on your verse, my friend; You're really dense, your quite obscure, Your enunciation's very poor— Outside of that you're good, my friend.

Your work shows Simidean trend, But it's all wrong from start to end, For really it cannot be seen, Just what you really try to mean— Outside of that you're good, my friend.

Next time you tch to write, my friend, I beg of you to apprehend That your orang-outangish trait Demands that you your poems translate— Outside of that you're good, my friend.

And as for monkey brains, my friend, I trust I shall not here offend, When I rise to reiterate That must be what's inside YOUR pate— Outside of that you're good, my friend. R. M. H.

THERE are more yellow newspapers in the country than ever before, and, like everything else, it is due to the war. They are yellow, not because they are degenerate, but because the paper makers are running short of bluing. Every woman who has done a washing or had a washing done knows it takes a touch of blue to make the clothes look white. So with the paper. In this way evolution works. Perhaps in time we will become so accustomed to yellowish paper that we will like it, as we should.

JUST to be in the fashion the well known U. S. has gone to war with Haiti, or Hayti, as you prefer. It is not much of a war as wars go nowadays, but it will do to practice on and show our fighting form. We hail pick on a little feller like the black republic, but we gotta do it for his own good, and incidentally it may serve as an example of what our style of intervention is for the benefit of Mexico.

A Demonstration With Kerosene.

(Nashville, Mich., News.) No, an automobile won't run just as well on kerosene oil as it will on gasoline. And even if it did, we wouldn't be putting anything over on John D., because he gets his rake-off on both. Which sage reflection is brought to us by seeing Lew Pratt work half a day with his Maxwell trying to get it to run as it ought with the tank filled with kerosene. He claims he didn't put the kerosene in himself, but if he knows who did he won't tell.

IT'S hard to keep off the war dope. Much as we would like to cut it and often as we swear to read it no more, we return to it like the dog to his vomit. Try it yourself. Take up a newspaper and search it for subjects and if you can find anything but war that is worth writing about we'll take it off your hands at a fair price.

THE lost and found Arctic explorer, Mr. Stefansson, whose name would be spelled Stephenson if he lived in South Bend, has had no news from the habitable world since April of last year. Quite a few things have happened since then, but not much that the world will be proud of a century hence.

Why Men Go Wild.

(Athens, Mich., Times.) Bethel township, Branch county, had quite a sensation last week when a "wild" man was discovered in a nude condition in woods owned by Frank Paine. Officers were called out from Coldwater but in the meantime the man had donned the garb of civilization but he was asked to explain. It developed that he had slept in a straw stack the night before with the result that his underwear has become filled with eye bears. When discovered wearing only nature's garb the fellow was attempting to remove the bears from his clothing. The "crime" being justifiable the traveler was allowed to go his way unmolested.

IN a Michigan divorce court, Morrison Joy vs. Lillian Hope Joy, Still, if granted, Lillian will not be deprived of her Hope.

"HAS a mother a right to her baby?" asks a Chicago producer.

OR, put it this way: Has a baby a right to its mother? C. N. F.

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