

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday. JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor. W. HOWARD LOMBLEY, Circulation Manager. C. N. FASSETT, Business Manager.

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INDEED, YES, WE ARE THANKFUL, AND THIS IS OUR'S TO PROVE IT.

Thank you, gentle reader! Thank you, Mr. Advertiser! Thanks to the Unseen Power, which, interlinking our efforts with your appreciation during the year that has gone, has inspired us with the determination to take the advance step which we have today—presenting you with the first semblance of a modern, metropolitan newspaper, ever published in this city.

It is a year and a month now since the present management of The News-Times assumed charge. The change was made without policy announcements. In our own quiet way we have gone about it to build a paper into consonance with our ideals, utilizing the possibilities at our command, and proving our way as we have proceeded—justifying our faith by our works, as it were and taking the consequences, which have proven most gratifying.

Of course, we have made enemies. We are thankful for that. It is evidence of an independence essential to the newspaper that is worth while. Christ was crucified for the enemies that he made. The man who has never offended anyone; the editor who keeps peace with the whole world is quite without exception, lacking in judgment sufficient to appraise mankind of his presence. Our only apology to these enemies is, that we have proceeded without malice, and rather with charity, seeking to do the right as it is within our humble power to see the right, and if their views and our's have clashed, it is as much within their province as it is within our's to concede fallibility in the first person, and stake a chance on their's as well as our human frailties. We are thankful that nature has placed such limitations upon our egotism that we can disagree with a man without hating him; that we can even criticize him, perhaps for his own, or, for the public good, as it appears to us, and this without bearing him any personal ill-will.

And, with respect to our friends: Happily, these appear to be the more numerous. That so many should follow our way of thinking and of doing, and follow it with respect, and confidence in our right intentions, even though at variance with the context, is quite as gratifying to us as though it were unqualified endorsement. It is proof of a growing broad-mindedness. It is significant of a people seeking for light, regardless of the source, and of an intelligence that can differentiate without becoming jaundiced-eyed or growing vicious. Such a following makes for readers that are also thinkers, for intellectual development, and more substantial conclusions. Thanks, we say, for such a following as this. What we submit today is on the altar of Thanksgiving to these thinkers, and readers, and those patrons of space who through us would reach these thinkers and readers; thanks for their confidence and thanks for their methods of proving it.

We have tried to deserve that confidence. While no newspaper is infallible, we have diligently cultivated the creditable habit of sticking to the facts, as we find them, and maintaining our news columns on that basis. We are not omnipotent nor omnipresent, and must at times take the word of others for what has happened, which means that we may or may not be misled, but we try to tell the truth. Some of these truths may not be tasteful to everyone. A newspaper is a mighty mirror in which the public sees itself, not always as it should be but as it actually is, and this is not always a pleasant thing to behold. What we have tried to do has been to print the news, and print real news, and especially of a local character, although telegraphic news is by no means neglected. That we have succeeded is evidenced by the fact that last week—ending Nov. 20th—we carried 192 items of local news that could be found in no other newspaper in this vicinity. And the public is coming to realize this; we are the paper for the news of South Bend and surrounding country, and we challenge comparison on this score.

We are also constant of the growing demand for truth in advertising and a larger censorship on the part of the press as to what advertisements should contain. The News-Times has made some strides in this direction and the end is not yet, but it must proceed as we have always proceeded—without a brand hand. Our future is before us; not behind us. A healthy growth is the mere fulfillment of anticipations, and we are still anticipating and shall continue beyond present consummations for no man knows what another day may bring forth. Our better invitation is that you watch us grow and improve and read our meager contributions in our future accomplishments. Achievement is better than bragadocio; better than virtue or of patronized superiority. Our aim is to achieve; to render to our patrons full measure; to be a little more than repay them for what they pay us. The policy appears to have had a desirable effect, and we have no disposition to change.

And now let us proceed on our journey. The superior mechanical appearance, better paper, brighter ink, new faces of type, extra, yet narrower columns, etc., to make the paper easier to read, is yours for your having earned it. Come along with us. It is our Thanksgiving to you. The prosperity that has been ours through your cooperation is thus set to shine back upon you, and the glory is all yours.

GOOD WILL WEEK AND WHY ITS SEMI-FAILURE.

Somewhat Good Will week has not been the unbounded success that might have been expected of it, nor that should have resulted from the effort. Latest figures on the subscription amount to about \$18,000, or \$5,000 short of the amount raised last year. A continuance of

the campaign may eventually measure up to the original standard, but that any \$40,000 will be reached, seems improbable.

It has been suggested that our charities are too scattered—as the reason for this. That people would give more to a few charities of wider scope than to many charities of narrow scope, and that there would be a considerable saving on concentration, may be true, but we doubt the efficiency in service. This is an age of specialization. The Children's Dispensary, for instance, it is asserted, might be maintained at a saving by the Epworth hospital, but the Children's Dispensary's special interest is in the poor children, and, there are possibilities, such as frequently materialize, that a hospital that cares for some people for pay usually affords those who pay a more efficient attention.

It may be a condition of the public mind to favor fewer charities of larger scope, absorbing the activities of certain others, and that the public would support those fewer charities more liberally, but we doubt it. Our view is that the failure of Good Will week to measure up to expectations, is due largely to the very thing that was depended upon to fulfill those expectations. It is the general prosperity of the people. Some people are like hogs—only more so. The more of prosperity they enjoy the sicker they are, and the more blind and deaf to the needs of the less fortunate. They belong to that school of optimists that don't give an eternal rap what happens as long as it isn't happening to them. The mass of people in South Bend are prosperous this year. Being employed or having a good business, they feel less of the pangs of the unfortunate, and there the whole story is told.

Darwin, in his "Origin of the Species," insinuates strongly that mankind—not descended, but—ascended from the ape. And the scientific world has since been searching for the missing link. We recommend that they investigate the hog. Our initiative instincts—the human faculty for aping—and our chronic hoghissness under the influence of which we grow more and more greedy as prosperity descends, seems to cover the ground pretty well back, even to the beginning.

WHY AMERICA SHOULD BE THE MOST THANKFUL NATION ON EARTH.

If there is a nation in the world that has cause for gratitude to God at this time of Thanksgiving, it is the United States.

The supreme blessing that occurs instantly to every mind is the blessing of peace. We have thus far escaped being drawn into the conflict that is making a graveyard of Europe. And though the peril is not wholly past, there is very little likelihood of our being drawn into it hereafter. Alone among the great powers, it is our privilege to continue working out our national destiny without risking everything in a devastating war. And it is our privilege even to turn the war to our advantage by deriving from it, as an onlooker, the lessons we need to shape our course wisely for the future.

This in itself would be blessing enough, even if our immunity from being "bled white" were accompanied by the poverty into which nearly all the world has been plunged. But to this we must add benefits which, even in ordinary circumstances, would be considered good reason for special gratitude.

Thanksgiving was established primarily as a national harvest home festival. Now it is our pleasant privilege to celebrate the greatest harvest in the history of this or any other nation, not only in volume but in value. Our fields and orchards and gardens, still the chief source of our wealth and comfort, have been blessed as never before.

Along with this overflowing agricultural wealth we are rejoicing today in a renewed industrial prosperity great and unexpected. There is not a blast furnace in the country that is not lighted. There is scarcely a factory of any sort whose wheels are not turning. There is hardly a railroad that is not reviving under the impulse of a new and compelling business activity. Merchants are making money. Capital is earning dividends. Workmen have more employment than they have had for years, at higher wages. The war itself, which is so huge a calamity for most of the world, has stimulated our prosperity.

There are darker spots in the picture, to be sure. There is the menacing menace that impels many of us to want to arm ourselves for our future safety, unwillingly and at great expense. There is the more disheartening menace of division and disloyalty among Americans. But these are but the shadows that emphasize the high lights and make our genuine blessings more evident. And a nation that has met every crisis in the past unflinchingly has faith to believe that it can deal adequately with the evils of the present and the future.

PROTECTING SHIN-PLASTER.

Carranza is starting off nicely to complete the financial wrecking of Mexico. In ordering the Banco Nacional de Mexico—the government bank of Mexico City—to protect its paper currency issued under the Huerta regime, he has succeeded in forcing that once great institution to close its doors.

When all the different kinds of fiat money now floating about Mexico is rounded up and "protected," there's going to be a beautiful scrambling of poor old Mexico's banking institutions.

We are still trying to make Rev. C. A. Decker's denial that he ever urged Mrs. Marian Miller-Quilhot to marry her husband, plain as possible. We understood him that he had never met the lady but once and that after her marriage. Now we have it that he met her two or three times but was at her home only once, and that after her marriage. To be continued in our next—maybe.

Baron St. Davids, in the English house of lords, charges that bridge is seriously interfering with the work of the British army staff at headquarters in France. We can readily believe it. Our experience has been that bridge is the greatest little interferer with harmony at headquarters we not of.

The famous Hotel Cecil in London, which reported a profit of \$123,000 last year, reports a deficit of \$47,000 for the year just closing. Quite likely that \$120,000 the Cecil is shy is jangling in the pockets of our own tradesmen. Europe is feeling the effect of the short crop of American tourists pretty considerably.

Berlin's chief of police is going to purify German by ordering dress of all foreign terms. "Parfumerie" is going to be something German meaning smell-stuff-store. A barber who has felt some Frenchy under the name of "Friseur" has got to call himself a "Haar-schneiderei" and so on. War is sinful.

Newspaper correspondents and visitors at Washington are complaining of the difficulty in seeing President Wilson. Why, good gracious! the man is sparking, isn't he? Want to make a movie film of him?

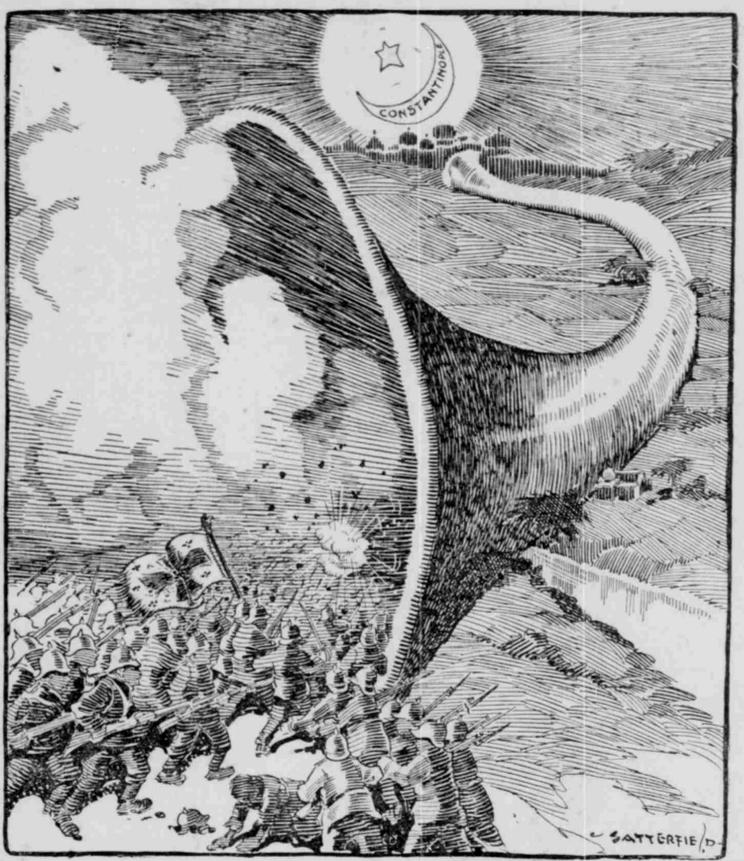
King George is worrying about conditions in Persia, Egypt, Greece and India. "To him who hath shall be given," referring to worries. But George gets his worries by "divine right," you know.

We hope that Mr. James Murphy has really found a cancer cure. At any rate, he's made a big slaughter of rats and mice while looking for it.

Next Spanish steamers are being seized by British warships. Spain has been thinking she was "way out of the fuss. Now watch her sweat!

THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE "GOLDEN HORN."



With Other Editors Than Ours

ADMITTING A FAILURE.

(Cleveland, O., Plain Dealer.) The failure of Great Britain's war against the Turks is not a matter of theory but a definitely established fact. The fighting has continued for half a year and the British advance is so small as to be negligible. The Turks have proved themselves unconquerable in battle, while their immense fortifications seem no nearer capture than they were last spring.

Thousands of soldiers, many of them from Britain's antipodean commonwealths of the Pacific, have been killed. Thousands more have been maimed and shattered. Other thousands are somewhere in Turkish prisons. And for this sacrifice, and for the expenditure of millions of dollars, the British nation has nothing to show.

Britain is not ready to admit that it was a mistake to attempt to force the Dardanelles, for the stake was great. But Britain is ready to admit that the work was undertaken rashly, and without a proper understanding of its difficulties. Moreover, Britain is almost ready to admit failure and defeat.

Such an admission comes hard. It is repugnant to the British temperament to admit inferiority. It is difficult for any warring nation to abandon an enterprise confidently undertaken, especially when its opponent is a smaller and weaker nation. Yet there can be little doubt that the abandonment of the Dardanelles campaign at this time is dictated by prudence and wisdom.

The efficient veteran army which might turn the tide of battle in the Balkans hurried into Bulgarian territory or dispatched north from Salonika into Serbia it would add immeasurably to the strength of the Serbian resistance. If the German campaign in the Balkans is successful the actual British capture of the Dardanelles would be more than doubtful value. If the Germans are turned back Turkey will be definitely deprived of hope of assistance, and a new British campaign at the straits would have a far greater prospect of success.

Only national pride and a reluctance to admit defeat can keep Britain from making at least a temporary shift. And, after all, it is a sign of strength in a nation, as in an individual to recognize and acknowledge a repulse of frustration.

THE "DUMPING GROUND" FALLACY.

(Dayton, O., News.) There are those who seem to believe that as soon as the war is ended this country is going to become a great "dumping ground" for European goods. These people claim that the warring nations are now engaged in making commodities which they do not need at home, and that as soon as peace comes tremendous amounts of such commodities will be dumped into this country, to be sold at any price they will bring, and that such dumping will result in demoralization of American manufacture.

A more foolish theory has never been advanced. There is nothing being manufactured in Europe at this time for export trade. There will be no surplus on hand over here when the war is at an end. There will be a demand for American made goods, rather than a glut in the European market.

It is ridiculous to suppose that Germany, for instance, is manufacturing goods to be sold in this country after the war. There isn't a

factory in Germany that could be running unless it is engaged in making something for urgent use at home. With six or seven million of her workers in the army, how could the factories be running? Besides, where is she getting such an abundance of raw material, as to be able to manufacture stuff for foreign trade. It is known that the country is pressed for iron and copper and all other metals. There is bound to be a tremendous shortage of cotton. All raw materials, in fact, are being used up much faster than they can be secured by Germany. So how would it be possible, even if there were men to work in the factories, for Germany to be storing up fabulous amounts of manufactured products to dump into this country as soon as the war is ended? And what is true of Germany is true of every other country at war, with the exception that the allied nations are able to secure raw materials in greater quantities than are the Germans. We need not fear that this country is to become a "dumping ground." Rather, should we fear that there will be such a demand for our goods, after the war, that we shall not be able to supply the demand—and that is the kind of fear that is inspiring.

MODERN DAY ARMOR.

(Deseret News.) The day of the knight in armor is far gone, but we have today in Europe a soldier who is still protected from shot, shell and saber by a steel helmet—the last surviving heritage, save the lance, from the days of tilting on kaily caparisoned steeds, the days "when knighthood was in flower." These picturesque helmets of the Kaiser's fighting units have been retained in the field kits out of consideration for more than picturesque qualities. Their first value is in the protection they afford the heads of the fighting men. In the first days of the war the German troops wore the polished and gleaming head-dress into action and afforded a splendid target for the foe. Soon this was changed. First the men covered their heads with socks and stuck twigs into them, then they were provided with canvas covers of neutral shade to hide them with. The helmets are said to offer better protection from heat or cold than the felt field hats issued to our troops and far better protection against flying bits of exploded shrapnel and bullets. As indicating the value of the helmet in the field, it is to be noted that other armies engaged in the war are adopting similar head-dress. Those helmets are being adopted not only to protect the men against gases and living flame, but against bullets and the dangerous infection which comes from dirt lesions. One returning American surgeon reports that victims of bayonet thrusts in vital parts are anesthetized with morphine, and it appears likely that the steel corselet as well as the casque will be brought back from the middle ages. Medical writers in the Lancet and the Royal Service Journal advocate also chain mail, leather shirts, visor-like goggles; for economy of one's own men, and especially officers—Joffre's continuous policy—become imperative in a long "wear-in, down" process. With catapults, grenades in use again, and steel arrows dropping from aeroplanes, the modern soldier needs to be armored cap-to-toe. Not since 1815 have the "glorious helmets," weighing 50 pounds, been a service store in the British army. These head-guards for miners and sappers, who now

THE YELLOW PERIL.

(Dayton O., News.) Several years ago the emperor of Germany first called attention to what he termed "the yellow peril," meaning thereby the menace of the yellow people of Asia. He argued that some day the Asiatics were likely to overrun the world—or at least the outlook presented a real peril, and he appealed to the white races to stick close together, or words to that effect, lest the yellow people of the east overwhelm them.

Little has been heard of the "yellow peril" of late years; certainly nothing has been heard of it for a year or more, for the war among the white people has overshadowed everything else. But the students who are big enough to study the world events in the smoke of battle are now beginning to take note of the trend of affairs. And again the "yellow peril" looms large in the words of these students.

"When the effect of the present war on the population of Europe is considered," says one authority, "the prospect is appalling. Europe cannot regroup herself by immigration, as the United States did after the Civil war, and the outlook opens upon the growing ascendancy of the Asiatic people." If there were a "yellow peril" a few years ago, to what extent has it developed, or is developing, because of this strife among the white people of the earth? That is a question which all of us may some day have to answer. For in this awful madness of the people of Europe there is not a single feature that bodes good to the white race of the world.

ANNOUNCING THE CLERKS' SALE.

Having been given full charge of the store by the management for the coming 8 days, we decided to give customers 10 cents off every dollar they spend with us. The Clerks' Sale starts Friday, Nov. 26th, and you get 10% off every purchase you make. At this sale you save 10 cents every time you spend a dollar, no matter what you purchase. This makes Christmas present buying easy. THE ELLSWORTH CLERKS. —Advt.

LEXINGTON TEA ROOM.

Eat your Thanksgiving Turkey Dinner here. Served from 11:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. Advt.

CHICAGO TIME TABLE

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and Train names. Includes Grand Trunk Railway System and Chicago Time Table.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THE foreign combatants are clever at making explanations and more or less quick to make financial compensation for damage done, but little Germany can say or pay to make good on the espionage plot which is just now being uncovered. Fortunately we have a more efficacious remedy near at hand. The examples made of the plotters should have a deterrent effect on future efforts of the kind.

AT the same time when it comes to securing neutral talismen to try Dr. Rosen and his fellow traitors we discover that the boasted neutrality is merely a veil of courtesy which can be worn only so long as something does not occur to lift it. The truth is we Americans are strongly partisan, though not yet violently so, and that the demarcation is drawn in blood lines.

"I AM prepared," says the well-known Mr. Ford, "to go the limit in backing the women in this thing" (the peace conference). And what, may be ask, is the Ford limit?

A Pathetic Appeal.

My Dear Editor—I dislike to write you this letter for fear of annoying you, but the time has come when I must ask your judgment on a very serious question, the contemplation of which has caused me many nights of restlessness and corresponding days of anxiety. You will understand me, writing you regarding a matter of such importance, when I tell you that many happy homes and even human lives have been upset by similar troubles, still I feel that you should know the worst at once. I dare not communicate the state of my mind to any of my closest friends, except you. So in my distress and perturbation of mind I can only come to you, I know that I am asking a great favor of you, but as your friendship will warrant in deciding this for me, I ask you to lay aside your friendship and tell me from the fullness of your heart, do you think Jeff will ever be as tall as Mutt?

Yours affectionately, LEX.

APROPOS, this from the Detroit News.

Mutt and Jeff charge up the hill. To them it's not so funny. Mutt's on a cot, poor Jeff gets shot. And Fisher gets the money.

THE sympathy of the civilized world goes out to King Constantine in his search for a safety zone. Europe is savagely watching to see which way the mouse will jump.

THERE is this about the street car motorman, as compared with the jitney driver, he has never been arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

Everybody Works But Sam. (Cor. Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.) Samuel Flora and wife are now

located in the Crown hotel and Mrs. Flora is now conducting the hotel.

ADVICES from the political camps indicate a revival of activity, now that the football season has closed and the war in Europe is settling down to winter quarters, and it is an additional sign of prosperity, caused by the European struggle, that more candidates than usual are declaring and declining.

THE statement that Carranza is slow and deliberate harmonizes with the situation in Mexico. The present prospect is that the revolution will outlast the unpleasantness in Europe.

The Show Window Movie.

(Prince Rupert, B. C., Bulletin.) I sit before my "copy mill," "The Special Wire comes in I rise and write in letters big The Empire Bulletin. I paste it on the window. The people as they pass Stop eagerly and study it. I watch them through the glass If some one else had written The Bulletin I place, I'd tell the kind of news on it By studying each face. Grim looks I see or smiling According to the tales The wires tell from day to day Of how our side prevails. Good news upon the window— The eyes are bright and glad. Expressions alter oddly when The day's war news is bad. Sometimes in stormy weather I see the faces frown When on the bulletin appears "The legend "Wires Are Down." A center of attraction Is The Empire Bulletin The people are my movie show I watch them from within.

IT was a prudent editor who, in answer to the question, "How long has Kansas been a dry state?" replied, "The prohibition law in Kansas went into effect May 1, 1881." Which shows that dissembling is not among the lost arts.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

Thanks for the beautiful weather. And thanks for the beautiful snow. Thanks for the bird of a feather Which for Thanksgiving we grow. Thanks for the family table, That groans with the good things of life. Thanks for the things that are stable And freedom from barbarous strife.

Thanks for the presence of loved ones, From far and from near at our side, Thanks for the memory of lost ones, Which lingers whate'er may be tide.

C. N. F.

Advertisement for NIANA Garden Peas. "Peas Fresh from Your Mother's Old-fashioned Garden". Do you remember how delicious they were? You have bought peas at 25 cents a can but you didn't get what you wanted. NIANA Garden Peas - Two for a Quarter. NIANA PURE FOOD CO. Waukesha, Wis.

Advertisement for Radiant Home. WE STILL SELL THE SAME OLD RADIANT HOME (HARD COAL, BASE BURNER) That has made us Friends for over THIRTY YEARS. The Sibley Hardware Co.

Advertisement for Baker's Shoes. BAKER'S SHOES. 114 W. WASHINGTON AVE. WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK.

Advertisement for Harry L. Yerrick. HARRY L. YERRICK Funeral Director. 114 W. WASHINGTON AVE. GUARANTEE SHOE CO. Successors to THE HANS SHOE CO. 125 N. Michigan St.