

THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.
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January 1, 1916.

THE NATION'S NEW YEAR AND THE OLD LEAF TURNED DOWN

For many ages man has been in the habit of adding up his accounts at the dawn of a new year, reviewing the road he has already traveled and casting a speculative eye over the future as far as he can discern it. Not in at least one hundred years has he had so much food for thought, so much reason for hopes and fears as today when he stands on the threshold of 1916.

It is just one hundred years ago that the world emerged from the long agony of the Napoleonic nightmare and realized that at the price of stupendous sacrifice democratic civilization was saved from the most sinister danger that had threatened it since the days of Louis the Grand.

Today the case of democracy is again at issue. Over two-thirds of the world, its ancient and deadliest foe, militarism—the law of might—is insurgent. In blood, in tears, in the anguish of women and little children, amid the ruins of shattered homes and devastated cities the spirit of freedom and progress stands once more at bay.

It would be folly of the worst and most dangerous kind for us here in America to fail to realize or to minimize our share in this world agony, or to imagine, because we have been so far spared the horrors of actual warfare, that we are the less affected by the cataclysm within the warring nations. If the rest of the world is passing through the testing furnace, we also are being tried; and if we fail, although our punishment may be deferred, it will be none the less sure.

Old things are passing away. Old ideas, ideals, beliefs, superstitions, the accumulated dross of centuries, are being burned away in the fiery ordeal of war. In the light of the blaze of this great burning we are granted an opportunity to realize our own weaknesses, inefficiencies, hypocracies, selfishness, thoughtlessness. The faces of the false gods we have been prone to worship in the shadows of ignorance and sloth stand out clearly in all their ugliness and cruelty for those who will to mark. What are we going to do with this revelation?

Now is the accepted time. If we tear down these false idols, if we root out these evils and vicious things, we may escape the purification by fire that our brothers are now passing through.

The heart of America beats true, her sons and her daughters still cherish sublime ideals which gave birth to this nation. But luxury, uninterrupted prosperity and security have obscured and dimmed the light which once gleamed so brightly as a beacon of hope to all the oppressed and weary of the earth. We need a new spiritual birth, a renewal of faith, a relegating of the things that are Caesar's to Caesar, a new dedication to the service of mankind.

There is a great question in the hearts of the peoples of Europe today. It is the question that is going to be addressed to us, a question which we will not dare, which we will not be able, to evade. When her anguish is at last ended, Europe will turn to us and say:

What part did you play in my great day of expiation? For a hundred years and more you have drawn from me the best of my brain and brain, you have lured my children with the belief that you could satisfy their longings for liberty, you have announced yourself as the champion of the oppressed, the haven of the down-trodden and weary. Have you held true to your ideals? Have you kept the faith that was in you, or have you shrunk from the vindication of your leadership? Have you flinched when asked to pay the cost of your high pretensions?

It is time, indeed, that we had an accounting. It is time that we examined into what answer we shall give when that inevitable question is thundered at us from our brothers over the seas. It will be no justification to point to such overflowing abundance as we give at little cost to a few sufferers in some Belgium or Serbia. The dole from the rich man's too heavily laden coffers will never be accounted to him for righteousness.

Have we made any sacrifice for the right as we saw it? Have we proclaimed the truth as was given to us to know it without fear or favor, and without a thought to the consequences of such proclamation?

When all things material and spiritual were being weighed in the balance, to what extent were our minds and hearts directed to the material and to what extent to the spiritual?

Have the sky scrapers of Wall st. obscured the slopes of Valley Forge?

We are almost afraid that it has.

REMEMBER "NO. 2" IS YOUR 1916 RIVAL.

"You may get Smith's order," said one commercial traveler to another, in the Pullman smoker the other evening, "but I'll make you travel some to beat me to it."

Did you ever stop to think how important No. 2 is in this race of life? Think of it now; this New Year's day. It takes two to make a good race or contest of any sort. It takes two to make a real success of anything lasting. No. 1 goes his best because No. 2 is after him. "First fiddle" keeps correct time because "second fiddle" will snarl things if he doesn't. A sells his goods at low margin of profit because he knows that B will. Editor Jones sweats to get a new item first thing because Editor Bones has a reputation for going after items early. One drummer hurries to get Smith because the other drummer makes him travel. A good No. 2 means that No. 1 extends himself. The best manager of any business is one who has a pushing, growing subordinate close on his heels.

The other name for No. 2 is competition. Fair, justly directed, based on merit, it is a good thing. Unfair, based on mere greediness, it is brutality, no matter how insidious or disguised. When men compete as brothers, they civilize. When they compete in pure selfishness,

they debase. Success does not consist of what you get in the way of symbols of success, such as money, position and influence, but in the way you get them. There is no credit in beating a sick man. There is glory in winning over a red hot No. 2; none in winning over indifferent Nos. 3, 12, 18 and the "alsos."

Foolish little Johnny boasted that he was always at the head or next to the head of his class in spelling, until he had to confess that there were only another boy and himself in the class. Don't think you've made a howling success at anything unless you've had a No. 2 to make you "travel some!"

TO HELP STRAIGHTEN OUT OUR OVERWORKED DIPLOMATS.

One of the things for which Col. House is going to Europe, as the president's personal representative, is said to be the straightening out of certain little quarrels among the American ambassadors.

There is no question that such misunderstandings exist, to the prejudice of the diplomatic service. And at first blush, it seems absurd that citizens representing this great nation should let themselves be irritated and their work hindered by petty questions of authority and prestige. Their jobs are too big and important for the public to have any patience with their personal bickerings.

It's natural enough, however. For ambassadors are, after all, only human beings, and the work piled on the shoulders of Uncle Sam's diplomats has been enough to drive the most even-tempered and level-headed business man to distraction and ill humor.

Our ambassadors to the warring powers are holding several big jobs aplece. In London and Paris they represent, in addition to the United States, Germany, Austria and Turkey. Ambassador Gerard at Berlin, besides the onerous work of his own office, is responsible for Great Britain, Japan and Serbia. Our ambassador at Vienna represents Great Britain, France and Japan. Our ambassador to Turkey bears the diplomatic burdens of the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium and Serbia. Brand Whitlock, minister to Belgium, represents the United States, Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Japan and Serbia.

The activities of all these harassed diplomats are constantly criss-crossing and setting tangled up with each other. No wonder they grow nervous and irritable until they need the ministrations of a disinterested and pacific colonel from back home.

MAKING DIVISION OF MEXICAN LAND FOR THE PEONS.

There will be a big howl about the division of Mexican estates under the new government, but not a great many people will participate in the howl. The Carranza policy, unjust as it is sure to be in some cases, means in general the restoration to the Mexican people of lands that were stolen from them and given to foreigners under the Diaz regime. It means, too, if successfully worked out, the elimination of the fundamental cause of the discontent which found expression in the revolution.

Hundreds of landlords, most of them American and British, some of them Mexican, are being stripped of their estates. Whether any compensation is to be made is not yet apparent. It is certain, however, that if the landlords get no more for their land than they paid for it, it wouldn't bankrupt Mexico to vote them compensation. Most of the vast fertile tracts held by absentee landlords and by such native potentates as the Terrazas family were bought for a few cents an acre.

The size of these estates is almost incredible. The property held by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst in western Chihuahua is said to comprise 3,000,000. The Rockefeller-Aldrich syndicate owns a 2,600,000 acre ranch in the state of Zacatecas. British and American interests hold under the title or lease more than 20,000,000 acres in the Tampico oil region. There are huge ranches and plantations owned by Americans scattered all through northern Mexico.

Most of the property in question was formerly known as "community lands." It was divided into small farms held and worked by peasants without titles. It supported in modest comfort a great population which, since the land was taken and consolidated into big estates, has reduced to helpless serfdom. The agrarian commissions maintain they are simply restoring those community lands to their rightful owners, as an act of social justice and a guarantee of the future peace and prosperity of Mexico. The unscrubbing process is drastic, but there is much to be said for it.

THE COMPENSATION WAVE.

At the close of the year 1915, thirty-one of our forty-eight states have laws providing in some measure for the compensation of injured workmen. There is nothing more remarkable in the annals of social legislation than the rapidity with which this reform has swept over the country.

Five years ago not one state had provided any sort of compulsory insurance or pension system for its soldiers of industry. In 1911 the wave started. In that year compensation laws were enacted in California, Illinois, Kansas, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Washington, and Wisconsin. In 1912 their example was followed by Arizona, Maryland, Michigan, and Rhode Island. In 1913 Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, Texas, New York and West Virginia followed suit. In the two following years ten more states have been added to the list.

Five years, then, have seen a revolution in the attitude of the American public toward its wage workers. It is true that we started late in this field, and are far behind other civilized countries. The laws enacted so far are partial in scope and lacking in uniformity. Not one state has yet adopted a system comparable in completeness to that of Germany or England. But it is a big thing to have made a good start in so short a time. Another five years may bring laws establishing this reform, in the name of social justice and industrial efficiency, in every state in the Union, with a more practical and uniform system of operation than any yet adopted.

ANTI-GRIP POETRY.

New York city has a new motto, in verse form, which is not poetic is at least hygienic:

"Cover up each cough and sneeze!
 If you don't, you'll spread disease."
 The appropriateness of it consists in the fact that 200,000 New Yorkers are said to be suffering from the grip, and 1,000,000 have had colds. The health board has started a publicity campaign against the allied germs entrenched in the subway and other public places. After firing the 42-centimeter couplet quoted above, it has plastered the city with such bits of advice as these:
 "Avoid crowds and keep away from persons who cough or sneeze."
 "Don't ride when you have only a short distance to go. Walk."
 "Get plenty of sleep, with the windows wide open."
 "Avoid overcrowded movies."
 "Walk a mile every day in the open air."
 All of which is admirable preventive advice for any man, woman or child anywhere in America.

Bulgaria officially announces completion of her campaign against Serbia, but the dogged Serbians won't announce completion of their side of it.

Those foreigners seem pleased to welcome Ford, provided his peace making doesn't embarrass war.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THE SILVER LINING.

If There Is One.
 We have said many bitter things
 Of the old year just gone out,
 We have called it a disastrous
 And a year of gloom and doubt;
 We damned its belated spring time
 And knocked its humid summer,
 And cuffed and beat it all about,
 But with all it was a hummer.

More with sorrow than in anger
 We have viewed the strife afar,
 We have wept with others weeping
 O'er the tolls of lurid war;
 But beyond the clouds that hover
 O'er the fields of carnage there,
 Though from our eyes 'tis hidden,
 The sun is shining fair.

We believe in evolution,
 As part of God's great scheme;
 We believe that revolution,
 As an agency supreme,
 Is essential to the solving
 Of life's problems as they run,
 As this old earth depends upon
 The rising of the sun.

So why condemn the dead old year
 As civilization's foe?
 Why impose the burden on it,
 Just because it happened so?
 If this old world is purified
 By the sacrifice we made,
 We may be thankful sometime
 It was no more delayed.

The new year will be very much
 what you make it. Like those of the
 past it will be a plastic substance
 which you may mold at your will.
 Good resolutions are all right as far
 as they go. Like the architect's
 plans and specifications, good resolu-
 tions may be botched in the execu-
 tion.

GOOD resolutions are brittle
 things, easily broken in the handlings,
 and the water wagon is a slippery
 place to stand. Watch your steps.

What They Found In Their Socks.

A further installment of comforts
 for our gallant soldiers at the front,
 consisting of 156 pairs of socks filled
 with cigarettes, soup, coffee, etc.,
 was dispatched this week.

WHY not leave the school mili-
 tary plan to the pupils if we want it
 adopted.

AND recurring to the watchful-
 ness of your steps let us remind you
 that this is leap year.

Playing on the Carpet.

(The Docket.)
 Our office has just received the
 case of Sarah Carpet vs. Gertrude
 Gruber (Mun. Ct. Boston, No. 12878,
 '15). Being for the defendant, we
 hope to see Gruber beat the Carpet;
 but, if the case goes to the Massa-
 chusetts supreme court, Carpet
 should stand a good chance before
 Chief Justice Rugg.

A NEW line of investment is sug-
 gested by the increase of a judg-
 ment from \$3,000 to \$20,000 in 20
 years. Why scrip and save for
 Christmas?

MOTORISTS who complain bit-
 terly of rotten country roads have
 their remedy in the city, where they
 can drive 72 1/2 miles on pavement,
 qualified by whatever that is on
 Mich. st., Jeff. boul. and Vist. av.

January.

(From an Old Book.)
 Clad all in white, as the earth
 looks with the snow, blowing his
 nails; in his left arm a billet; the
 sign of Aquarius standing by his
 side.

REMEMBER that father used to
 say New Year's morning to cheer us
 on our way: "Well, boys, this'll be
 a good day to shuck the rest o' that
 corn."

MY IDEAL OF LIFE.

To study always, to think quietly, to
 act frankly,
 To be worthy rather than wealthy;
 To seek refinement as far superior
 to fashion.
 To commune with Nature, as with
 both babes and sages, with an
 open heart;
 To do all things cheerfully, hurrying
 never; in a word
 To let the unconscious spiritual
 grow unbidden through the
 tread of duty.
 This is my ideal of Life.
 —Leita Katharine Brechensere.

AND, do you know, that is quite
 a cute little ideal. C. N. F.

Be It Hereby Resolved

By Arthur Brooks Baker

The conduct of the human race
 requires persistent mending.
 For life's a melodrama that deserves
 a happy ending.
 The grand and total record of a fel-
 low's earthly action
 Should not be vulnerable to de-
 noucement or detraction.
 Our 1915 history is questionably
 checked.
 And each should make a firm resolve
 to show a better record.

The sinful schemes which satan has
 industriously plotted
 Should be by all good citizens terrifi-
 cally swatted.
 Instead of buying wicked booze for
 ill-considered drinking,
 Good people should indulge in books
 to stimulate their thinking.
 Instead of using words which deeply
 shock our pious neighbors,
 We all should cool our warm re-
 marks to "hang it" and "be
 jabbers."

So once again we cross our hearts in
 solemn allegations
 That with the devil and his hosts we
 sever all relations.
 We'll walk the earth with stately
 tread, serenely and uprightly;
 We'll say our prayers and go to bed
 at 10 o'clock each-nightly;
 We'll be among the nice and good,
 the great blue-ribbon winners,
 And few will dare to e'en suspect
 that you and I were sinners.

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

A NEW ENEMY.

(Cleveland Leader.)
 Mexico City is in the grip of one of
 the most fearful scourges humanity
 knows—typhus fever, otherwise
 known as jail fever, putrid fever,
 famine fever and spotted fever. It is
 not typhoid, but something infinitely
 worse, that comes with hunger,
 filth and vermin.

It is estimated that there are 11,-
 000 cases in the federal district of
 the capital city alone and the num-
 ber is increasing. The death rate
 in the city exceeds 120 a day. And
 the Mexicans are meeting the situa-
 tion with the usual Mexican help-
 lessness, incapacity and ignorance.
 Unable to cope with the plague, the
 authorities are doing all they can
 to hide it, and meantime the swift
 contagion spreads.

This is one almost inevitable result
 of the three years of revolution
 which Mexico's adventurers and band-
 its still keep going in the name of
 liberty. It is the first really great
 task that must be performed in the
 restoration of the country that has
 fallen to Carranza. Handicapped by
 his people's poverty and degraded
 and exhausted condition, it may well
 be doubted that he is capable of deal-
 ing with it successfully. The situa-
 tion he faces might well appall a
 stronger and abler man.

Here is a New Yorker's idea of the
 extent of the United States. A cor-
 respondent writes to the Brooklyn
 Daily Times asking if there is any
 state in the union in which a couple
 can be married without a license and
 the editor replies: "A license is re-
 quired in every state from New York
 to South Carolina.—Rochester, N. Y.,
 Union and Advertiser."



Home
1151
Bell
2100

TELEPHONE Your Want Ad to the NEWS-TIMES

If you want to rent a room; if you have board to offer; if you have housekeeping rooms to let, use a want ad.

If you want to rent or sell a house, a farm or a lot, use a want-ad.

If you want to sell your household goods or part of them, use a want-ad.

If you want a job, whether as chauffeur, salesman, bookkeeper or clerk, use a want ad.

If you want help in your home or in your office, a maid or a stenographer, use a want ad.

You'll find these little ads efficient far beyond your expectations.

Everyone who's alive to opportunity uses want ads. Everyone who's looking for opportunity reads them.

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Home 1151 Bell 2100

The Public Pulse

Communications for this column may be signed anonymously but must be accompanied by the name of the writer to insure good faith. No responsibility for facts or sentiments expressed will be assumed. Discussion of public questions is invited, but with the right reserved to eliminate vicious and objectionable matter. The column is free. But, be reasonable.

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 31, 1915.
 To the residents of South Bend:

In the midst of the New Year's holiday, usually so joyful to all of us which we had and are just celebrating, with what immense grief have our hearts been filled this year! While our souls were lifted up to God, and we sang with the angels, Glory to God in the Highest, praying for peace on earth and good will toward men, our ears beset by the groans of wounded, sick and crippled thousands across the Atlantic; before our eyes were visions of the fallen, our nearest and dearest. Not peace on earth, but war; the most horrible, the most terrible, cruel war ever suffered by humanity; and this war was raging before the gates of cities, in the midst of towns and villages across the Atlantic ocean.

The present war, with all its machinery of devastation, has burdened our people, the poor people in the poor country with a heavy cross. The blood-stained fields and villages tell but too eloquently of its pitilessness. The towns beyond the sea are fallen in the ashes and ruins. And during the endless marches of millions of armed men, the farms and cottages have ruined the fruit of the toil and sweat of generations, the culture and acquisitions of centuries. In the midst of this desolation and ruin, many hundred thousands are without a roof above their heads; the spectre of famine, of pestilence, not only threatens the future, but crushes the whole families today, depriving of the shelter, property and its bare means of livelihood. This all but complete devastation embraces territories larger than the rich provinces of other countries. Words cannot describe the magnitude of the disaster; to understand, one must see with ones own eyes.

Since the people of which I am one of the descendants have fallen victim to this terrible struggle, humanity demands that endeavors should be made to alleviate in some measure, to prevent Poland from becoming a horrible desert in the midst of the world; and to keep thousands—nay millions of unarm-
 ed and helpless beings from perishing with hunger and cold, and save the balance from starvation. To the humanity and to the Christian feeling of the residents of city of South Bend, and our good state, therefore, I do not hesitate to make an appeal to you all to contribute to the much needed fund for relief of the situation in Poland, as per proclamation issued by our Pres't Woodrow Wilson, on Dec. 18. Setting the day of designating Jan. 1, 1916, as the Polish Day in the United States on which the people of the United States may make such contribution, as they feel disposed for the aid of the stricken Polish people in Poland. All the contributions may be left in any of the banks in South Bend or may be addressed to the American Red Cross society, Wash-

ington, D. C., which will care for the proper distribution.
 I am making this appeal in behalf of the stricken people, making this appeal to the hearts of all our countrymen, and to people of other nations, to come to our assistance with what aid they can afford; for alone we cannot heal the wounds inflicted by this unparalleled disaster.
 Twice already, in the history of this war, our ancient Poland is in danger, and was, but God has protected it; was it not that it should be now, as in centuries past, the heart of Poland, Poland filled with bloodshed and devastating fires? The heart must embrace all, protect all, and I am making this appeal for all those who cannot now do so for themselves. Let then a cry go forth from ancient Poland, an appeal to all, far and near, to stretch forth a helping and merciful hand on this first day of January, 1916.
 Respectfully Yours,
 Ignatius K. Werwinski.

Here's Wishing You a Happy New Year—and many of 'em.

I. & M.

(I. & M. stands for Indiana & Michigan Electric Co.—The next I. & M. talk will appear in tomorrow's paper.)

FLEXIBLE FLYER SLEDS ICE SKATES Snow Shovels and Furnace Scoops AT SIBLEY'S HARDWARE STORE