

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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JANUARY 5, 1916.

SAVING COUNTY PRISONERS FROM THE SOCIETY OF THE INSANE.

Either the state of Indiana needs to awaken to the necessity of larger quarters for the mentally deficient, or else the St. Joseph county board of commissioners has a duty to perform that cannot much longer be overlooked. The dumping of petty offenders incarcerated in the county jail, or any other type of offenders for that matter, into close communion with raving maniacs, is a negligence that ought not to be tolerated.

The trouble is, officials say, that there is no room for the insane ones at Longcliff, and that they must be retained here until room can be made for them. As a result there have been as high as a score of maniacs in the local county jail at a time, with other prisoners in close proximity, obliged to listen night and day to their railings, frequently more obscene than polite. Prisoners of all ages these; even such as come under the court's jurisdiction as juveniles. It is a situation that demands immediate attention.

Better close that School for Girls at Clermont, semi-reformatory or something, as it is, and convert it into an insane asylum for the less vicious, if there is no other way to get around it. As a School for Girls, it is merely society's easiest way out at its best, and could be gotten along without very nicely, if, in this great Christian land of so many churches, and so many people tooting their own Christianity, a few more of them would only practice what they preach and give the girls a home. The school was never intended as anything else than a dumping ground for the impossible, as the statutes relating to juvenile offenders sufficiently testify, but it is so much easier for officialdom to rid itself of delinquent charges by sending every little offender there, that it is well-nigh becoming a menace. Besides it affords the high and mighty "Holler Than Thou's" an opportunity to throw out their chests and "thank the good Lord" that they are not "like the Poor Publicans," after they have exerted their authority by sending some less fortunate individual of immature years, thither to prevent further "social contamination."

We have said that these school buildings might better be used as an asylum for the less vicious insane, and we mean it. We half opine that the same might be said of the School for Boys at Plainfield. Very few youngsters round out their minority at either of those institutions, with much ambition left, for pursuit of a proper life. The exceptions that do merely prove the contrary rule, but while we say these school buildings might better be used as asylums, we are by no means recommending it. It isn't necessary that they should be. The state of Indiana is big enough, and rich enough, that by a proper system of economy, it can have all the asylums it needs without disturbing these schools which have a legitimate purpose when not abused by the juvenile offenders that are killing them.

We commend to the board of county commissioners that they take this local situation into immediate account, and if we were to apply a test to candidates for the legislature this year, whether of the house or senate; well, it wouldn't be the proposed Anti-Saloon league test, so surely as a test of the sense of economy of those candidates, and how they stand on the question of one state board of control over all state institutions, and under that board, the financing of those institutions commensurate with the state's needs.

Meanwhile, until such amount of political sense can be germinated in the state, the county commissioners might as well take notice that St. Joseph county is in need of a "bug house" of its own.

ARE WE FEEBLE-MINDED?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago gave currency to the idea that we're all more or less insane, each in his own way. Now Prof. Lew Wallin of the psychological clinic of St. Louis says that most of us are feeble-minded.

He makes this disquieting announcement in connection with an attack on the Binet-Simon "mind test" which has acquired currency and prestige in the last few years. He maintains that this test, as applied in various charitable, penal and medical institutions throughout the country, is fallacious. He denies that we can give any definiteness to such terms as "mental defect," "feeble-mindedness" and "sub-normality." The standards are all wrong, or if they are right, then nearly every one of us must confess to defective mentality.

In applying the tests himself, he found that "every one of a group of poorly schooled adults consisting of four farmers, one business man and one housewife, all eminently successful in their several callings, all living moral and respectable lives, and parents of mentally normal and healthy children, would grade as feeble-minded when rated by the Binet-Simon scale."

He found that of a group of six students consisting of one high school junior and five freshmen in a teachers' college, four of whom at least were superior to the average students of equal training, four would be rated as feeble-minded by this scale.

If that's the case, we needn't mind so much being called "feeble-minded," or being set down as "morons"—adults with the mental development of children between eight and eleven. It's really the abnormal individual, says Prof. Wallin, who has a mind better than that of a 12-year-old, and many college students and successful business men are morons.

THE MENACE OF TOO HIGH REWARDS FOR UNSCRUPULOUS DETECTIVES.

Surely the \$2,500 in rewards offered for the capture and conviction of the Muesel-Chrobot murderers—which may have been increased by the time this reaches the reader,—should be sufficient to land somebody in the electric chair. It ought to be an incentive even if it is not a menace. A good detective—good in

the sense of feebish cleverness,—ought to be able to fix that crime on most anyone for that amount of money, and you can pretty near bet another \$2,500 that somebody gets a close shave, guilty or not guilty, before the curtain rings down.

Too large rewards for the capture of criminals have frequently worked out just that way. We all want the Muesel-Chrobot murderers caught, but we want the murderers and not substitute dummies—posted for revenue. Detectives go after huge rewards, and some times when only reputations are at stake, are none too scrupulous, and that is the menace that this \$2,500 establishes.

The first \$500 reward, even the second, perhaps the third, and maybe all of them, are decidedly appropriate. No doubt but it has all been due to a zeal for the capture and conviction of the culprits, but a too high reward is liable to miss the real culprits altogether. It may be an incentive to the South Bend detectives on the police force to go to such lengths, for even should they win the rewards they would merely go to the police pension fund, but suppose some of those Chicago agencies take it up, or maybe Fort Wayne, Mishawaka, Nutwood or Podunk. Frankly it makes us suspicious. Manufactured evidence, and the railroad of men to the penitentiary, or perhaps the electric chair, are not without precedents.

In a city like Chicago, where you can hire men to commit murder for all the way from 25 cents to \$25, it wouldn't be a difficult matter at all to catch the South Bend murderers, or pretensively so, and pretty nearly fasten it on him though innocent as a lamb, for the amount of money that is now at stake. This is not said in criticism of those offering the rewards. It would be worth \$2,500 beyond doubt, to know that the perpetrators of the horrible double murder had been brought to justice, and were all detectives honorable, and to be depended upon to seek only justice for the right men, rewards of twice that amount would be commendable.

The menace, perhaps we had ought to say, is not in the total of the rewards offered, but in the unscrupulousness of so many sleuths, some of whom, like as not, will make a bold dash to capture that total.

THAT QUESTION OF CROPS AND THE MILKY WAY.

Says Prof. E. C. Branson of the University of North Carolina, speaking of the need of country schools ministering to the real needs of country life:

"The little world of the country child may reach no further north than the swimming hole, nor further east than the school house, nor further west than the cotton patch, nor further south than the crossroads store; but overhead it ought to reach as high as the Milky Way and the shining Pleiades.

"The school that is not directly and helpfully related to the occupational life out of which it springs and by which it is supported is not progressive. It is unhinged and out of joint. It is ancient, musty and rusty; befogged, bewildered and belated. Why should a community receive a stone when it asks bread of its school?"

"There is a nearby world of things to be explored; and the knowledge gained quickens and makes alive. There is a nearby world of opportunities and possibilities, puzzles and problems that challenge action, constructive and curative. It is the home-community, the home-county, the mother-state. The student who knows his home community thoroughly will interpret New York sanely by and by—or the Greece and Rome of glory and grandeur."

It is the same plea that Sec'y of the Interior Lane made in his annual report. It is a part of what Col. Roosevelt must have had in mind when he appointed his much-abused commission for the study of rural life. It is an appeal for the very sort of public school that has already developed in certain western communities—a school absolutely growing out of its environment, instead of making their natural life distasteful, and driving them to the big city.

It is a type of school that is severely practical in its application to farm or village life, and yet full of noble idealism. And there can be no question that it is the country school of the future.

SOME DIVERSITY OF OCCUPATION.

We take it from the Indianapolis Herald that the new Rumely corporation, since ex-Sen. Stephen B. Fleming became attached to it, has indeed, become something of a diversified business. From oil tractors, threshing machines, hullers, engines, etc., we have it from the Herald that it is also extensively engaged in the manufacture of paper and beer. We quote:

"Ex-Sen. Stephen B. Fleming of Fort Wayne and New York, was in Indianapolis Wednesday and while here received a telegram from New York informing him of his election there as a director of the National City bank—the Rockefeller bank. He is also largely interested in the new Rumely corporation, which has recently purchased the big Rumely plant at Laporte, Ind., and has many paper mills in this and other states, besides having recently bought outright several breweries. The last brewery to be purchased was at Columbus, O., two weeks ago."

Now we knew that ex-Sen. Fleming was long on breweries, and that he may be interested in paper mills, but we hardly thought he could succeed in getting the Rumely corporation into it so quick. Farm implements or machinery, paper and beer, ought to make a splendid combination, but we are inclined to imagine that perhaps Editor Ray in his exuberance over the ex-senator's brewery interests, got to dreaming that Fleming and Rumely were synonymous, or maybe that oil tractors and beer mugs mean somewhat the same.

The name of the new Rumely corporation is the Advance-Rumely corporation, and if paper mills and breweries have really been added to its repertoire, it has been some advance, indeed.

It's an illuminating commentary on our neutrality laws that a bank clerk bribed to supply information regarding munition shipments to a German secret service agent for illegitimate purpose has been held under an anti-tipping statute, charged with "accepting a gratuity without the knowledge of his employer." Apparently there was no other legal authority for arresting him, in spite of the serious character of his offense.

The six churches of Middletown, N. Y., have come to a most inquisitorial decision regarding Christmas celebrations. Hereafter they are all going to have their Christmas exercises on the same evening, and at the same hour, so the children can't go from one church to another for presents. Seems as if the courts ought to enjoin such a conspiracy. Hasn't childhood any more rights in Middletown?

From pictures taken on the Oscar II one gathers the idea that the members of the Ford peace expedition, viewed as pacifists, are at least excellent leopfroggers.

Brand Whitlock has had a perfectly honorable and useful career, and yet they talk of running him for vice president.

A Brooklyn magistrate says that street masher are insane and he's going to send them to a hospital to be watched.

The Velvet Hammer

By Arthur Brooks Baker

CHARLES D. EMMONS:

Behold the handsome picture of the transportation czar Who trims us of our nickel when we ride upon his car.

The motorman sits out in front and bangs his bell at ease, Conductor jerks the rope behind and says "step lively, please!"

And evermore he does his ancient, honorable stunt Of prodding us and shouting "Move on up; there's room in front!"

He lets the weary passengers remain upon the street, Without a single easy chair and not a bit to eat.

And many who have started in their young and handsome prime Have found their whiskers silvered by the rapid lapse of time

Before they caught a Murdoch car to aid them with a haul— To make no mention of the guys who caught no car at all!

So, Mr. Emmons, come across with five small cars per hour, With motors having character, persistency and power,

Six little tickets sold for the sum of two small bits, Would make with South Bend passengers a high class line of bits;

And if you cannot do these things, please what are we to gain By failing to return you to your former home, Fort Wayne?

But after all, Charles Emmons is as human as the rest, He has a peck of troubles sitting sadly on his chest.

Although his conduct isn't always patterned to our choice, We lift the lovely accents of this velvet hammer voice

To say that Charles D. Emmons is a dither of sweeties, Entitled properly to rank among the local great.

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

GERMANY TURNING TOWARD PEACE?

(Harrisburg, Pa., Star-Independent.) Friends of peace everywhere are likely to see significance in the fact that "Vorwaerts," the German newspaper which was suspended by government order by reason of its insistent demands for a termination of the war, has been permitted to continue publication and has resumed at once the aggressive advocacy of peace. According to a Berlin dispatch "Vorwaerts" flatly demands the end of the war in the following language:

"The real cause of the high cost of living is the long duration of the war. Every successive week of the war renders the economic situation of the poorer classes more intolerable. The best safeguard in the future against the increase of prices would be the speedy termination of the war. We rely on the leaders of our party to multiply their efforts, and to see that everything in their power is done to end the conflict. The great manufacturing interests, the popular press and even the imperial chancellor declare that there is no reason for terminating the struggle, seeing that Germany holds, Belgium, part of France and part of Russia, and has the road to Egypt and India free. What does all this prove? That we are not fighting to protect our frontier, but to add to our territory. We appeal to the party leaders to undertake an open and frank campaign against all sorts of annexation plans, in order that the constantly growing desire of the proletariat for peace may be finally satisfied. If the party enters resolutely upon this road it will attach to itself not only the great masses of the people, but also all sections of middle class society, who are equally sick at war."

There is a strong suggestion in the facts that "Vorwaerts" has been permitted to resume publication and to continue to advocate the peace policy for which it had been ordered to cease publication, that the German government may have changed its policy and instead of discouraging peace propaganda is actually glad that a termination of hostilities is being urged. The same idea is suggested by the fact that other influential German newspapers, heretofore less outspoken on the subject, are now being permitted frankly to discuss peace possibilities.

Let us hope that this changed attitude of the German government, which certainly by reason of its many victories is in a position to offer terms of peace to its foes on a basis of magnanimity and generosity, which, after all, is the only basis on which permanent peace can be effected.

NON-ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

(Lexington, Ky., Herald.) In this country there is a general feeling that a law is to be obeyed or not obeyed in accordance with the desire of the private citizen; to be enforced or not enforced in accordance with the whim of magistrate or the predilections of jurymen. Too often in this country we give illustrations of our national characteristic not only to disregard laws, but to consider that the enactment of a law is sufficient to satisfy the public conscience and the public will.

In numerous states this is so true of laws regulating the sale of liquor that it has brought discredit upon the movement for prohibition; the opponents of prohibition contending, in many cases justly, that a law prohibiting the legal sale of intoxicating liquors is merely a cloak for the extraction of graft by dishonest officials through the illegal sale of

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

IT doesn't matter that South Bend policemen try to get crooks and suspects when they run across them the virtuously indignant citizen stands on the corner and shouts that what is going on in South Bend wouldn't be tolerated for a minute in Chicago or New York. You average virtuously indignant citizen is about the most unreasonable creature outside the Missouri mule district.

WE anticipate with apprehension the result of Prest' Wilson's proposed appeal to congress for aid in ending the killing of American citizens on the high seas. Not that congress is not patriotic, but that each of the several hundred members is patriotic in his own way.

IT seems to help them furriners in more ways than one to marry rich American girls. American girls are not only sometimes rich, but they are always smart. Two of their husbands have been viceroys of India and one of them has been promoted to the rank of general on the czar's staff. You can't tell us their wives didn't have something to do with it. Most of us over here married American girls ourselves.

Sunk Her in the Sand Perhaps. (London Dispatch.) "The Times" learns that the Peninsular and Oriental liner Geelong, 5,030 tons, has been sunk near the Mediterranean.

BACK in Detroit the worst you can say of Mr. Ford's peace trip is that it did no harm.

THE advance agent for "Pagnini" told us that George Arliss and Margery Maude are really in love as well as cast in the characters of lovers, and that it was a case of love at first sight. This will give the women in the audience an opportunity to exclaim, "How sweet!"

THE heights to which art appreciation has risen in Grand Rapids was illustrated at the recent exhibit made by the art association, where a picture puzzled the visitors and critics until the art institute scrub woman discovered that it was hung

liquor under circumstances that makes for contempt of law and official corruption.

It would beyond question be better were no law enacted that was not enforced. If a law that is enacted is against the will of the majority of a community—city or state—the only proper way to secure its repeal is to enforce it rigidly. Every officer who assumes to set himself above the law violates his oath of office, as does every jurymen who renders a verdict that is not in accordance with the law and the facts of the case he is sworn to try.

A COMMON SENSE DECISION.

(Orlando, Fla., Sentinel.) A Baltimore automobile owner invited a friend to go riding with him. The friend accepted and they started to the country. The owner of the machine was evidently a speed maniac; at least he didn't drive the car with discretion, for he struck a telegraph pole, and the friend was injured. Then the friend sued the owner of the car, and obtained judgment for \$1,700.

The supreme court of the state of Maryland has just passed upon the case, and affirmed the judgment. The court held that when one invites a friend to take a ride, the friend has a right to assume that the driver will use proper precaution. If he is careless, he ought not to be allowed to plead, as this fellow did, that the party who accepts an invitation to take a ride assumes all of the risk. The Maryland court rendered a common sense decision, and it ought to be accepted as a leading case and govern in all other states.

FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

(Toledo Blade.) Former Prest' Taft has a \$4,000,000 suggestion for the government. The postmasters of first class post-offices do not work he says, their duties being performed by deputies and assistants. Removing the postmasters would save the four millions.

It might be asked why Mr. Taft did not make this saving while he had the opportunity. The postmasters were just as needlessly ornamental in his time as in this. Their appointment made just as much trouble at the white house. Efficiency in the postal service was as desirable and the introduction of it would have commanded the praise it would get now.

Mr. Taft would have an answer. No man can run for the presidency with any hope of winning unless he plays the game of politics. And unfortunately the postoffices are important bases in the game. They serve as bait for the influential. They help tremendously in the discharge of political debts.

The Taft suggestion is a very good thing to urge on the other fellow.

BAD COOKING—AND DIVORCE.

(Albuquerque, N. M., Herald.) In the current issue of Farm and Fireside is an article to prove that love and a well filled stomach go well together, but that hatred and treachery are born in an underdone steak. "Bad cooking is directly responsible for a large percentage of the divorce evil and much of the crime committed—in fact, it might well be classed as a crime in itself.

"A good cook is the greatest statesman in the country in the true sense of the term.

"Bank examining is all well

upside down. We wonder that Billy Moore didn't beat the scrub woman to it.

ARM our police with shotguns, loaded with buckshot, suggests W. H. L., and when they shoot they'll get SOMETHING.

How William Waldorf Astor Got His Barometery. (From Chief Simon Pokagon's "Queen of the Woods.")

Indian whisky: The most profitable and the most ruthless trade Mackinaw ever had was in whisky. A well known recipe among the traders was: "Take two gallons of common whisky, or unrectified spirits, to 30 gallons of water, add red pepper enough to make it fiery, and tobacco enough to make it intoxicating." Its cost was not more than five cents a gallon. Thousands of barrels were sold there every year; the price there generally was 50 cents a quart by the bottle. It is estimated that over half the fish caught and fur sold there for 20 years was paid for by the above compound, and that more than half of the annuities the Indians received from the United States were expended to purchase it.

A short time ago I stayed all night at the old Astor house on the island, which now is run for a hotel. The old Astor books are still kept there as relics of early days. In the books of 1817 and 1818 and so on I found the invoice for whisky exceeded that of all other goods.

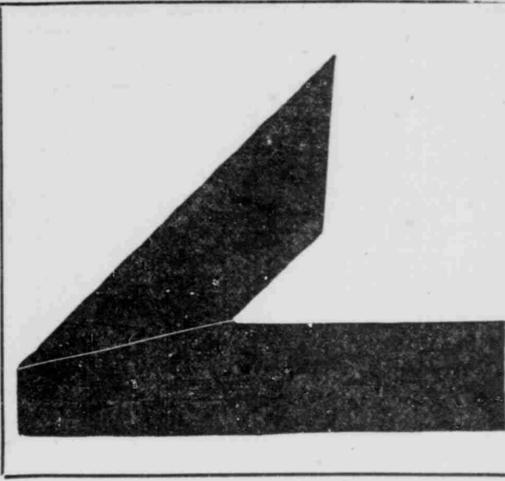
As I was examining them I thought in my heart, if these books are ever required in the supreme court of heaven as evidence against the whiteman for dealing out "ish-kot-e-waw-bo" to the red man, no experts will be necessary to read them.

J. H. L. writes that something is eating out the bottom of his resolution box. Probably the nicotine.

If Mr. Hanly can have his own way he will consent to run for governor.

J. FRANK should be a man after T. R.'s own heart.

C. N. F.



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—has been identified with the electric business in South Bend since 1882, for more than 32 years.

In 1882 the late Charles A. Chapin became financially interested in the Electric Company.

A man of vision, conviction and courage, Mr. Chapin was a thorough believer in the industrial possibilities of the St. Joseph Valley.

He backed his belief with dollars and the I. & M. of today is the result—a great system of service-giving electrical plants.

Instead of taking money out of the Valley, Mr. Chapin and his associates put it in—and this policy holds good today.

I. & M. is founded on the service idea—always at your service—service first.

I. & M.

(I. & M. stands for Indiana & Michigan Electric Company—this is the twelfth of a series of talks on I. & M.)

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