

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor. GABRIEL H. SUMMERS, Publisher.

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APRIL 5, 1916.

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT DEMOCRACY NOT ALL A MATTER OF BOOZE.

It will be a sad day for the democratic party, or any other party, morally at least, if not politically, when things reach that point when the mere fact of a man's being a resident of a "dry" town unites him for a place on a party committee, such as a district chairmanship confers upon him, for instance. The opposition developed here Tuesday to the election of Editor E. A. Gast, of the Warsaw Union, on that account, is particularly in point. The seven county chairman as a district committee, paid the democratic party a distinct compliment when they cast this objection aside and made Mr. Gast their district chairman, adding other and saner considerations for their guidance. The brewers and liquor interests will eventually learn that there are other things to be considered in the organization and progress of democracy, than the supremacy of booze.

Both Mr. E. W. Twomey, and Mr. D. M. Bechtel, would beyond doubt have made efficient district chairmen, and both, perhaps, are men of larger political experience than Mr. Gast. Naturally our affections would settle first on the man from the home town, but it was to be a case of "wet" and "dry" as the breweries appeared determined to make it, and the home man could not have it, then that the breweries should be defeated, we believe, will meet with the approval of self-respecting democrats all over the district, many of whom have grown weary of the dominance that has suffered this very deserved jolt.

We are not particularly acquainted with Mr. Gast. We are not even acquainted with his personal sentiments on the "wet" and "dry" question. Neither side of his mind should unsettle his democracy, or his fitness for the district chairmanship. Democracy is not a "wet" and "dry" issue, and for the brewery element to have opposed his election for no better reason than that Warsaw happens to be "dry" territory, has brought its just reward. We would suggest to Mr. Tommy Hoban, the political Napoleon of the liquor interests, that the handwriting is again his to see, that his brand of "generalship" is approaching its Waterloo—or at least, has gotten as far as the wintry chills of Warsaw.

THOSE LOCAL DRUG CASES AND OUR STATE PURE DRUG DEPARTMENT.

The comparative ease with which those local druggists accused by the pure food and drug department of the state board of health, were relieved from the charges against them, confirms at least by inference, what we have contended since the moment the department asked for the warrants. It was persecution, rather than prosecution, to go after the druggists even were the alleged misbranding proven, but the evidence failed to indicate, even though there may have been misbranding due to the unauthorized source of manufacture, that there was anything in the drugs to injure anyone, or that they were incapable of producing equally good results.

The pretense on the part of the state food and drug department therefore, that it was so interested, in order to conserve the public health, looks spurious to say the least. From Dr. J. N. Hurty, head of the state health board, down through Mr. H. E. Arnold, chief of the food and drug department, to even Burt Cohen, inspector, they seem to have been straining at a gnat with the biblical consequence of having swallowed a camel. Had it been the public health that was worrying them, it would seem that they might have notified the druggists to stop using the alleged misbranded article, immediately upon discovering it, if at all, last December, instead of waiting until ready to make arrests in February. It is easy enough to wonder if, meanwhile, they were not more interested in the welfare of those New York chemists who hold the American rights under those German patents, the infringement of which, seems to have been involved.

But be that as it may, the local cases have afforded the state board another opportunity to demonstrate that it is still on the job; capable of making a great noise, even if that noise has degenerated into a faint whisper, and finally died out. They can trust to human nature to take a larger interest in the noise than it has in the whisper, or in the demise, and they are bound to some extent, to be hailed as heroes in spite of their defeat. It is a great system that some of our public officials have for keeping themselves in the limelight.

Here is the antithesis in a concrete example. At the same time that Burt Cohen obtained his samples of drugs in one of the local stores that have been under fire, and out of which the fire sprang, he was voluntarily provided with some other tablets for analysis, against which there was some suspicion. These were Detroit made tablets. There has been no report on these, as yet. The department is not so interested in the public health as to take this trouble and advise the druggist as to the fitness of the drugs for the market—possibly, because perhaps, a report might have created no noise in particular, advertising the examining chemists, or maybe, it is that their interest in the Detroit manufacturers, like that in those others in New York, serves to silence them when it is likely to hurt.

What we are anxious to get at is, is our state health and food and drug departments, when it comes to drug examinations, really serving the people or just certain drug manufacturers? Does the state maintain this rather expensive branch of the government to assist the people of the state, or is it to protect the financial interests of certain manufacturers whom the men in charge of the department happen to like? Ought not

a druggist who has a complaint against something that he has in stock, be able to get an analysis for the protection of his trade, at least as quick as a New York manufacturer who holds some foreign patent that he has converted into a "graft," and whose main interest is in having his "graft" protected? Indeed, we half incline to anticipate that it is well for the state board that the one of the local druggists placed on trial, was readily acquitted, and that the prosecution of the other two was dropped, else there might have been some disclosures not altogether complimentary to its methods. We will step aside now, for a time, and await the next explosion—from the Indiana chemical laboratory.

WHY NOT DO YOUR REGULAR SHOPPING EARLY?

That shopping late in the day adds materially to the merchant's selling cost, and consequently to the price of goods and the cost of living, is a fact realized by few women.

Few retail stores do enough business to keep half their employees busy before eleven o'clock in the morning. Although they keep open eight or nine hours, practically the whole day's work has to be done in five. This means that a larger force of salespeople must be kept on the payroll than if the selling were more evenly distributed through the day. The force must be constantly large enough to handle the "peak-load" of the day's shopping. The girls must be on duty all day, and it is much more wearing on them in the long run to have periods of idleness followed by hours of nerve-racking haste and complexity than it would be to have a moderate amount of work coming along evenly through the working hours.

The average woman who has home duties to attend to feels that she cannot get her "morning work" done, and perhaps part of the evening work also. The few times when she has left things undone to shop early, she has returned tired, to be confronted by unmade beds and clutter which seemed peculiarly distressing to contemplate after a day spent in the shops. It is, perhaps, largely a matter of system and thoroughness. Cooperation might help. A neighbor might arrange to do a couple of hours of housework for the woman who wanted to shop early, in return for a similar service on another day. There is no particular reason why food, ice, and such things might not be provided for a day in advance, just as they are for Sunday.

The real trouble is, of course, that women simply do not realize the facts of the shopping situation. When they do, they will apply their minds to making that tiresome work easier and less expensive for themselves and all concerned.

THEY'RE FEELING THE HARPOON AND THE END IS NOT YET.

Observe how the dusky-hued gents are voluntarily coming forth from the monopoly woodpile?

Since the U. S. senate declared for a government armor plant, the armor trust has been on its knees praying for a chance to supply Uncle Sam with armor at reduced prices. Heretofore Uncle Sam has been the one to do the praying.

Now comes the head of the Dupont powder concern offering to build the government a plant for making nitric acid from the air for \$20,000,000, after having "soaked" Uncle Sam for many years in the cost of explosives.

Little by little, Uncle Sam is learning how to break the grip of monopoly. Prosecution and regulation have failed. Competition touches the spot. A little more courage on the part of congress and we will have the oil, tobacco and other monopolies howling for mercy.

The socialists were wrong in their propaganda to "let the government own the trusts," but they may get part of it. The saner progressives are contemplating the day when the government will compete with the trusts, when the trusts get too frisky, and then there will be no trusts for the government to own.

BAD PRECEDENT—BUT WE GUESS NOT A NEW ONE.

A Los Angeles burglar raided the home of a detective chief a few days ago. Upon learning, through the columns of the papers, that he had been guilty of lese majeste, as well as robbery, and trembling at the thought of the possible consequences, he wrote a letter to the detective offering to return the plunder, which was considerable, if he was assured immunity from punishment.

The district attorney, the chief of police, and the luckless detective promptly embraced the proposition, which is establishing a precedent, check full of trouble to Los Angeles, if we are any kind of a judge.

Hereafter a criminal with a troubled conscience, or with the hounds of the law hard upon his trail, has but to surrender the swag to save his bacon. Repentance inspired by fear is a dangerous brand of reform at best and one prone to backfire. But still more dangerous is the usurping of the authority to annul the criminal code by officers sworn to uphold it because one of those officers is afforded an easy way to recover stolen property belonging to him. Imagine plain John Smith recovering anything in this manner. Huh! They do it right along and your critic did it once himself.

PARIS CONFERENCE DECREES THE SLAUGHTER MUST INCREASE.

Some 18 months of it, and the allies have decided that it is not well to let the kaiser concentrate his forces separately against any one of the allies.

Paris has been the scene of a conference which has been converted to this principle. It is now up to the commanders-in-chief to find a way for its practical application.

The only way to interfere with the kaiser's transportation of huge bodies of troops from point to point, as he pleases, is through continued hammering by allies at all important points. For such a policy Great Britain and Russia are prepared, so far as men are concerned, but much depends upon how they are prepared as to munitions.

Perhaps we are going to find out how long Germany can stand "attrition"—slaughter of her soldiers. Evidently, the high-tide of blood-letting is about to be reached. Poor, mad Europe!

TIME FOR HER TO DUCK OUT.

The general education board, backed by thirty-four millions of John D. Rockefeller's wealth, announces its intention of "restoring" New England to its old time agricultural prosperity. It is high time for New England to take to the woods, figuratively speaking. John D. spoke of "restoring" the mining industry of Colorado to its old time glory, when he organized the Colorado Fuel and Iron.

The New York state senate has solved the nation's military problem by resolving in favor of a regular army of 178,000 men. Now, as the New York World suggests, nothing remains to be done but for congress to ratify the decision of the Albany statesmen. And inasmuch as one good turn deserves another, congress ought to go ahead and pass a budget for the state of New York.

With the railroads out of Juarez denied us, and our auto trucks practically useless in the mountain passes of Mexico, we people of America find occasion, for about the 40th time in history, to return thanks to an all-wise providence for the onery flop-ared, ram-bunctious, much-labeled but ever-dependable steam pack mule.

THE MELTING POT FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

PARDON ME.

When you talk of summer days, Pardon my yawn For in the sun's torrid rays, I mow my lawn.

NEUTRAL.

There is a local garage that sells it "gasoline" on one side of its tank and "gasoline" on the other side.

"What they don't know won't hurt them," is an old, old theory still in use, especially in certain European capitals.

"Tell me," said the sweet young thing, "do all the soldiers take part in these counter attacks or only those who formerly were employed as clerks?"

Columns have been written about the passing of the horse, but Maud the old army mule seems to be working at her old stand.

At present we are glad Muncie is not our home address.

We have just read a hard luck story. An army captain stationed on the border for three years and anxious for a chance to lead his men into Mexico was taken sick a day before the order came.

When we say hard luck story we give his version of it, not ours.

Speaking of illness, there are times when even it can be a sort of a blessing.

We'd hate to get sick, but then we'd hate to be sent into Mexico.

"Villa is Wounded in One of Hips," says headline. We suppose it must be either the right or left one.

WHAT FLAVOR?

Soda water time has come? And with it comes the pop. Peanuts, popcorn, crackerjack; "What will you have, old top?"

Chocolate sodas, lemon soups Or mint frappes all green Or fig sundae with orange dope In glasses nice and clean.

Winter time has come and gone, So turn off all the steam; Just sit around 'neath cooling fan And have some more ice cream. N. B. W.

WONDER IF THEY MEAN WILD SMUT CAUSES LOSS IN OATS

—Headline in Hancock Co., O., Herald.

ADAM CROOK'S PHILOSOPHY.

Judgin from his pitchers, this aint the furst racket Doc Waite has raised. In these modern days, a prize fighter and another prize fighter er soon parted.

Tin Lizard collided with a show

With Other Editors Than Ours

VON TIRPITZ'S RESIGNATION.

(Oklahoma City Oklahoman.) Adm. von Tirpitz, German minister of the navy, has resigned. His resignation is due ostensibly to ill health.

Other German reports, however, say that it is because he has disagreed with the kaiser, who is clamoring for more activity on the part of his fleet.

Either of these may be the real reason. Neither of them may be. Von Tirpitz is associated in the public mind with German "frightfulness." This expressive word, by the way, was not first used by the Oklahoman or even in the United States in connection with the German naval program. It was first heard in Germany, and our own recollection is that von Tirpitz himself used it as expressive of his idea regarding the policy which should be pursued by his nation's under-water craft. At any rate it has come into quite general use and von Tirpitz has been regarded as its chief exponent and defender. It has made the German admiral unpopular with the allies, which was to have been expected but it has also made him and his methods unpopular with all of the neutral nations. The sinking of the Lusitania without warning and the consequent tremendous loss of innocent lives, along with several other incidents of an exactly similar character, have placed the German submarine policy in ill repute everywhere except in Germany and the other countries allied with her.

It is barely possible that there is a deep significance in the retirement of the German naval minister. The kaiser is no man's fool. He is sensible enough to realize the meaning and importance of public opinion. The United States has been contending with Germany for some time with reference to what has been called von Tirpitzism, and it is possible that the admiral has now been relegated to inconspicuousness because his chief has been brought to realize how the world looks upon von Tirpitz's "frightfulness." If so it is an encouraging sign of the times. If von Tirpitzism is abandoned the German cause will rise considerably in the esteem of the people of the United States.

FANCY PRICES FOR MUNITIONS.

(Indianapolis Star.) Canadian politicians are in the throes of what one element calls a munitions scandal and the opposition looks upon as the extravagance that was inevitable in connection

with the confusion of getting war contracts under way. One member of parliament, F. B. Carvell, bitterly denounced those in charge of placing the munitions contracts. He told how orders for shells had been placed with a large number of small machine companies throughout the Canadian northwest at high prices, and that some of the contractors had not yet delivered a shell.

The most astounding figures he presented were those to show that a contract for \$22,000,000 worth of fuses had been placed with a New York firm at a cost of \$4.50 each. He said that the contractor was not able to deliver the fuses promptly and had sublet the order to several other concerns. He said the Canadian shell committee had advanced \$3,000,000 to the original contractor to help expedite the work of getting out the fuses. The same grade of fuses, he said, had been bought in Canada and Great Britain for a little more than \$2.00 before the war.

He cited contracts for shrapnel shells made at the rate of \$3.50 each, at the outset of the war, and says that makers now are falling over themselves to supply the same thing at \$1.75. His contention is that some one was deliberately trying to get rich quick. His political opponents, however, maintain that waste and extravagance were unavoidable. Many firms that took war contracts were not equipped to incur heavy expense for installation of machinery. The bidders had to get high prices or they would not take the work.

HENRY FORD MARITAL PEACE-MAKER.

(Olympia, Wash., Olympian.) Henry Ford has set up a rule that his employees must quit quarreling with their wives. If they can't quit quarreling they will have to quit living together or quit their job.

Henry Ford has set up a rule that his employees must quit quarreling with their wives. If they can't quit quarreling they will have to quit living together or quit their job. It's a case of quit something, as Mr. Ford like other employers has discovered that a man with a nagging wife makes a poor employe. This rule applies to every one from porters to executives in the Ford plant and it is reported to be an iron-clad proposition.

After quarreling over the breakfast table a man, be he working for wages or a salary, will not be able to give the best that is in him after punching the time clock. He will be fretful and morose and the ginger and force due his employe will be

STATESMEN GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Eugene F. Kinkead, former New Jersey congressman, who acquired fame a while ago, as the Fearless Fighting Sheriff, by the courageous manner in which he personally handled the strike riots at Paterson, is also a fearless practical joker.

Kinkead came back to Washington recently on a little visit. He fell in with two of his old congressional cronies, Charlie Smith and Dan Driscoll of Buffalo. Driscoll used to be an undertaker and is a jovial soul. He told a number of highly amusing stories and made the others laugh so hard that they persuaded him to take them to a restaurant on Pennsylvania av., where they could sit and eat and laugh all they wanted to. By flattering Driscoll in this way, about the excellence of his funny stories, they got him to agree in advance to take care of the dinner check with scarcely any difficulty at all.

The three were about to enter the restaurant when Kinkead happened to see a peanut stand over by the curb and insisted on buying three sacks of peanuts—making, as you can easily see, one sack apiece for the entire party. Driscoll and Smith frankly did not care for peanuts, especially as they were about to have a lot of more expensive stuff to eat, but Kinkead was determined to have his peanuts—simply because, as he explained, he had always bought peanuts when attending a fair or circus, or ball game, or enjoying any kind of holiday.

He was so glad to be back in Washington once more in such good company and listening to Driscoll's merry chat, that it just naturally seemed as if peanuts were necessary to round out the gala spirit of the occasion.

Kinkead had just finished tucking his own sack of peanuts into his overcoat pocket—still chuckling good-humoredly at one of Driscoll's droll quips—when he happened to see something over on the sidewalk that attracted his attention. It was an Englishman, who looked exactly like an Englishman. He was all fixed up in his best spots, carried a thin little cane, and had a funny walk. Kinkead smilingly picked a peanut from his pocket and shot it with his thumb right into the Englishman's face.

The Englishman paused, scratched his face with his index finger, and looked around. Whereupon Kinkead, with astonishing marksmanship, shot still another peanut into his face. At that the Englishman stalked over to Kinkead and angrily demanded:

"What do I mean by what?" inquired Kinkead, with child-like innocence, at the same time absently shooting another peanut into the face of the stranger.

"You dirty loafer!" viciously commented the Englishman. A crowd gathered, expecting to see a fight.

"What's up?" he asked. "This man's crazy—has queer hallucinations," explained Kinkead, more in pity than in anger.

"What's the matter with you?" sternly asked the cop of the Englishman. "The fellow hit me," blurted out the stranger.

"What did he hit you with?" "With a—with a peanut," the Englishman faltered, too mad and astonished to give a lucid explanation.

"See!" cut in Kinkead. "He's nutty, poor fellow—talking about somebody coming up and hitting him with a peanut." If really did not sound plausible.

"Yes," nodded the cop. And then to the Englishman: "Lookie here, fellow. You beat it quick and quit your foolishness or I'll arrest you."

And the Englishman hastened out into the street after a car. As he went, he looked back and hurled this retort at Kinkead: "Well, you blasted ruffian, you didn't get me arrested, anyhow."

lacking as a result. On the other hand, employers recognize the fact that a man with a wife who comforts and cheers him is far more desirable, everything else being equal. The cares of business and the petty differences of the day vanish under the encouraging influence of a wife who performs her full duty. The average man meets enough obstacles during the hours he spends at his desk without adding to his load at home.

When employers recognize these things openly it shows that the sentiments of yesterday are becoming concrete facts of today, brought on by the demand for increased efficiency in every walk of life. Ford is probably the first large employer to put his views along this line into practice, but his lead will likely be followed by others who see the wisdom of it.

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