

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO.

GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, President. J. M. STEPHENSON, Publisher. JOHN HENRY ZUEVER, Editor.

Only Associated Press Morning Paper in Northern Indiana and Only Paper Employing the International News Service in South Bend—Two Lowest Rates Day and Night.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Morning and Evening Editions Single Copy, 2c; Sunday, 5c. Delivered by carrier in South Bend and Mishawaka, \$6.00 per year in advance, or 12c by the week.

ADVERTISING RATES: Ask the advertising department. Foreign Advertising Representatives: CUNNE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN, 222 Fifth Av., New York City, and 415 W. Bidg., Chicago.

NOVEMBER 13, 1918.

"HALF COCKED" AGAIN, BUT ANYTHING FOR "HOG AND HOMINY."

The local organ of the "Hog and Hominy" lines, other utilities, and our sin-soaked municipal administration, is on the rampage against the "jitneys," and again as usual brainless of facts upon which to base its premises.

To begin with, Miss McFann was not run down by a "jitney" at all, but by a quite really high-toned taxicab. That disposes of the criticism of the council on account of its failure to annihilate the "jitneys."

What resulted in Miss McFann's death is the failure of the city board of safety, and its super-inertiated police force, to enforce the speed ordinances of the city, and put a stop to the operation of "blind tigers."

The "Hog and Hominy" organ might do well to stick its ill-scenting nose into some of the operations of its machine made board of safety, and its worse than machine made police department.

The next above paragraph is only incidental, however. The point is that the real responsible parties, for the death of Miss McFann is, if we are to go back of the taxi driver at all, the failure of the police department and board of safety to suppress booze, and their failure to enforce the traffic ordinances.

When it comes to sleuthing for murderers, back through the channels beyond direct to approximate causes, all the "Hog and Hominy" organ needs do, is to take a look at itself in its mirror, dressed in its pro-administration garb.

HELL HEARD FROM AGAIN.

When will dwarfed dyspeptics, childless, self-secure, and incapable of being otherwise, get through bellowing like a lost calf for universal military training, sending everybody else, and everybody else's children off to war, or to serve in the army—an occupation which save in time of stress, is the most wasteful and useless on the face of the earth?

It is from just such sources, in too many cases a least, that comes the more than occasional squawk that goes up whenever it is suggested that the ways of peace are preferable to war, and that occupations of peace are as essential to the advancement of the race.

Just now the country is getting it because the order has come out from Washington to stop mobilizing; that because an armistice having been signed that practically ends the world fighting, and it has been decided to leave further interference with peace pursuits alone—we are sure going to the damnation bow wow.

No danger from the yelp of his ever getting scratched; there isn't enough of him to scratch. He probably never smelled powder in his life and the sight of a gun would scare him to death, but he certainly regards army service a great necessity, and desirable occupation for everybody else.

Such celebrations of returning peace as was held here Monday must have been an awful bore to those imp in the devil's brigade for the promotion of gore-spilling. It will be different, however, with those in the night, and those who have followed heaven's natural course in the production of military timber.

A MEMORIAL FOR "OUR BOYS" IN FRANCE. A fit monument to the soldiers and sailors of St. Joseph county, who have fought, and who have died in the world war: Here in the county that furnished the man who fired the first shot, may well entertain the minds of local patriotic people. It should be a monument of service too, in appreciation of service.

NOT OUR DUTY; BUT OUR PRIVILEGE

DR. SOLF, foreign secretary for the internal German upheaval, by the grace of the dynasty that was, continues still in need of a few lessons in humility. A German radiogram has grabbed out of the air reminding Pres't Wilson that upon entering the war, he had announced our fight as against the autocracy and not against the people.

Very well, doctor, when the German people get ready to appeal for help, maybe we will listen; but why not confiscate the estates of the autocrats who have made all this trouble, and convert them into food?

From henchman of the autocracy to a beggar for the people must be some considerable drop. America and her allies will be magnanimous to the German people in the direness of their needs, but we do not need to be reminded of that privilege by such whipped curs.

The quicker the German people put a flannel rag over the mouths of such Prussianesque ganders, the quicker they will be able to work themselves back into American favor.

Had they revolted against the autocracy in Aug. 1, 1914, instead of waiting until they had been thrashed, Nov. 11, 1918, they might have escaped the calamity of now. We are under no obligations to them now, save the obligations of Christianity.

Because the allies have been generous enough not to make them slaves, as they (the Germans) made slaves of the Belgians, the French and the Russians, in no sense obligates us to subsidize them as lords and ladies in waiting.

We will be humane with the Germans in our own good form and way; but it is not for the broken sticks of autocracy to point the way, nor prescribe the form.

The Germans, proud, boastful, determined, and with the most unholy ambitions that ever entered the brain and soul of man, have fought just as long, on and on, as they could see a ghost of a show of winning, and it comes with ill-grace of them now to whine.

No mercy has ever been shown by them along their pathways strewn with ruin. Women have starved and children perished wherever they have gone, the purpose being to terrorize all those into submission against whom they were yet to go.

Pres't Wilson was right in saying that we were to fight the German autocrats rather than the German people; this, though we had to fight the people to reach the autocrats. Sheep always follow the bell-wether. Between fear of punishment from the military, and promise of reward through world dominion—a "place in the sun"—the German flock trudged on and on, until now they are left dangling in the air.

As a Christian nation, we cannot afford to be other than charitable; but charity in a case like this, without penitence from the alms-taker, would be too much like "casting one's pearls before swine,"—a submission to imposition.

Pres't Wilson in his address to congress spoke well of the example that the allies hope to set for Germany, and to win her back to a Christian civilization by winning her respect and that of her people. It is the plan of the allies, to be worked out, not within the terms of the armistice, but outside of it.

Germany must be made to see just how far we could, and would be justified in going with her, to establish her ruin, according to the standards that she would impose were the conditions reversed; but then we can be merciful to her if we like, and should be, but we have a right to exact appreciation of it.

Such as the Solf radiograms, however, are not conducive either of a merciful disposition on our part, or a proper appreciation of what we might do for them, on the part of the Germans.

Dr. Solf should have accompanied the ex-kaiser and his suite on their trip into the Netherlands—into exile,—and for all America cares, even into the exile that is said to have been the lot of the late ex-crown prince.

continued under steady fire until Generalissimo Foch gave the order, "cease firing," on the morning of Nov. 11th.

South Bend and St. Joseph county lost several of their bravest and best in that counter attack, among the first, Lieut. Arnold McInerney, and Sergt. Howard W. Snyder. Several were also wounded. It was the beginning of the end of the war. Germany had since March 21st been steadily pushing her way on in the direction of Paris. It is one battle of the war, considerably participated in by local men, that will forever have a place in the world's history.

And much better a monument like this than a slab of granite. This has been a war of utility and this is a utilitarian age. Nothing could be more appropriate than a memorial of this order. St. Joseph county needs the hospital. The boys deserve the monument. Doubtless they would be prouder by far of a Chateau-Thierry memorializing their world service, than anything else that could be erected in their name.

Assuredly it is worth thinking over; is deserving of the consideration of a grateful people. We have been celebrating the signing of an armistice that is expected to end the war. Why not show our appreciation in a more substantial way?

Turn it over in your mind a few times and see how it looks?

Among the final peace terms, wouldn't it be a fine idea to put the king of Belgium in charge at Berlin until the Huns pay their war bills?

Other Editors Than Ours

SAFETY AND PEACE.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Stay-at-homes, readers of casualty lists, picture the soldier as a man marked for death, rarely lucky if he escapes. That another picture is seen at the front is evident from an article in Plane News, a service paper published in France by soldiers of the American expeditionary force:

"Here is something Airmats can write home to 'anxious mothers' who probably think a lot about our deprivations and exposure to all kinds of diseases.

"The death rate in the A. E. F. is less than two men per thousand, and has been figured on the Marne, and who were frequently compelled to sleep and eat under the most primitive conditions.

"Considering that the death rate per thousand in civil life among males of military age is 6.7, the showing is creditable to army sanitary conditions."

From this it appears that it is approximately three times as safe to be a soldier as it is to be a civilian of military age. The lower death rate among soldiers may be due partly to the fact that many civilians of military age suffer deadly humiliation because they are not with the colors while many are worried to death by the enormous cost of living and a few commit suicide because they are bored by the routine of a humdrum life.

That the individual often finds peace amid the horrors of war and a quiet life in the din of battle, if his has been a life of irritating petty annoyances and difficulties, is a fact which has been the theme of more than one writer. The joy of service has been the theme of millions of oral narrators of their experience as soldiers.

That the soldier's life is not without compensations—have you, by the way ever heard a soldier in service or a veteran speak plaintively of his lot, as if it matched that of the policeman in the comic opera?—is plain. Soldiers on active service are included in the consoling philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the light of the facts the influenza menaced, price ridden stay-at-home is inclined to borrow the words which one of the Latin historians attributes to a Sabine woman and ask: When will the draft of my class begin?

ONCE OVERS

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF.

Get rid of the thought that it is impossible for you to amuse yourself if you cannot have a certain kind of enjoyment or if you cannot be associated with just the persons you wish.

You may be one of thousands who look on life in this drab way because your business or your station in life makes your kind of pleasure prohibitive.

You shun the persons of your class because you wish so much to be connected with those whose acquaintance and finances permit things you cannot do.

You fear to associate yourself with those around you for fear it may be the means of keeping you out of

THE MELTING POT

"Come Take Pot Luck With Us"

A TALE AND A MORAL.

By James J. Montague.

A great big buck hyena once reared up his ugly snout and undertook to terrorize the creatures round about. He growled at them and snarled at them in bursts of savage wrath. And when he met them in the woods he thrust them off the path. And by and by he came to think that heaven had decreed that he should rule the universe, and make it serve his need.

Because he preyed up on the weak he argued at much length that other beasts would do the same if but they had the strength. Because he fed on carrion he said that he was sure that other creatures ought to share his habits and kultur. "A very paradise," he said, "this rolling sphere will be. When all the animals thereon are ably ruled by me."

He bullied, bragged and bluffed his way for many leagues around; broke in the dens of other brutes and stole whatever he found. And every night he'd sit at home and chatter, hour on hour, about the glories of his race and of his kindly power. "I am the king of beasts!" he cried. "Old time shall not efface The vast and matchless glory of the great hyena race."

And then one day the other beasts, who'd listened quite too long and grown a bit too weary of his bluster and his song, fell on the ugly visaged brute and tore him limb from limb. And that, as far as we can learn, became the last of him. The moral of this little tale is added all too late To save the former rulers of the busted German state.



VOTERS' GUIDE.

If you haven't had time to read up the issues, just vote the way William Barnes tell you not to, and you can't go far wrong.

LET US HAND IT TO HIM.

Among all the shouts and hysteria One guy was a wise one, you bet— The wily old king of Bulgaria Knew when to get out of the wet.

HERE'S LUCK TO THEM.

The Dutch, you remember, took Holland, and now, not to be out-

this "upper class," should you get money and material things to justify the change on your part.

Supposing, after years of self-denial and lack of enjoyment, you gain your goal; would it be worth the sacrifice?

Trying to maintain a position far which you are not fitted is not going to bring you happiness.

Don't be a martyr to pride—false pride, at that—silly vanity. Be natural; enjoy the simple pleasures—the plain people—while you may.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Mr. Married Man, instead of becoming angered at a little just criticism from your wife, why not display a right spirit of acceptance?

The last time she ventured to offer a bit of advice you snorted that "not she nor any other woman possessed the sense to criticize you, as you would have her to understand."

Now, old man, that little wife of yours does not object to what you do or say merely for the sake of complaining, but because she is really interested in your welfare and she wants to help you.

And why shouldn't she? Your success means her success, doesn't it?

And if you have not browbeaten her till, for the sake of peace, she dare not express her true opinions in regard to your words and actions, you will get about as honest criticism from her as from any one in all the world.

She knows better than any one else where you are weak, and you are weak, and you are of pretty small calibre if you consider her so much your intellectual inferior that she is incapable of helping you.

The biographies of the biggest men of today and yesterday show that these great men have realized how much their measure of success is and was due to a wife's help and interest.

You do not set yourself in a class by yourself, do you?

When you were a boy you just gloried in being considered the strong man, the "big man" of your class.

Catch you being afraid of anything.

Now that you are older and wiser, you think you are not so courageous. But is there not a deeper reason for this shrinking from bodily harm?

You are not in as good physical trim—that is the big reason.

Why have you lost out in muscle and stalwartness?

Why are you becoming so nervous that you are almost unfit mentally for the business in which you engage?

Largely due to indifference toward regular physical exercise.

That extra hour of sleep in the morning—can't give that up.

That extra hour of jollity with your pals in the evening—can't give that up.

That chafing dish lunch with the girls or the club sandwich with the fellows after the little game, furnish more calories than your system requires, and then, instead of exercise to counteract, you ride home or go directly to bed.

Be a really big man mentally and physically by taking care of your health; then no man can call you a coward; you will be in fighting trim. (Copyright, 1918.)

GIVE ME A CHANCE.

To be your "Man" Friday at which time I'll be there or thereabouts, with the Coals on. (Chances are you'll be "coaled," so say the magic words, "Reliance Coal." C. H. De-rees, 315 S. Taylor st. Phones, Bell 279; Home 5279.—Adv. 9767-14

GEORGE WYMAN & CO. —Come and See Us Coats! INTERURBAN DAY Coats!



Women's and Misses' Coats Specially Priced, \$32.75 Savings of \$5.00 to \$10.00

For tomorrow, Thursday Interurban Day, we will offer at the special price of \$32.75 an assortment of Women's and Misses' Coats. The materials include:

- Wool Velours Broadcloths Kerseys Pom Poms Salt's Plush Mixtures

Trimmings on these models include fur and plush. A splendid choice of styles is offered—there being loose back or fitted, belt back models. In such colors as Brown, Burgundy, Taupe, Beige, Navy and Black.

The coats are taken from higher priced assortments and the \$32.75 price is created for Thursday only.

AT \$22.75—over one hundred Coats of Wool Velours, Pom Pom, Salt's Plush and Burrela Cloth are shown in smart belted and loose back models. This priced special for Interurban Day only.

Interurban Special Children's Winter Coats \$4.50 Unusually smart little models in Plushes, Corduroys, Zibelines and Burellas for the tots from 2 to 6 years. A fine choice of colors and styles. Taken from \$5.50 and \$6.75 lots.

Interurban Special Misses' Winter Coats \$8.75 These Coats for Misses, ages 4 to 14 years, are in loose and belted models in Plushes, Zibelines, Corduroys and Burellas. Savings of two to four dollars represented in the special \$8.75 price.

The Hallmark Store SHOP NOW! For Christmas Hallmark Lawn This high-grade stationery is finished with the very best grade of linen, which gives the transparent finish and a perfect writing surface on which it is a luxury to write. HALLMARK Lawn is sold in boxes containing one quire of paper and twenty-four envelopes. Comes in a number of sizes. WATCHES—JEWELRY—SILVERWARE Get your Free Copy of the Hallmark Gift Book Frank Mayr & Son



Hi Fellows!

"Spiro's Boys' Department is brim full of swell suits and overcoats and everything." Mothers can't go astray on values or qualities if they come to Spiro's. Here are the greatest values in the city, special for

- Boys' Fancy Suits \$6.50 to \$20 Boys' Overcoats \$7.50 to \$25 Juvenile Suits \$5 to \$12.50 Juvenile Overcoats \$6.50 to \$15 Hats, Sweaters, Gloves, Waists

Men's Bath Robes The selection is unlimited here in the line of Robes. They are made of genuine Beacon Blankets. Special price for Thursday only \$6.50

Men's House Coats Here you may select from such fabrics as we cannot buy wholesale today. They are just the thing he wants for Xmas. Special \$7.50 at

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