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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, MARCH 15, 1915.

NATIONAL VERSUS INDIVIDUAL NEUTRALITY.

How much of this agitation going the rounds in the United States encouraging Germans to resent what the agitators are wont to criticise as the failure of our neutrality, is partisan political, and how much fair-mindedly patriotic, we will perhaps never know. We do know, however that wherever republican leaders find a chance to pat these Germans on the back and encourage them to believe that the kaiser is not getting a square deal, they are not neglecting to make use of it. Certain speakers that have recently been prominent at German neutrality meetings held in this country, in Chicago, Indianapolis, and elsewhere, are even said to be drawing their expense money, and bits of salary from the republican national committee's treasury. The belief is that the purpose is to capitalize German sensitiveness with reference to the average attitude of Americans toward the war in Europe, and get it charged up, if possible, against the Wilson administration at Washington, thus to catch the German vote in 1916.

We suggest that our German friends and especially those of democratic faith, might do less patriotic things as German-Americans, than to take this possibility, indeed, probability, into serious account. Don't let your love for the Fatherland, which is natural and right, get away with your better judgment; in other words, don't allow your native patriotism to become "doped" with political gas. Germany has placed a concrete case before the state department at Washington, to test our neutrality, and there is no disguising the fact that the feeling in Germany is very bitter toward the American people, but the attitude of this government has been strictly neutral to the last degree, and Germany's statesmen know it, and have recently admitted it. Note that there is a distinct difference between the neutrality of the nation, as a nation, and a nation's people in the use of their individual freedom. We cannot deny that as individual citizens the mass of our people are in sympathy with the allied nations, but you cannot charge that against Pres't Wilson or the federal government, with any degree of regard for the facts.

The United States of America possesses a magnificent German-American citizenship, of which it is justly proud. Were this citizenship menaced by a foreign foe, be it England, France or any other nation, every man would rally to its defense, every resource of this country would be brought to bear to protect it; for, they are our own people. When it comes, however, to expression of sympathy, in thought and speech, it is as idle to attempt to combat it as it is to control the winds that blow.

It should be the policy of the United States government, as a government, to maintain the strictest simon pure, impartial neutrality; the neutrality that knows no friendships, admits no dislikes, turns a deaf ear to blandishments, ignores threats; but as to the personal prerogative of freedom of thought and liberty of speech granted to its people by God and the constitution—why, as Kipling says, "That's another story."

We doubt if there is a German in all the land, who having tasted of these blessed privileges of American freedom, would want them set at naught, at any price. They, like the rest of us, must give and take. Germany since the opening of communication with that country has had a pretty square deal through American sources of information. The American press has gladly carried the German side insofar as it has been available. It can hardly be made a partisan political issue, nor should it be allowed to be used to inculcate partisan political prejudice, that certain American citizens have failed to subscribe to the German viewpoint. There are a lot of our people, natives of England or natives of France, or if not natives themselves; the sons of natives. In order that this may be a home for all of these, they must have this freedom of thought, and of occasional explosion, as well as must the German-Americans, else this is no longer the "land of the free"—but the home of the crank exclusively.

FARMERS AND ADVERTISING.

The following is an actual happening. A physician with a large and growing family decided to move out into the country to save expenses. In order to help out on his income, he started in poultry raising. He had had no experience whatever at it, and the farmers of the neighborhood laughed at him. They thought he would soon retire from the competition, with more experience and fewer dollars.

The doctor, however, made quite a study of scientific poultry raising. One of his ideas was to use printer's ink freely. He inserted with his deliveries of eggs a printed circular telling the public about his methods. He emphasized the cleanliness and sanitary condition of his poultry houses. He spoke of his care to feed the fowls a well balanced ration of both grain and vegetable food. He told of the care taken to sort the eggs for size, color, and cleanliness, and he guaranteed a given weight per dozen.

The farmers of the town were selling their eggs to the country store for a small price. Probably the store had to sell to a wholesaler, and they may have had to go through several hands. The doctor, selling at a little better price than the farmers were getting at the store, soon picked up a good trade in the nearest large town.

In a short time he was cleaning up the whole product of his poultry yard at better prices than the men were getting who had monkeyed with chicken raising all their lives.

Probably his simple little printed statement of his methods had more to do with it than anything else. No doubt many of the old farmers had equally good methods. But they took no pains to tell the public about them. It makes little difference how good a man's methods are, how well produced his goods are, how low they are selling, if he never takes any pains to tell the public about it.

The moral is too obvious. Any farmer who raises staples like eggs, butter, vegetables, and whose food products are attractive, can get all the business he wants at good prices in the nearest large town, by spending a little money on advertising.

A FINE REMINDER.

John Johnson, the famous dog-race man from Alaska, is at the San Francisco exposition with an exhibit that's finer than anything he'll see in that big show. It is a pair of half-eaten deer-hide moccasins that he tried to consume when caught in a blizzard, one time. "I keep them," says John, "to make me remember when I forget my present blessings."

It might be a good thing if every fellow in his early days, had to eat his shoes. There's too much "grouch" in this world and most of it comes from our forgetting present blessings, from our not remembering that time when we were down to eating our shoes, figuratively speaking.

The fellow who has, sometime, been awfully hard up is a better man toward his fellows, as a rule, than the fellow who has had it all honey and cakes from his cradle up. The first fellow is apt to spread sunshine. That other fellow is pretty certain to be wholly dissatisfied and to look with indifference upon the duty of every man to spread sunshine.

There's too much groaning over what might have been and too little shouting of "Let us hope for the best!" We can't all of us carry around our half-eaten moccasins to remind us that we have blessings that we didn't have, but there have been blizzards, bumps, or bowlings-out in the lives of all of us and they're mighty fine things to carry in our memory for comparison's sake. Even those of us who are down to eating our shoes, or thereabouts, will not have to hunt far to find folks who haven't even the shoes to eat.

STUDY IT FIRST.

The following from the mayor of Houston, Texas, where the jitney bus is under fire by the powerful Boston corporation, Stone, Webster & Co., owner of the street railways, evidences a proper attitude toward an important matter puzzling a good many municipalities:

"The ordinance to regulate jitneys might be changed altogether before we get through with it. The ordinaance drawn is just the first draft. It is only a starter. We are just trying to study the jitney question so we will know a little something about it before we start to make any laws on the subject."

REVISED TO DATE.

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of literacy, of thee we tell. Land of the reading test, banish the unlearned guest, till all, from east to west, know how to spell!

Governor Ferguson announces publicly that if the foreign life insurance companies now seeking the repeal of the Robertson Insurance Law of Texas, will agree to loan $25,000,000 in five equal annual installments, on farm mortgages or city property, in Texas, at a rate not to exceed 6 per cent, beginning Sept. 1, 1915, he will urge the repeal of the law. The silence since is painful.

William J. Cummins, the banker serving a term in Sing Sing for wrecking the Carnegie Trust Co. of New York, has been elected chairman of the Golden Rule Brotherhood of the prison. The golden rule, up-to-date as exemplified by Cummins reads: "Do others as they would do you—first."

The new battleship California will be the first electric war vessel, the dream of inventors come true. It will also be the largest ship in our navy, 624 feet long, 97 feet wide with a speed of 21 knots.

Next to the president of the United States the sheriff of New York county probably gets a larger salary than any public official in this country. He receives an average annual income of $56,000.

The experts of the University of Illinois are trying to find out why the students go to sleep at lectures. The ministers have been working on a similar problem for many years.

The Dutch government has increased the amount of its extraordinary war credit from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000. The fever of militarism is a most contagous disease

The chief diversion enjoyed by the children when they get a holiday seems to be hanging around the kitchen asking mother what they shall do next.

As Uncle Sam firmly refuses to pull anyone's else's chestnuts out of the fire, it is charged by all the warring powers that he is hiding under the bed.

If dropping of prices continues for long, the American farmer may have to eat the wheat he's accused of holding, but he'll have help at the eating.

There is continued dissatisfaction with the way July Fourth is observed, but no trouble at all in getting St. Patrick's day adequately celebrated.

Many men now feel it is imprudent to go home early and interrupt their wives, who are having a good time alone beating up the parlor carpet.

Big increase in Panama canal business reported. And it's one report of prosperity that the the professional calamity howler can't lie about.

Three hundred churches have united to put Chicago's 700 saloons out of business. Seeing that it's Chicago, that's some heavy odds.

In view of the high prices of food products, it would seem as if the farmer could afford to let his wife have her 1912 hat trimmed over.

If potatoes were scarce and high this year, potato bread might be a popular substitute for wheat.

The evidence would seem to indicate that Capt. Boy-Ed has been a very busy little attache indeed.

Isn't Germany trying to give Austria away pretty early in the game?

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

Spring Fashion Week aftermath: We have an irresistable desire to chuck our winter hat.

ONE ON YOU AND I.

(To W. W. D.)

At an Orpheum show
Some weeks ago,
They had a rube quartet;
A rube to belong,
Put up a song
I never shall forget.
'Twas about a boat,
It got my goat,
I bet it bid for thine.
The bottom from jibbers,
Was all full of slivers,
So was mine, so was mine, so was mine.

'Twas out in Chy—
How time goes by,
When you were on the loop.
I lived there too,
And know that you,
Trailed after every troupe.
Well once a mob
Of girls did throb,
A burlesque some divine,
Your business stunt,
Meant a seat in front,
So was mine, so was mine, so was mine.

Now the swimming act,
To be exact,
I read it, "On the Aisle."
You chanced to speak
About the leak,
It really made me smile.
The maids were there,
I do declare!
I too was there at nine;
Your feet got wet
So close and yet—
So was mine, so was mine, so was mine.

WRIGHT ATEM.

SUNDAY is a day for contemplation and reflection. The cessation of mental and physical activity in business cares and social diversions relieves the mind of its accustomed tensity and permits it to rebound into its normal channels. We believe in Sunday as a day of relaxation, which comes from diverting the mental and physical forces from the trends of the week, and in devoting the time to whatever is beneficial to mind and body.

THIS, we are aware, is a broad view of Sabbath diversion, but it is the one to which the world is rapidly turning. It is not, however, susceptible to too liberal construction. It does not mean that one's occupations should desecrate the day.

TRADITION as well as history should be honored to the full extent of its worth.

WORRY over the ice crop has now been shifted from the producer to the consumer.

Makes Mabel Merry.

Sir: "D." may take on superior airs over us women about the harness of a horse, when we hitch with a line instead of a rum-strap, but when he says we "crochet" the superfluous end into a "strip of tatting," it is to laugh.

MABEL.

WE hate to talk about our neighbors, but it seems to us that Terry Hut is no better than she should be.

EVEN in the United States, to say nothing of Belgium and other European countries we might name, there are people who are suffering for a bagfull of that wheat the Eitel Friederick dumped into the ocean.

A Problem In Accent.

Sir: When Webster and the Century fail us, where can we go but to you. How on earth do you accent "pacifist?" A part of the time I am influenced by the accent of "pacific," and then I switch to that of "pacify." Being myself a pacifist, I want to know, you know.

M.

AS we recently remarked, the dictionaries have a hard time keeping up with the growth of the language. We have searched the several mangy backed, dog eared authorities in this office in vain for an answer to M.'s question. Pacifist seems to have come since the last edition. There is, however, reason in all things and we don't know why the rule of reason should not be applied to the pronunciation of pacifist. For example, let us begin at the end of the word and unravel it. Certainly we should not place the accent on "fist." That would be emphasizing an incongruous element. In fact, we quest the propriety of putting "fist" in the word. Now, will you put three or two letters in your next syllable? It seems to us that on the answer to this inquiry depends the solution of the problem. If you use three you must accent "cif." If you use two the accent is inevitably shifted to the first syllable. Simple enough if you can decide on the number of letters in the second. Next!

Cy Goff's Financial Theory.

Cy Goff's Place, Fish Lake, Marcellus, Mich.

C. N. F.—This financial situation isn't nearly as serious as they would have us believe, according to Cy Goff, at any rate.

He says: "gov'ment's got a big machine that stamps out the dollars and all we have to do is to figger out some way to git 'em."

Simple enough, isn't it?

SIB.

E. S. S.—The boys in the postoffice would enjoy it, but we have to be careful about giving our readers wrong impressions.

You Might Read This.

(From the Sanskrit.)

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to the Day! For it is Life.
The very Life of Life,
In its brief course lies all the Varieties
And Realities of your Existence.
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream.
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well lived
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope,
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

AND then get up and return the salutation.

C. N. F.

Statesmen Real and Near.

By Fred C. Kelly

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Sec'y of War Garrison sat at a dinner table the other day conversing with Congressman Julius Kahn of California. The talk turned to the days when Kahn was an actor.

"You know," laughed the secretary of war, "I was on the stage at one time myself. During the year I served at Harvard—back in '82—I used to make spending money by serving, along with a number of classmates, as 'supe' at various Boston theaters. I appeared several times as a Roman soldier, and I was part of the mob on hand when Julius Ceasar was killed. Once I had a part that required a bit of makeup. It was in a production headed by the older Salvini, and they took me into the dressing room of a regular actor who made me up. I never have experienced such a thrill of pride as I felt when I occupied that dressing room with a sure enough actor. We had a good heart-to-heart talk, I remember, and he said there was nothing to the life on the stage. He told me he intended to retire from the profession."

"Now that you mention it," spoke up Kahn, "I recall that same conversation, very well. For I was that actor."

When the late Justice Harlan was on the United States supreme court bench there was a newspaper man in Washington who was usually able to forecast the supreme court decisions with remarkable accuracy.

He would have been even more accurate in his surmises, except that he first guessed what Harlan would decide and took that to be the opinion of the supreme court. This made his forecasts wrong about half the time, for Harlan did not always agree with his associates. He was the Great Dissenter.

Harlan was lecturer at a law school in Washington at that time, and the newspaper man referred to was studying law. Now Harlan had a habit of using whatever important case that he had just been deciding to illustrate points that came up before his law class. He would cite a hypothetical case, trace it out, showing the items that might be subject to dispute, and give his opinion of the proper view to take.

One day the newspaper man noted the striking similarity between a case of national interest decided by the supreme court and a hypothetical case of A versus B discussed by Harlan at the law school.

After that, by keeping tab of the cases being considered by the supreme court and paying close heed to Harlan's lectures, he was able to do a line of forecasting that was a mystery to his associates for many months.

Because he has a solemn face, learnedly seamed, Sen. Burton is commonly supposed to have no sense of humor. This is entirely erroneous. Burton has a way of extracting humor our of a situation. It is a dry kind of humor, but humor nevertheless. For example, when he was getting together the material for his all night speech against the ship purchase bill a while ago, Burton had on hand enough documents from the congressional library to have cooked up a speech lasting a fortnight. While at his office engaged in sorting out this mass of material Buton picked up a book that looked older and duller and carried finer print than any of the others.

"Ah," said the senator, turning to a friend who was waiting on him, "here is something that will be of interest. Yes, here is a matter that will attract attention. It will be instructive. Everybody should know about it."

The book that had so delighted Burton was an account of a debate in the house of commons in 1740, or thereabouts, between Fox and another nice chap on the subject of executive usurpation of power.

"Yes," repeated Burton, as he brushed the dust off the giddy volume, "this will be of the greatest interest—and very instructive."

And nobody who saw the sly little twinkle about the senator's eye would have questioned that he has a certain sense of humor.

(Copyright, 1915, by Fred C. Kelly.)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * BITS OF INFORMATION * * * * * * * * * * * * *

October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same day. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year.

When is Garden Soil Ready for Planting?

The Average Back Yard Soil Is Poor But Housewife or Child May Get Good Results if Careful Attention Is Given Its Preparation in the Spring.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—"When is the proper time for preparing to plant one's garden?"

The United States department of agriculture's specialist says that in the spring as soon as the soil has dried so that a handful when grasped in the hand and gripped by the fingers will slowly fall apart upon being released, it is in a fit mechanical condition to prepare for planting. Clay or heavy soils should never be worked while wet. More injury may be done by doing this than can be overcome in several years of careful culture.

When the soil is found dry, as described above, the upper three inches should be made fine by the use of the hoe and steel-tooth rake; all rubbish, stones, and clods should be removed and the surface made even, somewhat compact, and as level as the contour of the area will permit. It may then be marked off for planting in conformity to the general plan of the garden.

Much of the soil in the average back yard is not only poor in plant food and deficient in decaying vegetable matter, but it is hard and unyielding. However, such is the basis which many a housewife or child has to use for the making of a garden. Teachers who plan school gardens for their pupils also have similar conditions to meet. Therefore, in order to get good results, careful attention must be given to the preparation of the soil.

Soils which are naturally moist are likely to be sour and so not in the best condition for the crop. Whether sour or not it will be well to have the pupils test them, which can be done as follows: Secure from a drug store a piece of blue litmus paper; then take a handful of the soil slightly moistened and place the paper on it. If sour the paper will turn red. To correct such a condition lime should be used. Cover the ground with a thin coat of air-slaked lime, which can probably be secured nearby at small cost, and work this in well. The use of the lime, while not a plant food, will correct the acidity and will improve the physical condition of the soil.

If the soil is clayey or a stiff clay loam and the location is in a section where severe freezing occurs, it will be found a decided advantage to give the area a heavy dressing of decomposed manure in the autumn, and before freezing weather sets in spade the land so as to turn the manure under and leave the soil in a rough, lumpy condition so as to secure the benefit of the digestive action of the winter freezes in reducing the soils. This should be repeated annually at the north. If the soil is light and sandy, a mulch of manure may be spread over it in the fall and the spading delayed until spring.

In localities where the soil does not freeze, the manure may be applied in the autumn and the soil repeatedly spaded during the winter whenever it is dry enough to be worked. The value of freezing at the north can to an extent be attained by repeated spadings at the south. The one general precaution which should always be observed is never stir the soil while it is wet.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

Mrs. M. J. Frankel is in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Adler are attending grand opera in Chicago.

Harry Lundy is behind the dress goods counter at the Grossman store.

The Cleosaphies presented the following program Friday afternoon: Piano solo, Eleanor Rengle; oration, Everett Baxter; critic's report, Hattie Stover; recitation, Mamie Kline; instrumental music, Clara Creviston; oration, Grant Waldschmidt; joint essay, Mabel Derr and Bessie Yant; recitation, Mamie Hinkel; piano solo, Harriet Campbell.

A MAN'S WORLD.

The wide range for Father;
From the crater to the star
The earth is his—he made it—
But the kitchen range for Ma.
The open polls for Father;
On the governmental car
He is driver and conductor—
But the clothes poles for Ma.

—Pluck.