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JULY 11, 1919.

PRESIDENTIAL SHIRT SLEEVES.

President Wilson's address to congress—particularly the senate—presenting to it the peace treaty, and the League of Nations covenants, will gradually soak in as time wears on. Neither senate nor people can be expected to appreciate its full significance too suddenly. It will no doubt take much more of his time and more than it should, or would, if partisan prejudices and personal hates, were not so important a factor.

But be that as it may the president will have other things as well as this to occupy his mind and time. He may not be able to give all his time, from now on, even to the peace treaty, the League, desirable reconstruction measure, or other chores of like nature bound to come up. A western man, writing to a New York newspaper, presents another serious matter for his consideration. It is the perennial question of coats and shirt-sleeves.

"Why should American manhood have to suffer as it does, wearing coats in the sweltering weather of July and August?" asks this man, as millions of perspiring citizens have asked before. "No reason at all," he answers, just as they have answered. But unlike the rest of them, he proposes to do something about it—or rather, to let President Wilson do something.

"Just get the president to walk down Pennsylvania av. in his shirt-sleeves," he suggests, "and the reform will be accomplished. Every he-American will peel off his coat, and be as comfortable as his women-folks."

It might work. Why not start a petition and put the matter up to the president formally? He is rated abroad as a "shirt-sleeve diplomat," anyhow. He might "fall for it." It would be democratic, and it would be good politics. An election might be won that way—if it were held in July.

What is more the president may have to peel off his coat and traverse Pennsylvania av., after some such fashion as suggested by the westerner. The paragon statesmanship, lack of constructive ability, and other very apparent incompetencies of the senate and house, to do anything without the president's guardianship, as confessed by their conduct during the past two months, assures him of something to do, now that he is back home, that may call for shirt-sleeve activity.

Scarcely a thing recommended in his cabled message to congress upon its convening in special session, has been touched. No one in Washington seemed possessed of the brains or even the nerve to tackle them. They satisfied themselves, and thought to appear wise by running at the mouth, baring matters not before them, and which they will probably not be able to comprehend, now that the matters are before them. No wonder the president is the man thought by the westerner to set the new style. A man who towers so like "Saul above his brethren," is generally a man who does things as if in his shirt-sleeves anyway, and with the physical perfection—well, his stature would be perfect.

SAVE THE GRIZZLY.

There are no game laws to protect the great American grizzly bear, and unless some are made he will become extinct like other wild animals which once abounded in this country but are to be found no more.

It is doubtful, according to Enos Mills, a Colorado naturalist, if the grizzly is holding his own anywhere, except in the national parks where there are laws against shooting.

Most of the crimes ascribed to this member of the bear family are set down as fiction. He is said to be a distinct asset as a destroyer of field mice and other pests, besides being one of the most splendid representatives of the animal world.

"He is the greatest animal without a voice, and the most impressive animal on our continent," pleads Mr. Mills in his latest book "The Grizzly." Certainly the extermination of his tribe would mean the sacrifice of one of the greatest figures in the annals of hunting.

OUR CRITICS AND OURSELVES IN THE ZIMMER-DAMBACHER CASES.

Any consolation that the city hall organ, in its snake-like hypocrisy, defensive of, and screening the city administration in its crookedness, seeking to defeat the ends of justice, and effect the subversion of public morality, for which it must feel a partial responsibility; any consolation, we say, that the republican organ can get out of the reference and criticism of this paper by Judge Chester R. Montgomery, in the superior court Wednesday, it is decidedly welcome to. That there may be no mistaking the identity of the city hall organ, we mean the South Bend Tribune.

Thank heaven that, being a democratic newspaper, and Judge Montgomery having been elected on a democratic ticket, we gave him something to criticize; at least, that if he thought it deserved criticism, he gave it what he thought it deserved. Naturally

we do not agree with him on the import of the article. We claim the absolute right, as an organ of public information, to carry to the public, even in advance of a judicial decision, a concept of what a decision this or that way would mean, and what the public effects of it would be, and that is all that the article to which Judge Montgomery took exception, really did. We have as much right to discuss what a judicial decision, this way or that, will mean, as we have to discuss the possible effect of an act of congress, in advance of its passage.

Judge Montgomery in his criticism overlooked the fact that newspapers, in our case at least, are published for public consumption, and he needn't read them, unless he wants to. We don't pretend to tell him what to do and neither have we ever invited him to fill our editorial chair—even though Judge Mott did once quite occupy such chair and report his own court for the Tribune, in particular cases. Still if Judge Montgomery wants to criticize, he may criticize, and is at liberty within his judicial right to exercise his functions. There is no combination, or subversion, or bossism, or system of screening or applause, existing as between local democratic officials and the democratic newspaper, such as disgraces the community as between republican officials and the republican newspaper.

Republican officials can go into the "bootlegging" business; assume the magic power of turning liquor into water; throw their protecting arms about bawdy-houses and gambling halls; raid giant supplies of "contraband" liquor, without arresting the possessors, and then seek to hold such liquor—for what purpose the devil only knows—even as against judicial process in quest of it to enforce law and justice; all this and the republican organ screens it, winks at it, and by act and deed approves of it—just because they are republicans.

Anyhow, though we may have given Judge Montgomery something to criticize, furnishing the lick-spittle republican organ something to croak about, we can still thank the Good Lord for that moral sense, that at least landed us on the moral side of the issue, rather than the immoral one where our contemporary stands; on the side of the public interest, welfare and decency, instead of the side of political crookedness, and dogged disrespect of judicial orders,—again, where the aforesaid contemporary stoops to bleed.

Not only that, but despite Judge Montgomery's criticism, we seem to have been pretty near right on the law according to his own decision, not because we said it was the law, but because it was, and we were obliged to find it that way. Cognizance seems to have been taken of the conditions likely to result from a decision adverse to the state, quite as we anticipated them in possibility; this too, not because we anticipated them, but because the court couldn't help but see them, and Pros. Schwartz brought them to his attention besides. Frankly, we think our attitude in this matter,—and scores of others regardless of partisanship,—ditto, our rightful attitude, has been such that even the public will concede that were the situations reversed as they now stand, with reference to modes of action and political complexion; if the conduct emanating from the city hall was that of democrats instead of republicans, and that from the prosecutor's office, that of a republican instead of a democrat; yes, even if the political affiliations of Judge Montgomery and Judge Funk were reversed, our attitude would be the same as it is, based upon the legal, moral and civic status, rather than like that of our contemporary, upon a purely political one; with morals, decency, and respect for the law be damned.

Right is right, and wrong is wrong, regardless of the partisan complexion of the judge, prosecutor, police official, or any other official that indulges in either.

Does the republican organ condone, screen, protect, or approve of the city hall attitude in this Zimmer-Dambacher matter? Had Judge Montgomery taken the trouble the day previous to the appearance of our article of which he complained, to read the report of that case in the city administration paper, he would have found this, quite threateningly:

"In the event that the case is of such a nature that it can not be appealed, it is likely that Chief Kline, through the city attorney, will take recourse by a replevin suit, or by refusing to obey the court's order and then appealing on the contempt charges with which he would immediately be faced."

Was it a warning? Was it an attempt to scare? Did the city attorney seek publication of that item to influence the court? If so, wasn't he quite as culpable as Pros. Schwartz would have been, had he sought newspaper assistance—which he didn't—but which in all probability the city attorney did, considering his close partisan affiliation? Again we say, to the credit of Judge Montgomery, that he evidently reads newspapers only that are worth reading, and regards only the expressions of those whose independent self-respect, lifting them above party, renders their expressions worth noting.

CHANGING A RELIGION.

Max Harden, the German editor, asks: "Will 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 industrious and, for the most part, personally worthy human beings reach the conviction that not only certain methods but the entirety of their thinking and willing—their political religion—has been condemned by the genius of the age, and that humanity will not rest until this religion has been rendered wholly impotent?" We don't know. You never can tell about Germans. But we know that if they don't, Germany is "kaput" for ever.

Maybe the doughboys didn't fight consciously for a peace federation. Nevertheless we find the Stars and Stripes, the American soldiers' newspaper, declaring for "a League of Nations with such sinews of war and such conscience for peace that no one will dare oppose it."

Somebody suggests that the money formerly spent for booze be spent now for books. Good idea! Anybody to whom this sort of expenditure is new might begin with Omar Khayyam and end up with Jack London's "John Barleycorn."

While the Germans were killing 88,000 American soldiers in France and Belgium, 226,000 men, women and children were killed right here at home, "accidentally." Is such carelessness much more pardonable than German aggression?

Headline—"Church To Cure Unrest." The church can do it if anybody can—there is nothing like a good, long sermon to put folks to sleep.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

WEEDS.

Let worthier rymsters chant the praise
Of roses, pearled with morning dew.
Or glorify, in rapturous lays,
The poppy's red, the violet's blue,
But I, who each succeeding Spring
Have tilled my soil, and sowed my seeds,
And hoped my hopes, prefer to sing
Of weeds.

I do not think it would be right
To waste my effort in a song
To flowers which give up the fight
To any bug that comes along.
There's no ambition to a rose,
It has no pep or enterprise
Once bitten in the neck it goes
And dies.

But weeds—they fear no living thing,
They've got real solid, honest grit.
No bug that ever whirled a wing
Can frighten them, or make 'em quit.
Undaunted by the spade or plow
Whose mission is to lay them low
They come right back and gracious, how
They grow!

That Good must triumph over Bad
A lovely little maxim is,
It cheers the heart, and yet the lad
Who wrote it didn't know his biz.
I've known, through all my gardening days
That Good is licked, and Bad succeeds;
And, in all fairness, pen these lays
To weeds!

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The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

Our friend Woodrow Wilson says that we must now assume the moral leadership of the world. We thought that he would feel the same way as we did about morals after he had spent a little while in France.

Judge Anderson always seems to jerk up the welcome mat when he sees any South Benders coming into his court regardless of whether they are lawyers or bootleggers.

We have a letter on our desk from George W. L. Douglas Dimel, written at the LaSalle hotel, Chicago. George must think it is still June—visiting in Chicago.

A mystery is awaiting solution on our desk. It revolves around a postal card from Wisconsin, which is signed by one Bill Grimm and we don't know whether the writer is the eminent restaurateur, or our Bill Grimm that lays around upstairs.

Among the local people that telephoned up yesterday asking to borrow \$15 for an aeroplane ride were the following: Frank H. Allen, South Bend Bread company.

We thanked Mr. Allen for the compliment.

One of the finest speeches we have yet heard touching on the late European altercation was one by Seal Welch before the Kiwanis club the other day.

Mr. Welch did not refer to his notes once, and spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen I am glad to be back. I did not see any fighting and want to thank you for your kind attention."

There is a rumor afloat that the local bootleggers' association has leased the vacant lawn next to the city hall for the cultivation of poison ivy roots.

We interviewed Bill Nichols, the

speer fiend, the other day on a report that he was going up in the local aeroplane just as soon as he had the time. Mr. Nichols made the following objections to the trip:—

(1) It does not seem to be dangerous enough.
(2) The plane does not travel fast enough. I cordially dislike to be yanked through the air at less than 200 miles per hour.
(3) It should go higher. I could not think of going up in an aeroplane if it did not at least go as high as the distance between South Bend and West Hammond.

(4) Passengers are strapped into their seats. That would be an awful bore to me.

"Go to church every Sunday is very good advice. If not a member of a church you may be perplexed as to where to go," reads a newspaper item.
It's a cinch you know where you'll go if you don't go to church.

Boy, chalk up another pretty home wedding for Mishawaka.

A San Francisco bartender died from the heat on the first dry day. We expect to hear some of the boys soon advancing this as a strong argument against prohibition.

The peace treaty and the League of Nations seem to be fading into insignificance as compared with the Zimmer-Dambacher case.

Shimmy Minnie is in town but the police will not be called. Min is a clever little doll that A. R. Mayerfeld picked up in New York for the window of Newman's store, and it's a good thing she is a doll too, or Bill Cassidy might have been on the job before this.

Joe Grand Leader postal cards us from New York that Gotham looks like a circus these days—there's so many camels on the streets all of the time.

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