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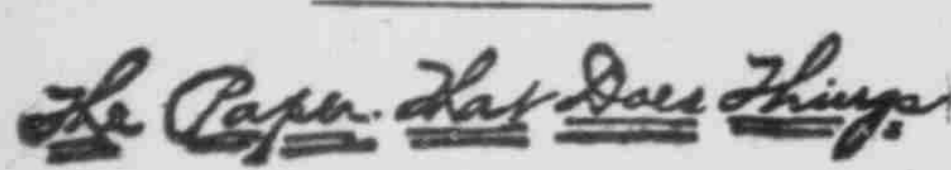
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JULY 22, 1918.

HOW G. O. P. BACKS PRESIDENT.

That much heralded speech that belled from Oyster Bay to Saratoga Springs, last week, telling how the country needs republicans in the senate and house at Washington next year to effectively back the president, finds a fitting answer in an address by Sen. Penrose of Pennsylvania, delivered before the senate recently in discussing the agricultural appropriation bill. Surely nothing has been done so radical in the administration endeavors to keep down prices and prevent profiteering as to justify opposition of this sort.

Professing particular objection to a few minor items dealing with the conservation of certain foods and the propagation of fur-bearing animals, Sen. Penrose disclosed his animosity to the entire federal conservation program by attacking the methods employed by Pres't Wilson, Food Administrator Hoover, and Fuel Administrator Garfield to keep down prices to the consumer. In seeking to support his argument against price fixing, Sen. Penrose declared that "the way to keep too much sugar from being consumed is for sugar to go up in price, even if it is 20 or 30 cents a pound, and it will automatically regulate itself."

Ignoring the fact that the president has called to his aid some of the best minds of the country to assist him in solving the great economic problems brought on by the war, Sen. Penrose characterized these officials generally as "upstarts absolutely ignorant of the duties confided to them."

In the course of his rather remarkable speech, Sen. Penrose indicated that he was particularly peeved because the government regarded the raising of money for war purposes as more important than the continuing of local improvements in Philadelphia, such as the development of a system of transportation in that city.

KLEPTOMANIA BY POLITICAL JACKSNIPES.

One would think from reading the Saratoga speech of Oyster Bay's "distinguished citizen," that but for him, and a few partisan high-binders like him, the war would be called off forthwith, and with only the afore-said "distinguished citizen" and his aforsaid co-partisan high-binders wise enough to see the fallacy of it. With all the asinine audacity of a certain Indiana senator, who unloosed his partisan biliousness at Indianapolis some six weeks since, he assumes an attitude of being the only man in America—aside from a little political clique that he condenses to recognize,—who wants the kaiser licked. He takes Pres't Wilson's Mt. Vernon speech of July Fourth, revamps it, introducing not a single new idea, and hands it out as something new and exclusively his, and a thing capable of being worked out only with he and his party in power.

We have commented before in this column, on this same Oyster Bay man, that "it is a waste of lather to shave an ass," but we never before realized the full significance of it. The ass is the most egotistical, self-assured, self-satisfied, doggedly self-purposed animal extant, excepting the dude,—and the kaiser,—and they all bray quite similarly. The Oyster Bay man's Saratoga speech, presuming to appropriate the president's Mt. Vernon announcement, and claiming it as "my policy," is too asinine for credit even to an ass that has been shaven.

He would make it appear that but for the party with which he aligns himself, and its representation in Washington, the war administration would have done absolutely nothing. He speaks as idiotically in this as he did of the Taft administration in 1912, when he was built moosing the country in an effort to regain his lost political equilibrium. Our "gallant army in France," and our ship and aircraft production, are all achievements of the senate military affairs committee, driving the war administration to it,—the inveterate prevaricator goes on; forgetting, or concealing the fact that this committee has never done anything, even to investigating, until it was about time for the public to find out what was being done, then instituting a splurge as if they were forcing it.

It was so with respect to the quick transportation of troops to France; so with reference to the shipbuilding program; so with regard to aircraft production. After the war administration had proceeded with its preparations, experiments, laying in of supplies, accumulation of materials, etc., a long, exacting, intricate task, and was instantly ready to really do things, the senate military affairs committee, composed mainly of partisan "copper-heads," in each instance broke out, declaring that the war administration was not functioning, had "fallen down" and everything was going to the bow wows. There was a flash in the pan, the administration proceeded with its work as it would have proceeded anyhow, and then the senate "copper-heads" have proceeded to claim the credit of having "forced it."

Kleptomaniacs by political jacksnipes: that is the definition of the Saratoga harangue, same as it defines the "rough rider" offense of the storm of San

Jaun. But if, as before stated, "It is a waste of lather to shave an ass," why waste good paper, and good ink, analyzing the idiosyncrasies of a brain-storm?

DON'T WEAR PLATINUM.

The problem, to wear or not to wear platinum jewelry, is one that troubles most of us very little. Nevertheless it is startling to learn, in the face of the great need for platinum in the manufacture of explosives, airplanes, electrical machinery, etc., that over half of the supply of platinum has come to be used in jewelry. It is combined with gold or used alone in cigarette cases, mesh bags, wedding rings and jewelry of every kind.

The scarcity of platinum is serious. Formerly, it is said, we obtained 95 percent of our platinum from Russia. Germany now has practically the whole Russian output in her hands. The price has advanced from \$30 to \$100 an ounce. Last March, steps were taken to commandeer commercial supplies of platinum. But that does not seem to be enough. It may yet become necessary to turn over to the government all the platinum now in private possession.

Many people are pledging themselves not to purchase and not to accept as gifts any articles containing this metal. It is a very small thing to do. People can worry along very well without platinum jewelry, and those who continue to wear it ought to feel like the man mentioned in a recent issue of The Outlook. He spoke of a gold and platinum watch chain that was a prized gift. "I hate to go on wearing this chain. It makes me feel like a slacker."

STICK TO THE OLD BEDS.

The conservation of beds, recommended by the war industries board, can surely be agreed to by a patriotic public without any great sense of hardship. If the brass and steel are needed for war purposes, we can surely get along without asking manufacturers to make us new brass beds for some time to come.

Wooden beds are surely as tolerable as wooden ships and both were found tolerable for a good many hundred years. Indeed, what middle-aged man or woman of us was not born in a wooden bed? What was good enough for the fathers and grandfathers is surely good enough for the children, always excepting the old, round knobby-four-poster with a creaking rope cat's cradle instead of springs.

There are fewer beds needed, too, because a couple of million young men have left them for a bedless occupation and there may be another couple of million beds left vacant before long. We can make them go 'round till the boys get back.

As for children, the matter is comparatively simple. One big brother's bed, supplied with a stout partition in the middle, will serve nicely for two youngsters. Cradles are out of style. There is no ban, apparently, on the baby's crib. If there should be, father can make one himself.

Where now are those submarines that were guaranteed to "freeze the marrow in Pres't Wilson's bones"? Has the marrow been frozen in Admiral Tirpitz's bones?

The war is factories, by standardizing their output, contrive to keep up quantity production, but the consumption of their fabricated facts is steadily waning.

It doesn't matter whether Hindenburg is dead or not. His reputation is dead. The punch of his army is gone. There are no more Hindenburgian victories.

"Food riots in Bulgarian towns." "Smatter? Have they stopped brewing that famous Bulgarian butter-milk we used to read about?"

The Germans are beginning to suspect that we really have a few men in France.

Other Editors Than Ours

"WE SHALL ATTACK."

American troops are writing history on the Marne. And it is American history. In its annals will be emblazoned the message sent by "an American general" on Monday afternoon: after the Germans had succeeded in forcing the American troops back south of the Marne:

"We regret being unable on this occasion to follow the counsels of our masters, the French, but the American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable and none of our soldiers would understand their not being asked to do whatever is necessary to re-establish a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter attack."

The Americans attacked and gained half a mile. What a glowing tribute to the fighting spirit of our troops! What an exalting glorification of their love of country! What an example of fidelity! What an inspiration to a nation at war!

The spirit that shines out between the lines of this message is the spirit that will glow ever more radiantly, lighting the pathway to victory for democracy and humanity.

"An American General" may reasonably hope for sympathetic consideration at the hands of Gen. Foch, himself a vigorous exponent of the theory, "When in doubt, attack."

This dispatch will go down in history with that of Gen. Grant before Richmond on the 11th of May, 1864, to the secretary of war. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and Paul Jones' reply to a demand for the surrender of his shattered ship, "We have just begun to fight."

DRUGGING NONTIPPERS.

The pleasant habit of some waiters in Chicago and elsewhere, if the charges named in an indictment are true, of drugging the food of patrons who neglected to tip, suggests that the theory of the tip has become muddled in these later days. It used to be that a tip was given as an acknowledgment of the skill and politeness of the waiter. Times are changed. The tip is no longer optional. Everybody tips, for poor service or good at some eating places. The waiter expects it. His salary is computed on the basis of how much he will earn through tips. If he gets his fee he is no more thankful than he is to get his monthly pay envelope—if he gets any. But if no tip is forthcoming he is disappointed, chagrined and upset.

In some cases, it seems, the reaction has been great enough to induce him to slip a little colorless, odorless powder into the coffee of the diner with the tight purse string. This treatment has caused unpleasant hours to the person to whom it was administered.

Knowledge that such a practice has existed among waiters is enough to create apprehension in the hearts of those who have been forgetful on the dining car or in the hotel. Waiters can not be expected to know whether the slight is deliberate or due solely to a lapse of memory. As for the man who consciously fails to tip the waiter where it is customary to tip, the news that comes from Chicago will not affect him in the least. Any man who does not fear the look of outraged humanity and limitless disgust on the face of the waiter: when a tip that he is used to getting is not forthcoming will not fear a little dose of powder.

THE MELTING POT

"Come Take Pot Luck With Us"

BUNDY'S MEN!

By Damon Runyan. Maj. Gen. Omar Bundy's men, of the second division, were responsible for the American success at Vaux—Gen. Peyton March's report. Bundy's men are from the south—Bundy's Men! Bundy's Men! From the Mississippi's mouth—Bundy's Men! Bundy's Men! Bundy's men breathe chivalry, And Bundy's men are brave—'Twas Bundy's men who won at Vaux, Advancing wave on wave!

So here's a toast to Bundy's men, And all of Bundy's crew—To Bundy's, Omar Bundy's men, And Omar Bundy, too! Oh, Bundy's men are northern men—Bundy's Men! Bundy's Men! Valley, town and mountain gleam—Bundy's Men! Bundy's Men! Oh, Bundy's men are big and strong, and gallant, and polite—But ask the Bush who fought at Vaux How Bundy's men can fight!



AS WE CARRY THE STARS AND STRIPES THROUGH OLD BERLIN.

By J. D. Loveland. Now, Sammy, buckle your belt up tight, There's sure to be a heck of a fight. For the Hun is on the run and we shall win, We'll jim the works of the "watch" on the Rhine And give them a piece of Yankee time, And we'll carry the Stars and Stripes to old Berlin. Sure! We'll carry the Stars and Stripes to old Berlin, and tie a hemp necktie under the kaiser's chin. We'll give them a sample of Yankee grit and make Old Royalty throw a fit When we carry the Stars and Stripes to old Berlin. Now, Sammy, yell with all your might, For you'll never see a finer sight. Than today as we lead the way with clash and din, We've made the Teuton eat his own broth, And we'll shout our blooming heads plumb off As we carry the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin.

As we carry the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin, See how the German people welcome us in, Just watch the kaiser's mustache droop, As he stands under guard of a Yankee troop, While we carry the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin. Oh! Sammy, think of the loads of fun We had when the fighting all was done, And the pater the Yankees made was nothing slim. It surely was a bitter pill We put down the throat of Kaiser Bill When we carried the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin. When we carried the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin! The memory makes me want to shout again, To Wilhelmstrasse we bid adieu For we named it Woodrow Avenue, When we carried the Stars and Stripes through old Berlin. (Copyright, 1918.)

How to Find the North and South Line

By Garrett P. Serviss. "My brother wants to find a true north-and-south line, to face some new buildings on his farm. He proposes using a compass needle, with correction for magnetic declination. I thought he could get better results by a plan of mine, which, however, failed when tried. It was based on the idea that a perpendicular to the shadow cast by the sun setting in the west must run north and south, but I found the direction of the shadow changing as the sun got lower. What is the reason, and how can one find the north-and-south line?"—E., Utica, N. Y.

You overlooked the fact that the sun sets due west only twice in a year—namely, at the equinoxes, March 21 and Sept. 23, and that even then it touches the west point only at the moment when its center crosses the plane of the rational, or astronomical, horizon, which, except at sea, often differs widely from the sensible, or apparent, horizon.

The course of the sun down the western sky, between noon and sunset, always, in our hemisphere, inclines more or less toward the north with reference to the points of the compass, and this causes the direction of its shadow to shift southward. It is only at the equator that the sun ever passes through the zenith, traveling along a straight line from, true east to true west. At the equinoxes it rises due east and sets due west everywhere on the earth, but even then, except at the equator, its place at noon is either south or north of the zenith, according to the hemisphere in which the observer is situated.

The proper way to find the north-and-south line with the aid of the sun is to make your observations of the shadow at noon. But you cannot take the moment of noon from a watch or clock—you must have true noon, which occurs only when the center of the sun is on the meridian, or middle line of the sky, half-way between east and west, and no two places have the same meridian, or the same noon, unless they lie exactly north or south of one another.

A simple way to proceed is as follows: Begin with the fact that the sun must be at its highest point in the sky when it is on the meridian. That being so, it is evident that the shadow of an upright stick or rod is shorter at true noon than at any other time. Arrange, then, a smooth, level surface—it may be the top of a table—on which you can fix your upright stick, or "gnomon," and half an hour or more

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READ the WANT ADS. ONCE-OVERS. GOING OUT IN THE CAR. In planning your auto trip this year, don't establish a schedule which puts distance covered before the pleasure derived. If one must reach a certain point in a given time, there is constant worry; thus travel is not sport, but effort. Anticipate tire trouble, engine trouble, allow for rain and being stuck in the mud to the point of being hauled out; and then, if you escape any and all of these obstacles, you have a right to be hilarious over your trip. Anticipating trouble is quite different from worrying in advance over what may happen. It means that you are game for whatever happens. Get all the pleasure you can from each moment as it comes while everything is going right, and be not surprised at punctures and blowouts and delays. Just realize from the start that you are in an obstacle race, so don't stew and cuss over your luck when trouble comes. Your own mind and philosophical mood can make these hold-ups into adventures from which you struggle to a victorious end. (Copyright, 1918.) TALKING OVER THE WAR AT HOME. In every family nowadays the members should get together sometimes and exchange ideas concerning the war and the necessity for loyalty to the country. The children should be encouraged to ask questions, and their opinions concerning different phases of the struggle drawn out and their mistakes corrected. American history should be read to the children. There should be ample explanation, and it cannot be done too thoroughly. Some parents look upon study and discussions of this kind as of little value, and this very fact has been a means of unpreparedness which has already shown its effect in the indifference of some young persons. Always there is need of knowledge as to one's country and how best to serve her interests; but now it is doubly necessary that patriotism be taught. As American mothers and fathers have been too lax in this matter, Start tonight! (Copyright, 1918.) SEARS ROEBUCK. Report—Reports June sales as \$12,464,660 an increase of \$2,477,242 over same month in 1917. For the six months ending June 30, sales were \$88,704,572 an increase of \$3,811,125 over same month in 1917.

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