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ISN'T IT TIME TO WAKE UP.

It is hitting Hammond a wallop right between the eyes to have two strikes on its hands at the same time. The Standard Steel Car strike is bad enough, but the business men are dealt a stunning blow with the street car strike crippling them. It does seem as if something else might be done to relieve the situation except incessant wrangling. What are the merits of the case? The street car company wants to raise its fare two cents in order to pay the men the wage increase they have been promised. The city administration will give the fare raise grant, but they insist on the street car company spending \$400,000. When your grocer tells you that you will have to pay a cent a pound more for sugar, have you any right to say to him, "Well, I'll pay you that providing you spend \$500 for a new cash register?"

Who is paying the two-cent fare, the city council or the people of Hammond? This receivership and mandate proceedings may take many weeks to settle. Court action goes just so fast. Is the city going to keep Hammond without street car service until it makes the street railway dip up the \$400,000?

If that is its intention, Hammond might as well quit hoping that it will ever ride in a street car again. The business men and industries of Hammond have a right to demand street car service and they ought to get busy and demand their rights.

It seems as if the Chamber of Commerce ought to be getting into the saddle and make itself useful in this emergency. The business men who are paying dues to keep the organization going are asking that it get busy and take the initiative. The city isn't getting anywhere with either of its strikes. Both of them have lasted entirely too long.

Everybody seems to be resting on his haunches, waiting for the other fellow to get busy.

The best news that could happen to Hammond is that its city council had gone on strike and would never return.

DESERVES HEARTY SUPPORT.

East Chicago and Indiana Harbor, which cities have been first in so many war activities, will be the first city in the county to arrange a Welcome Home Day celebration for returned soldiers and sailors and the finance committee is soliciting subscriptions to make the affair a successful one.

One of the most important duties is to meet the returning soldiers and to extend a most cordial greeting to them. Every citizen of East Chicago obligated himself more than once to greet these men when they returned. Unfortunately, no large units returned, and what the Twin City has in mind as the possible duty could not be carried out because of men returning in small numbers and unannounced. Hence the need of setting aside a Welcome

Home Day, which has been done for September 1. We owe these men some show of our appreciation, and East Chicago is calling the entire city together on September 1st, Labor Day, to give this greeting to every one who was in service from the Twin Cities. It will be a "big job" to feed the soldiers and sailors and to provide entertainment for them, so give all the financial aid you can. Mr. and Mrs. East Chicago, when the committee solicitors call on you.

LYING REPORTERS.

This is one reason why Adl. Gen. H. B. Smith and his men are indignant at Chicago newspaper reports of the strike, the Chicago Evening Post being the principal offender. The following appeared in an issue of the Post last night:

"Four hundred strikebreakers, brought into Hammond by boat last night, marched into the big plants of the Standard Steel Car company in the Indiana town today, taking the places of the company's workmen, who have been on strike for two weeks.

"Striking employees gathered at the gates to the plant ready to defy the importation of strikebreakers, but outbreaks of violence were prevented by heavy cords of military guards."

As an unparalleled example of newspaper lying the above is a first class example. The idea of bringing 400 strikebreakers into Hammond by boat is a novel one and the reporter who wrote it probably lingered too long in Burnham on his way out there. Probably he met the boat coming overland on wheels from Lake Michigan. As for the striking employees gathering at the gates in defiance that was another figment of a coarse imagination, as are the "glistening bayonets" conjured up in this morning's Chicago newspapers.

Mlle. MAKES US TITTER.

Mlle. Mistinguette, a vivacious looking French actress or dancer, or poser, or something, has arrived in this country with what French critics say is the most beautiful pair of legs in the world. We do not consider the Frenchman a good judge of legs at all. The London busman has his faded because they don't mean anything to a L. B. and if the Frenchman gets half as much excited about legs as he does about doughboy's frances he's no person to passionately and even coldly judge of mother extremities. But after giving the underpinnings of Madam'sseille Mistinguette the o. o. as they were pictured in our news columns yesterday we scoff at French judgment. We do more than scoff at it. We boot it with ravenous derision. The Frenchman may pass on lingerie, but not on legs. We can take Mlle. Mistinguette out to Miller Beach, or the Indiana Harbor Beach Park, or the Lake Front Park, and make her look like a sailing plater alongside our own girls. We rise to defend the local products as we know a thousand other patriotic editors over this land will do in their respective communities. What are beaches and stages and high-stepped street cars and electric and boul. Miches for if not to qualify editors for being the best judges of legs. Mistinguette will have to get some other claim to distinction besides her legs.

IS HE RIGHT?

The following letter is worthy of thought and the deepest consideration. It is an editorial in itself written to a newspaper:

"I am a life insurance man on industrial debt, covering about 1,600 families every thirty days. I go into the homes of the rich and poor, business men and tradesmen, union men and non-union men."

"The fewest complaints I hear are in the homes of the really poor non-union, working classes. These people are struggling alone in silence, always hoping that times will be better and food cheaper."

"The most complaints I hear are from the people that are eating chicken about twice a week and buying silk stockings, silk shirts, silk underwear, silk petticoats, silk skirts and silk dresses, \$10 to \$15 shoes and \$15 to \$20 hats. I know a union bricklayer's family, and if you could see these people's clothes you would think that they owned the Standard Oil company. And if you ask the father about industrial conditions, he will swear so that the devil himself would call him master."

"Believe me there is no more extravagant and careless people under the sun than are here in the good old U. S. A. And it makes one who is clear sighted fear that this good country of ours is going the same road that the old Roman empire went."

"Vanity and money madness are at the limit."

NINE months after the armistice, Britain returns to government rationing of foods. Sherman's definition of war seems to apply as well to peace.

AUSTRIA declares she cannot carry out the terms of the treaty. If at first you don't succeed, etc.

SOME doughboys who failed to win war crosses won foreign brides, who in the long run may prove just as interesting.

"THE PRETTIEST LEGS IN EUROPE" ARRIVE IN U. S. THEY ARE INSURED FOR \$100,000



Mlle. Bourgeois de Mistinguett before her 135-gown wardrobe and giving her famous extremities a rest.

Letters from Soldiers

Written to the Home Folks From This Side and the Other Side of the Water.

From J. F. Jaeger.

Letter written by Private Joe F. Jaeger, Co. 27th Infantry, A. E. F. Siberia, via San Francisco, Calif.

Karsafak, Siberia, June 22, 1919.

Dearest Friend Hermine G. Chervil:

Well, here it is Sunday morning and it is the first time I have had a chance to write in two weeks, as we are on railroad guard at this station and I did not have any paper. A train pulled through here last night with the last company from Hubbard and the "Y" came along, so they gave us all the paper we could use.

I received a swell letter from you the other day and sure was glad to get it, way out here in the wilderness, and I was glad to hear that you and all the folks are well. I sure am feeling good after all I went through in the last two weeks, sleeping in pup tents and box cars. This certainly is some life. This is what we did in the time since we left our barracks (it will be two weeks tomorrow morning). We took the train for Smatfak, about forty miles from the barracks, and camped in pup tents that night. Next morning we set up early and started on a hike through the wilderness; the first day we made about fifteen miles and we all were pretty well tired out. We had our heavy packs on our backs and two hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition and two days' rations; about a hundred pounds in all.

That night we camped on the hill and could not sleep as the mosquitoes sure were busy. Most of us were on guard that night. Next morning at day break we started for the town we were headed for and captured it with ease, so we camped around the church at the top of the hill for two days.

The squad I was in had to take a message back to the place we started from, about twelve miles back. We made it in four hours (some hiking, I'll say), so we stayed at the railroad station

Some how, well, that night we slept in a barn and had a good night's sleep. Next morning we got up at four o'clock and had chow and started out again. We made about seven miles by dinner time so we stopped for chow and had about an hour's rest; that helped some.

Again we started out and made about four miles and were stopped by the report of rifles. We all hit the ground and the battle was on between us and the Bolsheviks, as we call them. They sure had us in a good place, on level ground and they were on a hill about seven hundred yards away. We could not see them as we opened fire at the top of the hill. Killing — and capturing — (ensored). The firing lasted about half an hour. Just as soon as they heard our automatics or in other words young machine guns, they beat it; we could find no trace of them when we got to the top of the hill. We were lucky to get out of it without any of our number killed, as the shells were hitting on all sides of us.

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FARMERS' FEDERATION HEAD RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON

(SPECIAL TO THE TIMES) INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 23.—President John G. Brown, of the Indiana Federation of Farmers' Associations, has rejoined Federation officials in the 200,000 guaranteed fund campaign, after ten days in Washington representing Indiana farmers. He went to Washington, with farmers' representatives from five other middle western states making up "the nation's bread basket" to confer with President Wilson on the high cost of living. While there, President Brown and the other farm leaders had to know the attitude of the farmers before they could outline their course in the campaign against the high cost of living. The only way they could learn this attitude was by interviewing men from the big agricultural states who were in position to know how the producers feel.

"The trip to the capital," said Mr. Brown in a statement today, "illustrates once more the need for an organization like the federation. National leaders had to know the attitude of the farmers before they could outline their course in the campaign against the high cost of living. The only way they could learn this attitude was by interviewing men from the big agricultural states who were in position to know how the producers feel."

Indiana farmers, working on the organization of the federation, had exchanged views frequently and established

until the company came back. They did not land at the station where we were, but about fifteen miles from there, where I am stationed now. They said they had some time. I was lucky to get out of it.

I will tell you more about everything when I get home, but the Lord knows when that will be. The next letter I write will be after we get back to our barracks. We have eight more days to stay along the railroads, then we will be relieved by another company. The only kind of relief I am looking for now is the one to go home. They release the Japs every six months. We have been here nine months already and it may be a full year before we get out of this country.

We certainly have had fine weather the last month. The days are very hot, but the nights are just right to sleep.

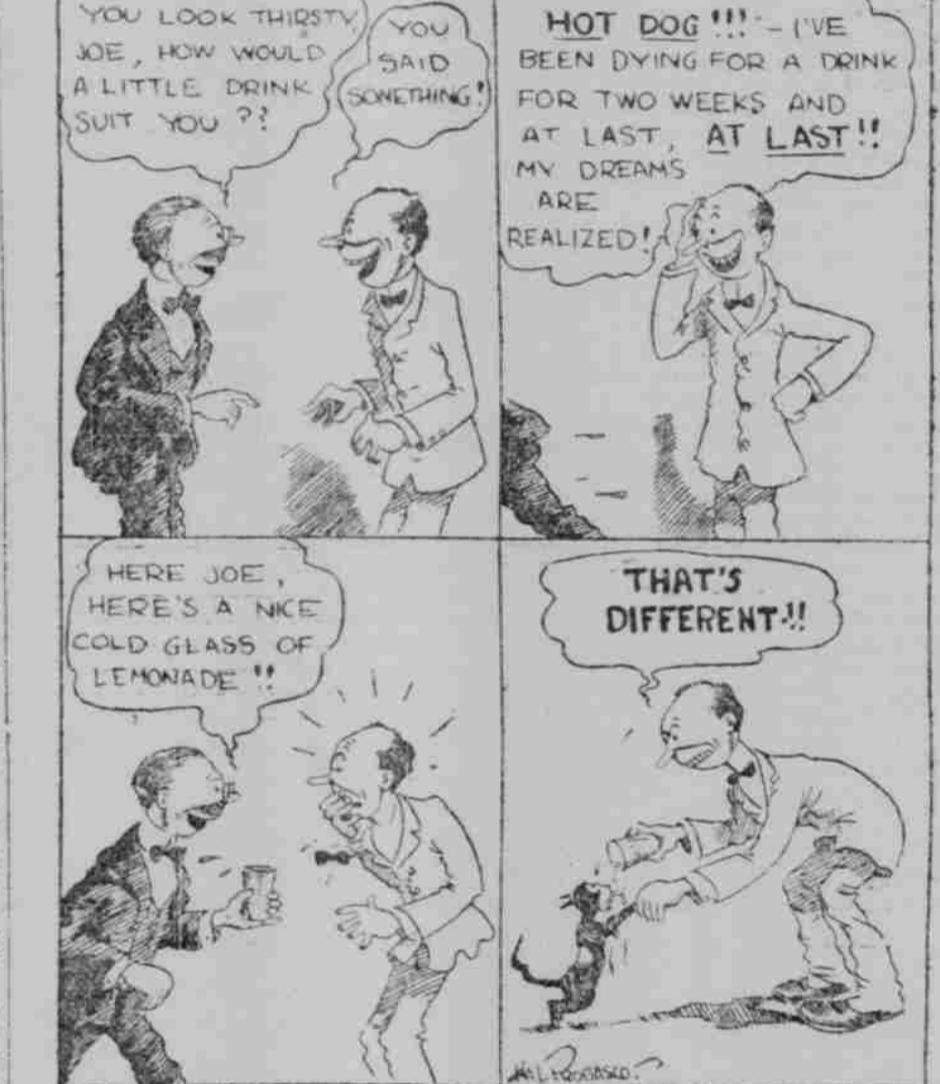
I think I will pull through this expedition all right at least I hope so.

Well, this is all for this time; with love to all, as ever yours,

JOE

THAT'S DIFFERENT

By Probasco.



HANK and PETE

THIS MUST BE "LAZY GEORGE" THE DARKY THEY'RE ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT—HE'S COMING OVER TO US—TOO!

HUM, LET'S KID THE OLD DUCK ALONG—

MORNIN' CENTS—Y'LOOK LIKE STRANGERS IN THIS TOWN?

YES, WE'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

OH, EVERY BODY KNOWS ME—MY NAME AM GEORGE WASHINGTON!

GEORGE WASHINGTON ARE YOU THE FELLOW WHO CHOPPED DOWN THE CHERRY TREE?

NOPE—NOT ME—I AINT DONE A STROKE OF WORK IN THE LAST 2 YEARS!

By KEN KLING

THAT LET HIM OUT

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ASSORTED NUTS

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Splinters

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PEOPLE WE DON'T CARE TO MEET—

I'M NOT THE ONE TO TALK BEHIND HER BACK—BUT—

THE DAME WHO ALWAYS PRAISES HER ABSENT FRIENDS WITH A SAND BAG

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