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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1914.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

NATIONAL
FOR U. S. SENATOR—Benjamin F. Shively.

FOR 13TH DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVE—Henry A. Barnhart.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE—Homer L. Cook.

FOR AUDITOR OF STATE—Dale J. Crittenden.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE—George W. Butler.

FOR SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—Charles A. Greathouse.

FOR JUDGE SUPREME COURT—Moses B. Farnham.

FOR JUSTICES OF APPELLATE COURT—Josiah G. Bauch, Frederick S. Caldwell, Milton B. Hottel, Edward W. Felt and Frank M. Powers.

FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT—J. Fred Farnham.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL—Richard Milburn.

FOR STATE GEOLOGIST—Edward Barrett.

LEGISLATIVE.

FOR STATE SENATOR—Gabriel R. Summers.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE—George Y. Hepler and Charles A. Hessey.

FOR JOINT REPRESENTATIVE—Peter A. Follmer.

PUBLIC WANTS TO KNOW.

Mr. Rome C. Stephenson, vice president and treasurer of the St. Joseph County Savings Bank and Trust Co., along with others who addressed the convention of the American Bankers' association at Richmond, Va., Tuesday, in similar vein, mistake the spirit of the age if they anticipate any considerable public sympathy for their contentions that Secy McAdoo of the treasury department was wrong in his recent use of the press in bringing certain bankers to time for hoarding their surplus and charging usurious interest of borrowers.

The secretary contends that such conduct is contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the federal reserve bank act—in which case the only responsive chord, criticism of the secretary is likely to find, will be in the breasts of the bankers.

Mr. Stephenson puts it, as quoted in the dispatches, that the secretary should have written the bankers a letter, taking them to task privately rather than to rush into print and flout his criticisms before the public. He does not give the secretary credit for having done that very thing. He does not state that the secretary resorted to the expedient of publicity only after he had been virtually told by a number of bankers—who thought they had the regional bank law beaten by clever legal constructions—that he should "mind his own business"—or words to that effect.

And what he did was to mind his own business. It is the secretary of the treasury's business to mind the public's business, and the tendency at Washington just now seems to be that when a law is placed on the statute books, no avalanche of wise lawyers will be permitted to teach the evasion of it, and their advice be followed, without the public being kept informed.

And that it is an effective way of meeting such a situation is proven quite conclusively by the wincing that it has produced. The federal reserve currency law will amount to nothing as a currency reform measure unless it is made to reform—and it would be no reform to let matters slide along just as they did before.

This is not the first time that publicity has been used as a "big stick" with which to maintain decorum. The people like it too. They like to know what is going on and where to place the blame for things. The masses of mankind are inclined to be fair and just when they have the data to be fair and just with—and that is what the secretary of the treasury placed before them, viz: the data.

HAD THE "PUNCH" ALL RIGHT.
Journalists pleading the case of the A. O. R.—meaning "Ancient Order of Republicans"—are pointing out incident to Secy William Jennings Bryan's recent visit to Indiana, that his enthusiasm was a minus quantity and his old "punch" lacking.

They said at first that he wouldn't come. Then they had it that he wouldn't say a word in favor of the Indiana delegation in congress, or the state ticket—but he came and did everything that it was said that he wouldn't do.

And so what else could you expect from an aggregation of raise prophets but that they should try to minimize their blunder—as the cry of "half-heartedness," talking "under pressure" and other vagueness indicate?

Anyone who heard Col. Bryan in his Indiana addresses knows that the present republican pretense is just as false as the recent prophecy, and we will suppose for once, just for the sake of being generous, that the truth has accidentally been spoken.

You must remember that under the Wilson administration the colonel hasn't the entrenched evils to "punch" that were in his way at the time of his previous visits to the state and the "punch" is not of such vital necessity—but by way of comparison allow us to ask what has become of Jim Hemenway's, Jim Watson's, and a few other old-timer's "punches?" If

made money scarcer and interest higher, and the increased revenue would have been needed eventually, anyhow.

So Pres't Wilson, with his good foresight and his patriotic frankness told congress how the war had shortened our income, how our bank reserves should be protected, and how it is the duty of congress to at once make provision for the war, which causes deficit, and it is being done.

Some politicians begged the president to delay consideration of this matter until after the election as it might injure the democratic party. But the reply was, "duty should never be subordinated to politics when peril threatens." It was the Wilson way of doing things that need to be done and congress will not adjourn until this emergency work is finished.

Do your Christmas shopping early as it is a phrase so badly worn that it is threadbare, but this year it is given a new significance by the importance of keeping salespeople employed. This in addition to eliminating the usual Christmas rush.

The story of a German spy distinguishing himself as an East Indian trooper seems almost incredible in view of German individuality. Wouldn't you know a German in any disguise?

The very fact that the old organization has been thrown in the discard is an assurance that the Chamber of Commerce is headed in the right direction this time.

The automobile is said by the president of Brown university to be as demoralizing to students as booze. It is joy of another kind and hardly less intoxicating.

Speaking of the weather, present conditions are more sanitary than that summery stuff the bureau has been giving us, and there's more givin' in it.

The Mexican idea of permanent peace is the elimination of the opposition, and in Mex. elimination is capital punishment.

The disbandment of the aerial circus organization should not mean the abandonment of the purpose for which it was formed.

In choosing an occupation a playing position on a championship baseball team has its attractions, also its uncertainty.

"Life is short, but art is long," is exemplified in Antwerp, where it is said the Germans have spared the art treasures.

Just as Przemysl is becoming easy the Russians have abandoned it and dropped out of the war news.

As an example of culture the Boston Braves at the moment represent the highest development in sight.

The Germans may not be able to take Paris, but they seem to be getting other things they want.

If the Germans get those long distance guns in operation it will save a lot of marching.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

Lucian W. Snyder is on the sick list. Leopold Tomaszek has returned from his Mississippi trip.

Mrs. D. H. Kiefer is visiting in Elkhart.

The Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent society reorganized for the winter's work.

James Huey celebrated his 90th birthday.



"The Beeleysport Weekly Whang offers a prize for the best song dedicated to that newspaper. Soy Bean, our village cut-up, suggests rag."

SOLVING IT.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and, above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list for him to eat. He staggered out and wobbled into a Penn avenue restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"It's fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

UPS AND DOWNS.

R. C. Eskridge, our merchant, has been smoking two different grades of cigars this summer. When it comes a good shower of rain and crops begin to look up a little, Mr. Eskridge will smoke a five-cent cigar, but when the dry weather comes again and everything begins to look gloomy, he smokes those kind that you can buy three for a nickel.—Hoxie (Ark.) Enterprise.

SAME SENSATION.

Madge—Do you really like motor-ing as well as sleigh riding?

Marjorie—I don't see much difference since Charley has learned to run the car with one hand.—Judge.

A CONCESSION.

Pretty Stenographer—if I marry you I give you a salary of \$25 a week. Arthur Goodlooks—Not at all! As a special privilege you may keep on working.—Judge.

THE MELTING POT
COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

SIX MONTHS WITH POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

I am confirmed a woman can Love this or that or any man: This day she's melting hot, Tomorrow swears she knows you not;

If she but a new object find, Then straight she's of another mind.

Then I do me ladies, at your door, If ever I doat upon you more.

—Sir John Suckling.

well watched, not over-roasted crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—crop in the bud—in the first innocence—the cream and quince food—the child's pig's yet pure food—the animal manna—or rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

YES, thank you, we would like another helping of the ambrosial result.

OUR OWN BEN KING.

(Raymond Brunk in St. Joseph Herald.)

Don't you hear the wistful of the wind?

Can't you hear what it seems to say? Isn't it calling for its own Ben King? Don't you think it knows he's gone away?

Isn't that his old grapevine swing? Isn't that his own cool, sparkling spring?

Doesn't it seem sad during the evening glow?

Don't you think it's lonely 'long the Old St. Joe?

Don't the buds seem to hate to raise on wing?

Don't you think that the crickets feel his mood?

Aren't they mourning for their own Ben King?

Isn't that deep silence through the wood?

Don't you think that's his old, old swimming hole?

Can't you see how the bass wood leaves begin to roll?

Doesn't the river seem to have a sluggish flow?

Don't you think its lonely 'long the Old St. Joe?

WHEN the door and wants to be let in he walks around the porch awhile and looks in with a grin. We tell him we have got no time to fool with kids like him, we got so much to do just now we're chock full to the brim, and then the grin will disappear behind his facial grime, and "Shucks!" he says, "It seems to me you're workin' all the time!"

IT is so much easier to spend money when one has it than to make it when one hasn't it that its reasonable accumulation should excite our admiration.

The horrors of war, at first it seemed, could never be endured.

But time and repetition serve.

To make us quite inured.

C. N. F.

WHEN our neighbor's kid comes

to the door and wants to be let in he walks around the porch awhile and looks in with a grin. We tell him we have got no time to fool with kids like him, we got so much to do just now we're chock full to the brim, and then the grin will disappear behind his facial grime, and "Shucks!" he says, "It seems to me you're workin' all the time!"

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