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AUGUST 14, 1919.

GIVE US A VOCATIONAL BUILDING.

It is a crime. The people of South Bend should protest and loud enough to make themselves distinctly and emphatically heard. We have a perfectly good, and more or less up-to-date high school building. It costs us hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now the school board is discussing converting the locker rooms, where the pupils keep their wraps, hats, coats, etc., into study rooms, etc., for vocational education. We need the room and we need the vocational education but it isn't necessary to mutilate the high school building to get it. There is a considerable vacant ground to the southwest of the high and grammar school buildings, owned by the city, and in the same block—where the old high school stood,—upon which a vocational school can be built.

And why not have it? Why destroy the high school, or any of its conveniences, when the money that will be required for such destruction and remodeling might better go into the new building, and would give it a considerable start? Better that a building be rented some where than "gut-up" the high school building in such manner. We appreciate just now the people are complaining considerably about the hardship of making ends meet; that tax-payers are having a whale of a time over the new tax law, and imagining enormously high taxes but both these complaints are more psychological than real—and frequently more political than psychological.

We have about the same sympathy with Indiana democrats' way of sucking political capital out of the new tax law as we have for national republican methods of seeking to make political capital out of the Paris treaty and the League of Nations covenant. If assessors will equalize taxation as the law contemplates, by assessing all property at its true value, the increase in assessed valuations will merely bring the tax rate down, and the average taxpayer will pay less taxes than he did before. It will be the former tax-dodgers—who will pay more. The law may not be perfect, but it is a fair start in the right direction, and carried out, South Bend can construct a vocational school building, with even less hardship to the masses of the people, than was encountered in building the high school.

Here is something in which community centers can interest themselves, and should interest themselves; likewise, people regardless of the community centers. A distinctly vocational school for South Bend would be a credit, but at the same time, anything that will detract from the high school, should not be tolerated. Every year several hundred new pupils enter the grades and a huge freshman class enters the high school, yet we have never had a graduating class of over 150, and scarcely a third of that goes any farther—on to university or college. We must make it as attractive to our young people to finish high school as it is possible to make it. It is the people's university; other universities and colleges are in reality post graduate courses.

Let us have vocational training, but additional to rather than a substitute for the high school—and likewise a vocational building without mutilation or destruction of high school conveniences. The school board may think they are doing the best that they can under the circumstances, and set by with it the people, and they ought to be made to understand that they are not. We haven't so all-fired much culture that we can afford to junk it all, yet for a while, even for a vocation.

HURTING THEIR OWN CAUSE.

Members of the railway brotherhoods have done themselves, their organizations, and organized labor generally, deserved harm. The strike of many groups of railroad shop men, in anticipation of the strike, has been unfair to the government, unfair to the public, and so picturesque of organized labor in a number of instances, as to prove a real eye-opener, perhaps, worth the while.

We do not agree with those who constantly blame the leaders of organized labor for everything that the unions do; who try to mollycoddle local unionists by rating at the so-called "walking delegate," and the national leaders. Our experience with these has been that they are generally more conciliatory and square-dealing, than the men who, too often care little or nothing for their contracts, so far as keeping them on their own part is concerned. The collective contract, entered into, should be enforced from both sides or from neither.

Labor must furthermore learn, especially when dealing with the public, as the railroad men have been doing pretty generally for the past couple years, that it is up to them to keep faith with the public. They asked it, demanded it, insisted upon it, and in response the government has provided the machinery for settlement of railroad labor disputes, and that machinery, though admittedly slow of motion, had not broken down or been repudiated. There was no evidence that the government was acting, or would act, in bad faith.

The strike referendum itself appears to have been

rather hasty, but if the men had waited until it was taken, and then struck in obedience to its verdict, they would have acted with regularity. Government and public would have had some warning at least; business men would have had some slight chance to adjust their affairs; and not least important, the discipline and good faith of the labor organization concerned would have been maintained.

By walking out so hastily, the hot-heads disobeyed their own officers, broke their own rules, and endangered the very principle of collective bargaining—and the collective bargain is one of the main things that organized labor is fighting for. It is pointed to by labor, and some industrialists as a much easier and effective way of dealing from both angles, but advocates of the "open shop" are by this act of the railroad men again made leary of the process, and its progress has been set back just that far.

The doctrine of a "square deal" does not admit of crooked dealing on the part of anyone, and the autocracy of labor is no more to be tolerated than the autocracy of capital, or vice versa.

HISTORIES OF THE WAR.

Already the book shop shelves are piled with histories of the war, and book agents are ringing the door bell of the houses or working their way into offices to sell them.

No doubt there are some among all the multitude of publications which have merit. They may be moderately accurate or comprehensive or interesting. But to pretend that in so short a time after the great conflict there can be any true history of it would be absurd.

It will take time, the advantage of further perspective, much gathering and comparing of data, to put upon the market anything which even faintly approaches a finished history.

Not until many a long year has passed will all the evidence be in. There were countless happenings, reasons for movements, political intrigues, which are only now beginning to see the light of day.

It took half a century for historians to understand and do justice to the French Revolution. Current histories of this war may be useful—but only as temporary makeshifts.

AMERICAN MEALS.

American hotel stewards, in convention at Chicago, have decided to banish the hyphen from their menus and serve "distinctly American meals."

It is not so much a question of food—which is already pretty thoroughly American—as of the nomenclature. Pegs are not to be set down as "petits pois," nor cutlets as "coutelets," nor cream as "creme," nor coffee as "cotee;" and if there are any goose-livers on the bill of fare, they will be called by their every-day names instead of being disguised as "pate de foie gras."

This is encouraging to people who have long shied at being compelled to eat in the French language when it is so much more conducive to sound digestion to pick out and eat their victuals in plain American. But the hotel people have promised to do this before, and failed. Can they be trusted now to Americanize their menus?

THE WAY OF CONGRESS.

Congress generally tackles a critical problem by ordering an investigation, then rests until the results are reported, and then receives and files away the report and proceeds comfortably to forget all about it.

Along about that time, the situation, having grown as bad as it could possibly get, begins to improve, as a result of natural processes and private initiative, and it isn't necessary to do anything.

Wherefore the congressmen go home and tell about what they have accomplished.

Two more British generals have been promoted to the rank of field marshal. And the United States congress is still undecided whether or not it can afford to raise any American to the permanent rank of general or admiral.

It's a poor time to advocate government ownership of railroads.

Other Editors Than Ours

THE FUTURE OF "PLEASURE IN LIFE."

(Dearborn Independent)

Many men who do not drink are not smokers. Many drinkers are smokers. Many smokers like to drink after they have smoked themselves into a dry state.

These things nevertheless do not foreshadow an immediate national campaign against smoking. The liquor forces have predicted this, and every few days they predict it anew. They warned us in the old days that the extinction of saloons and growers meant the eventual destruction of "all pleasure in life."

It is true that the same forces which brought about prohibition could bring about the limitation or suppression of cigarettes and possibly of all use of tobacco as deleterious. But what were the forces which brought about prohibition? They were the voters of the United States. One would think from some lingering liquor arguments that prohibition was the work of a few, when the votes of all the states show that it was the signal triumph of the many.

Prohibition, as an issue at the polls, was not even carried by the votes of the "drys" alone. We had among us drys and moists and neutrals. We had total abstainers, men who use it for medicine, men who drink every Fourth of July, men who drink every week, men who drink every day, men who drink every meal, men who drink between meals. And it is not too much to say that a majority of every one of these classes voted for prohibition in most of our states.

Prohibition is no outsiders' law. It is no dictators' law. It is our law. It is supported by reason and science and sentiment and sense. And the danger to tobacco is not in any movement or in any organization. If there is any danger to tobacco it is in the thing itself.

Scientists are finding out more and more about tobacco and its effects. If there should come a time when all science will pronounce it a poison, the end of its use can be foreseen. But while some may be already convinced that it is a poison, and while thousands believe the cigarette is dangerous, it is not the organized prohibitionists who will be the menace if the use of nicotine is ever menaced. The danger will be in the aroused and educated voter, whether he is a smoker or not.

The interests who fear the eventual prohibition of tobacco have only one thing to fear; that science will collect a body of facts which will move the people as the facts concerning alcohol and the saloon moved them. And if the people vote out anything they will feel as they did when they voted out the saloon, that this will not destroy any pleasure in life, but will rather increase and multiply life's real and permanent joys.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

AN ESSAY ON CLAMS.

A little neck clam, who was far from loquacious Used to ride on the tide in bay. And his friends all believed him extremely sagacious Because he had little to say.

"He doesn't waste hours in argument futile," Cried the mussels that basked in the sun.

"He knows that loose talk is in vain and futile, He's a long-headed son-of-a-gun."

This habit of cutting out all conversation Wherever he happened to be Soon gained for the clam widespread reputation As the wisest old fish in the sea.

Crustaceans and bivalves looked on him with wonder,

And pilgrims repaired to his home To poke in the sand he lay slumbering under And gaze at his marvelous dome.

But when an old man with a spade and a "dreenier"

Came down to the beach at low tide, The lobsters and crabs, with affrighted demeanor,

Stepped nimbly and deftly aside.

While the taciturn clam they had fancied so knowing

For the reason his words were but few,

The following evening was busily throwing A fit as he boiled in a stew!

You've often met clams in your daily relations Untalkative, reticent guys,

Who somehow achieve rather big reputations Because they sit round and look wise.

Their silence was golden—they profited by it,

But this fact, notwithstanding, remains:

The actual reason that kept them so quiet

Was their lack of all semblance of brains!

The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

Mrs. Martha Ridenour, chairman of the Allen County Women's Christian Temperance Union of Fort Wayne, Ind., has declared war on the use of tobacco for men, asserting that conditions in her town relative to the weed are "positively terrible."

herself out begging smokes, I never heard of him buying any himself. And another example of what smoking will do is Fred Higgins. Cigarettes have worn that poor fellow down to a mere shadow.

"I can name you dozens of other examples to prove to you the utter awfulness of smoking, young man, but why go on? It is our duty to do away with tobacco, and if my competitors continue to sell the class of stuff they have been selling, the men will quit it voluntarily."

As Mr. Platner spoke the last sentence, we looked at him in surprise. We immediately quit him, as we had no idea we had been discussing the anti-tobacco movement with a trafficker.

Lucy Page Gaston of Chicago has recently made the statement, "My friends and fellow citizens, whether we are drifting? The tobacco habit is the curse of our nation! Men staggering through life, slaves to cigars and tobacco! Again I say, my friends, whether we are drifting?"

Dammit we know Luc, but we have been so struck lately with the earnestness and sincerity of our female anti-tobacco hounds, that we thought it was high time to get a few interviews on the subject. We were well aware that both Martha and Lucy were well versed on the subject of which they were talking so much about, although we had our serious doubts if they knew the innocent joys to be derived occasionally from a few drafts at a good old Jimmy pipe.

But with our well known of "How to the line, let the quip fall where they may," ringing in our ears, we struck out to secure interviews on the matter from people we felt were free from prejudice and entirely unbiased.

Sen. Penrose is again in print with a promise of "economy" in governmental expenditures. If the country could only cash republican promises the national debt would be paid every Saturday night.—Grand Rapids News.

One of the first persons we encountered on the street was a tall, well built, gray haired gentleman, who gave his name to the Tower editor as George M. Platner. The writer noted Mr. Platner's near appearance and seeing several five cent cigars sticking out of his pocket, immediately guessed that he would be a good man to talk to on a matter of this kind.

Mr. Platner blushed crimson as he noted that I had detected the cigars protruding from the pocket of his coat. He attempted to push them further into his pocket, breaking both, causing the tears to spring into his eyes, as he replied:

"Young fellow, I don't know who the hell you are, but if this country has one evil today worse than lawn tennis it is the tobacco evil. I have never smoked nor have I ever been interested in anyway in this disgraceful traffic which debauches men, but I have some very decided views on the subject. It is terrible and should be stamped out even if we should have to go to the trouble of sending our young men out of the country on another good war, so they would not be given any voice in the matter. It must be stopped and the sooner the better."

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn, and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

—Advt.

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Mr. Platner appeared very much affected by his recital.

He continued:

"I have many other friends here in town that seem to be killing themselves smoking. You take Joe Donahue, for instance, the wealthy roofer—see how worn out he looks all of the time, but I guess he wears

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