

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES
Morning—Evening—Sunday.
THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, President.
J. M. STEPHENS, Publisher.
JOHN HENRY ZEVER, Editor.
Member United Press Associations.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. This does not apply to our afternoon paper. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are reserved by the publishers as to both editions.

OFFICE: 210 W. Colfax St. Phone 1151. Mail Phone 2100.
Call at the office or telephone above numbers and ask for department wanted—Editorial, Advertising, Circulation, Accounting. For "want ads," if your name is in the telephone directory, bill will be mailed after insertion. Report intention to business, and execution, poor delivery of papers, bad telephone service, etc., to head of department with which you are dealing. The News-Times has thirteen trunk lines, all of which respond to Home Phone 1151 and Mail 2100.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Morning and Evening Editions, Single Copy, 3c; Sunday, 6c. Delivered by carrier in South Bend and Mishawaka, \$1.00 per year in advance, or 15c by the week. Morning and Evening Editions, daily including Sunday, by mail and inside 100 miles from South Bend, 46c per month; for two months, \$8.00 per month; for six months, \$24.00 per month; for one year, \$46.00 per month. In advance, all others by mail \$5.00 per year or 50c per month. Entered at the South Bend postoffice as second class mail.

ADVERTISING RATES: Ask the advertising department. Foreign Advertising Representatives: CHAS. LEONARD, 200 W. Madison St., Chicago. The News-Times endeavors to keep its advertising charges free from fraudulent misrepresentation. Any person defrauding through misrepresentation of any advertisement in this paper will confer a favor on the management by reporting the facts completely.

AUGUST 25, 1919.

THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION IN MEXICO

The necessity of sending American troops into Mexico again, would seem to indicate that recent events in the republic beyond the Rio Grande, had about reached the limit of tolerance. We are a long-suffering people. When American soldiers were held up and robbed by Mexicans, it was bad enough, but when American army aviators are seized and held for ransom, national self-respect demands action.

Carranza continues to palaver as pompously, verberately and ineffectively as ever. In a recent reply to a Washington note demanding protection for Americans in Mexico, he said:

"The Mexican government has been and continues to be animated by the best of intentions to eliminate all those difficulties which disturb its good relations with the government of the United States, and wishes its citizens to enjoy greater protection."

Any profession of good will toward the United States on the part of Carranza certainly sounds like a joke. Possibly that exasperating old dog has a hidden sense of humor hitherto unsuspected.

Granting that Carranza would like to stop all those crimes and indignities for the practical advantage accruing to his own government, it is clear that he is not able to do it. He cannot suppress the brigandage. He cannot restore order in Mexico and place that distracted country on a basis where it can play its proper part in international relations and guarantee foreigners the treatment expected in any civilized country.

Americans have kept on hoping against hope that the Mexican people would put their own house in order. If they cannot do it, the task is up to Uncle Sam. The punitive expedition is distinctly to the point. If President Carranza cannot read the handwriting incident to such action, perhaps the president's reply to his protest will make it plainer—and if not, there are more American troops where those already sent into Mexico came from. Some of them were in France too and didn't exactly like the idea of having to come back without getting a shot at anyone. Like as not they would just as soon take a crack at a Mexican as at a boche.

REFORMING THE POLICE BY CUTTING OFF THE TOES.

Any reorganization of the police department that does not decapitate its head and put in his stead some man who has not stifled himself by such misconduct and dishonesty as has involved him in the "Tony" Barrett, Tom Ward, the Zimmer-Dambacher, the Miller-Barnhart-Kocorski-Leverson and George Hosler affairs—mentioned, for instance, will be just that much more camouflage and effort to deceive the public, indulged by Mayor Carson, his political advisor, and the board of safety.

It is something of a concession on the part of the mayor—as lately announced in his efforts to reclaim his administration organ, through its columns,—that he should have decided all to disturb the "ranking heads," but it is noticeable that he still endeavors to keep below the neck.

Wherein the shifting of Capt. Guy-Bunker and Capt. James Schock, for example, will materially improve the rottenness above them, that is, unless the purpose is to better shield the general public will find it difficult to comprehend,—and quite similarly with reference to the changing of the official sobriquet of Asst. Chief Cassidy.

It will be just as easy for the chief of detectives to dominate the chief of police as it has been for the assistant chief to do it; and mind you, the assistant chief himself has never pretended other than such dominance, save when there was something in the step—a dominance quite frankly confessed and excused by members of the safety board, on the ground that Chief Kline "is too brainless."

In heaven's name, in the face of the bungling that has been going on, the inefficiency, and service imperceptible, if the chief is brainless, and needed a dictator to accomplish that little, what will we have left should the dictatorship be removed? But pardon us, we do not mean to suggest that it will be a disaster any chance of title,—until we get a chief who knows his business, and has the brains to want to make a worthy receipt for himself.

Indeed, it has been suggested to us that we ought not hold Chief Kline responsible, in view of his assistant's "invisible superiority," but why not? If it was understood that he should take the responsibility and be a shield for his assistant; if that is what he is hired for and is paid for, why shouldn't he earn his money? Is he any better than his job? Is he holding it as a pen, and without his consent? Fact of the matter is we do not take unbounded stock in Asst. Chief Cassidy's dictatorship; this notwithstanding his confession, in his, as we said of Mayor Carson's indisposition to disturb the "ranking heads" of the department; the trouble ascends not from below upward, but descends from above downward, and the fault, if any, lies with the board of safety, and perhaps higher still.

A man, honest, truthful, self-respecting, forceful, competent, as a chief of police ought to be; interested in the performance of duty to the public, instead of subservience to a political machine, wouldn't stand for dictation from anywhere, except to enforce the law, honestly and impartially, and any other kind of a chief is just as bad as he permits his dictators to make him.

Indeed, no, we can never have a fit reorganization of the police department until it gives us a chief fit for the place, and that done the shifting of the other officials and "ranking heads" will take proper care of itself.

Mayor Carson will not be able to camouflage the public by cutting off the toes.

DRUNKEN SPENDING.

William M. Lewis, director of the savings division of the U. S. treasury department, says that consumers themselves, despite all their complaints, are largely responsible for the profiteering. They have encouraged it by their reckless expenditure. They have been indulging, he says, in a "spending intoxication."

Dealers, admittedly, have been charging "all the traffic will bear," but how do those dealers form their estimates of how much the traffic will bear? Clearly enough, from the way the public spends its money.

If patrons spend carefully, counting the dollars, dimes and pennies and making sure they are getting the best value possible, the dealers will naturally hold down profits to a pretty reasonable basis, but when patrons spend money as carelessly as drunken sailors, buying by preference the most expensive goods and making no question of the cost, the dealers naturally inflate prices all along the line, and accustom themselves to a higher percentage of profit than they formerly expected.

"Everyone must begin," says Mr. Lewis, "at once to curtail expenditures for luxuries now selling at exorbitant prices." Let buyers cut out the expensive luxuries and buy carefully, not necessarily blaming the dealer for high prices, but demanding the most for their money that he can afford to give. Then there is likely to be a double saving—the money formerly devoted to luxuries will go for necessities, and those necessities will drop in price.

Wise, sober buying will encourage honest selling, but it only help. It will not solve the problem entirely.

Mr. Plumb, author of the Plumb plan, says he wants to rescue the railroads from the control of Wall St. He would do it, apparently, by turning them over to the control of the railroad brotherhoods. The party of the third part, which is the American public, doesn't want them controlled by either.

A new French wireless station will send a message 12,500 miles, which is half way around the earth. That distance is covered in a small fraction of a second. Pretty soon the wireless senders will be so powerful that messages will circle the earth, meeting themselves coming back before they're fairly started.

Pretty soon the reports from the cost-of-living investigations will begin coming in. And will they find everybody and everything responsible, as usual?

Foreign residents are still buying Thrift stamps. A good many natives are selling those they collected last year and year before, and buying gasoline with the proceeds.

Save the pennies. No use trying to spend them, anyway, because you can't buy anything with them any more.

Other Editors Than Ours

A BODY POLITIC FOR THE WORLD SPIRIT.
(By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.)

When our far-seeing ancestors started the United States of America, their efforts were ridiculed and opposed as are the present efforts to start the United States of the world.

Our country was formed from the suspicions and self-guarding agreement of a lot of little colonies, driven to combine by bitter necessity.

It was not mutual love, nor any identity of interest except a common danger, which drove them together.

But because of that common danger these separate political entities merged and became a new political entity.

This new body had its powers and functions, but so did the constituent states. They remained self-governing bodies within the larger one.

It has taken us more than a century to develop the new spirit to animate the new body, to establish the Union as more important than any of its constituent States.

But this has been done, and now "I am an American," means far more than "I am a Vermont," or "I am an Arkansan."

Today we see this same great undertaking begun on larger terms.

The nations of the earth, forced together by a common danger, suspicious and self-guarding, are laying the foundation of a Union greater than ours.

With the utmost difficulty, hindered and interfered with at every turn by national self-interest, there has been drawn up and set before the world a constitution for a League of Nations.

It starts with some, and is intended to include more.

It is no more perfect than was to have been expected.

But it is before us, to welcome as the greatest step forward yet taken by the world, or to criticize and oppose from motives of national, or, still smaller, of party interest.

It does take some political imagination to see something that never was before.

Our ancestors had that.

They saw "America" when there was no such thing.

Those colonials who formed this nation could not sing "My Country 'tis of thee." They could only sing "My colony, 'tis of thee." They did not have a country—till they made one. Can we not look ahead as they did, and carry on the work they started to a far wider glory than ever dreamed?

The federal union of these states stands for peace and justice for them all, and for services beyond their individual powers.

The federal union of nations means the same. Peace for the world, justice for the world, service for the world, beyond the power of any nation alone to secure.

And in a century or so there will be a new spirit, a world spirit, no more Utopian than our love for the Union we live in.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

See the big man with the sinister face,
Dreadfully loud-talking gent,
Swearing he'll lick any man in the place
For the very low price of a cent?
"Bluffer," you say, as you peel off your coat,
Preparing to go to the mat,
For, having a nice quick-detachable goat,
You do not like language like that.
But you'd better consider before you go to it:
Perhaps you'll find out that the fellow can do it.

Hear the large talk of the man over there—
A blustering son of a gun?
Pounding the table and sawing the air,
Bragging of what he has done.
"Four-flush," you cry, "those chaps that talk loud
Are men who've done nothing at all."
And you hurriedly go to the edge of the crowd,
Intending to give him a call.
But you'd better consider a moment, old kid,
Perhas he has done what he said—that he did!

Quiet old gent with a kind, friendly smile—
Intelligent looking old bird,
"There," you remark, "is a fellow worth while
For he isn't saying a word.
"Modesty always means brains," you declare,
"I'll bet every cent I have got.
At any old odds, that that person is there
The smartest of all of the lot.
But it's safer to bet with a little restraint,
For the chances are pretty darned good that he
aint!

(Copyright, 1919.)

The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

The Niles Barber is in today with a contribution. We print the same with fear and trembling, as it may arouse the professional jealousy of one Jake Heckaman.

Do you remember the books for kids you used to read, with a title something like this: "Poor and Proud, or the Many Adventures of Hector Grant." We bought one for our nephew for his birthday and we read it through thoroughly first before presenting it, to be sure and get the full value of the dime expended. The story ran as follows:

The hero is at the head of his class at the academy and receives a telegram to come home at once.

Hector guesses that his father is dead but goes hastily home to Arden to discover that a nasty, mean bank cashier has absconded putting his father in bad.

Father has to borrow \$3,000 from Squire Gotrocks, the richest man in Arden, and mortgage the old home. Hector has to leave school and is taunted by Erskine Gotrocks, the squire's son.

Hector wins the village boat race by a boat's length and Erskine is sore at him for life.

Erskine learns to drink beer and goes to the bad, squandering his father's money, while Hector plugs right along on \$5 a week, becomes immensely wealthy, pays off the mortgage and marries the most beautiful and most sought after Jane in that neck of the woods.

If Horatio Alger, Jr., lived nowadays, he would certainly have to change his books around a little. Hector would have to get more than \$5 a week, or he couldn't even eat at Kables, and Erskine couldn't ruin himself and his career by drinking beer.

An up-to-date Alger book would probably have the hero out on strike with the master steam fitters.

BE SATISFIED.
If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you'd like.
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip.
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind.
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.
It isn't your town—it's YOU.
—Kitchen Maid Salesmaker.

We noticed John Zever had a box score on his editorial page Sunday, at least he gave John Barleycorn credit for one assist.

WELCOME.
Nearly all of Zever's staff
Saw service on the pond
That's why their ain't no other sheet
Got anything on John.

You're welcome when you visit here,
Come in and get acquainted
You'll find with pomp and self-esteem
Not one of them are tainted.

We cater to the world at large
Your slightest wants we heed
And always try to formulate
The things you like to read.
—The Niles Barber.

The Horoscope

TUESDAY, AUG. 26.
The sidereal operations for this day denote some active and interesting occurrences, though not of a startling nature or far-reaching results. It is moderately promising in a commercial or professional way, with some degree of success assured from dealings with trusts, combinations, secret orders or intrigues.

There may be some subtle benefits or secret help. Writings, publishing and signing of papers are fostered under a favorable Lunar aspect to Mercury. Mars semi-square to moon warns against quarrelling and rash conduct lest these lead to litigation.

Save money by patronizing merchants that advertise.

YOUNG LADIES WANTED

TO TAKE UP TELEPHONE WORK

Short hours and pleasant surroundings. Good salary paid while learning. Classes start each week.

Apply Traffic Chief Office, Third Floor Telephone Building, 227 South Main Street.

CENTRAL UNION TELEPHONE CO.

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

—Come and See Us—

A Daylight Basement full of Toys is to the interest of every youngster in town.



The Sale of Furs in August and there are only —five more days—

There is, from our customers' viewpoint, one good reason for this sale of furs in August—that reason being that they are able to buy now, the furs that they would buy later, and pay prices about one-third less now than the prices they would pay later.

That reason apparently is a perfectly good one in the estimation of people who patronize this fur section, and they are buying furs and consequently saving fur money, which they can certainly use to great advantage for additional purchases of stylish things for their Fall wardrobes.

--Visit Our Fur Section Before the Week Is Out--

August Blanket Sale

has been going strong
— this year —

For many years our customers have known the advantages of buying the Blankets during August—for our Annual sales have been a by-word of the community for the greatest savings on good blankets.



Prompt buying this week will save you money
on Furs and Blankets

The Love Letters of Billy and Susie

Sir—
The very idea! How dare you say a Betsy Ross Bread wagon reminds you of me. Is that your opinion of my size or do you refer to the paint, sarcastically yours
Susan

"Sold by first class grocers everywhere"

Save money by patronizing merchants that advertise.

Dance Special

HUDSON LAKE CASINO

Featuring the initial appearance of

Edw. Snuggs

and His Orchestra.

SIX PIECES—ALL STARS

Positively the best orchestral offering of the season.

Tickets \$1.50, war tax included

Quality Shoe Repair Co.
220 N. Michigan St.
"SOLE SAVERS"

Don't Pay Cash for Your Clothing.
Your Credit Is Good at
GATELY'S,
221 S. Michigan St.

Art Materials, Picture Framing,
THE I. W. LOWER
Decorating Company,
South Bend, Indiana.
Wall Paper, Paint Supplies

ADLER BROS.
On Michigan at Washington
Since 1894.
THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

MAX ADLER COMPANY
World's Best Clothes.
Corner Mich. and Wash. Sts.

SAILORS
When you think of Home furnishings think of "Sailors."

Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads