

## Why not Work for an Ideal in Peace Same as We Fought for an Ideal in Time of War

TWO of the best things that have been said in South Bend during the past week, have been said with a reference to the embryo labor troubles here, and the larger labor difficulties that confront the whole country. Neither of them were said by either employers or by labor leaders. The vision of neither appear to have attained any such scope.

Bob Jones addressing the Kiwanis club Thursday, is one of the guilty parties, and Charles Stielze of New York, addressing a mass meeting at the high school auditorium Monday night, is the other. Dr. Stielze comes first:

"You men, employers and employees alike, will never settle your differences, or be able to work together in amity, until you have eliminated class selfishness, found a common ideal, met on common ground, to work for that ideal. That is the way you worked together to win the war. It is the way the allied nations of the earth worked together to win the war. You likewise need a common ideal, and common ground, to work for in peace—just as the nations need it to live together in peace."

If you can't get that the first time, better read it again. You know what the common ideal of all was in wartime; the common ground upon which rich and poor, employer and employee, soldier and civilian, made their fight. Well, we take it, Bob Jones sort of suggested the common ideal, and common ground, for capital and labor in time of peace:

"If you conduct your store or your factory merely for profit, or work at your counter or your lathe merely for pay, a servant only to yourself, inconsiderate of the importance of your relation to society and duty to the social economy as producer and distributor, you are not filling your niche in God's world, your obligations to your fellow man, nor proving your good citizenship."

Pearls, perhaps, thrown to the winds, but sensibly enough, we hope that now and then a listener, and reader of this comment, may catch the spirit. We have had altogether too much sneering at ideals since the armistice was signed; sneers thrown to the winds, and we are now reaping the whirlwind. Just for the moment permit us to commend the two quotations to our readers, capitalists and laborers, and in-betweeners. Give them a Sabbath of solemn thought. We are all trying to solve something. Maybe a little less personal selfishness and a little more respect for our social—civil—obligations will help.

A square deal for the other fellow, as the thing uppermost in the mind of everybody, would pretty nearly mean a square deal for us all.

### AS LONG AS BOB JONES LASTS.

MIGHTY good, indeed, it is of the city hall aggregation, to have sent out word to the brothels, blind-tigers and gambling halls: "Lay low, or get out of business while the Bob Jones revival lasts." Evidently the mayor and his hosts assume that there will be no after effects to the Jones revival; that when the evangelist is gone, everybody, including the good church folk, will drop at once back into their old rut—willing to wink, countenance, condone anything that is permitted, encouraged, or graftingly licensed under their own political party banner.

If that is as much as the Bob Jones revival is to amount to, in the way of social or civic revitalization, the evangelist might better pack his tent, and like the ancient Arab, quietly steal away. We must have an aftermath of righteousness in South Bend, emerging first of all from the church people, or he will do Christianity more harm than good with the non-church people. Hypocrisy in South Bend—a hypocrisy among so-called Christians wherein religious mindedness is subordinated to political mindedness, and the Christian virtues are thrown to the winds as often as their maintenance interferes with partisan advantages—has become so dominant that the church is fast losing its Christian caste; exactly the thing that Bob Jones must overcome, and overcome with a degree of permanence, if his presence is to prove the worth of his salt.

It is this hypocrisy that places South Bend in its present immoral status, and exactly this hypocrisy which has led the city administration to think that it will go on forever; that it will revive as soon as the Jones tabernacle closes its doors. South Bend's church population, bed-fellowed with the worst vice agencies of the city, despite all warnings, gave us the administration that we have, and that same population regardless of all moral appeals, has steadfastly eschewed all effort to bring the administration to time—into keeping with its two-faced campaign promises; that is, with reference to the fact that was looking their way.

"G-o-d's O-w-n P-arty," ah yes! The mayor, his board of safety, police department—and concession crafters—apparently feel sufficiently well protected by Christian lethargy, and subservency to political dominance, that it will all come back, once Bob Jones is gone; and maybe it will! Maybe it will!

### "WE TOLD YOU SO."

FOLLOWING the custom of our Main st. contemporary, of appropriating to itself enormous credit for everything accomplished that was ever touched upon in its columns, permit us to pat ourselves on the back. We have a letter from the South Bend Teachers' federation, for instance, which doesn't seem to indorse the Main st. claim that the aforesaid oracle was alone responsible for the recent salary increases granted by the board of education—thanking us by unanimous vote "for the many splendid editorials written in support of the teachers' cause together with any other support given them,"—but this isn't the instance that we had in mind. The "we told you so" that we have been considering, refers to our contemporary's lead editorial of last Wednesday on the "Allies at San Remo."

After mention of the meeting of the inter-allied supreme council and the changed conditions that confront it, with Germany determined "to nullify the allied victory"—after much the same manner as the United States has refused to ratify it—quite eliminating us from the conference, save through a

presidential interest, our contemporary, "Independent" republican, says:

"An element friendly to Germany has shown itself in the presidential primaries in this country, betraying a desire of the Germans to favor a candidate who is against the treaty of Versailles."

But why say "a candidate?" The slam is at Sen. H. Johnson to be sure, and we do not know but he deserves it, but is the honest opponent of the treaty any worse than the dishonest one; the demagogue who pretends to want it, merely because he knows the people demand it, while at the same time hedging it around with "assassinations" in the disguise of "reservations" introduced for the purpose of humbugging that people?

Nay, nay! The favoritism of the German-Americans—hyphenates,—is not for one candidate of the republican party alone, but for the republican party, and its whole galaxy of candidates, a favoritism bought by the attitude of the senate majority toward the Paris treaty, and backed by every republican candidate in the field,—including some democrats. William Jennings Bryan and Robert L. Owen, as samples. But get this:

"The tendency of the questions that may be considered secondary to the issue of the treaty of Versailles is to undermine sound opinion in the countries concerned and enable the Germans to promote their plans for evading the treaty's requirements. The Big Three, therefore, must settle the main issue. It must decree that Germany must comply with all the provisions of the treaty under pain of further military occupation, except as she may be permitted postponements and abatements in the orderly process provided in the document itself. France did exactly right in beginning to put the screws on her late enemy at the first sign of duplicity. Her allies must back her up."

"We told you so!" But where is the slacker, "America," which, under republican domination in the United States senate, is to take no part in such "backing up," or insistence that Germany measure up to the treaty provisions? We are in just as effective a position to do so, under the armistice, as we would be under the treaty with the proposed League "assassinations" (er "reservations"), but read on:

"A number of American newspapers are giving encouragement to the Germans by sneering at the motives of the recent French military demonstration. Their reasons for doing so are evident. The German element in our population is being wooed for commercial purposes. If it were possible for the people to see through the machinations of these prostitutes of the press and punish them in proportion to their offense it would be a comfort to all the thousands of people who lost bin on the fields of France, men who fell in an effort to destroy the menace which these newspapers by their tactics are helping recreate. The San Remo conference must make Germany come to time. And the United States must ratify the treaty, with league reservations, and begin to help put the world to rights. We are breeding a war for our children's children more awful than the last."

Again, "we told you so," only moreso. But why deride the newspapers? It is only republican propaganda that they are spreading, yes, "the German element in our population being wooed," but not so much for "commercial purposes" as for political purposes,—and ratification of the treaty, "with League reservations" (er "assassinations"), or the advocacy of it, is just as much a wooing of the German element, as no ratification at all. Our contemporary knows what the reservations were introduced for, and was against them, and for the treaty and the League without them, until party policy turned its head. They were introduced to kill the League, as pro-German a move as has been committed by any individual in the nation, since the war was declared; pro-German in effect, at least, and introduced for the wooing of the German-American vote,—not for any particular candidate, but for the republican party.

"Pro-German in effect," is as much as could be said even of Eugene V. Debs, and possibly as much as ought to be said of Victor Berger; no worse for them than for Henry Cabot Lodge, and his reservation brigade, the Brutusque conspirators behind the League controversy. Every reservation introduced has had for its purpose the transfer of our foreign relations under the League from the executive department to the United States senate, subjecting them to an avalanche of rag-chewing, oratorical nincompoopery, and the machinations of politics—exactly where Germany wants them. We have had specimen enough of the probable results since last June. The senate might as well have set in Berlin. The supporter of the Lodge reservations, newspapers or curbstone gab-artists, are in the same category with their senatorial leaders.

However, the next thing we know, like as not, our esteemed contemporary in its chameleon dexterity, will be deserting its comment of the other day, and come out for the German peace resolution now passed from the house up to the senate, just as it has deserted its one time support of the treaty and League without amendments or reservations. When it does, remember "we told you so." Aside from which, read again its comment on conditions in Europe and the Levant, due to the absence of the United States from League membership, and from the San Remo conference—which is the result of the senate's world treason; all the worse, not because of the H. Johnson-Bill Borah irreconcilability, but because of the major senatorial reservationist humbuggeries.

The issue is the League of Nations as it stands or no league of nations. All that our contemporary says, we have said repeatedly; except we are still for the League, and the League as it stands, and have an infinitely greater respect for H. Johnson and Bill Borah, open opponents of it in toto, than we can have for the demagogues who are trying to straddle, intent upon fooling the people, while beneath their coats they carry the reservationist's dagger, intent upon accomplishing the Johnson-Borah result by sneaking indirection.

Have you noticed that in all the campaigning of the republicans, they avoid mentioning the 66th congress as far as possible?

## How To Rule A Woman—By Helen Rowland Through a Widow's Lorgnette.

"Come!" commanded the Bachelor, clasping the Widow's elbow in a masterful manner and attempting to draw her out of the cool inviting shadows of the conservatory into the noisy, blazing ballroom. "You've been sitting here dodging partners long enough. This is my dance!"

"Why—I?" the Widow released her elbow, and sank back on the rustic seat beside the fountain, with a little gasp. "Mr. Weatherly! Are you crazy—are you ill?" "Not a bit!" answered the Bachelor, dropping down beside her, and lighting a cigarette with perfect complacency. "I was only trying the 'cave-man' stunt—to please you. Didn't that Spanish author say that a little bullying, a little rough treatment is what all you women are secretly pining for?"

"Blasé! Danze!" exclaimed the Widow, the flag of battle flaming in her cheeks. "Don't you mention his name to me!" and she fluttered the long black ostrich plumes of her hair indignantly. "I didn't!" protested the Bachelor. "I can't pronounce it! But what has he done to you?"

"Nothing," was the prompt rejoinder. "I'm thinking of what he has done to all the men of this country—and all by an idle remark. Here, we have the most chivalrous and loyal lovers, and the most devoted and best-trained husbands in the whole world! And he comes over and tries to drop a Spanish fly in our cup of joy!"

"There, there!" soothed the Bachelor. "He's taken it all back and said he didn't say it, and apologized for it, and—"

"Taken it all back—and said he didn't say it!" repeated the Widow scornfully. "Isn't that just like a man, to give two alibis—just in case we don't care for one of them? But it doesn't matter whether he said it or not—a lot of poor, foolish men will take it seriously, and go right home and attempt to act on his advice! And just think what will happen to them!"

"I shudder at the vision!" said the Bachelor closing his eyes and lazily blowing smoke through the leaves of the potted palms. "I suppose that will depend on which side of the town they inhabit. If they live on the wrong side, they will be quickly cured by the simple use of a rolling pin or a flatiron. But if they live on the—on the sophisticated side—"

"They will be just as quickly and permanently cured!" broke in the Widow, with icy sweetness. "Andalusian and Castilian beauties may sigh for tank-corps methods of wooing and yearn for heart-bruises as proof of a man's love; but the

American woman has never forgotten Sir Walter Raleigh! She is no more apt to accept the 'cave-man' idea now, than she is to drop back from steam heat and electricity, to wax candles and log fires!"

"And yet," mused the Bachelor, "wax candles and log fires are fascinating, sometimes!" "Sometimes!" agreed the Widow. "Just for change, or a novelty—and so is the 'cave-man' stunt, when you know it's a stunt, and don't take it seriously. It's quite thrilling to be bossed around by a lover—the first two or three times, just as it's quite thrilling to have a log-fire to dream by occasionally—when you are sure that the steam heat will be turned on, next morning. There is a primitive desire down in the heart of every normal woman to adore a man and to be 'protected' and 'ordered about' and 'There-there-little-girl!'—once in a while. Every woman wants to 'look up' to the man she loves, even if she has to get down on her knees in order to do it. Every woman likes to think of herself as a weak, clinging, tender little thing, and of her lover as a big, strong, noble, fearsome creature—theoretically."

"Every woman admires brute force and ruthlessness—in novels and other women's husbands. But, when it comes to stepping down off her throne and occupying a foot-stool, the American woman has held the domestic sceptre and the purse-strings too long—" "You mean they've been too darned spoiled!" broke in the Bachelor, "Been petted and coddled and slaved for, and given everything on earth they've asked for, from jolly to jobs, and from frills to the franchise!"

The Widow smiled and leaned back, lazily fanning herself. "Our men are nice!" she said, with a sigh of deep satisfaction. "They're born nice in the first place, and brought up that way by their mothers—and kept that way by their wives, until they die."

"Like little canary birds," jeered the Bachelor, accustomed to the cage—and wouldn't fly away from it, even if they had a chance!" "Don't you dare cast aspersions on the American man!" exclaimed the Widow, sitting up with flaming cheeks. "You don't suppose the American man treats women like queens because he has to, do you? He does it, because he wants to—because he is a big-hearted, and broad-minded and tender and generous, that he never imagines that bullying a woman makes him a 'hero.' He would no more stoop to brow-beat his wife, than he would—to pinch a baby! If he wants to show his prowess—if he wants to fight, he picks out somebody his own size—the Germans or the Kaiser, or something!"

"And then goes home, and lets some little two-by-four pull him around by the nose, and walk all over him, and think up things for him to do!" scoffed the Bachelor. "This is the only country on earth where a man says, 'I'll ask the wife

about it,' when anybody invites him to dinner, or asks him anywhere!" "It's a woman's world!" murmured the Widow smiling complacently as she adjusted one slender jet shoulder strap over a snowy shoulder. "And that," mused the Bachelor, "in spite of the fact that any man can rule any woman in 47 ways—if he only knows how!"

"What! How?" demanded the Widow, sitting up straight very suddenly.

"Oh—by flattering her, or by ignoring her, or opposing her, or—"

"By opposing her?" The Widow laughed scornfully. "Precisely. I can make any woman on earth do anything I want her to do—just by telling her not to!" and the Bachelor's eyes twinkled triumphantly. "Just as I've made you sit here all through that fascinating waltz while I smoked a cigarette," he finished.

"Mr. Weatherly! Do you mean to say that you didn't want to dance?"

"To dance—when I can sit in a nice dim, cool conservatory, with a pretty—with you and smoke a cigarette? Certainly not!" and the Bachelor chuckled maddeningly. "If I had wanted to dance, I should have ordered—I mean implored you to sit right here! That's the safest, surest and most diplomatic way to rule a woman!"

"Tyrant!" exclaimed the Widow softly—but her smile was the smile of the cave-woman, as she looked up at him with admiring eyes. (Copyright, 1924.)



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