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**THE RED MENACE.**

If the news dispatches be true, ten men out of the total of 490,000 striking shopmen were mad enough to believe that by wrecking trains, destroying life, killing innocent men, women and children, they could win an advantage for themselves.

Over at Chicago the federal agents point with pardonable pride to the fact that they rounded up an entire convention of revolutionaries in a neighboring Michigan county and when they had all the delegates in jail, they numbered exactly seventeen.

Those seventeen, say the authorities, were plotting to overthrow the government by violence.

They dreamed, these very few who represent in the aggregate not a hundred each, of tearing down the Stars and Stripes and raising the red flag of revolution in order to establish the communistic theories of Lenin and of Trotsky.

Those who tremble and have visions of such a revolution in this country can take one look at these two incidents and by count of noses reassure themselves that this country will not soon have a Bolshevik problem that cannot and will not be solved by a few policemen.

The problem is the problem of the mad dog turned loose in a community. It is the problem of hunting down madmen run amuck. It is the problem only of finding the few leprosy spots and isolating them, just as the lepers have been isolated by the physicians.

It is not a problem of great and growing forces or sentiment, not a problem of combating a theory that is destructive of Americanism. The theory finds no response in this country and no followers of sufficient numbers to make even a formidable showing.

Compare the communist convention which is lodged in a small jail with the hundred and ten millions of Americans who go to make up this country and you have some idea of the limited number affected by this Russian idea, the small headway made by the disciples of discontent and the believers in revolutionary methods.

The property sense is strongly developed in America, too strongly entrenched to be cast aside or supplanted by a hope of communism.

No man who owns an equity in a cottage, a few sticks of furniture, a flivver or a motorcycle will take a chance of losing them for the doubtful advantage of sharing such things when owned in common with all others.

This country is made up of men and women whose ancestors came here in order to obtain for themselves the means of comfort and of happiness.

The thought of acquiring property and ownership of homes was linked and tied to the hope of liberty of conscience and of self government.

That hope, inherited and cherished for a century and a half, will not go down before any imported ideas of an industrial system in which no one owns anything and in which no personal reward can follow effort, sacrifice or thrift.

Overthrowing government by violence is too remote to be terrifying. It has just enough crazed believers to make it dangerous to portions of the community, just as small pox, or escaped lunatics or depraved criminals menace small areas at times.

Beyond that, this country has no red menace. And as detection and punishment move swiftly follow the commission of overt acts of violence and sabotage, the menace will be wiped out altogether.

A drastic punishment of the confessed wreckers will discourage any others whose desperate lack of knowledge may lead them to thoughts of such methods.

**ALMOST FORGOTTEN.**

A dispatch from Holland, announcing an unimportant incident, serves to bring to mind the fact that there lives in exile in that country the man whose twisted mind and more twisted heart deluged the world with tragedy, brought sorrow to untold millions and left civilization almost on the verge of bankruptcy.

That master criminal of all ages is as nearly forgotten as the promises made to four millions of American boys when they marched away to overthrow tyranny.

The cable in question says that William Hohenzollern, once the proud emperor of a great nation and ambitious to rule the world, is to marry again.

Just why any woman—and this one is described as rich and aristocratic—should wish to join her life with that of the man who brought "frightfulness," submarine murder and slaughter of innocents to the world must remain a mystery. At any rate it is not important. Age of the parties kindly takes care of any serious consequences from such a union.

But it is important to remember the treatment afforded this man who aroused the world of hate.

Before the war ended and when the League of Nations was being drafted at Versailles, one of the insistent demands of all nations and especially of this nation, was that guilt should be made personal and that kings and autocrats should be educated to the fact that they can not escape the penalty for their crimes.

Under the treaty which this country rejected, the former emperor would have been tried by an international court as would any man who commits crime.

Instead, a syndicate of American newspapers is paying him a half million dollars for his autobiography.

Instead of punishment, he is rewarded, permitted to live as he pleases in isolated splendor, permitted to still inflame his former followers by mad schemes of restoring monarchy, permitted to still end out his imperialistic poison to disturb the people he misled as they struggle to regain some of the things they lost in following his leadership.

Possibly the country can afford to make no protest. Revenge never pays and hate is the most useless of emotions. Possibly his punishment is sufficient and even the payment of good American dollars for the memoirs of a criminal may be overlooked.

But as long as he lives, as long as his memory ex-

ists to remind civilization of what he threatened, to recall to this country its fears and its dangers, this nation cannot afford to forget the man who saved its flag from his desecration, cannot afford to refuse to pay its debts to those it sent to overthrow him.

**PRUDENT CONDUCT.**

Teachers in the local schools are told by an expert that prudent conduct is almost as important as sterling character as a basis for success in that profession. He points to the fact that gossip and venomous tongues will twist indiscretions into crimes and that their influence with pupils may be wrecked by one thoughtless act.

His warning to teachers might go with equal emphasis to every other person in the world, for there can be no greater responsibility laid upon the teacher than is laid upon the rest of the community.

It may be put down as certain that whatever course of conduct will wreck the usefulness of a teacher will injure, at least, those who pursue other vocations in life.

It is undoubtedly true that more tragedy is caused by trifles than by great catastrophes.

It is also true that those who commit indiscretions thoughtlessly are probably potential offenders against those conventions which are later suggested by gossip.

The necessity for the warning also does contain an indictment against the vast majority of people, for it accuses them of being more prone to evil than good, and to seize upon the smallest opportunity to destroy the happiness, or the reputation of others.

There is in it the suggestion that men and women believe easily the silly tales of the gossip and are ever ready to give lodgement in their minds to stories of evil.

There is no assurance from any expert on education or upon life that as long as conscience is clear, no one need fear the results of any act and that there exists such a broad sympathy and toleration that people will seek to find an innocent explanation for any situation until absolute guilt is proven.

Only in courts of law are the innocent held guiltless until their offense is proven beyond a doubt.

In other relations of life, men and women, and especially women, are convicted by circumstances. The thoughtless smile is exaggerated into perpetual flirtation. The flippant comment becomes the symptom of a foul mind. One unconsidered act becomes the foundation for a double life.

Possibly some other educational expert will tell the teachers before they end their gathering that the world needs more sympathy, less suspicion, more defenders and fewer accusers and that their big opportunity is to plant in the minds of children the thought that it is better to be kind than to be cruel, that there is more goodness than evil in the world and more good men than bad ones.

**THE POISON DRINK.**

Wood alcohol is now killing 260 and blinding 44 Americans a year. This is the report by the Russell Sage Foundation's national committee for prevention of blindness.

The figures, however, cover only the known cases. The unknown victims of wood alcohol number many more.

"Many relatives and friends of victims try to conceal the real cause of death, and in some cases succeed," says the committee's secretary, Mrs. Winifred Hathaway.

Obviously, she is right. For more than half of the 130 fatal cases of wood alcohol poisoning, reported to her committee in the first six months this year, were in three states—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Smuggling hooch is common along the seacoasts. As you get further inland, the liquor keeps getting harder to secure—which means worse quality.

In Pennsylvania, the known deaths due to wood alcohol last year totaled 61.

Figuring on a population basis, wood alcohol deaths in the states combined would be around 800 a year.

Including unreported cases, wood alcohol's death toll probably exceeds 1,500 a year.

The national government stands convicted of criminal negligence, in not taking real steps to prevent the use of wood alcohol as a beverage.

Any high-grade chemist could find a way. Before manufacturers were permitted to super-clarity wood alcohol "for use in the arts and allied professions," any one with a sense of smell could detect wood alcohol a yard away.

Now it is refined until, in adulterated form, it smells like old Kentucky rye. Only a chemist can detect it.

Why not color all wood alcohol black or restore its natural odor?

The Chinese would solve the problem by beheading any one selling wood alcohol for a beverage. That, of course, is not humane enough for us. We Americans prefer to spare the bootlegger and kill the victim.

Uncle Sam should look into this matter. Life has to be made fool-proof for a certain percent of the population.

**A BIGGER CHANCE.**

The state rather admired the determination with which Governor McCray announced a few weeks ago that coal would be mined in Indiana, and even his rather bungling effort to produce coal by throwing a thousand soldiers on guard over 52 workers excited no protest.

Now he has a bigger chance to protect the public if he will be as emphatic in his protests against profiteering on the part of those who have coal to sell and who are producing coal.

The coal operators have flatly refused to be bound by a price set by the coal emergency committee as one which would give them a fair profit under their agreement with the miners. That refusal is more than an indication that the mine owners expect the public to pay for every day which the mines were idle and that they expect to collect at once through the scarcity of coal.

There may be no law which will permit the governor to confiscate coal for which extortionate prices are asked. He may find no level way of protecting the little home owner from being blackmailed through his necessities and the fear of freezing.

But he can take steps right now to see that a situation is not created next April which will duplicate the present one and can list himself among the Indiana immortals if he has the way planned for real production of coal next summer, not merely by calling of soldiers to suppress possible riots.

The public has a right to the necessities of life at prices which are within reach. No groups in any essential industry should be allowed to profit by their own disregard for public rights.

In the present situation the governor can do quite as great a public service as he did when he sent that regiment to his adventure in state mining by pointing the finger of accusation to every operator who is trying to hold up the public. Perhaps public opinion will then operate quite as effectively as either soldiers or the written law.

**The Tower of Babel**  
By Bill Armstrong

**AS A FISHERMAN, THIS GEORGE BEITNER SEEMS TO BE A SWELL SHOPPER.**

My Dear Williams—

I see that old Joe Williams has sent you a four-pound large mouth Oswego Black Bass. You can always depend upon Joe doing the right thing.

I am also sending you a fish, the general of which I am not quite sure, but I think it belongs to the "Osmerus-Mordax Smell-areno" family. It is not as large as Joe's, but what it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. If Mrs. Armstrong suggests you eat it in the back yard, pay no attention to her.

—GEORGE B. BEITNER.

This fish Mr. Beitner sent, looked as if it had just emerged from a Polarine bath. We tried to pick it up, and it slipped out of our hands, landing half way across the street. It appeared to be a nice enough fish, but it had been in a barrel a long time. We shall have it stuffed and give it back to Mr. Beitner for his centennial next year.

**A WISHY WASHY AD.**

In reading through a Chicago paper, we found the following slogan of a Chicago laundry to be: "We wish your wash."

There's one redeeming thing about leading a double life, according to old Tank Hup, you get through with it twice a week.

Riley Hinkle came back from his vacation trip the other day. He came upon us as we were about to climb into our little closed job (excuse us, Hoch, we just can't call it anything else) and remarked: "Gosh Bill, motor runs quiet and nice."

"Quiet H—; it's dead."

**AS WE GO JOE MILLERING**

A tourist came into Andy Weisberg in the lobby of the Oliver.

Andy shook hands with the fellow and asked him how he slept.

"Not so good," replied the traveler. "I suffered with a nightmare all night long."

Mr. Weisberg went over and conferred with Mr. Diamond, his clerk

that rearrangement is needed, because this word implies there has been some sort of "arrangement." When, as a matter of fact, there has been no arrangement at all.

It is perfectly amazing what an amount of completed work can be turned out by one who systematizes his undertakings. An "efficiency expert"—and I am not over-keen about "efficiency experts"—would revolutionize the activities of many a bustling business man who is first in the office in the morning and last to leave at night. Order, regularity, system would enable an over-active man to play a game of golf every day, to get to dinner on time, and to enjoy several evening entertainments every week.

I can hear the sneers of many business men: "You can't conduct big business that way!"

All right! If you can't be taught to run a big business enterprise on system and within reasonable hours, you are not fit for the job! You may get on for a time, but you will break down as sure as fate.

If you can't order your own life, you are not competent to direct the affairs of other people.

It makes me sad to see great men of affairs wearing themselves out needlessly. The world needs these men. But they are doomed to short careers unless they care for their bodies. Unless they can systematize their efforts, and get time for exercise in this way, they must do less work. They can't spend all their days far into the night in the office and expect to live out the normal expectancy of efficient effort.

My old teacher is right—"Order is heaven's first law!"

**YOUR HEALTH** — By Dr. R. S. Copeland

I used to have a teacher who was always thundering:

"Order is heaven's first law!"

We never knew what he meant by this command, admonition or warning—whatever it was. Personally, I always thought it was some kind of a threat of the impending wrath of outraged Providence.

It must be that the importance of order is something particularly observed by teachers, because the other day a teacher said to me:

"Have you ever written on the value of orderliness and system? Happiness depends on it."

I have been thinking about this conversation. The more I think about it, the more I believe the teacher is right.

A well-ordered life, systematic performance of duty, having your belongings in order, neatness of person and clothing, unflinching devotion to duty—all these things have their effect on happiness and health.

Many throbbing headaches, red eyes, flushed faces and spoiled evenings can be traced back to disordered drawers.

Were you ever in a hurry to get somewhere and couldn't find a clean necktie, the right pair of shoes or a misplaced necktie?

A great many attacks of apoplexy have been precipitated by the disorder of a business man who could not find an important and necessary paper in his cluttered-up desk or safe.

Most of us live busy lives. Some of us are over attempting to do too many things. Almost every such life a rearrangement of the daily program will give abundance of leisure. Indeed, it cannot be said

**Just Folks**  
By Edgar A. Guest

**INJUSTICE.**  
 My boy, when you shall older grow,  
 There's much which you shall come to know.  
 You shall discover, as you learn,  
 Strange things at every twist and turn.  
 And you shall hear, as on you pass,  
 Class bitterly denouncing class,  
 And find all forms of discontent,  
 Supported well by argument,  
 Nor will the truth be very clear.  
 In all the heated speech you'll hear.

You'll see the strong oppress the weak,  
 The powerful trample down the meek,  
 And dreaming that the world is fair,  
 With good men smiling everywhere,  
 You'll wonder, as you older grow,  
 Whether this life is good or no.  
 You will be torn from side to side,  
 Find rottenness decaying pride,  
 And see ingratitude destroy  
 The very fountains of his joy.  
 For ages long all human thought  
 This constant strife of class has fought.  
 Injustice revels rampant here  
 And difficult is thinking clear,  
 For in the tumult and the shout  
 At times your best of friends you'll doubt.

For they will very often do  
 What seems a vicious thing to you,  
 But you will note that every plan  
 Is to reform the other man.  
 Be true yourself, my boy, and give  
 Your neighbor every right to live.  
 Be fair, be honest, brave and strong  
 And certain that you do no wrong,  
 For laws, nor force, nor argument,  
 Will end the storm of discontent.  
 The hope of justice lies with you,  
 In all you are and all you do:  
 That is your purpose and your trust,  
 That you shall never be unjust.

Call Aetna Cleaners. Garments,  
 hats cleaned. L. 3276, 916 E. Sample.  
 One day service cheerfully given.  
 Advt.—238-1f.

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague

**PERHAPS HE TROUBLES YOU**  
 I never need consult a clock,  
 To know when it is dawn.  
 I waken with a sudden shock—  
 All chance of slumber gone—  
 When, on the next adjoining block,  
 Somebody mows his lawn.

I don't know when the fellow sleeps,  
 For every single day,  
 From four to six he always reaps  
 His adolescent hay.  
 While his incessant racket keeps  
 My sweet repose away.

Perhaps he needs the exercise,  
 But that I rather doubt,  
 For he's a chap of massive size  
 And muscular and stout—  
 A man unsafe to criticize  
 And dangerous to flout.

I'm sure that it would not behoove  
 A man as slim as I  
 To go around there and reprove  
 This sleep-destroying guy;  
 So I shall either have to move  
 Or wait for him to die!

**EQUALLY HURTFUL**  
 In the scores of the financial  
 game, strikes and errors ought to be  
 run in the same column.

**UNWISE**  
 Perhaps when those screen stars  
 get the education Mr. Hays is providing  
 for them they won't want to  
 be screen stars any more.

**COMPETITION**  
 Tammany doesn't want any voting  
 machines in New York except Tam-  
 many.  
 (Copyright, 1922, by the Bell Syn-  
 dicate, Inc.)

**VERSE O' CHEER**  
 By Edgar L. Jones

**JUST ONE ROAD.**  
 There is just one road to the land,

success.  
 One way that a man may go:  
 There are no short cuts that will  
 make it less  
 of a burden to us below.

There is just one path and it's name  
 is TOLL.  
 The one and the only way.  
 Through you push a pen or you till  
 the soil.  
 It's work that will win the day.  
 If you wish to win, this road you'll

And  
 And struggle with heart and soul  
 And leave the pathway of "Shirk"  
 behind.  
 Till at last you win the goal.

**WHEN MEN FITCH CAMP!**  
 They usually find out that some-  
 thing in the line of toilet articles  
 has been forgotten. Toile powder,  
 shaving creams, shaving powders,  
 soaps, razors—we've got them all  
 at regular prices.  
**GOLDIE MANN'S FOUR STORES**

**AN INVESTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.**  
 One of the safest, surest and best  
 paying investments a young man or  
 young woman can make today, is  
 to secure a thorough business train-  
 ing. This can be done, quickly and  
 at a small outlay of capital.  
 A South Bend Business College  
 education will pay its owner con-  
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 night classes will be organized  
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**Back to School Luggage**  
 The person who is going away to school will find proper luggage to meet their individual requirements in our Daylight Basement Luggage Shop at the following low prices.

For those who will leave with a new trunk we especially recommend two of our Indestructo Special Wardrobe Trunks, one \$40.00 the other \$45.00. These trunks are registered and sold under a one year insurance policy, have the open top, drawer locking device, hat box and shoe box. The \$45.00 Wardrobe has the plush dust cover.

Enameled Duck Cases with fancy Cretonne lining and double shirred pocket in lid. 20 inch \$9.00, 22 inch \$9.75 and 24 inch \$10.50.

For young women there is a black or brown cowhide Traveling Bag at \$12.75 or a very beautiful Walrus Bag at \$16.50.

For men we have some exceptionally good Traveling Bags, both brown and black, at \$16.50.

A large assortment of Traveling Bags ranging in price from \$1.75 up to \$65.00. Cases ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$55.00.

—Shopping in our Daylight Basement is cool and delightful—Toys, Luggage, Domestics.

We also have a good Dress Trunk, 36 inch size at \$12.75. Fibre covered and fibre bound. It is lined with figured paper and has one tray.

We have just received some good brown cowhide suit cases in 24 and 26 inch sizes at \$20.00.

*Agrowing Rug and Drapery department for a growing city*

**GEORGE WYMAN & CO.**  
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**National Fall Gingham Week**  
 Aug. 28 to Sept. 2nd.



Bolt after bolt of new Fall Ginghams have just been received. They are in plain colors, checks and plaids. There are so many different uses for ginghams, that one is generally on the outlook for good-looking patterns. Now is your chance to get them at low prices.

We will have a full stock of New Ginghams during National Gingham week, including all the latest patterns, 32 inches wide and very low priced.

Lot I—25c    Lot II—29c    Lot III—45c  
 —First Floor—

Lot IV—19c  
 —Daylight Basement—