

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 18, 1913.

CANT HELP HIMSELF.

By Herbert Quick. Author of "On Board the Good Ship Earth", "Virginia of the Air Lines", etc.

John D. Rockefeller is sure to die the world's greatest philanthropist. He has given a hundred millions to the Rockefeller Foundation.

Hookworm is probably man's worst enemy. Few will believe this on the first statement, but a survey of the world shows that from the latitude of 32 degrees north to 30 south all the world is infected with hookworm.

Hookworm in nearly a third of the United States, all Mexico and Central America.

Hookworm in nine-tenths of South America, all of Africa, the most populous part of Asia and three-fourths of Australia.

Hookworm in practically all the rich lands of the South Seas and in the West Indies.

Hookworm, in short, in four-fifths of the habitable world. And note this: Read the list of infested countries and you call the roll of the backward, debilitated, benighted, indolent, inefficient peoples.

Rockefeller's money has already cured scores of thousands of hookworm victims in the United States. The medicine costs less than ten cents a cure, and never fails.

To the extent that the unprogressiveness, indolence and inefficiency of the tropical peoples are owing to hookworm infection, Rockefeller's money can redeem these millions from the curse of tropical inferiority.

I have no doubt that this inferiority is owing, not to the heat of these climes, but to infestations of hookworm, malaria, yellow fever and a few other plagues of less consequence.

Rockefeller with his millions is on the trail of them all. And yet so miserable is the plight of a Mideas that even his most sacred aspirations serve his pocketbook.

Midas had the golden touch that turned everything to gold—the flowers when he tried to smell them, the food that entered his lips, the very ringlets on the head of his beloved.

So it is with Rockefeller. He has cured a hundred thousand people of hookworm. They at once became active, industrious citizens. They read—by kerosene lamps. They clean up—with gasoline. They spray their orchards—with power sprayers driven by gasoline or motor spirit.

They travel—on railroads. Every one of these new activities pay tribute to Rockefeller.

So it will be all over the world. Rockefeller's money will redeem from disease millions and millions—to make him and his heirs richer.

He has no longer the power to make sacrifices. He can no longer do good to others, on a large scale, without at the same time reaping money benefits for himself. He has the Midas touch which turns to gold the things which would make him much happier if they could remain flesh and blood.

The tramp under the railway water tank has one power which Rockefeller has lost. He can give away the crust he has begged. Rockefeller can give nothing away. Like Stevenson's bottle Imp, it comes back.

Of all men who ever lived, the status of John D. Rockefeller is strangest and most pitiable.

NATIONAL BANKING LAWS NEXT.

With the conclusion of the currency legislation due to be reported out in the senate at Washington this week, the next thing on the program appears to be a revision of our national banking laws. This is declared necessary in order that the demands which the proposed reserve banks are empowered to make upon national banks, may be legally complied with.

And thus it appears that with our currency system revised the end of financial legislation is not yet.

What the "money trust" investigation and the Aldrich currency commission have done toward opening the way for currency reform is only a beginning.

In revising the national banking laws one more important source of information is to be taken into account.

The Rural Credits commission has a heap of advice to offer in solution of the problem of providing cheaper money for the farmer who now mortgages his farm at high rates to secure ready funds.

Thus it seems probable that under the new banking laws, in harmony with the currency bill which is most certain to be passed by congress, money will be less of a speculative medium than it has ever been before

in the nation's history. Much of Salmon P. Chase's national banking law has already been amended into oblivion, but with the return of direct farm loans to the category of national bank activities, what was his pet hobby will be effectually wiped out.

Chase's national bank system was primarily a war measure, calculated to give the banking interests an advantage. He thought the banks should have it as a sort of "invisible recompense" for the way in which they took over the somewhat unsafe federal bonds. The banks have clung fast to that advantage to this day, but the new law, to coincide with the currency legislation, promises its breaking off.

Money then will cease to go into the banks, then east to the reserves, then out on collateral and back west again to be loaned on farms at exorbitant rates, middle financial men all along the line, reaping the profits.

That is what all this currency and banking legislation is intended for. Money was never intended for anything else but a medium of exchange, and the further it is kept from a corner, and the closer it is kept to the people, the lower the rates of interest will be, and the availability less burdensome.

OUR EFFICIENT FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Under an efficiency administration such as Mayor-elect Keller has promised us, one thing, it seems safe to contemplate, will not be materially disturbed.

That is our fire department. The efficiency of South Bend's fire fighting force has never been questioned.

While there might be excuse for a few changes, due perhaps, to an excess of political activity, it is not to be anticipated that the dismissals will be very numerous.

The men on the force, in the main are seasoned men, acquainted with the equipment, the city, and their duties, which coupled with the degree of bravery and clear-headedness essential to the hurried activity to which their employment subjects them, is a fireman's chief asset.

Chief Grant and his men, working together, have done much to make the fire department what it is—equal to the best for its size in the country.

As it is, the department is organized and ready for continuous operation, while a wholesale housecleaning—assuming that a change in the personnel of the force would be considered a housecleaning—might leave things in a temporary condition that would be disastrous.

No city can afford to trifle with fire in such a manner. A conflagration seldom serves advance notice of its coming, and neither do they delay their outbursts to allow new demagogues time in which to reorganize fire-fighting forces, or train new men for the ladders and the hose.

On the contrary, the fates seem to be so disposed, and the red-tongued demon so eager, that the less equipped they find a city, whether in men or apparatus, the more anxious they are to get busy.

Mr. Keller's "weeding" process should be slow, in this department, and men who have property to burn, we believe, will agree that efficiency and not politics should be the indisputable test.

THE SANTA CLAUS MAIL.

In less than a month, a lot of little children all over the country will begin to write and mail letters to "Santa Claus, North Pole", telling what they want for Christmas. Many of them will have their childish desires gratified and many will be disappointed because Santa Claus, this year, will pass a great many homes in his haste.

You who have called at the post-office on Christmas morning have seen the poor little kiddies who bashfully crept up to the delivery window and asked if there was something for them from Santa. And when they were told there was nothing, you have seen them wistfully watch the crowds who marched proudly away with arms full of packages of brilliant hue.

There is a young woman in Jenkintown, Pa.—Miss Olive M. Wilson—who is wishing to interest the people in the "gifts that do not come". She is trying to have Pres. Wilson authorize the use of space in the postoffice where a supply of packages, containing some token of the season, supplied by the people and marked "Santa Claus left this for you", could be left on Christmas. Her plan is to have the space outside the wicket, so as not to interfere with the regular postoffice work, in charge of someone, who, when he saw a child turned away empty-handed, could approach the little one and explain that her package had been left with him. A harmless deception and one that would undoubtedly bring great joy into the hearts of many children on that day!

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

In England, in the third century, the Stourbridge fairs attracted traders from all over and perhaps the first

known form of advertising was the crying of wares before the booths on the river bank. But not until 1647 did an advertisement appear in a publication containing news. This appeared in the first paper printed, in 1622, called "Perfect Occurrences of Every Daye Journal in Parliament and Other Moderate Intelligence". The "ad" told of the sale of a book called "The Divine Right of Church Government".

The first commercial advertisement, however, appeared in 1658 in Mercurius Politicus, published by Marchmont Nedham, who, I remember, they used to say was both the readiest and ablest man that had yet tried his hand at a newspaper. The "ad" ran as follows:

"That Excellent and, by all physicians approved China drink, called by the Chinesea Tcha, and by other nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultanesse house, a cophee house in Sweetings Rents by the Royal Exchange, London."

The first attempt at anything like bill poster advertising appeared on a tombstone as an epitaph boasting a product of deceased. It said: "Sacred to the memory of Nathaniel Goldbold, Esq., inventor and proprietor of that excellent medicine, The Vegetable Balsam, for the cure of consumption and asthma. He departed this life the 17th day of December, 1799, aged 69 years."

Mayor-elect Fred Keller of South Bend, who is visiting Kalamazoo, says Kalamazoo is regarded in Indiana as one of the best regulated municipalities in the middle west, and folks here are wondering what Indiana governments can be like, says the Jackson (Mich.) Patriot.

Carranza has appointed Ygnacio Bonillas his minister of fomento. Maybe it's a cabinet officer to look after the grape juice.

MARRIED LIFE THE SECOND YEAR.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

For several days Warren had not been himself. He seemed worried and strangely preoccupied. To all of Helen's anxious inquiries he replied evasively. And when she persisted, he had grown irritable; said he was all right, if she would only leave him alone.

"You're sure it's not about—speculating? You haven't lost anything?" She asked, so fearfully, so earnestly. And he answered curtly, "Of course not. Can't you stop harping on that?"

She tried to believe him, but she was only half convinced. One night she awoke to find him walking up and down the room, a lighted cigar in his hand.

"Why Warren, what is it? Can't you sleep?" "Oh, I'm just nervous, that's all. Thought I'd get up and smoke a while; I'll be all right when I finish this."

"But, Warren"—but had no time to answer foolish telephone calls. Helen left the telephone with quivering lips. And she tried to excuse his curtness—perhaps she shouldn't have telephoned when he was so busy.

It was late when he came home. Dinner had been waiting some time. One glance at his pale, haggard face verified all Helen's fears. Instinctively she ran and put her arms about him.

"Oh, Warren—Warren, what is it?" For a moment he stood passive, then he shook her off angrily.

"Now, let's not have any heroics, I've had all I can stand today without that."

"But I want to help you. I can hear anything if you will only tell me what it is, and let me help you."

"I can bear anything."

"Well you can't help me—except by leaving me alone. When I've anything to tell you, I'll tell you know."

Helen turned away to hide her tears. Why did he always repel her? Why did he always resent her sympathy; her desire to help?

"Dinner ready?" he asked abruptly. "Yes, dear; it has been ready some time."

"Well, let's have it then. I haven't eaten anything today."

Helen hurried out to help Della put the dinner on the table. But Warren could not eat. After a few moments he pushed back his chair, and, with a muttered exclamation, left the table.

Helen repressed her desire to follow him, for she knew he did not want her. But she could not eat, although she remained at the table and made pretense of finishing her dinner.

When she went into the sitting room Warren had some papers covered with figures spread out before him.

He did not look up, so she got out her sewing and sat down quietly on the other side of the table. Although she kept her eyes on her work, she was tensely conscious of every scratch of his pen and of his white set face as he bent over the figures.

It had come at last—the loss in speculation that she had so long feared. She felt certain of it now—with a sickening heart—heavy certainty. How much he had lost? Was it more than they could repay. Oh, if he would only tell her! The facts could be no harder than the sick fears which filled her now. But she dared not question him any more.

The strain of silence. She could hear Della moving about in the dining room, putting her dishes away. In a few minutes she would be through and go to her room. That would mean that it was almost eight. How much longer would Warren figure there in silence? She wondered if other husbands put their wives from them in time of trouble.

There was no sound from the kitchen or dining room now; Della had finished. Everything was still except for the scratching of Warren's

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author of 'The Perfect Tribute, etc.' Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from Monday.) A curious vivid glance shot at the excited boy from under the drooping lids of the newcomer. "Monsieur," he said quietly, "I—" But no one had time to hear the rest. Because Alixe had suddenly thrown her arm about Francois' neck, and was crying out impetuous words.

"He is a peasant, yes. But he is also our brother, Pietro's and mine, and no price is better than Francois'—not one."

"But half so good," Pietro put in with his slow tones. "You are likely right," the stranger agreed laconically.

And then without questions asked, in rapid eager sentences, the three told him how it was; how Francois, refusing to leave the cottage, was yet the son of the castle; how Pietro had come and had stayed; how the boys were at school together; how in the vacations they were still sister and brother, whether at the castle or the farm; all this and much more the three poured out to the silent lad who listened, who seemed to say almost nothing, yet managed to make them feel at all times, that he cared to hear what they said. With that they were talking about the village of Viqueux, and its antiquity, and then of the old chateau; and one told the legend of the treasure and of the guardian dog.

"Just over the wall there is the opening where he appeared to old Pierre Tremblax," Francois pointed out. "And Pierre was half-witted ever after. I know for I have seen him myself. He mumbled."

"That is interesting." The stranger spoke with more animation than he had shown before—he was after all, for all of his reserve, a boy. "I should like an interview with that dog. I must at least see his kennel. Over that wall? I will climb the wall."

"It is unsafe there, five years ago I have climbed it, but not in these last years. You can go around and get in by another way and see the hole of the dog."

The older boy's eyes narrowed. "I think I should prefer to climb the wall," he said.

Alixe spoke. "If Francois can not go it is impossible. He is the best climber of all the country, are not then, Francois?"

"Yes," said Francois. "And Pietro echoed. "But yes. All the world knows it."

"I should like to climb the wall," the stranger repeated gently. "And he did. The others watching anxiously, he crawled out on the uncertain pile ten feet in air. A big stone crashed behind him; he crawled on. Then, he cried, and waved a triumphant hand, and with that there was a hoarse rumble of loosened masonry, and down came the great blocks close to his hands—he was sitting on them. And as he jumped a heavy square of stone tumbled with him and caught him. He fell him, had him pinned into the tumbling wall by his coat. And above, the wall swayed. Then, in a moment more a shout of joy rose from Pietro's lips before the catastrophe, Francois had sprung like a cat into the center of danger and loosened the coat and pushed the other boy, violently reeling, across the grass out of harm's way.

Alixe screamed once sharply. Francois lay motionless on his face and the great stones rained around him. It was all over in a moment; in a moment more a shout of joy rose from Pietro's lips before the catastrophe, Francois had sprung like a cat into the center of danger and loosened the coat and pushed the other boy, violently reeling, across the grass out of harm's way.

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WATCHED CHICAGO GROW Oldest Resident of That City, a Woman, is Dead. CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Chicago's oldest woman resident, Mrs. Harriet E. Sayre, is dead at her home in Montclare, a suburb. She came to this city 72 years ago with her parents in an ox-drawn wagon and was the donor of Sayre park to the city. Mrs. Sayre witnessed the transformation of Chicago from a tented-village to a modern city. The house in which her parents received friendly protection from the Indians during the outbreaks of the early fifties, still stands near her late home.

SEEK PAINTER OF SIGNS Capital Police Want Woman Who Decorated Sidewalks. WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Miss Lucy Burns, who led a flying squad of suffragists and covered the sidewalks in front of the white house with "votes for women" last week, was being sought by the police Monday on a warrant charging violation of a city ordinance which forbids placing suggestions on pavements. Miss Burns is vice chairman of the congressional union of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INSTALL NEW OFFICERS William F. Stanton of Elkhart, District Deputy, Acts as Presiding Officer. William F. Stanton, Elkhart, district deputy, presided at the installation of officers held by the Knights of Columbus at the American hall Monday night. The following officers were installed: Louis W. McGann, grand knight; Michael F. Calnon, deputy grand knight; Joseph H. Brink, financial secretary; James Hennessey, treasurer; Frank J. Hiss, recording secretary; George W. Sands, advocate; Joseph V. Wypyszynski, chancellor; John M. McInerney, warden; John G. Betzler, inside guard; W. J. O'Connell, outside guard; Anthony S. Buchholtz and James P. Butler, trustees.

A committee composed of Y. W. McGann, Michael Calnon, Frank Shumacher, Leo Ittenbach and John Betzler, are making the final arrangements for the general dance that is to be held at American hall next Monday night. Try NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

at WILHELM'S Never Did \$14.98 Buy Such Charming WINTER SUITS Not Even at the Season's Close have such Bargains Been Offered You. Values up to \$25 now \$14.98 Wilhelm's CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON.

"Nix" "Nothing doing around here—electric lights are worse than pistols and bull dogs. "Let's quit while the quitting is good." The annals of crime bear no record of a wired house ever having been burglarized—Let us wire your house for Edison Mazda Lamps. Indiana & Michigan Electric Company 220-222 West Colfax Avenue.

pen. Some neighboring tower clock struck the half-hour—half past eight. And she heard it strike nine. A little gurgling cry from the baby called her into the nursery. But Winifred was only half awake. It took only a few minutes to quiet her. Helen covered up the little hands that, even in their sleep, were restless, and kissed the soft warm cheek. How sweet she was! Might this loss in some way react on HER? Might it lead to a more straightened conditions which would affect her future? And over Helen there swept a realization stronger than ever before of all the responsibilities of parenthood.

When she came back into the little sitting room, Warren had thrown down his pen and with his head on his hand, was gazing straight before him. Again she took up her sewing, her heart being heavily. And then he broke the silence. Without glancing towards her, still staring in front of him, he said: "I've lost just \$1,600—and \$1,200 is all I have to pay it with."

* * * * * LITTLE OLD NEW YORK * * * * *

BY NORMAN. NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—A snicker has been traveling all up and down Park Row, and even into the farthest confines of New York newspaperdom, in consequence of a letter received by the circulation department of a certain eminently respectable morning publication.

Somebody in the circulation department was mean enough to tip off the letter to the outside world. This is what it said: "Please stop our subscription. Grandma died yesterday."

A local playhouse now boasts the largest ticket rack in the world. It has been installed in the box office of the Century opera house. The rack holds 378,000 tickets, representing an advance sale of twenty weeks. It is made of steel and is fire-proof.

The next largest ticket rack is in the office of the Colon opera house, in Buenos Ayres.

Did you ever hear of an engagement tooth? A woman who keeps house on the upper west side had no idea there was such a thing till her maid told her about it, and what's more, showed it to her.

The girl, a pretty little Polish importation, was telling her troubles to her employer, as maids sometimes do.

She had had a falling out with her fiance, also from Poland, and possession of a jealous temperament. "He thinks," complained Mary, "that just because he gave me my engagement tooth he owns me!"

"Engagement tooth?" queried her mistress. "Yes," replied Mary. "See, here it is. "He pay for me to have it. Now we quarrel. I NOT marry him, and I NOT give him back the tooth!"

TOSH WISE Says: WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK.