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Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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MAY 15, 1916.

CLEAN-UP POETRY.

Here is something for Mayor Keller to ponder over, while in one of his poetic moods, assuming of course, that he has a real desire to become famous. Read it: Set your flowers on the front porch, decorate your show windows, business men; turn loose the children in the lawn, shake hands with yourself and neighbors, and wear a smile all the day.

A BUSINESS PRESIDENT.

Pres't Wilson probably will be best known in history as the author of the higher moral law of nations. His name will be written large in the record of the progress of industrial justice.

There are 250,000 corporations in the country, in addition to the banking and railroad corporations. None of these corporations has been harassed or hampered in their successful progress.

The business men of the country, for many years, have been demanding a tariff commission that would be non-partisan, and whose makeup and character would commend itself to the confidence of the business world.

The United States Chamber of Commerce, representing all the chambers of commerce and trade bodies in the United States, has formally approved of the administration's tariff commission bill, introduced by Rep. Rainey of Illinois.

Four years more of Pres't Wilson's leadership will mean four years more of steady progress.

STATE HELPS TO BUY HOMES.

Massachusetts has decided to loan money to those who want to buy homes. That is, the voters have amended the constitution so that cities and towns are permitted "to take land, to hold, to improve, subdivide, build upon and sell the same."

Here is an endeavor to give workmen homes at cost. Profits of real estate speculators and home builders are to be eliminated. And as these two profits, in combination, are seldom less than 25 per cent of the selling price of land and building, very many more, it is hoped, can become home owners than under present conditions.

Thus gradually the state is assuming duties heretofore considered private business. "Individual initiative" has, in the opinion of the voters of Massachusetts, fallen down, and collective industrial activity in the matter of selling lots and building houses is to take its place.

Will it work? Well, why not? Can a municipality blunder any more seriously than have real estate speculators in laying out subdivisions and builders in putting up buildings that go to pieces almost before the paint is dry?

We believe this is a crude way of helping workmen to own homes. It would be much better if the

wage-earner was (1) paid his full wage, and then left to (2) select his own lot, paying for it only the land value tax, and relieving his improvements of all taxes. However, the Massachusetts way is worth trying. It will at least show that speculative profits on land and buildings are not necessary in order that enterprise and industry may prosper.

POSTOFFICES AND INSPIRATION.

Much has been said of the "porch" and "local graft" involved in appropriations for expensive postoffice buildings in small towns. And judged by the usual standards the criticism is justified. Certainly it is extravagant for the government to pay \$50,000 for a building when all the business transacted in it could be handled just as well in a \$10,000 building.

And yet there is another side to it that is usually overlooked in such discussions. It is the esthetic side. And Americans are beginning to recognize that esthetic values are important, as well as economic values.

Who can estimate the inspiring effect of a beautiful and noble piece of architecture? In many an American community the postoffice stands out as a landmark because of its incomparable superiority over every other structure in the town.

And because of its conspicuous dignity and beauty, it fixes the architectural standard in that community. Because of it, the new town hall is built in better taste. If a hotel goes up on Main street, it aims at something of the impressive effect of the postoffice, at least so far as its front is concerned.

A fine public building must be lived up to. And the unconscious influence may go much farther than any of the respects mentioned. Such an edifice may be a force urging the community toward better pictures, better books, better music, better wallpaper, better furniture, better dress, finer manners.

SLANDERING WASHINGTON.

It is well to have respect for the dead, particularly when they happen to be national heroes. But a Tacoma, Wash., jury really went too far when it found a citizen guilty of libelling George Washington and declared him liable to a fine of \$1,000 or a year in jail, or both.

The defendant's offense consisted in writing a letter to a newspaper in which he characterized the Father of his Country as a "slave-holder," a "blasphemer" and "an inveterate drinker." Without impugning Washington's character, it may be admitted that there was some basis for the accusations. A "slave-holder" he was, undeniably, although it is known that he disapproved of slavery, freed some of his slaves, and desired that the rest should be freed after his death.

THE BOWLERS' ANTHEM.

"I know him and he knows me, He sets pins in our alley."

HEALTH NOTE.

"Deer Doe: My memory is getting weak. What must I do to improve it?"

THE QUIET (?) SABBATH.

O, the quiet next door is playing "Annie Laurie," And the ones across the street are playing ball.

O, the iceman spills a hundred in the doorway, Then the baby drops a hammer on the floor.

And the milkman raises (de-leted), With an insalubrious bell, As the mailman's whistle breezes through the door.

O, the lawn mower's lawning 60 miles a second, With the pruning fork a pruning through the trees.

While the telephone is telling, And the yelpers loudly yelling, Many theses could be written just on these.

So we're sittin' at the window softly swearing, And a wond'ring when the racket will decay,

While our finger nails we bite, We are saying as we write, "That's a hehva way to keep the Sabbath day."

THAT MOCK COURT AFFAIR.

No, it isn't true that Noel Du Comb, high school pupil, was really convicted of arson and sent to the penitentiary—that was a mock court affair that was reported in the paper the other morning, put on by the high school pupils.

What was published was plain enough if followed from end to end—neither the whole of a tale always be told in the first half dozen words. Failure to go farther than that is what too often gives the public a wrong conception of the news, be careful about it as the editors may be. A second deck to the head of The News-Times story, for instance, told that the trial was a mockery, but evidently some readers even did not go as far as that. There is a moral here for the public as well as an explanation due from us.

Don't be in too big a hurry. News that is worth absorbing at all is worth absorbing in some detail. Nothing perhaps in the way of naval preparedness is of more genuine importance than the improved means of communication recently tried with conspicuous success. By means of a device possessed by no other nation, combining wires and wireless, government officials can talk at any time to the commander of any warship within a radius of thousands of miles. They will soon be able to give orders in this way to "ships" anywhere in the world.

THE MELTING POT

Filled Today by Stuart H. Carroll

THE QUIET (?) SABBATH.

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DON'T IT MAKE YOU MAD? When you bite the tag on a plug of chewin', And then when you lose control of your spitter and hit the wall.

In Joplin, Mo., there lives a man whose name is I. Decline. He has never yet done so when asked to "have another."

THE BOWLERS' ANTHEM. "I know him and he knows me, He sets pins in our alley."

HEALTH NOTE. "Deer Doe: My memory is getting weak. What must I do to improve it?"

Statesmen Great and Near-Great

BY FRED KELLY

WASHINGTON, May 14. — Tom Stout is a human young man now doing time in congress from Montana.

One of Tom's rare traits of character which first entitled him to the acclaim of the voters out his way was the fact that he had never in all his life made a public speech. There were two reasons why Tom never was one of the speechmaking nuisances that become implicated with politics in almost every community.

There came a time, however, when Tom had to face the greatest ordeal of his life. It was during the tariff session of the last congress. Tom felt that the home folks would expect him to make some remark or comment on the floor of the house in regard to the tariff.

Then he slowed up to glance at his notes. He picked up the notes and read them intently, after which he frowned severely and scratched his head. For a long time he sat there either frowning, or scratching his head, or both. Then he jerked the sheet of paper from the typewriter, crumpled it up, threw it into the waste basket, and decided to write on some other topic.

With Other Editors Than Ours

ASHAMED OF HIS PARTY'S WORK.

Columbia, S. C., State, Dem. With hearty approbation the Sun of New York quotes from the speech of Sen. Wadsworth of its own state these sage observations:

There is growing up a spirit in the smaller communities of the country which leads these communities to think that if they can only reach Washington they can get all the money they want for purposes which they desire, to be spent within their own boundaries without taxing themselves.

"That is true in the nation at large, and it is true, in my judgment, within the separate states. "It is becoming a habit of mind. "It is an indication of an old but well known human weakness—a desire to get something for nothing."

Mr. Wadsworth was talking about the federal "good roads" bill and what he said is undeniable. What this republican senator did not say was that the "habit of mind" that he describes is the creation of his party. In part it is Sen. Wadsworth's achievement. Instead of deprecating it he should be proud of it.

The democrats, the "republicans" of a century ago, the "Jefferson-

worth's patron saints sowed the corrupt seed and in every state, in every congressional district, the noxious tree flourishes.

The senator from New York should not "blaspheme his breed."

ANS.—Memorize all the names of the Polish telephone subscribers. Bright Reader—"Why not just memorize the telephone posts. They're all poles?" "The book, my dear, the hook!"

SAYS BALDY J. Now I lay me down to slumber, On a pile of hemlock lumber, Should I die before I rouse, Who will milk the cows?"

WOT'S IN A SIG? A. H. Grief conducts a local joy palace. A Main st. sign would inform us that J. Kiln, broker. How many of us knew that she was even cracked?"

IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES. Johnny, with an awful whack, Hit his father in the back; Mother made a move to snatch it, Saying: "Jawn—Don't dull your hatchet."

OUR OWN DICTIONARY. "B. V. D." An abbreviation meaning Button Vay Down.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? A Kansas City hat store has the following "rem" printed on one side of its calling cards:

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said, And then she smiled and blushed with drooping head.

HE FORGAVE HER— And, as they walked and talked beneath the hoppers, He wondered who inell sent her those flowers.

TOOS VS. TOES. Mary has a little foot, She wears a Number Two, But we in Mary's neighborhood, Have got her number, too.

CHILDHOOD JOYS. Rochester N. Y., Times. The joys of spring time are everywhere apparent. The small boy has taken to his marbles, and courts pneumonia by sitting athwart the cold sidewalk while his rival seeks to win away his "mibs," the roller skates are in evidence wherever there is a smooth surface, and kites dot the sky on pleasant afternoons.

Who does not remember the day when there were visions of bliss and joys untold in the windows of those little shops? There were candy sponge cakes, all day suckers, chocolate cigarettes, ice cream cones, licorice, and a marvel of ingenuity in the form of a penny top. It takes a pretty stout pocketbook in later years to compete with the pennies of those childhood days for real happiness-producing power.

Of course, this is only a reminiscence. Those halcyon days will never come again. They are gone forever, and those who have lived worthily have had many other delightful things substituted in their place. But it does one good, just the same, to reflect that the little ones of this day and generation are having their full share of these good things.

There is a great many notes at his desk, he inserted a sheet of paper in his typewriter, spread his notes conveniently at one side, and with a merry cocksure, romping motion under the keys, dashed off an opening sentence as follows:

The method of bank clearing under the new federal reserve act, while seemingly very complicated and difficult to understand, is in reality absurdly simple.

When he slowed up to glance at his notes. He picked up the notes and read them intently, after which he frowned severely and scratched his head. For a long time he sat there either frowning, or scratching his head, or both. Then he jerked the sheet of paper from the typewriter, crumpled it up, threw it into the waste basket, and decided to write on some other topic.

J. L. Nopier, who boasts of being able to meet every editorial emergency, was asked to write a fitting piece about the Mexican situation. He did: "S \$ 3—d: 1-2 * * * Carranza—Gavira—Funsching and Pers-ton, aviators and cartillery. Also etain shrdlu—\$333—and shot in the leg, killed, resurrected, Bar! off again, on again, gone again, Flannigan. More ????—\$333—!!!!!! railroads, reinforcements, rebellion, riot, Juarez Chihuahucarramba."—Kansas City Star.

In a New York court a woman was acquitted of the charge of cruelty by beating her 13-year-old daughter for telling her that she had been visiting a girl friend when the truth was she had been visiting her aunt. Two of the three justices sitting in the case held that 25 welts on the girl's body were not evidence of unreasonable punishment, while one took the opposite view. There may be some position for which those two justices are fitted, but they are not occupying it.—Washington Herald.

Several days have passed since the last time Villa was killed.—St. Joseph, Mo., Gazette.

In the school of business some men never get out of the chart phase.—Rising Mont. Gazette.

Many Hands Handle Your Message. Capable hands, but human. Sometimes, not often, something goes wrong. We want to hear of it. We are not satisfied with a nearly perfect system. WESTERN UNION must be a perfect service. You can help us make it so if you will. It is your service, and your suggestions are essential and will be welcomed. THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

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