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Morning-Evening-Sunday.

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ENJOYING THE JITNEYS.

Judge Funk's decision in the jitney bus case is logical and we believe just. When the jitneys were mere automobiles running at large, they were a part of the public, and we doubt if the American Trust Co. could have secured the injunction forbidding them from parking in front of its establishment.

Such is one of the beauties of the jitney licensing ordinance. It may have given the city less control over them than it had before, limiting the police power of the city to the express regulations in the ordinance, but it placed those same jitneys in a better position for a private individual to get at them.

AVOIDING THE UNFIT.

Although we shall decline to revive discussion of the Bollinger baby case, incident to the address by Dr. Harry J. Haiselden at the Knife and Fork club, Tuesday night, the baby question still refuses to go down. After hearing the doctor, the principal criticism that we would make to his position, is that he is trying to convert an excusable exception into a general rule, and that danger lurks in that—perhaps in the abuse rather than the use, is criticism enough.

For instance, it has always been a sort of mystery to us why most babies do not use better judgment in the choice of their parents, and we might say, also, of their birth places. Indeed, with the common council about to pass an ordinance providing for a housing survey, calculated to provide better surroundings for the newcomers into the world, as well as the old, we are inclined to touch upon the baby's choice of birth place, more in particular. In doing this, let us forget Dr. Haiselden, and move on up from individuals to communities.

A great many people have had a disposition; indeed, people in general have been wont to assume that the individual has a monopoly in reflecting credit upon the community in which he is born, by attaining eminence in some particular line of endeavor, such as politics, religion, pugilism or any other profession, but now Dr. Paul E. Taylor, director of the New York Milk committee, fathers the idea that it is really the community as a whole that has the power to reflect the ultimate credit on itself and its individuals. He bases this premise on the proposition that the ultimate good to every individual and hence to the community, is health and life, and that certain cities can offer these commodities to the individual in more generous portions than others.

To prove his case Dr. Taylor points out that in the cities with over 100,000 population, a baby born in Omaha, Neb., has four times as good a chance to live to celebrate the first anniversary of its birth as a baby born in, for example, Nashville, Tenn., or Fall River, Mass.

In cities with a population of 50,000 to 100,000, a Salt Lake City, Utah, baby has over three times the chance of surviving the first year of life that a Passaic, N. J., or Holyoke, Mass., baby has.

In cities between 25,000 and 50,000 population, a LaCrosse, Wis., baby has an advantage of over six to one over a Montgomery, Ala., or a Perth Amboy, N. J., baby.

Of course, the inference that babies born in the cities where they have the smallest chance of survival, should be called to task because they do not by prearrangement make their entry into life, as Omaha, Salt Lake City or LaCrosse babies, refers to the composite baby of the community and not the individual baby.

Dr. Taylor admits that a Fifth av. baby, born of healthy, intelligent parents, has a mighty good chance of survival, whether it is born in Hokokus or in Timucktoo. The implied contention of Miss Julia Lathrop, director of the Children's Bureau at Washington, that the ideal industrial community is where the babies and children die young or grow up anaemic and sickly and that the ideal baby community is where industries are less intensive is borne out by Dr. Taylor's figures.

So we grownups must be prepared to be neither shocked nor blush if the babies do put up a concerted howl, through their radical agents, and insist on their inherent right of freedom in selecting the community in which to be born that offers the best inducements. And who knows. Perhaps ultimately it will be we

giene will form a partnership with eugenics and in that way bring about the ideal—for all the babies.

At any rate—Mr. Taylor's question to the American people: "Why try in vain to raise babies in our Nashvilles, Fall Rivers and Passaics when we can simplify the problem seventy-five per cent by raising them in our Omahas, Salt Lake Cities and LaCrosses, is pertinent and worthy of serious consideration."

And, as before stated, we are still old fashioned enough, that we delight more in doing something to save the babies, and give them a chance, than we possibly could do in Bollingerizing them,—as a rule—after a social negligence, perhaps, had rendered them unfit unit.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

There are few skilled trades, now, that are not aware that machines have invaded occupations once thought immune to the creative skill of the inventor. Today no one thinks of taking a seven years, apprenticeship, yet this was once common practice. The machine now does quicker and better that which once required many years of study and practice to perform. And this reminds us of a story.

For hundreds of years the printer's "case" was laid out almost exactly as was the original one. Each letter had to be picked up by hand, put in a "stick," then "spaced," and was finally "dumped" on a galley. To do this required skill and dexterity, and even after the "matter" was "set," and locked in a "form," and run through the press, it had to be "redistributed," each letter being placed in its individual "box."

"Ha, ha," said the printer; "to do my work requires thought, and you cannot make a machine that thinks." Have you ever seen a line-o-type—a Merгентhaler? Well, it may not think, but it has set many a printer to thinking. One machine will do the work of half a dozen men, and it has so reduced the cost of typesetting that it has made the big and cheap newspaper a possibility.

When this machine was new—not so many years ago, when it was more in the mind of the inventor—who wasn't a printer—than an actuality, Mr. Merгентhaler wanted more capital to develop his idea and perfect his machine. The International Typographical union was holding its annual session, and the inventor thought it would be fine to interest the printers in the idea of a typesetting machine. So he lied to the convention hall and told what he wanted. The "boys" smiled behind their hands at the idea of inventing a machine that could think, but appointed a committee to investigate.

"You can have a half interest in my typesetting machine for \$10,000," said Mr. Merгентhaler.

Smilingly the committee reported that "there was nothing in it," and smilingly the convention turned down the offer.

This was the printers' lost opportunity, for the line-o-type today represents millions of profits and dominates the printing business of the world.

Moral: Marvels in the way of labor saving and wealth creating machinery are still being invented, and the hand workers' field is still being invaded.

And the reason labor doesn't control its own machinery is because, like the printers, it won't.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

We favor the immediate repeal of the Federal reserve act and the substitution of a central bank controlled by Standard Oil.

We demand prompt removal of the income tax from the statute books and the restoration of a system of taxation which relieves the rich of, and places upon the poor, the heavy cost of government.

We insist upon early elimination of the Federal trade commission, so that the great trusts may resume the practice of unfair and cut-throat competition without let or hindrance.

We hereby declare for the enactment of a drastic law prohibiting any public mention of the great measures for the development of agriculture, of commerce and industry put in force under democratic administration, because discussion of these matters tends to make votes for Woodrow Wilson.

We point with sorrow and sinking hearts to the unprecedented prosperity of the United States and we hereby solemnly swear that not one nickel of it is attributable to democratic administration, but that our good fortune is entirely due to the eclipse of the moon last July, or something like that.

We urge immediate annexation of the Hearst ranch. We hereby assert that the Wilson administration has failed to assert the American position with adequate vigor in the negotiations with Germany over the submarine issue.

We hereby assure the German vote that the Wilson administration has been entirely too aggressive and persistent in its jealousies with the kaiser. We love ourselves more than our neighbors and propose to do unto the common people just as Mark Hanna did unto them, only more so, etc.

THE MUNICIPAL PICNIC.

The proposed municipal picnic at Rum Village, July 4th, ought to be a good thing for South Bend, first, because it will sort of introduce the city to its new park, and secondly, because notwithstanding that some of us have regarded its purchase as an inexpedient expenditure of money at this time, it no saying that, now that we have it, we should not make the largest possible use of it. Besides, in this year of our almost exclusive peace, among the great powers of the earth, the celebration of our natal holiday is an opportunity for reflection of an unusual order.

We would encourage the people of South Bend to make their plans for July 4th, this year, so as to exclude pretty much everything other than the Rum Village celebration. The committee is hard at work on the affair. No one can go elsewhere and enjoy more in freedom, or absorb more of national patriotism. We sincerely urge the people of South Bend, one and all, to do what they can to make this a real municipal picnic—get together and rub elbows.

If you voted for Taft in 1912, here is a question for you: Are you ready to vote for Roosevelt now? If you voted for Teddy in 1912, here's a question for you: Are you ready to vote for one of the old guard now? And, this is for both of you: Didn't things turn out pretty well in 1912 as it was?

Republicans can't agree on a candidate, can't agree on a platform, can't agree on what they will do if they get the offices. They have only one agreement—they want the offices.

If times were dull and we needed excitement there might be some excuse for recalling Turbulent Teddy to the white house—he would furnish entertainment. But these are serious times and we need a—Wilson.

THE MELTING POT FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

NEW SUITS. By Arthur Brooks Baker.

A gentleman whose aim was perfect pulchritude and pleasure. Acquired a suit of raiment cut to his exclusive measure. It fit him like the paper in a mural decoration.

But soon, from causes not at all obscure, profound or mystic. The picture that he made was obviously less artistic. The doctor gave him orders for some changes in his diet: His measurement were rapidly and greatly altered by it; The clothing which had been the true and highly proper caper Was sold to meet its doom in helping manufacture paper.

It's needless to remark the suit was duly superseded. By one whose size and shape was nearer what the wearer needed. And that's the way with morals, law and etiquette and custom; No sooner do we get them made than we proceed to bust 'em, And seek for other principles and rules and regulations. To meet our altered needs and suit our altered inclinations.

We see where Pres't Wilson is going to be quoted in a lot of assault and battery cases. "The Wilson alibi" will be in order.

Bullets are dangerous, that we'll admit. But if you want war and want it on thick, Just get mixed in an argument, go and get hit. By a chunk of burned mud, commonly called a brick.

Ever notice: It's always "senate may act," and never "senate will act." CAUSES OF WAR. Lawns. Gardens. Children. Chickens. Flats. Kins. Emperors. Almost anything. The other fellow.

Many an advocate of preparedness is speaking of the other fellow when he wants to increase the size of the army. WHAT'S THE ANSWER? (From the Monroe, Ind. Reporter.) Bleeding and bandaged John Andrews was brought to his home here on Thursday about noon from Decatur by Murray Scherer, where the night before on coming toward Decatur from the north his machine turned turtle on the Monmouth bridge under which he was pinned for several hours until he was discovered.

Statesmen Great and Near-Great BY FRED KELLY

Sen. Stone and Rubber Heels.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—A concern which manufactures rubber heels employed a young woman recently to make a poll of various prominent men in Washington as to their views about the physical and spiritual profit to be derived from wearing rubber heels. The young woman called a number of statesmen by telephone, among them Sen. Stone of Missouri. Stone's secretary happened to be out of the office and he himself answered the "phone.

"Does Sen. Stone favor rubber heels?" inquired the woman, thinking she was addressing the secretary.

Now, Sen. Stone has been known throughout Missouri and elsewhere, for many years as "Gum Shoe Bill." He leaped to the conclusion that some fresh young woman was needlessly undertaking to twit him.

So he said never a word but slammed up the receiver.

When Kahn Read the Declaration.

Congressman Julius Kahn of California was picked to read the Declaration of Independence at the Fourth of July celebration at the San Francisco fair. There was a big crowd and a good deal of confusion, and notwithstanding Kahn's excellent enunciation, many could hear only snatches of what he read.

One listener turned to a companion and said in a hurt tone: "What's Kahn mean by getting off all that reactionary stuff?"

"I can hear only part of his speech," replied the other, "but he seems to be hawling out the English, too. I reckon he must be pro-German."

Statesmen Who Look Alike.

Senators O'Gorman of New York and Phelan of California look more alike than almost any other pair of senators doubles ever placed before the public. They are of about the same height—a trifle below the average—each has a nice little set of close-cropped whiskers; each is suave, plump, silk-hatted, dignified and cute. Each wears his silk hat even on the most routine occasion.

Just because they look so much alike and so cunning together, O'Gorman and Phelan are to be seen in each other's company a great deal.

O'Gorman has a large family; Phelan has none. Phelan is a bachelor, but is also a philanthropist and spends almost as much money as if he were married. Nobody knows how many millions he is worth. If he wished to he could

ing nothing but just count his money.

A Malevolent Neutral. T. Roosevelt, the magazine writer, recently remarked to a friend—so the friend relates: "With regard to Wilson and Bryan I am neutral—malevolently neutral. I wish them both ill."

A Loyal Democrat.

Sen. John W. Kern of Indiana has an assistant, one Jerry Foley, for years a prominent democratic worker in Indianapolis politics. As far back as Jerry's family tree can be traced, his folks have all been democrats. Anything one may say reflecting in the slightest degree upon the democratic party is regarded by Jerry as a personal affront. On his way to Indianapolis awhile ago Jerry sat in a Pullman smoking compartment listening to the observations of a sad-eyed stranger who complained that his business was dull. Jerry did not wish to nip into the conversation, but the stranger talked as if the democratic administration was responsible for his business troubles, and, moreover, he kept glaring at Jerry as if he were the proximate cause of everything that was awry.

So, in a casual, polite tone, Jerry inquired of the stranger what his line of business might be.

"I'm in the undertaking business," replied the man.

At that Jerry flared right up. "You've got a lot of license to kick about poor business," argued Jerry, savagely. "I'd like to see everybody in your business starve to death. What do you want the Wilson administration to do—have a country-wide epidemic of Asiatic cholera?"

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.

(Memphis News-Scimitar.)

Another advance in drugs has been announced, and while it will be trying and expensive in some ways, in other ways it will be a benefit to our country. Chemicals are used in many ways, but the amount of drugs that are used for medicines is out of all reason in this country. We use more medicine per capita than the people of any other nation in the world.

And we produce fewer drugs than almost any civilized nation. Some of our medicines have advanced 500 to 700 per cent and if the prices will just go high enough so that the American people will take Shakespeare's advice and throw physic to the dogs, it will be better for them.

The first French settlement in Minnesota was made in 1727, when Ene Boucher, Sieur de la Perriere, erected Ft. Beauharnais on the west shore of Lake Pepin, as the widely inundated Mississippi valley is there called over a length

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH? (Indianapolis Star.)

Col. Gorgas, the man who so regulated the sanitary conditions of the isthmus as to make it possible to build the canal, agrees with Henry Ford that most persons, especially the wealthy, eat too much, though many who are poor do not eat enough. He thinks too much food is the cause of more physical ailments than too much drink.

The human system, he declares, is too often compelled to digest more food than it needs, with a consequent strain and injury to the internal organs. The excess food weakens the heart, the liver and the excretory organs and shortens life.

Over-eating, he thinks, leads to over-consumption of alcoholic liquors and the cocktail habit can be traced to a desire to eat more than is useful. His own habit is to stop eating when he ceases to feel hungry. This is the course which probably the greater number of people would insist that they themselves follow, but they would doubtless find by close observation that food is consumed at every meal after hunger is satisfied and because it is an inviting part of the menu.

The opinion was expressed by other government surgeons that a safe rule would be to eat approximately one-half of the usual amount. This plan is easily tried and by the results noted each individual could judge his own case. While it is true, however, that people may subsist on a small amount of food, it may be doubted if the average person eats habitually twice as much as his system demands or as the maintenance of his health and strength requires.

Undoubtedly a limitation on too much meat and animal products will be placed on the quantity of steaks, chops and roasts commonly served. In many households meat is eaten three times a day, a thing not good for the health or the purse.

But the season of great plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, reasonable in price, is just opening up, and advocating abstemiousness in rich foods at least. A better time will be when "canned goods" prevail.

FEDERAL INSPECTION. (Indiana Times, Indianapolis.)

Rep. Lintlithcum is urging vigorously a congressional committee to investigate charges that milk, butter, ice cream and other products of milk are in many cases filthy, disease-breeding and unfit for human consumption. Lintlithcum's idea is to bring about federal inspection of milk and milk products; to put the dairy and butter business and the ice cream business under federal regulation and supervision. Milk and milk products enter generally and intimately into human health and happiness. It was found to be necessary to establish government inspection of foods, drugs and meats. There is little question but that in some cases the milk business is fully as liable to go wrong as was the packing business. The same human element, the same brand of human greed is likely to be met in one business as in another. Lintlithcum says that so far as the federal government is concerned, dairies, creameries, may be said to "run wide open."

It was found to be desirable to regulate and safeguard the meat-packing industry in the name of the public well-being; if federal pure food and drug laws are essential, it is difficult to see why safeguards should not be extended to milk and milk products—foods that most nearly touch the lives of the people. There are institutions which are maintained on a high plane of safety and purity and cleanliness. These have no fear of inspection, no matter by what authority. The wholesome dairy and butter factory will welcome the inspector.

GRAFT IN CHARITY ORGANIZATION. (Tampa, Fla., Times.)

If there is any organization around which the monster, Graft, does not attempt to wrap its tentacles that organization has yet to be brought to light. We know of none that is immune, and the brazenness of the money-stealing beast grows increasingly appalling. One of his principal lairs is the charity organizations of the country, some of which pay more salaries than they dispense to unfortunates whom they are designed to serve.

New York city, according to revelations of the New York School of Philanthropy, spends more than \$4,000,000 annually in salaries to officers of charity organizations, which means 80 cents for each of the 5,000,000 people of Gotham, or \$4.00 for each family.

Despite New York's large population and the fact that poverty abounds there to so great a degree, it is evident that the payment of so much in salaries is unwarranted, and that the spirit of graft permeates the city's charity and social uplift organizations, officers of some of which receive salaries of \$10,000 yearly.

It is pleasing to note that in Tampa contributions to objects of charity go to these objects and not to high-salaried dispensers of charity.

Among his other troubles, Pres't Wilson is having one in the case of the New York postoffice. He don't want to nominate a Tammany man for postmaster, and is afraid not to nominate a Tammany man. The state of New York counts big in the electoral college and if Tammany should sulk in its tent, New York would not vote the democratic ticket.—Knoxville, Tenn., Journal and Tribune.

China has issued a strict edict against false reports. Apparently it is getting tired of war news.—Indianapolis.



"Sure Enough! It's Actually Growing Your Hair!"

THE gentleman here with the bowed head has been bald for a good many years. The more hair treatments he used the baldier he got. Then he quit. You couldn't make him believe that hair could be made to grow on any bald spot any more than on a stone.

One day a friend of his showed him a hair-root under a microscope. A drop of alcohol had been applied to the hair-root. It had shriveled up like a dried apple.

Alcohol in Tonics Kills Hair

Then Mr. Baldhead realized that all the hair treatments he had been using for years contained from 30 per cent to 50 per cent alcohol. As a hair murderer, he had been a beautiful success.

One of the greatest hair discoveries of the age has been made. Hair can be made to grow as surely and positively as plants can be made to grow by fertilization of the soil.

This discovery is Vola-Vita. Hair has now been analyzed and found to contain five principal elements. When any one or more of these elements are missing, or are scarce, the hair-roots lose their vitality, hair falls out, dandruff may come.

Sold in South Bend by Otto C. Bastian, Corner 10th and Main Sts. Public Drug Store, G. A. Smith & Co., Nicholas Schilling, Wietick's, J. Burrows, Chapin Park Pharmacy, Freshner Drug Store, M. C. Hoban, A. W. Huff, L. A. Kolpa & Co., Ralph H. Kuss, London Drug Co., E. A. Schiffer, M. Tomaszewski, White's Pharmacy, Paul E. Wolter, G. E. Zimmerman, Louis E. Kreidler, R. Pink, American Drug Co., Applegate's Drug Store, in Mishawaka, Ind., by E. H. Longstreet, Page's Pharmacy, Red Cross Drug Store, E. C. Went & Co.—Adv.

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