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 Morning-Evening-Sunday
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of thought with the one which usually make a mother the slave to her children and to her home, the servant who is always on duty to care for the rest of the family, whose hours of labor are limited to 24 a day, and who gladly and happily accepts her lot.

Interesting animals, these ants that Edison will speak with and to whose conversations man will become an eaves dropper.

Perhaps scientists will learn that some ant efficiency experts really started the movement, now a law, which condemns all male ants to death very early in their matrimonial careers.

What will men think of the ant, when he really knows the reasons for their actions? And what will the ant think of some of the things that men do?

INTO THE HEREAFTER

A Chippewa Indian, reputed to be 137 years old, dies at Cass Lake, Minn. Was he the oldest American? Probably.

His name was Go-Be-Nah-Gewin-Wonce. Translated, that means Wrinkled Meat.

Would you trade your life for his?

He lived simply, close to nature. Never visited a city until he was 132. Then he took a trip to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago.

People who like jazz, folding beds, starched collars, landlords and time clocks will say: "Shucks! We live more in a year than old Wrinkled Meat lived in his 137."

Wrinkled Meat, remembering the joys of outdoor life, would smile wisely.

Wrinkled Meat had been married eight times. But he never had a child. Finally, he adopted one. The paternal instinct can't be drowned. He knew the dull monotony of an old age without children.

If he could have had an heir, he undoubtedly would have traded 75 years of his life.

Wrinkled Meat never knew real life.

All life is a preface until we have children. Emerson, greatest American philosopher, said that. It is true.

Old Wrinkled Meat lived to see his people, the red Indians, lose the vast country they once controlled from coast to coast.

Wise providence gave the Indians a chance, then shoved them off the stage to make room for a civilization of production which, now solving slowly the problem of making a living in a few hours a day, is paving the way for a civilization of intellectual research and spiritual culture to follow.

Wrinkled Meat also lived to see these miracles:

Men flying through the air. Talking with each other by wireless, 3000 miles apart. Niagara Falls harnessed, the falling water lighting homes hundreds of miles away. Scientific farms where once the buffalo roamed. X-ray machines that make human bodies transparent. Moving pictures. Boxes that play music and sing. Men claiming they'll soon talk to people on the stars.

Wrinkled Meat won't be believed when he arrives in the Happy Hunting Ground with such fairy stories about what the white man is doing with his magic in the land of the old-time Indian medicine man.

A true vision of life 137 years hence, in the year 2059, would be equally unbelievable to us of today.

CHASING DARKNESS

A sensational scientific event took place 26 years ago the 20th of this month, when electricity was first used for stage illumination.

This was at a production of "Iolanthe," in the old Bijou theater, Boston. Thomas A. Edison ran the switchboard.

Twenty-seven years before that, Moses G. Farmer, at Newport, R. I., illumined his house with 42 platinum incandescent electric lights.

It took 27 years for the stage to try out electric illumination in place of the old-time "gas boards."

A similar revolutionary invention, created today, would be adopted overnight.

Our generation, compared with past ones, is amazing for the speed with which it accepts and adopts new ideas. Each year the salesman with a new device has easier sledding.

Last year 1,000,000 American homes were wired for electricity.

In the whole country are 21,000,000 homes, 8,000,000 using electric lights.

Ask grandma if she'd care to go back to the candles of pioneer days.

Abraham Lincoln worked out arithmetic problems by light from an open fireplace, chalking sums on a shovel.

In George Washington's day, the night watchman who patrolled the black streets carried an iron lantern, candle light coming through small holes.

We moderns do not appreciate the tremendous luxury we have in the simple matter of artificial light.

Time was, when man's only dispellers of darkness were the moon and the glare of the campfire.

Toiling by day, man was unable to use his spare night time for freedom of movement, recreation and study, until inventive genius began perfecting artificial illumination.

We have many benefactors in history, but none greater than Edison, Welsbach, Argand, Alfred the Great and the host of others who revealed to us how to turn night into day.

The speed of progress is enough to make one dizzy.

Next thing on the calendar may be canned sunlight.

Consider the little pin—its flat head never sees the point.

If riches are a curse, most of us want to be cursed.

Other Editors Than Ours

A TEMPTING REWARD.
 (Washington Post.)

From time to time announcements of a positive cure for cancer have been made, thus raising the hopes of countless sufferers from that mysterious and dread disease, only to dash them again, for the much-heralded "cures" have invariably failed when brought to the actual test. Mitigations there have been, but so far apparently no specific, unfailing remedy. One practitioner claims considerable success for his treatment of cancer by reducing the quantity of salt taken into the system and the administration of certain ingredients for the removal of cell irritation. Radium, from which great things were, and still are expected, has hitherto proved efficacious only on visible or superficial cancers that have not struck deep roots. It is quite possible that, in the hands of Mrs. Curie and other scientists who are engaged in the same class of experimental research, a plan may be devised for the successful application of radium to the deepest and most malignant growths. Another treatment which may yet yield the hoped-for results is the penetrative power given to the X-rays by an increase in the voltage of current and a consequent increase in the frequency of the rays.

The offer of a prize of \$100,000 made by Lord Atholstan, of the Montreal Star, to the graduate or student of any recognized university who within five years after date is the first to discover a medicinal treatment for the effective cure of cancer is meant to help in stimulating the work of research throughout the world.

The Tower of Babel
 Bill Armstrong

THAT LIST OF BACHELORS.
 There was just one thing wrong with that page of South Bend's leading old bachelors in Sunday's leading edition of your favorite newspaper, The News-Times (for sale 10 cents everywhere, pay no more) and that was that Milt Frudenstein overlooked an elegant bet.

He should have had a neat sign on his right shoulder, reading:

THIS BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY BRAND SUIT LOOKS GOOD AND WILL WEAR LIKE IRON. VERY SPECIAL, \$28.50.

Art McDonald's picture give him that Ben Turpin look again, and Walter Weed looked like those pictures you used to see long ago in the Police Gazette, with the little underneath, "POPULAR SALOONIST OF BUCYRUS, OHIO, SAYS HELLO BILL TO ALL HIS FRIENDS AND KNOCKERS."

But our biggest kick is, where were the pictures of the widely known and much discussed pair of Bachelor Gold Dust Twins, who I have already nicknamed Fred Rose and Charles B. Sax? To think of this town's bachelors without including this precious pair is like leaving the gingerale out of a highball.

We know some other gents of middling prominence, who really ought to be included in a bachelor group. If you are going to take into consideration the little time they spend to home nights. But we won't give this list at this time as we don't want to usurp any official duties of our police reporter.

In looking over these pictures in the Sunday paper, we thought at first that someone was choking Stue Elbel, but later discovered that he was wearing a cuff for a collar, which is often done in the best circles.

If The News-Times was really sincerely interested in marrying off this group of single birds, it seems to us it wouldn't have been no more than right if their telephone numbers had been inserted along side of their photos. Of course, Rudy Ackerman always wore his on his sleeve, anyway, but it would have been giving the others a fair break, too.

TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT
 —when we told Jo Cunningham yesterday that we had been sick, he sez, "Why don't you cancel your subscription to the Daily Moan?"

Just Folks By *Edgar A. Guest*

THE THINGS I MUST DO.
 I'm the sort of a fellow that's fond of his ease.
 I should like every day to do just as I please.
 I don't want to work and I don't want to sigh,
 I don't want the wind to blow dust in my eye,
 I don't want the rain when it's my day to play,
 I'd rather be happy than sad any day;
 Yet in spite of my wishes for skies that are fair,
 The days come along with my portion of care.

I've learned, as I've traveled the busy years through,
 Life is made up of things that I don't want to do,
 I must frequently go when I'd much rather stay,
 I must buckle to work when 'twere nicer to play.

More Truth Than Poetry By *James J. Montague*

PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT.
 When Hasheesh, the Turk, to the boom of the drum
 'Round the floor of the kiosk would carom,
 Or would shimmy a bit when the hookah was lit,
 In the hall in his lovely thatched harem,
 The people from Raymond & Whitcomb's and Cook's,
 Who such exhibitions attended,
 Cried out in delight, "What a wonderful sight!
 These dances are certainly splendid!"

So Hasheesh, the Turk, came to dance in New York,
 But the uplifters promptly protested,
 "This dance is too warm," said these sons of reform,
 And Hasheesh forthwith was arrested.
 And back to Stamboul went the shimmying Turk,
 Observing, "Those folks are the oddest."
 They have canceled my dates in their prudish old states,
 On the ground that my dance was "immodest."

When Tottie, the traveling queen of the Jazz,
 Was taken to Turkey on tour,
 They swarmed in delight on the opening night,
 Paving fifty piazas to view her.
 But when she appeared in her filmy attire,
 The sultan arose and gave orders
 That Tottie be dressed in real clothes
 and expresse—
 Outside of his majesty's borders,
 Which all goes to show that a dance which will go
 In the land of the lordly pasha,
 If shown over here will conclude its career.

Being counter to custom and law,
 While the shimmy we prize and extol to the skies
 Will be yanked off the stage with a jerk.

The minute it's seen in the moral demesne
 That is bossed by the terrible Turk.

More as Plenty,
 One thing is certain, There isn't to be any shortage of conferences this year.

Hank Injustice,
 And you don't even get exemption

OLD BILL KENNEDY'S BACK.
 Old Bill Kennedy is the kind of a town booster that you read about in Thomson and McKinnon, his employers, recognizing Bill as the oldest man in their organization, informed him that they wanted to give him a present. And Bill's reply was, "Just send me back to South Bend; that's all I ask of you." So they did it and now Bill's back again, saying hello and slapping backs in the Oliver lobby.

WE'RE DONE WITH THE MOVIES.

When we first learned about the local Elks' movie we was wampant to be one of the actors, being very ambitious to play the part of a villain. Harris, the slave, or something of that kind, but recently we've changed our mind and conquered all our ambitions to be an actor. I'll tell you why. It's mighty embarrassing to work like Sam Hill in the movies, and then the first night it was shown here some numskull in the back of the house yell out, "And they killed me like Bill Taylor!"

WE'RE TRYING TO IMPROVE THE TELEPHONE SERVICE.

Listening to the arguing of Ed Bende to improve the telephone service by treating the operators with all kindness whenever we used the phone by saying, for instance, "Good morning operator, I trust that you are feeling chipper today," we in good faith followed Mr. Bende's suggestion the other day.

Realizing that if the service is really to be actually improved, the greetings must be changed around and revamped from time to time, so with this thought in mind we took down the receiver in our quiet, polite way and breathed:

"Oh, you Mabel Normand! How's things slipping this morning down to the hello parlor?"

If the question was ever answered by the operator we don't know nothing about it. When we come to several hours later we was buried under the kitchen stove, the washing machine, davenport and Christmas tree, and our business manager was having Chief of Police Lane and his squad tearing out the telephone with their axes.

And, by the way, we just learned from reliable sources that Bill Fowler, up to Oliver's, is going to provide each one of his angle worms with a submarine when he goes fishing at Barron lake this summer.

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WILL IT BE KILLED?

The volume of protest being made against the special taxes proposed as a means of raising funds for giving compensation to soldiers is so great that a suspicious mind might find reason to believe that there is a deep laid plot to kill the so-called bonus by the character of the special taxes.

The protest against the special taxes seems to be as unanimous as the demand that this country save its self-respect by providing an adjusted compensation for the wearers of the uniform.

The plain truth of the matter is that the legislation is in the hands of the enemies of the bonus, who have been forced to action by public sentiment so widespread as to be dangerous politically.

It is a matter of recent history that all bonus legislation was killed off not six months ago on orders from the White House.

It is a matter of record that the secretary of the treasury is still fighting any such legislation and predicts national disaster if such a measure is passed. His first protest, six months ago, had behind it the White House endorsement.

Now, congressional elections drawing near, it is proposed as a party measure to pass or make a show of passing some legislation which will meet the demands of public conscience and sense of justice as outlined in the demands of the American Legion and other veteran organizations.

But in the payments of this debt, owed by the people, they are to be placed on a different level than would bills for battleships, payments to railroads, or purchases from great business concerns.

To meet the other debts of the nation, such as salaries for the vast army of civilian employes, a revenue raising measure is passed and the payments come from the general fund.

There is no special taxation to pay the deficits of the postal department, for instance, and it may be said that this deficit this year will be of such a sum as to require considerable raising of funds.

But the reluctant and grudging consent to bonus legislation carries with it a distinct condition that funds for its payment be provided for in the measure and can be paid only from such special sources.

The veteran debtors are to be told that they will get their money, as fast as it can be collected from theaters or cigar counters.

Every one of the suggestions made for special taxes is directed to a spot that could be counted upon to raise the loudest kind of protest.

Every special tax hits an industry that can be relied upon to yell and yell loudly against payment.

It might appear that the entire field was canvassed for the purpose selecting sources that would be likely to make the bonus itself appear unpopular and to cause such a turmoil and provoke such vociferous protest that the entire matter may be tied up for months while hearings are had.

Is there a purpose to raise a lot of dust, to get people to quarrel about the methods of payment, to enlist mighty forces for the defeat of the measure so that in the end the veteran will get nothing and the administration will have a ready-made alibi for its inactivity?

If the compensation be a just debt it should be paid as are other debts and not made dependent upon special sources of taxation.

The men who vote the uniform are not demanding charity and any policy which puts the payments to them into a special class carries with it some of the earmarks of charity.

The friends of the soldier, the men and women who believe in justice and fairness, should not allow their attention to be distracted from the main issue or to be drawn into an argument as to methods.

The sales tax, if adopted, could be readily adjusted to meet all the requirements of the government and there would be no necessity of listing claims into classes and make the payment of just debts dependent upon the number of theater tickets or cigars sold.

A PROPHECY BY EDISON

"The time will come when we can hear ants talk as they crawl" is the interesting and epigrammatic prophecy of the most useful citizen of America, Thomas A. Edison, on his 75th birthday.

He was simply stating, in a new way, that this world is being reorganized and rebuilt and that man will discover secrets of energy and power that will multiply a million fold his activities of today.

He was stating his belief that the development of radio as a force will bring about the control of sound waves so that the slightest whisper can be magnified to the volume of a thunder clap and that it will soon be possible for the man in South Bend to listen to the voice of his friends on the other side of the world.

But suppose for a minute that he meant, literally, what he said and that ants do talk and that man will some day listen in and understand their language.

What would their comments be upon the methods of man, under whose foot a thousand of their lives can be crushed out in a moment? What would those tiny bits of life say of the habits, the customs, the triumphs and the tragedies of the greater animal, man?

One of the things into which men will inquire when Edison's day literally arrives, is their treatment of the female who is the mother of the race.

Close observation of the ant has shown that the mother ant is most carefully guarded and waited upon, the work being done by the female who is not a mother and who does nothing to reproduce and perpetuate the ant race.

These spinster ants do practically all the work. They dig the nests in the ground which form the homes of colonies. They fight the battles. They go out and capture slave slaves as are held by the ant tribes, for the ants are slave owners.

The mother ants, and they are countless in number, are the queens of the colonies. They do not work. They watch their progeny through the brief adolescence into adult growth and that task is regarded, seemingly, as the most important that can be done and for it the scepter or rulership is bestowed.

When men listen to the conversation of ants, perhaps they can gain the reason for this, which is seemingly founded in wisdom.

Men will be interested in comparing that state

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