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SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

A missionary, returning from Congo, brings with him the story of a punishment meted out to a wife who deserted her hut.

These savages in the Congo have some very peculiar ideas upon the question of ownership, if not of morals, and when this wife, attracted by a different part of the jungle, the tribe captured her, tied her in the path of the driver and left her.

The woman was eaten alive by these carnivorous insects, if you believe the missionary and there is no reason not to do so.

This incident is commended to those who are saying much these days about the usefulness of women to occupy places in congress or in the senate. They should appreciate the incident, which is in line with the foundation of their philosophy.

These Congo residents believe that women should be kept in their places—even if they do not happen to like those places.

The dark brethren have no sentimental nonsense about woman rights or her ability. They do know that the driver ant is a terrible creature and that fear is a powerful emotion.

The same men, and there are some women who will echo their doleful warning, might contrast the picture of this Congo woman a victim of ants, with the 500 women who will hold an exposition in New York in September showing the place of woman in industry. Incidentally, the 500 members of the organization giving this show have a combined earning power of a million and a quarter dollars a year.

Let Mrs. Elizabeth Sears, president of the league, tell of its plans:

"Among our exhibitors will be women manufacturers of paints, varnishes and floor compositions, confectionery, machinery and radio condensers. We shall have women coffee and tea brokers, leather firms, landscape gardeners, cutlery workers, purchasing agents, credit managers. A unit will be devoted to women in banking; another to women in insurance; a third to women in advertising. On the railroads there are women ticket agents, claim agents, chiefs of yard work. I know a woman who is managing a big lumber company; another who is head of a box factory; a third who manufactures ball-bearing machinery.

"But our show is not merely going to show the things women have accomplished. It will indicate how they can accomplish still more. One of the things for which our league always has stood is the importance of training. It isn't enough for every girl to go after a job; every girl must be trained for one. And this important constructive side of each of our exhibits will be the emphasis placed on training. The league wants to make such an exhibition of women's work that, after any girl has spent an afternoon examining it, she will go away knowing definitely what job she wants and just what she must do to qualify herself for it.

"We shall have a wives' and mothers' unit. We shall show just how every young woman should be trained for her job as wife and mother—the biggest job of all. It has been estimated that, for real competence in this position, a woman must know forty-seven trades. Among them are cook, nurse, laundress, paper hanger, carpet layer, painter, mender, dressmaker, educator."

The tortured woman in the Congo represents the submerged woman, still regarded as inferior and unfit, still held as property. The exposition is put on by woman who is recognized as an equal, with equal opportunity, with equal responsibility and with merit and fitness, the only test for service, no matter what that service may be. Take your choice.

DO YOU NEED ILLUSION?

Can the world exist if men and women face only the facts of life?

This question is seriously asked by one of the most famous of physicians, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who has been called the medical adviser of this people because of his writings on subjects of health.

In an article on prohibition, he finds that from every practical standard, it has made good and that the results are such that no argument remains for the return of drinks and alcohol.

He finds that the death rate has dropped, that only a third of the doctors of the nation have taken out permits to prescribe whiskey as a medicine that arrests have decreased in all the large industrial centers, that strikes have been fewer.

And then he asks:

"To what influences can we look to recolor the gray drudgery of every day toil, to give us a hope of better things to come even of only a temporary gleam?"

The suggestion that the lives of men and women need some drug which will bring them dreams and close their eyes to realities is not new, but it is new when it is raised in connection with the use of drinks.

Is life so hard, so grim, so wholly gray and drab that the vast majority need to dream to live?

Must there always be an illusion to keep men and woman from the depths of despair?

Is there nothing in the reality of life that makes it tolerable and worth living?

The suggestion of Dr. Hutchinson would seem to imply that the contrary is true and that the human mind needs some form of stimulation that will make it forget the reality in the hope of a mirage created by poison.

No one has ever been foolish enough to suggest that booze ever helped any one obtain any of the dreams it inspired.

Under its influence men have imagined themselves millionaires and spent their last dollar of the weekly pay envelope at some sodden bar—only to waken in the morning to the stern reality of even deeper penury and privation.

Under its influence women and girls have danced their way to the alluring dreams that they were beautiful, entrancing, captivating—only to know on the morrow that they had lost all their charm under influence of drink.

Every day toil may look like gray drudgery to this doctor. But its path has been the road on which civilization has climbed from the jungles of savagery.

The men who depend upon rose colored dreams for happiness have headaches most of the time.

Life, with its infinite possibilities, with its new

miracles, with its manifold opportunities is too fine a thing to be drugged and much too worth while to need the added touch of fanciful imagination.

LIVING AS CHRISTIANS.

A new experiment in society is to be attempted, this time in the hills of Virginia, where a community is to be formed of those who will conduct themselves as "the Scripture require Christians to live."

From time to time, other communities have been formed on the theories of economics and morals, to live their day and finally to pass under the weight of the influences of organized society as it exists in the entire nation.

Those who are gathered for the trial of a literal adherence to Biblical rules come from many states. They have no theory of communism and no socialistic ideal of curing the ills of life through material means.

Those who join have become convinced that the ways of the modern life are corrupting and demoralizing and that the members of organized churches are not living up to the standards of their faith.

This will be interesting, for history records the fact that many creeds and faiths have been built around a difference of interpretation as to just what a Christian life should be.

There are those who might insist that regular attendance upon services is the first essential.

Others would put forward the idea that the entire life of life is held in the Ten Commandments and that a free conscious in obeying these should be the only measuring stick for morality and spirituality.

Larger numbers might agree that the modern dance, the suggestive picture show, the toleration of tempting amusements are not at all compatible with the Christian theory of life, and this is a Christian nation and a Christian land.

Still others would argue that for such a community the single command of "love ye one another" would be sufficient to wipe out all disorder, all enmity, all jealousy, all suspicion of evil and create a community of whose standard and of whose perfection there could be no doubt.

The members of the new community come from widely separated states. They are seeking in seclusion the path to their own ideals of life and of religion. That shows sincerity and any movement which has this as its basic foundation, is worth watching.

But there will be those who wonder whether spiritual force and growth need seclusion for its attainment.

JUSTICE NOT LAW.

Every honest man should be interested in the result of the first case tried by an unofficial tribunal created by the Arbitration Society of America in the city of New York.

This organization is attempting to cut the red tape of courts and to substitute justice and equity for technicalities and precedent in the settlement of disputes.

It is estimated that many millions of dollars are wasted each year in the city of New York alone in the trial of law suits which need only the application of honesty and horse sense to achieve the desired result.

It is known that in hatred, bitterness and in feuds the courts have been the largest manufacturer.

The trouble, of course, lies with the legal profession which seeks to find some technical point on which to fight for victory. It is the business of a lawyer in these days to win suits, not to primarily secure justice and promote good will.

So this society, composed of judges who know the weaknesses of the legal machinery, of capitalists who lament the sheer waste of dollars and philanthropists who are worried over the great bulk of ill will produced by litigation, hit upon the scheme of settling cases by arbitration, rather than through the courts.

The lawyers sniffed when it was proposed and professed that if any one ever tried such a fool scheme, the losing party would immediately appeal to the courts and would have to come to them for a trip to the supreme court before satisfied. That, they say, was but human nature.

Well, the first case was tried, one of those arguments that fill the ordinary lawyer with delight for it was a quarrel between partners. Just as domestic quarrels hold the record for heat and bitterness, partnership squabbles have the right of way for personal enmity when it comes to law suits.

The partners came into the unofficial tribunal glaring at each other. They had no lawyers.

Each told his story. The other interrupted whenever he wished and there was no legal limitation upon the evidence. What the arbitrator wanted was the truth and he got it from those collateral stories and episodes that are important but which no judge ever permits to get to a jury.

When they had finished, the arbitrator gave out a suggestion of what he thought as a square deal. The partners were not satisfied. They came back the next day and the decision was made.

They are still partners, for in carrying out the decree of this unofficial judge, they found out that each had been mistaken and that both had been at fault.

This hearing took an hour. It was heard on the day after the matter was brought to the tribunal. It was settled on the third day.

Compare that with the record of the ordinary law suit. If a case is decided within a year, it is unusual. Then comes the long delay of appeal of reversal, of repeated trials until, in most cases, both parties are losers in the end.

This first case of arbitration would seem to commend the system. It might be adopted by merchants bureaus in every city as a most important adjunct to the forces that stand for stability of society.

The courts have long needed something. Perhaps this is what they lacked.

Other Editors Than Ours

CRAMPED
(Cleveland Press)
London finds its smallest house, opposite Kensington Palace Gardens. Its street frontage is only six feet. The owner uses the ground floor for a shop, the cellar for cooking and eating and the second floor for a bedroom and living room.

Is this the sort of domicile that civilized congestion is heading the majority of us toward? Steadily mounting land values imprison us in smaller and smaller metropolitan cells. Yet it is only a few generations since nearly every one could afford a large yard.

Before the cells get motherly small, the airplane may break up the cities.

GOLD
(Denver Express)
The flow of gold into our country from abroad, continues declining. In May, imports of gold exceeded exports by about \$5,500,000 or roughly a fifth less than in January.

The United States now has about half of the gold in the world. Its utility, or actual value, is largely imaginary. But, for that matter, life is based mostly on imagination—chiefly, delusions.

The Tower of Babel
 Bill Armstrong

BY A STIFF CORRESPONDENT.

ELKS PICNIC GROUNDS, June 26.—(News-Times Leased Wire.)—The South Bend Elks club held their annual picnic here today, along the St. Joseph river opposite Healthwin hospital, and besides showing themselves a good time they were good enough fellows to cross over the river and bring back to the picnic grounds some 30 odd unfortunate devils, who are now at the hospital as a result of the injuries they suffered during the war.

Besides this fine bunch of soldier boys of Uncle Sam, back across the river to allow them the privilege of enjoying the day's outing with some regular fellers, the boys of old South Bend lodge of Elks dipped down into their pockets and contributed approximately \$110 toward the radio outfit for Healthwin that is going to be purchased for the former soldiers under the auspices of your favorite newspaper.

So, as we have said before, when there's a plan to be moved, like all South Benders, old South Bend lodge of Elks don't look around for a chance to pick up the piano stool. They followed the boy around that passed the hat at the picnic grounds for the radio outfit, and there was no less than a dozen fellows who approached on the subject that agreed to make up the difference for the radio set needed at Healthwin, regardless of the amount.

NOTES OF THE PICNIC.
John DeHaven and Nelson Jones rang the time clock at the picnic grounds at 2 o'clock. There's about as much chance of those two birds missing a picnic as there is of W. O. Daves coming out for beer and light wines.

Lucius Miller was in charge of the games for the day. Luc came near falling down flat on the job as very few of the participants could

hear him. St. Joseph Mich, called up once and wanted to know whether it was someone in our party or the approaching storm that was making so much noise.

Charley Brenneck worked all day with a cigar stuck in his ear. We couldn't figure it in any other way than that Charley was trying his best to drum up trade on his new cigar counter.

About 2 o'clock Secretary Charley Bredeus suddenly without warning got a hot box, serving the brothers Coca Cola. The Fire department had to be called, and the trouble was very quickly eliminated.

Walt Miller got his glasses broken, and somebody thought when they heard the noise that it was a wind shield on a Cadillac.

John Rupp, of W. R. Hinkle, Inc., Mishawaka, was enjoying the party fine until he happened to look through the trees and see a farmer walking down the road. Johnny left the bunch he was with like a pay card passes a tramp. We heard later that there was going to be another big Lincolnette closed job on the streets soon as a result of John's canvass.

It was late in the day before anybody hit Frank Hogan. It seems that he mentioned a 20 year pay life insurance policy to some egg.

Colonel Joe Sullivan made one remark that we'll always, comma, remember and treasurer, Chances to see some boys selling pop on the side-lines, the Colonel remarked. "A dandy one way ticket to the poor house, the proprietor of a pop stand at an Elks' picnic."

And colonel we are with you. In fact we shall be mighty pleased to help you kick the pop proprietor into the poor house.

YOUR HEALTH — By Dr. R. S. Copeland

Sickness wouldn't be so bad if one could be sure it would terminate favorably and not run into some complicated and endless trouble.

When you go to a dentist you don't suffer terrible pain from what he does. What makes the dentist office a nightmare is the fear that the drill will slip and bury its burning point in some quivering and exquisitely tender nerve.

Any disease, obscure and unusual in its manifestations, is the cause of worry, both for the patient and the doctor. It is the fear of something intangible and mysterious that makes us dread certain forms of illness.

The mention of rheumatism in connection with the name of some persons known to you as past middle life means nothing. You pass it off as of little consequence. But when you hear of rheumatism attacking a child you prick up your ears because that is unusual.

Some children have severe attacks of "stiff neck." Others have "St. Vitus's dance." Tonsillitis and other forms of acute sore throat are observed in the very young.

All such attacks must excite the suspicion that the child possesses the rheumatic tendency. Any one of these troubles may mark the beginning of serious rheumatic attacks.

The rheumatism in early childhood must put you on your guard against the danger of heart involvement.

No matter how mild the attack of rheumatism is, it may be followed by inflammation of the lining of the heart. This, in turn, may result in serious disease of the valves of the heart.

So commonly is this complication met that the parent and doctor must always be on guard when the mild-st and most innocent-appearing involvement of the joints is noticed.

An extremely important attack of rheumatism in the joints may be followed by a violent attack of heart disease.

On this account so-called "growing pains" must not be dismissed as unworthy of attention. They mean rheumatism and, in turn, rheumatism may eventually mean some heart trouble.

Certain skin affections of children, such as redness and spots, are considered by many authorities as rheumatic in origin.

Some rheumatic children have small, deep-seated knots or lumps in the elbows or knees.

Bad tonsils, adenoids and decayed teeth may be the gateway of entrance of the germs of rheumatism.

You must not neglect any of the signs and symptoms that point to rheumatism. You must watch throat and mouth, and all the joints. If anything suspicious develops, tell your doctor at once.

By meeting the disease and its causes boldly, the dreadful complications of neglected rheumatic tendencies will be escaped.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

DEPARTED AMBITION.

It is prophesied that airships, propelled by radio, may some day visit the moon.

I'm told I started waiting
 Within my trundle bed
 Each time the moon came sailing
 Serenely overhead.
 Despite the admonition
 That I'd learn better soon,
 My earliest ambition
 Was to possess that moon.

In later years I hankered
 To sail an aerial bark
 Till it was safely anchored
 Within that crescent arc—
 Alert and eager-hearted
 From shore to shore to fare,
 Until I'd mapped and charted
 The wonders that were there.

I'd have a thrilling story
 When back to earth I came,
 The town would sound my glory
 And give me wealth and fame.
 To hide would not avail me,
 For morning, night and noon
 The populace would hail me,
 The boy that found the moon!

But gone is my desire
 To see this shining land
 Since I have learned it's dryer
 Than Africa's burning sand.
 A radio ship may span it,
 They say, from sea to sea,
 Still this terrestrial planet
 Is dry enough for me.

Now gettin' on with Jim or John
 Would not be difficult to do
 If every day they cross our way the
 story of their life we knew;
 If we could know if pain or woe was
 troubling them, it seems to me,
 Then you an' I would know just why
 they weren't just what they
 ought to be.

So when I meet along the street some
 irritable chap, I say
 Perhaps he's ill, or graver still, per-

haps some grief has come his way;
 His temper's bad, but if I had to
 bear his pain the whole day
 through
 I can't deny the fact that I would be
 a bit cantankerous, too.

And so I say from day to day in deal-
 ing with your fellowmen,
 It's always wise to realize they may
 be troubled now and then;
 Both pain and woe all men must
 know, good nature is a gift sub-
 lime,
 But none on earth can keep his
 mirth and be good-natured all
 the time.
 (Copyright, 1922, Edgar A. Guest)

VERSE O' CHEER

By Edgar L. Jones

KEEP GOING.

Altho all the world seems against
 you, my lad,
 Keep going.

No matter what worries and troubles
 You've had,
 Keep going.

Just grit tight your teeth and deter-
 mine that you
 Will stick on the job till you put the
 work thru—
 And when it is started whatever
 you do,
 Keep going.

The care lines the pathway that you
 tread along,
 Keep going.
 Just buckle right in with a will that
 is strong,
 Keep going.

Just work a bit harder than ever
 before,
 Altho you are weary, and heartsick,
 and sore,
 You'll win if you struggle on just a
 bit more,
 Keep going.

Forge forward, my lad, and stay
 right with the game,
 Keep going.

Determine you're going to win your-
 self fame,
 Keep going.

Work with your brain, with your
 heart, with your soul,
 Toe right to the mark till you've
 breasted the pole,
 For that is the only sure way to
 the goal—
 Keep going.

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Just Folks

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

It's a good idea, said he to me, in
 dealing with your fellow men,
 To realize that, dull or wise they may
 be troubled now and then;
 I don't suppose the stranger knows
 just how I'm feeling when we
 meet.

An' I have days my temper strays
 an' I can't keep my nature sweet

Now gettin' on with Jim or John
 would not be difficult to do
 If every day they cross our way the
 story of their life we knew;

If we could know if pain or woe was
 troubling them, it seems to me,
 Then you an' I would know just why
 they weren't just what they
 ought to be.

So when I meet along the street some
 irritable chap, I say
 Perhaps he's ill, or graver still, per-

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Remnant Sale
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Serving a Food Empire With Petroleum

In maintaining its extended and thoroughly organized system of distribution, which reaches every farm in the 10 Middle Western States served, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is rendering a distinct service, not to the agricultural district interests alone, but to all the people.

The importance of this service may be visualized when it is known that

- 48% of the wheat
- 65% of the oats
- 53% of the corn
- 41% of the hay

grown in the United States during 1921 came from this territory.

The farmers of this great area (approximating that of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, Denmark and Germany combined) use large quantities of petroleum products in producing this vast amount of food stuffs.

They have come to depend upon the regular visit of the dark green tank wagon of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to supply their needs.

Power-driven machinery is essential to modern farming operations, and it is the responsibility of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to see to it that the gasoline, kerosene, and lubricating oils and other petroleum products are in the hands of the farmer when he needs them.

To render this service requires an enormous organization of highly trained men under efficient management. It requires a tremendous capital investment; refineries; bulk service stations; tank wagons; and service stations to cope with the need of supplying an agricultural area of the size and importance of these 10 Middle Western States.

In undertaking the responsibility of supplying the needs of the farmer for petroleum products, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has assumed a job of magnitude and importance.

Because it knows that its organization will not break down under stress; that its facilities will enable them to meet the demands made upon it; that its personnel has a deep interest in seeing that every manufacturing and distributing schedule is maintained, the Company is able to guarantee an adequate and sustained service.

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(Indiana)
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