

THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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APRIL 22, 1920.

VANISHING TYPHOID.

A city of more than 100,000 inhabitants reports not one death from typhoid during the past year. Another city about the same size has had only one death. Chicago, with a population of over two and a half million, has had only 31 typhoid deaths in the same period. Statistics like these encourage writers in the medical journals to predict that before many years have passed, typhoid, one of the most dreaded and fatal of diseases, will be abolished. Certainly such an objective is worth working for.

In most cities the prevention of typhoid and the stamping out of incipient epidemics in general is fairly well in hand. It is the rural districts which must now bring their records up. Water and milk supplies are the chief things to be watched in any campaign against typhoid, and in addition to insuring purity in both of these essentials, inoculation against the disease must have its full share of respect. Undoubtedly in the inoculation of the millions of boys who entered military service has been a prime factor in reducing typhoid figures the nation over.

The season of greatest activity in the country is at hand, and also the season of greatest danger, if precautions are not observed. Why not a 100 percent typhoid report for this summer everywhere? It is perfectly possible, and certainly desirable.

UNCLE SAM INVITES YOU.

The problem of where to spend the precious vacation period is upon the minds of all those lucky enough to have vacations to plan for.

Those who allow Uncle Sam to be their host are above all other vacationers blessed, for the playgrounds belonging to him—and through him, to you, set aside for your own enjoyment, health and happiness—are among the most beautiful parts of the country.

There is the Yellowstone, for instance, which comes to mind first of all. Last year automobiles were admitted there, and naturally the park, vast and well-commissioned as it is, found its equipment inadequate to handle the crowds of motorists who thronged into it. This year the arrangements will be better, and hungry tourists will not have to be turned away from hotels sold out to the last cracker and cake of chocolate.

But there are many others. In California there are the Yosemite, Sequoia and Gen. Grant National Parks. In the last two are to be seen the giant redwoods, in themselves worth a transcontinental journey. There is also the recently established Las-sen Volcanic Park.

In Oregon there is Crater Lake. Montana has Glacier Park. Washington has Mt. Rainier—or Tacoma, if you prefer. Then there is Wind Cave in South Dakota, Sully Hill in North Dakota, Platt National Park at Sulphur, Okla.

Hot Springs, Ark., has a national reservation. Colorado has Mesa Verde and Rocky Mountain National Parks. There is also White River National Forest in that state, a paradise for the hunter and fisherman.

This does not complete the list of Uncle's playgrounds—there are some in the east, too. But it is enough to indicate the number and extent of beauty spots which are all your own.

PREPARING FOR AIR COMMERCE.

A British airplane manufacturer, speaking recently before the Chicago Association of Commerce, made this statement:

"The last thing you want in an air service is an airplane. You must put in the ground organization right. You must have wireless communications. You must have meteorological forecasting. You must have the repair shops and everything else before you start your flying."

It sounds like a large order, but it is one which must be filled if commercial flying is to prosper in this country as it is already progressing abroad. So far government and private individuals have done comparatively little to improve flying conditions in the United States.

There are docks and charts and nautical almanacs to insure regular ocean traffic. Railroad trains run by night as well as by day. If the airplane is to supplement the work of the ship on the sea and the steam engine on land, it must be given as thorough preparation. The chief value of the airplane lies in its ability to transport mail or goods or passengers more quickly than either of the older means of transportation. If it is to beat the railroad train, there must be adequate provision and safety measures for night flying with an aerial white way or light towers.

In England any airplane may alight at a government aerodrome and, by paying a very small sum, may have his machine safely housed for the night. This sum covers the service of a man to start the propeller in the morning, as well as full weather reports.

It will be strange indeed if Americans show themselves content to let these aids to successful commercial air service go undeveloped until the rest of the world has perfected its air transportation. Surely citizens and government have genuine interest

in this work and are willing to put the necessary funds and effort into it.

DO WE NEED IMMIGRANTS?

The immigration problem, which many people lately considered settled, has bobbed up again. Instead of a deluge of immigrants, there is such a dearth of them that some industrial authorities estimate the labor shortage in this country at 5,000,000 men. A big employers' association is therefore demanding that the immigration bars be lowered somewhat, particularly the literacy test, which is keeping large numbers of workmen out of the country.

Unquestionably this test sometimes operates disadvantageously. There are many men and women who would make good citizens and would help alleviate our critical labor shortage at the present time. But as a general proposition, do Americans want to let down the bars once more to a foreign horde, even in such an emergency? Can we assimilate any more of the kind of immigrants Europe has been sending us for the past dozen years? Is it not a fact that we have not yet assimilated those we already have with us? The war proved that, if, indeed, it did not prove that many classes of Europeans can never be fully assimilated in America.

As for the shortage of labor, possibly there is another way out. Are we quite sure that this shortage is real? Suppose everybody should suddenly reform overnight, and decide to work the way Americans used to work. Would there still be a shortage? If everybody really worked, and nobody, in factory or mine or office, "soldiered," would not production leap forward to an extent that would make up for the lack of millions of hands?

THE TRUTH OF MOTHER GOOSE.

Observance of the 255th anniversary of the birth of Elizabeth Goose—"Mother Goose"—has called attention to the conflicting claims of Boston and Charlestown, Mass., as the place of nativity of this celebrity, and to rather insistent French protestation that credit for the melodies goes far back to the mother of the mighty Charlemagne, the festival of whom as the patron of children is celebrated to this day.

But whether Elizabeth, the second wife of Isaac Goose, or Vergoese, the stepmother of 10 children and mother of six, really "had so many children she didn't know what to do" and whether other experiences immortalized in rhyme were fable or real, original or retold, is in truth comparatively unimportant. The rank and file of young folk and of elders alike will willingly give her full credit and lay a wreath at her tomb, in spirit at least. There is no surer measure of the vigor of the race than the fine, pure imagination of its children.

MONEY STILL COMES HIGH.

The advance in the minimum discount rate of the Bank of England to seven percent is an interesting commentary on the great demand for money and the higher prices which borrowers must pay in order to obtain accommodation. At the same time the effect of this increase was almost negligible. Even in England it had no effect on the stock market, for dealings in London were described as "active and broad," with large trading in oils, steels, sugars, and brocades.

In this country there was no such effect as an advance in the British rate to seven percent would have produced if years gone by, when the financial supremacy of the world was lodged in London. There have been times when such a rise in the London rate of discount would have produced semi-panicky results, and the whole financial fabric would have shuddered, but such times are over and gone.

Anybody might suppose, from the popular interest in the matter, that the zodiac stops revolving when movie stars get married.

What worries the small boy in this print paper shortage is fear that it may restrict the activities of the circus bill poster.

When a man talks in whispers about his private stock these days he is probably referring to canned corn and beans.

When you find a cheerful man these days you may know he's an incurable optimist. More power to him.

Cities can't lie much longer about their population and get away with it.

Other Editors Than Ours

CONGRESSIONAL JOY RIDE.
(*Buffalo Courier*)

Some hundred or more members of congress are preparing for a prolonged joy ride. Starting sometime in July, traveling in a government transport, they plan to visit Hawaii, the Philippines, China and Japan, for the purpose of "studying Oriental problems." Just what "Oriental problems" require first-hand study on the part of the stalwart statesmen of congress is not quite clear, nevertheless a few weeks spent riding the ocean waves with a few pleasant evenings on the moonlit beaches of Hawaii and the Orient will be far more pleasant than if they were spent in Washington wrestling with the vexing problems of reconstruction which congress was elected to solve. Besides, many of these problems are like the two-edged sword, they cut two ways, and for political reasons may better be left unsolved until the national election is over.

Each congressman will be required to pay \$1.25 per day toward the expenses of the joy ride—the federal treasury footing the remainder of the bill, which, of course, is quite in line with the republican party's widely proclaimed policy of economy.

REDUCING THE DEBT.
(*Denver Post*)

During March the treasury department accomplished a reduction of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars in the national debt. During six months ending with March, the nation's indebtedness was reduced more than a billion and a half dollars, enough to effect a saving on interest to the taxpayers of the country of approximately \$65,000,000 per annum.

This record is so splendid as to bring forth praise even from the republican floor leader in the house, Rep. Mondell, who admits that the treasury officials have "handled a trying situation most admirably," but warns that "they cannot avert a disaster unless we keep expenditures within our income."

Mr. Mondell, of course, knows that no money is expended that is not appropriated by congress, and that responsibility for wise economy rests with congress where the republicans are in control.

The republican leaders in that body have been talking about economy ever since they came into power, almost a year ago. While they have been talking economy, the government departments have been practicing it.

The Tower of Babel

By BILL ARMSTRONG

THE TOWER OF BABEL—
GUESS WHAT HE WOULD SAY.
We will offer as a prize any single copy of The South Bend News-Times for the past two weeks to the person sending in the best answer to the following question:WHAT WOULD ANY LIVINGTON SAY IF ONE OF HIS CLERKS
CAME TO WORK IN OVERALLS?PA PERKINS
SEZ.

Jim Thumb was held up and a fatima, de-parted angrily, gnashing his teeth.

The volume of national advertising in newspapers for last year amounted to \$150,000,000, and The South Bend News-Times carried its share, according to the statement of our expert checkers, not within our organization.



OFFICER MAKES STATEMENT.

Ex-First Lieut. Earl E. Reeder, the widely known and affable advertising man, characterizes the House of Congress as the eliminate for a bonus, as the greatest blow against personal liberty and human rights since Eve bullet Adam out of the Garden of Eden.

Mr. Reeder, in an exclusive statement to The Tower, said:

"My friend, this reported action on the part of Congress is the most cynical, despicable wrong ever inflicted on the flower of the young manhood of our great and peaceful democracy. It is a dastardly outrage, and should bring down on the heads of our representatives at Washington the ever-lasting wrath of thousands, yes millions, of God-fearing, God-honored, God-hearted, God-fearing second lieutenants. By the way, how do you feel in regard to the matter, corporal?"

We replied as follows:

"I shall never know the possibilities and ramifications of the ecstasy

and delight of the human heart until our great and brave congress passes this law, cutting the officer out of his bonus. On the day that this legislation becomes a law of our great nation, I shall take a big hew of tobacco, comb my hair carefully, and lay myself down calmly in front of a Chapman set chair and say, 'My own regiments is that I have but one life to give to the Northern Indiana railway. I die at peace with everybody, even Bob Jones.'"

The former lieutenant, after brawling a match and a fatima, departed angrily, gnashing his teeth.

The volume of national advertising in newspapers for last year amounted to \$150,000,000, and The South Bend News-Times carried its share, according to the statement of our expert checkers, not within our organization.

"I noticed your sign, 'Say It With Flowers,' out in front and I thought I would give you a trial order," the customer said.

"Well we've roses, carnations, hyacinths and most anything you desire. Now what?" suggested Adam as the customer interrupted with a growl:

"Nothing like it. What I want is a couple of skunk cabbages or some garlic roots to send to my landlord; he's raised my rent again."

THEY MIGHT BET A LITTLE TOO.

Jake Heckaman set all his bards have gotten religious since Bob Jones came to town, but he would hate to trust any of them if someone dropped into the job and offered them a drink or two of Bourbon.

TIMES WHICH TRY MEN'S SOULS!

For instance, Sam Adler steps into his bank, the Union Trust Co., and finds all of the employees attired in overalls!

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

THE OPTIMISTS.

There's been a dearth of grubs this year;

Through rain and snow and sleet. The birds are searching far and near To find a bite to eat.

And some, half drowned by April showers,

Go hungry all day long.

And yet the early twilight hours Seem always filled with song.

The robin's eager, beady eyes

Poke out when reveal A luscious, creeping, wriggling prize

To furnish forth a meal.

But when the shadows gather dim About the dying day,

Upon the same old maple limb,

He pipes the same old lay.

The bluebirds, in a fluttering band,

Are darting everywhere;

They know that dinner time's at hand.

But dinner isn't there.

Yet through the orchard there will ring.

Beneath the skies of lead,

The happy little song they sing.

Before they go to bed:

When you and I will wall our fate

When everything goes wrong,

And murmur, quite disconsolate.

That life is hard and long.

Let's stifle all our bitter words,

And wander through the wood;

A little lesson from the birds

Will do us lots of good!"

(Copyright, 1920.)

Ask Any of 'Em.

Strong drink may not be raging,

but strong drinkers are.

(Copyright, 1920.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Facts 'about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

JANET.

Janet, sometimes spelt Janette, bears no relationship to Jane, particularly as it may seem. As far as the 13th century Geneta appeared as a feminine proper name, long before Jane, Joan, or Jenanna were known to us. In the 14th and 15th century, Genet made her appearance and by a process of evolution, there came Janeta, Janette and finally Janet, though the latter is far the most modern form of the name.

History, which records innumerable instances of Janet and her derivatives being used with extreme popularity in those early times, likewise chronicles the amusing and almost, unbelievable story of one

The kitchen of one of the big hotels in New York is an acre in extent.

Cuticura Soap SHAVES Without Mug

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

WELL-KNOWN SOUTH BEND MEN who own South Bend Watches

38—GEORGE M. PLATNER, Sec'y.

Treas., Geo. M. Platner Company;