

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO.

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AUGUST 27, 1919.

## MAYOR CARSON AND HIS BUDGET.

Mayor Carson's criticism of the state tax law passed by the last legislature, with reference to the power vested in the state commission to revise local budgets to prevent them running away with the tax rate, in quest of extravagant funds, was very good democratic criticism, though as to the application, the cause of his criticism answers it. Those who believe in "home rule" very naturally dislike the state revision feature of the law, many with reference to the power of the commission to raise or lower valuations, as well as to the revising of budgets. Never did South Bend have so many "home rule" advocates as it has right now because of these two features of the new law, and incidentally, never before were those features thought so highly desirable.

However, when the city administration proceeds to the presentation of a budget calling for so near a million dollars, doubling the anticipated cost of municipal operation, in comparison with former years, it is pretty near time to have a revising power somewhere. Of course, it is still within the power of the council to do that revising, if it has the sense, and perhaps it will, but if not, someone higher-up, even at the capital, certainly should. South Bend naturally expects some increase in the cost of municipal administration and under the present administration, must expect provision to be made for some useless extravagance, if not little bits of graft, but a boost of \$350,000 naturally seems a trifle too much for one swallow.

However, aside from salary increases, of various orders, while not approving the amounts asked to be appropriated, necessarily, in a growing city like South Bend, and expecting to grow even faster in the next couple of years, increased budgets for paving of street intersections, for extension of water mains, sewerage—matter of fact city improvements,—are indispensable. A budget calling for \$750,000 or \$800,000 might not be exorbitant, for we must bear in mind that South Bend is expanding. It is proper, and might be well that a citizens' committee, as suggested, say of the Chamber of Commerce, should go over the budget and mark down the necessities, for the guidance of the state board at least, that the mayor's budget may not be cut too much.

Neither should it be made up, in order to keep within the maximum tax rate, by sniping from the schools. We need the schools infinitely more than we need anything at the city hall, barring perhaps, the water department and the fire department, under municipal administration; these and a place to pass upon our municipal lighting bills. They can shut down the rest of the city hall, and we could get along better than without the schools, and in this we include all anticipated improvements. Give us light for our eyes, enlightenment for our brains, something to quench our thirst without having to patronize the "bull pen," with the apparatus for putting out fires, and we can worry along—but no such retrenchment is necessary.

Such an increase of public expense, as Mayor Carson seemingly wishes to indulge, particularly as to salary increases, when stacked up against such a decrease in efficiency as his administration has displayed, makes of his budget so gross an exhibition of audacity, as to make one almost stop to wonder if he isn't fooling; if something hasn't gone to his head and upset his equilibrium. We will not raise the question of adherence to his campaign promises of economy; we never did take any stock in them, any more as to this than we did to his promises of law enforcement and the elimination of vice—but we have him on our hands and must not cripple him beyond the possibility of doing anything.

## COMPLAISANT AMERICANS.

Some observers have commented on the phenomenon but for the most part it goes unnoticed that notwithstanding the general howl about the high cost of living the American people continue to pay whatever is demanded and get what they want to eat. Frequently it is proposed that some necessary article of diet, the price of which is believed to afford a particularly flagrant example of profiteering, be boycotted, the suggestion being supported by the not illogical argument that if the people quit buying the dealers will have to reduce prices in order to move goods and avoid heavy loss.

And there the business ends. We are grumblers, to be sure, but judged by our deeds, we are a complaisant people, taking things as they come and going along like sheep if we can stand it at all. We howl about our riches when it appears that they are threatened or withheld, but the philosopher is conscious of a doubt that we are convinced of injury suffered when he observes that we do nothing really practical about remedying the condition of which we complain.

At a popular seacoast resort where people of moderate means flock in the summer some of the

Hotel keepers have become so adept in making a little food go a great way that their "board" is a joke. A very serious joke, one says when first introduced to it. But it goes no farther than that. The present high cost of living has nothing to do with the system in question. In earlier times it was the same. Portions of meats, vegetables and desserts are doled out so sparingly that one wonders the waiters have the nerve to place them before the guests. As for the latter, when first they see the piece of roast beef, "way," that is placed before them as the piece of resistance of what is denominated "dinner" they guffaw in spite of their indignation. Everyone of them who reads jokes is instantly reminded of the war-time humorous bit in which the restaurant waiter asked the customer "how did you find your steak?" and the latter replied "I moved a piece of potato and there it was underneath."

You would suppose that at these shore hotels the regular thing after meals would be indignation meetings on the porches with resolutions of protest adopted and committees appointed to wait on the proprietors and demand that full meals be served else the guests would leave. But there is nothing of the sort. Somehow the people manage to satisfy themselves, or else they are content with the reflection that soon they will go home and get a square meal. What grumbling they do is in whispers and, strange of all, the records show that these people return to the same hotels year after year. Is not that like us Americans? What are any of us doing really to change the food price situation? Nothing at all, as a matter of fact. Possibly that is the reason that prices stay in the clouds. Evidently we are not actually deprived of food. Would we be so complacent if we were?

## MORE NOVELTIES FOR 1920.

Indications appear above the horizons both east and west, that there is to be a new political party in 1920; a third really important party, and one likely to cut a figure quite as large as did the progressive party in 1912.

There is also to be, we are told, a new and improved method of campaigning, not because of this new party, not the product of it—but a new and improved method.

It becomes apparent along with the present canning season. The canning crop this year has come to include politics—or rather is to come to include it after Sept. 1. On that day the season of canning political oratory is to begin.

And what follows is to be literally a record campaign. The leading speakers of both parties are going to talk their arguments into phonographic records, and these will be scattered broadcast.

It is said that Sen. Knox will start the thing for the republicans and Atty. Gen. Palmer for the democrats. All the "big guns" will follow suit, including Pres. Wilson, Sec'y Baker, Daniels, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Bryan, former Pres. Taft, Elihu Root, Maj. Gen. Wood, Sen. Johnson, Borah and any others whom the party managers think the public would like to hear. It is estimated that monologues will be furnished for 2,000,000 phonographs.

Once it would have been considered undignified for a statement to talk into a phonograph for any such purpose. Now it is accepted as a matter of course. It is a convenient way of getting things before the people. Big singers and actors have showed the way. The range of a speech is magnified a thousand times. It is efficiency in politics, where in the past there has been conspicuous waste of voice and lungs and traveling expenses. And the orator is saved the pain of numberless introductions. "We have with us tonight" becomes a mere awkward memory.

Promoters of the movement, as a sort of introductory, are even threatening to cage great "gobs" of the oratory likely to be spilled on the floor of the senate for and against the League of Nations; ditto, that of those who have fallen in love with the "chinks" and have lost their "goat" to the "Japs"—in their efforts to make political buncombe out of Shantung.

It is a fine thing for the public, too, carrying authoritative and effective political information—or misinformation, as the case may be—to many a hamlet and home that would otherwise remain ignorant or indifferent concerning big national issues. It is possible, too, that the quality of oratory will be improved. Surely no speaker will have the nerve to pour into the unemotional ear of phonograph all the rant and rot ordinarily foisted on a political audience present in flesh and blood.

## NEEDLES AND PINS!

According to the authority of Mother Goose it is "when a man's married his trouble begins." According to some persons as expert in law as Mother Goose was in human nature, it is when he tries to get a divorce that the difficulties really start to amount to something. Possibly he wouldn't be trying to get a divorce if the trouble had not already started, but that is irrelevant to the matter in hand.

When is a man married—and where? If one studies the divorce laws of the various states, the question often proves as puzzling as that of the legal sanity of Harry Thaw.

"Is it strange," writes Judge Robert Grant of the Boston probate court in Scribner's magazine, that "foreigners should shrug their shoulders and decline to believe that the institutions of a country where a woman may be adjudged wife, cohabitee, or bigamist, according as she inhabits one or another of several cities within the radius of a hundred miles, can be either exemplary or a stimulus to virtue? Yet the real stigma attaching to the American institution of marriage should not be ascribed to the mere prevalence of divorce, but rather to the facilities afforded by prejudice against interstate cooperation, to the lawless and evil-disposed to utilize the map of the United States for a 'three-card monte' game which leaves alike the priest, the lawyer and the man in the street perpetually misled as to the permanence of any marriage if the contracting parties are bent on dissolving it."

The marriage and divorce laws of the various states are as confusing as a picture puzzle. There is neither sanity nor morals, civic nor individual, in the chaos. What is needed is a general straightening out of the whole thing. The New York state law which admits divorce upon but one ground is admittedly unsatisfactory. So are those of the states where divorce is easiest. There is a very little attempt anywhere to prevent the epileptic, imbecile or feeble-minded from breeding their kind.

In the concentration which an awakened public attention is already beginning to turn upon public affairs, the need for putting these matters in order should not be forgotten.

## More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

## INVESTIGATIONS.

When beefsteak soared to forty cents  
The figures seemed so high  
That sundry governmental gents  
Were told to find out why.  
And so they got expert advice  
And deep conclusions drew.  
But ere they turned them in, the price  
Had gone to forty-two.

So that report was pigeonholed,  
And figures were adduced,  
Their purpose being to uphold  
The men who made the boost.  
But ere the learned gentlemen  
Their facts could demonstrate,  
The price of steak went up again—  
This time to forty-eight.

Again the governmental board  
Undaunted sought to make  
It plain that people could afford  
A forty-eight cent steak.  
But while they still were in the throes  
Of weighty arguments,  
The price of steak once more arose  
To fifty-seven cents.

And still investigators try  
With all their little might  
To turn up facts that justify  
The beefsteak's skyward flight.  
Each new report excels the last  
But that don't help a bit.  
For still beefsteak goes up so fast  
They can't catch up with it!  
(Copyright, 1919).

## The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

Cap Don Thornburgh, our company commander in the late disagreement in Europe, is now in the kitchen cabinet business at Andrews, Ind. He sends in the following as his idea of a high powered furniture salesman:

The immaculate young person who takes a scant look at my personal appearance and says: "Perhaps you'd be interested in a little cheaper style."

The jaunty gentleman who nonchalantly completes a leisurely maneuver while I'm trying to purchase a record for my talking machine.

The Romeo who is too absorbed in the attractive cashier to be vitally interested in the trifling purchases I contemplate.

The acme of sartorial perfection, who says: "Oh, preferably I prefer twin beds nowadays but we can sell you the old style if you prefer."

The efficiency-plus expert who is also waiting on two customers while trying to sell me a filing cabinet.

The hungry attendant who remarks: "Sure I've got all the time in the world. It happens to be my lunch hour, that's all."

The store comedian who informs the rest of the sales force that "that geek wanted period furniture at a bowback price" as I make my embarrassed exit.

The sportive individual who disregards my inquiry for an old casket, in an effort to learn the latest regarding the ball game from a co-worker who has just come in from the billiard hall next door.

The man with the steel trap memory, whose store I've been patronizing for years, who greets me cordially as Mr. Brown when my name is Johnson.

The argumentative cuss who defies me to find a mattress anywhere in town as good as the one he is trying to browbeat me into buying.

The waggish wit who when I inquire for a bedroom suit, asks me: "If I mean a pair of pajamas."

## THE TEACHERS IN WALL ST.

From Tuesday's News-Times:  
"At a meeting of all principals and supervisors held at the high school Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock definite arrangements were made for the opening of school next Tuesday."  
"The whole market was buoyant during the first hour. Steel common, Nails and Oils were leaders."

## ANY ONE WANT THIS CLERK?

"Blank has been in my employ for six months," writes a brother from over on Michigan st. "He has always been willing to accept full wages. He has never failed to be at the desk to receive his wages. He has invariably arrived at the store before the lunch hour. He has never failed to sell goods to a customer who insisted on having them and who, stood nobly by his guns until the purchase was wrapped. He has never broken anything—not even a record. He is not destructive. He never marathons through the store. He wears well—the only thing he has worn out while in my employ is the seat of his trousers."

## LOCAL BRIEFS.

Nelson L. Jones is back on the job after a much needed rest. "Price is remembered long after service is forgotten."

Another paper seems a little put out at the high cost of living with Mayor Carson.

Our new business manager gives us some wonderful hawling outs. We think she either is taking lessons from them there Betsy Ross Sues to Billie letters or she's reading "Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out."

Ed Bonds was an office caller yesterday. He sez: "How's the new exchange working?" He was evidently in a hurry because when we turned

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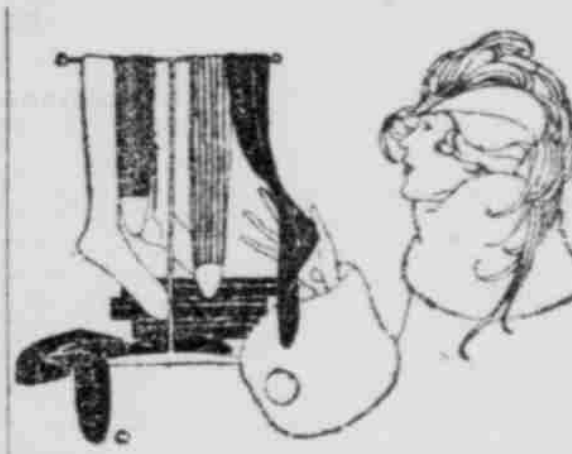


Fall and Winter Suits  
at  
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—special

Eight new models in the latest fashions from serges, wool poplins, English tweeds and velour checks. Styles and sizes for misses, women and both regular and stout sizes to 51. Interurban Special ..... \$35.00

## Underwear and Hose

Ladies' E. M. C. Athletic Union Suits, \$1.25 quality, for ..... \$1.00  
Men's Athletic Shirts, good Balbriggan, \$1.00 quality ..... 80c  
Men's Knee Length Balbriggan Drawers, \$1 quality ..... 50c  
Ladies' Union Suits, \$1.25 quality ..... 80c  
Ladies' Union Suits (Princess May), 80c and \$1  
Ladies' Summer Vests 15c, 2 for 25c



Children's Hose fine and heavy ribbed ..... 29c  
Ladies' Hose, black and white ..... 29c  
Men's Mercerized Sox, pair ..... 25c

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