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APRIL 1, 1920.

LET THEM PACIFY THEMSELVES.

The pre-convention fight of the republicans gives a pretty good idea of what to expect of their party should it be entrusted with the business of establishing world peace. They are unable to pacify themselves to the point of agreement on a program of action.

The "irreconcilables" are being hit hard wherever they appear before the public. Similarly is the reactionism of the senate majority on general principles being hit. So many elements will enter into the business of producing a platform for the party that a chaotic convention is anticipated. On the one hand will be the ostriches who, apparently forgetful that we were ever in a world war, are talking about our splendid isolation and urging that no attention be paid to conditions in Europe; on the other is the encouragement given to every brand of hyphenate that the g. o. p. will support it in attacks upon this or that one of our allies or upon Wilson for some of his rulings against special groups.

All these things will come back to the g. o. p. when it takes up the preparation of its platform. It will have a tremendous job of "compromising" in its own house, and, after the results of its efforts to "compromise" party differences in 1912 and repeatedly since, the outlook is not bright for it.

On the other hand, the Wilson democrats present a united front and a record for achievement that proves their capacity for solving great problems, meaning by Wilson democrats, those not 50 percent republican. The country knows where they stand and the world knows it. The Wilsonian democracy proposes holding everything that was gained by troops of America in the world war, and they are not being lured to spinelessness by g. o. p. propaganda. They do not consider the terms imposed upon the enemy as "too severe" and they have nothing but contempt for the hyphenate. They are for the League of Nations as the fulfillment of the American pledge that the world must be made safe for democracy, and this will be reaffirmed at San Francisco, Col. W. J. Bryan and his coterie of g. o. p. "attachables" in the senate notwithstanding.

DETERIORATION IN TEACHING.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells an interesting story; the story of a young woman who was preparing to become a teacher. Her mind was not of high quality, and she had the habit of quitting any task when it became distasteful or discouraging, often when just a little more effort would have brought her to success.

The training teacher in the normal school was severe with her. That is the job of training teachers. They become pretty good judges of a student's caliber. They know that if a student will not do his work conscientiously under their tutelage, he will slack when left in sole charge of a class.

It became evident to the young woman that unless she bucked up she would fail. It was too much trouble to buck up, so she left the normal school and took an easier job. That was a year ago. Today she has an emergency certificate, and is actually teaching a class in the same city where she was studying the year before.

Are her pupils going to have really first-class instruction? Are they going to learn, by precept and example, the value of strength of character, of sticking to the job, of doing all worthy work in a worthy manner? Their formal instruction is slipshod, and the influence of the teacher's personality, which is so vital a factor in school life, is that of a slacker.

The competent woman who taught in this room previously had had her work increased year by year by the leaving of other teachers until her health would no longer stand the strain. She had been an excellent teacher of 30 pupils, still an excellent teacher of 40 and of 60. When the class reached 70 the discipline, the red tape of caring for so many, began to tell. She maintained her standards as long as she could. Kept going as long as she could, because she loved the children and her work. But it got her at last.

If your children had been in this room would you have liked the exchange they made when the splendid woman left and the slipshod girl came in?

This case, in essentials the same, differing only in slight details, is being repeated the country over at the rate of many thousands of school rooms per year.

What are you going to do about it?

AVIATION NOT COMMERCIAL SUCCESS.

The declaration by the head of one of the largest manufacturers of airplanes in this country that commercial aviation is still in the experimental stage and not a present fact, and that years of plodding effort will be required to perfect aircraft to the point where it will be adapted to commercial uses, will cause some surprise among those who have imagined that the day of the airplane for general purposes had arrived.

He avers that the manufacture of airplanes is not yet on a "dollar and cents basis." In the manufacture for use in war no regard was given to cost. Planes were wanted and to get enough of them was

the only consideration. But to conduct the business on a peace basis is an entirely different proposition since, while the war taught a lot of young men to fly, it did not teach them how to earn money from the operation of the craft under peace conditions.

A requisite to commercial success is that it shall be financially profitable, and no such result has been attained anywhere, he believes, on any considerable scale. That there is a future for commercial aviation he does not doubt, but that flying is destined to become as common as motoring is a long way in the future and perhaps impossible because of the landing space required.

These views may throw something like a cold chill on those who have dreamed of seeing "the heavens fill with commerce," but the manufacturer is dealing with business fact while the others have indulged in fancy. Yet fancies may come true. What was a toy at the beginning of the war became an effective fighting machine at its close. The stress of necessity hastened its development. A commercial airplane must necessarily be different from a fighting machine. It must serve an altogether altered purpose. It must have storage space and lifting capacity that was not demanded in war, if it is able to give commercial service at a rate that will be attractive.

The experiments abroad do not prove the commercial success of the enterprise, though machines capable of carrying a heavy load and traveling for long distances are in operation, for such are subsidized and are not compelled to earn their own way. The situation at least will cause no fears by those engaged in various forms of transportation on the earth that their facilities will soon be junked because of the carrying trade taking to the air. The mass of goods and passengers seems likely to be carried on the ground for quite a while yet.

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER.

With the discovery of the north and south poles the earth may be said to have been completely explored. At any rate there are no places remaining by visiting which explorers can hope to receive the acclaim that has previously rewarded their achievements.

It is but natural, therefore, that daring spirits should turn their attention to the possibility of exploring other planets. As Alexander the Great, after having made himself master of the world of his day, sighed for new worlds to conquer, so those in whom is found the spirit of Columbus, Capt. Cook, Peary and Shackleton are looking longingly toward Mars.

Capt. Collins, a Pennsylvania flyer, again asserts his willingness to be shot to Mars or the moon in a rocket, and this in the face of some probability that the plan to discharge such a projectile is not mere idle talk. A Boston scientist has completed a part of the body of a rocket designed for the trip and the Smithsonian institution is reported to have appropriated \$60,000 for the scheme.

Probably not one person out of a thousand doubts that if Capt. Collins should allow himself to be shot into space in a projectile traveling at the rate of 2,500 miles an hour he would be committing suicide. But if mankind lacked such dauntless courage, if men feared to venture into the unknown, America never would have been discovered, the airplane never would have been perfected; in short, civilization would have made little progress. We owe much of our advancement to persons willing to take risks little less fearful than that for which this aviator offers himself.

A West Virginian wants \$250 for two dogs he claims can locate stills. There are lots of men perfectly willing to try to locate stills for nothing and to pay for the product after they have found them.

It is said that the Dutch want to retain the Hohenzollern as an attraction for tourists. But imagine, if you can, that cowering wretch permitting himself to be seen by strangers.

It doesn't take a ouija board to tell that a couple of dozen presidential candidates are going to be sorely disappointed.

The week beginning March 29 is to be "Coffee Week." Week, or week? Well, it depends on where you board.

The Hun revolutionists started more than they were able to finish and probably more than they imagined.

Other Editors Than Ours

FREE SPEECH AND ANARCHY.
(Detroit Times.)

Commenting on the conviction of Anita Whitney, a California parlor belle, for criminal syndicalism, the San Francisco Argonaut expresses the view that the British are wiser than we are in allowing "cranks of any and every cause, however fallacious or foolish, to mount soap boxes or ash-cans and spout away to their heart's content." And it adds its belief that "by this means vanity and over-exaltation quickly exhaust themselves harmlessly. Nobody is the worse for it."

Quite a few people take this view of red oratory and its results. But while we may admit that the employment of severe measures will not prevent the commission of excesses, and may incite to violence certain individuals who under less stringent rule would remain quiet, it is absolutely a non sequitur to argue that the granting of unlimited liberty to gab would do away with crimes or red revolts. The United States had a proof of that fact in the case of Leon Czolgosz, who admitted at his trial that the inflammatory utterances of Emma Goldman incited him to slay William McKinley. Yet at that time, the hand of repression lay very lightly on red agitators in this country.

What the Argonaut misses entirely is that to the real red, all capitalistic government and all capitalist rules are the same, whether they are treating him leniently or with severity. Czolgosz killed the gentle McKinley as willingly as he would have slain a tiger like Clemenceau, Lenin, Trotsky, and the I. W. W. and communist extremists in this country. See no difference between the rule of a complete anarchy and that of a democracy. Even a Detroit labor union leader, Frank X. Martel, said the other day that our government's treatment of radicals makes the czarist regime in Russia look like Little Lord Fauntleroy. It is quite likely that, fantastic as such a statement is, Martel believes it—or thinks he does. So do thousands of others.

Possibly the individual agitator, Anita Whitney, might better have been left alone, but the real reds, the anarchists and ultra-communists, will never "exhaust harmlessly"—or harmfully—their "vanity and over-exaltation," as the Argonaut mildly terms it, so long as there is a capitalist left in the world, or until they die the death that comes even to reds. This is a fact that it is just as well to look in the face.

The Tower of Babel

By BILL ARMSTRONG

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL.
Mr. Bill Armstrong,
Editor Tower of Babel.

Dear Bill:
Enclosed find poem from the mind of Steve Pendle, a contributor to the "Oliver Plowmakers Exchange." We are flooded with contraband from Steve and to date have been unable to use any on account of our efficient system of censorship. We appreciate the fact that The Tower can get away with most anything and would like to find a market to keep this good stuff from going to the fire.

Thanking you for using it, as we feel sure you will, and hoping you will realize that we must in some way take care of our contributors, we are,
Very gratefully yours,
Oliver Plowmakers Exchange.

Tom C. Touhey ought to be "Great-fol."
THE POEM.
Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmmy shirt?
Don't you wear no little skirt?
Just your corset and your hose,
Are those all your underclothes?

Little girl, when on the street,
You appear to be so neat;
But my dear you are a sight
With your dress so awful tight;
Not a thing to keep you warm,
Crazy just to show your form.

Little girl, you won't live long
Just because you dress so wrong.
Can't you wear more underclothes
Than your corset and your hose?
Pretty soon I do believe
You will dress like Mother Eve.

STEVE PENDLE.

LOCAL BRIEFS.
George Hull's publicity bureau seems to be functioning O. K. He was mentioned recently in the Sat. Eve. Post.

Wonder who does the work at the Lamport-MacDonald Co.; they all seem to be directors!

Capital and Labor, E. H. Metz of the Interurban Journal and Ye Editor, respectively, met on N. Main st. and shook hands this a. m.

We saw Abe Frank and his family breaking in a new Studebaker

land.

The Greeks passed it on by a different route. The legend of the maiden turned Christian was naturally not specially popular. But the name of Barbara was the feminine for the Greek word for stranger, a term applied to all who did not speak their language. Curiously enough, their combination of syllables, indicative of complete and impatient non-understanding, closely resembled our own careless slang expression "blablab," which we employ today to express our opinion of what we consider complete twaddle. It is an interesting fact that the adjective "barbarous" thus meant ignorant, at first, and only assumed its significance of wild cruelty, as a later and corrupted translation.

Barbara's jewel is the pearl, so indicative of maidenhood. It promotes her purity, popularity, and gentle charm. To dream of it means faithful friends. Monday is her lucky day and five her lucky number.
(Copyright, 1920.)

But no protesting voice is raised
To challenge his surprising statement.
No man is puzzled or amazed
No pleas are offered in abatement.
And though his biologic facts
Are very solemnly attested,
And proofs adduced, nobody acts
Disturbed, or even interested.

The men have not a word to say,
They cannot break a verbal deadlock.
They entered in the very day
That they embraced the state of wedlock.
They do not rage or fume or fret,
For even though disposed to doubt it,
They're too experienced to get
In any argument about it.

The women do not even heed
This stern pronouncement of the sages,
But calmly knit or talk or read
The newest author's racy pages.
For since, first pierced by Cupid's darts
The yearning breast of Adam panted,
The ladies, bless their little hearts,
Have always taken it for granted.

Hoover Doesn't.
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Mighty few of the graduates of presidential primaries will ever get into the electoral college.

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The party platforms will be plenty dry enough without any prohibition planks.
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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.

BARBARA.

Barbara, meaning stranger, has a strongly Roman Catholic significance and, in that church, is representative of artistic devotion. The original Barbara was said to be a maiden of Heliopolis, who became a Christian, and insisted upon having three windows in her chamber instead of one in honor of the creed. Her Grecian father beheaded her with his own hands and was straightway destroyed with thunder and lightning. St. Barbara became the patroness of sacred architecture and a protectress from thunder and its imitation—artillery. For this latter reason, her name was very frequently among daughters of soldiers.

Indeed Barbara is regarded by some countries as a protectress of soldiers, and while her name is all gentle and filled with piety, it ranks with the good old warrior names that stir the blood of men of many races to battle. England named a village St. Barbe and it seemed that nearly every family in that quaintly pretty community had a Barbara at some time or other in honor of the home town. In this way, use of the name spread throughout Eng-

the other afternoon. Another marriage in Abe's family and they are going to need a trainmobile.

Milt Frudenstein succeeded in getting to the "Hello Alexander" matinee free of charge, through one of the Culver students who had a charge account at the store.

Ima Scrubb, one of the special writers for this column, while visiting a Michigan st. store Tuesday gathering up fashion hints, was detained by the police authorities for a short time on a trumped up charge of shop lifting. It is claimed Ima, by mistake, comma, gathered up some silk hose along with her fashion hints and did not discover her blunder until it was called to her attention by detectives.

Miss Scrubb's articles will be resumed in this paper, just as soon as her \$50 appearance bond has been approved.

PA PERKINS

SEZ.

About all that can

be said of some

fellows when they

die, is "Well his

father was a

great drinker."

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY?

To see N. W. Ayer & Son riding around town with Billy Weaver.

If Herman Ries ever arrived at a meeting on time.

If The News-Times should put up a new building on the southwest corner of Colfax av. and Lafayette blvd. and they named it News-Times Square.

To learn that Charles B. Sax's middle name is Bennett.

To have congress grant a bonus for the soldiers, and then pass a law to compel the return of the entire amount as an excess profit tax.

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They do not rage or fume or fret,
For even though disposed to doubt it,
They're too experienced to get
In any argument about it.

The women do not even heed
This stern pronouncement of the sages,
But calmly knit or talk or read
The newest author's racy pages.
For since, first pierced by Cupid's darts
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