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APRIL 17, 1920.

FRENCH-AMERICAN LETTER-WRITING.

An eager correspondence between American school children and the French-speaking boys and girls of France, Switzerland, Belgium and Algiers is now thriving under the guidance of the Bureau of International Educational Correspondence, founded at George Peabody college.

The French-American correspondence work was started only a short time ago. In the first two months of its operation, however, its value was demonstrated.

The ministers of education in the European countries furnish lists of pupils in their schools who are studying English. French teachers in this country prepare similar lists of pupils studying French. The students are classified according to age, sex and general interests. Then a pupil in one country is assigned as correspondent to one in the other country of the same sex and of approximately the same age, so that their interests may be somewhat in common.

The letters fly back and forth under the supervision of the teachers on either side of the Atlantic. The young writers impart to each other a great deal of interesting and valuable knowledge of customs, language and ideals of their respective countries. It has been found that the study of the foreign language is lifted by this means from a dull and beaten path and connected up with real life. At present, it is said, the French pupils write more carefully and with greater dignity and beauty of style than do their American school-fellows. This is having a good influence on the American pupils.

The work is primarily educational, but it is easy to believe that a great deal of good will and friendliness, as well as a more thorough mutual understanding, will come out of this international letter-writing. The bureau hopes to extend its work to other countries as time goes on, and so to widen its field of service.

WELCOME TO SEN. HARDING AND TO EDITOR TONER AND LAWYER SMITH.

This has been a great week for South Bend in the way of distinguished visitors with hats in the political arena. The high school auditorium has rung with many a wolk. Three nights in succession political audiences have listened to the varying views of men aspiring for public honors, and all of them, within the channels of their thoughts, good men and fit. Naturally we are inclined to emphasize that "good men and fit" designation as to Mr. Ralph Smith, candidate for the democratic nomination for congress, who dedicated the auditorium Tuesday night. It dwindles, if at all, exactly from that starting point.

Mr. Smith did himself justice, and his party justice, taking a position fair and square on the issues before the people, and that are certain to come before the people as the campaign proceeds. He appears to have anticipated issues of much the same tenor as did Messrs. Toner and Harding, the main differences being in the straw-grasping attitudes that the latter two gentlemen were forced to assume in their quests of something to say. Mr. Toner was especially in a bad plight, still trying as he seems to be to progressivize the republican party; trying to make a canvass on the old bull moose platform,—which seems quite incomprehensible and non-acceptable in those ranks.

Mr. Toner, if he could get away from his apparently unqualified defense of the Goodrich tax law, and tolerance of state centralization of power,—which perhaps he would like to retain should he be successful in his gubernatorial canvass,—ought to be running on the democratic ticket instead of the republican ticket. The democratic party is the party of industrial justice, social democracy, and those other such progressive features of which the progressives of 1912 prated so loudly. The bull moosers who returned to the republican party in 1918, hoping to take those principles with them, will eventually awaken to the fact, perhaps, that they have been chasing rainbows. Mr. Toner is talking to the wrong crowd. He should have come over to the democratic party when Roosevelt surrendered to the g. o. p., as did Bainbridge Colby, and Vanco McCormick, and a million and a half of others.

But now, enter Sen. Harding, happily without the flat-tight and shedding of blood, such as greeted his entrance at Fort Wayne, yet entering; Sen. Harding, the stand-patter and reactionary, whom our Indiana senators,—James Eli Watson and Harry Stuart New,—associated with the "old guard," have picked for the national standard-bearer of the party to which Mr. Toner, pursuing the governorship of Hoosierdom, presumes to talk reform. If Mr. Harding is nominated for the presidency, and is elected, Mr. Toner and his fellow-dupes, can congratulate themselves, and we don't know but that they should also congratulate the "old guard" that is set to putting him over.

Harding, so far as we know hasn't the "sore thumb" that is worrying Maj. Gen. Wood, as the excuse for his candidacy, and his supporters can hardly be so directly termed "thumb-suckers" as they were termed by the Harding men in Fort Wayne, precipitating that little Allen county rebellion. He didn't mention it in his speech here any-

how; that is, not the same kind of "sore thumb." Of course, he and his toastmasters are perceptibly peeved because the war came about and chanced to be fought to success under a democratic administration and that the democratic president has not resigned his treaty-making functions into the hands of the republican senate, but that is a "sore thumb" of different quality. The difference between Wood and Harding seems to be that Wood wanted to go to France to take part in the fight—or ball up the fight; anything to discredit the democratic president and secretary of war, sure to be held responsible,—while Harding and the members of the "old guard" with which he is associated, too emaciated to want to indulge in physical combat, wanted to be sent over to negotiate the peace; swivel-chair patriots with fighting qualities running quite exclusively to partisan gas.

However, "sore thumbs" seem fair to be the main feature of republicanism this year, and distinctions make little difference. Johnson is mad because the "great corporations, banks and special interests are financing the Wood campaign" instead of his, and Wood says Johnson is a bolshevik, and Lowden a "drunkard and loafer," to which Lowden replies that Wood is a "liar," and Johnson pro-German. Then the trio, "sore thumbs" up—Wood with one on each hand and these supplemented by the great toes on his feet,—turn against Harding, who, truly, can afford to be charitable. Though lacking the soldierly uniform of a major general, in which to parade, and the apparent sportiness that is suggested by Johnson's physique, and being unable to travel in a Pullman palace car born right in his own family—a la Lowden,—Sen. Harding has the "old guard,"—which is to caucus in a back room, and then nominate whom it will,—and can well afford to play the game with savvy.

Let the inexperienced scramble with bowie knives and poison, for the capture of delegations, if they choose. Harding knows full well that delegates can be manipulated by clever politicians in spite of preferential instructions, just as they were in the republican convention in 1912, and that steamrollers sometimes have leather cushions on the wheels, an invention, we get it, of 1916—calculated to sort of soften the smashing processes. Add to this advantage that of looking like a presidential candidate, and the beautiful faculty of talking splendidly in sentences that bespeak wisdom because senseless, and there you have Mr. Harding who has just been with us; has come and gone, just as Mr. Toner has come and gone,—and may heaven have mercy on them both.

The only objection that we have to Mr. Harding as a presidential possibility is that he isn't honest about it. His traditional protective tariff talk is twaddle, and his pretense at favoring any kind of a league of nations is hypocritical. Mr. Johnson is honest enough to say outright that he is against the League—or against the United States in such a league,—while Harding, like others of his cohorts, pretends to want one, and then they advocate reservations which are amendments that would render the League useless; assassination by stabbing it in the back. Harding better than Johnson, knows the advantage of betraying with a kiss.

It is too bad that Ralph Smith did not follow rather than precede Messrs. Toner and Harding. Their sophistries would have been splendid for mince meat. As it is, however, the people who heard them, without stopping to think, or to analyze their vagaries, will go on, no doubt, and pronounce their names "Wonderful!"

THE BACHELOR TAX.

When France, a few days ago, through its chamber of deputies, decided to levy a 10 percent tax on bachelors, it was not setting any precedent nor doing anything new under the sun. On the contrary, the bachelor tax is as old as nations.

Almost all peoples have penalized bachelorhood. Not that they have regarded it as a state of life singularly blessed, or that they envied the bachelor his freedom. The bachelor tax is a means of national defense, aside from the financial return accruing from it directly. France finds her population decreasing, while that of Germany, her hereditary enemy, increases. The tax is levied with the hope not only of direct financial gain but also of inducing early marriages and encouraging larger families, to the end that larger armies may be recruited for the national safety. The ancient Romans did it, and probably other less civilized peoples before them.

Even America, faced with no such necessity,—with, indeed, a constantly growing population and rapidly increasing wealth,—levies a tax on bachelors. Does not our income tax give the married man \$1,000 exemption more than is allowed the gentleman of single blessedness? We figure, too, on placing the tax where it can most easily be borne; but that need not also be the hope that the extra thousand dollars' exemption will make the bachelor look with envious eye upon the benefitted?

Other Editors Than Ours

RATES FOR MONEY GOING UP.
(The Commercial World.)

Uncle Sam's offerings of short-term securities make an appeal of their own which insures their being absorbed with virtually no apparent reluctance on the part of financial institutions and the interests which they can influence. It is more than significant, then, that Sec'y of the Treasury Houston has decided that the three and six-month certificates of indebtedness which he is about to market shall bear five percent and five and one-fourth percent interest, respectively, which is said to be the highest rate paid by the government on any of its obligations since Civil war times.

This is recognition not only, to a degree it is support, of the rapidly soaring rates for money throughout the American market.

We have been more than interested in the inability of municipalities to float bonds at the relatively high rate of four and one-half percent and the offerings of standard railroads of new bonds at seven percent.

These incidents emphasize the constancy of the rise of values measured by the dollar. They contribute to the increased cost of things of daily use. They have a share in maintaining the movement around the "vicious circle" of rising costs and prices. Until that movement can be reversed there will be no relief from prevailing conditions which have got on the nerves of all the people. Observing some present tendencies, one need not reflect deeply to realize that a change will be brought about only through the painful operating of certain economic laws unless all the elements concerned join in a harmonious effort to produce a gradual reaction that will not blight our prosperity.

The Tower of Babel

By BILL ARMSTRONG

PA PERKINS

SEZ.

Bert Slaughter is looking for a loving cup he was presented with, at the Oliver hotel yesterday.



Tom Brandon sends us a postal from New York with the following sentiment on the back of the card: "SOME WOMEN ARE EASILY PLEASED. JUDGED BY THE HUSBANDS THEY SELECT."—Everytime we see Mr. Brandon, the same thought flashes into our mind.

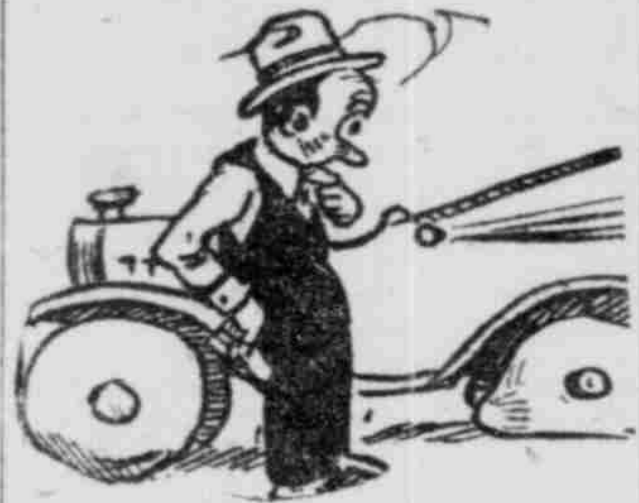
ONE BIG UNION. Once upon a time there was a Trade Union which grew so big and powerful that it was able to absorb all the other Trade Unions. Ultimately it became known as The Union, and everybody had to join it. A National Program was drawn up, and a Great Conference was arranged. It was unanimously decided that in the event of the National Program being refused a General Strike should take place. There was nobody left outside The Union either to concede or refuse the demands of the National Program, so the General Strike began. Everybody in the country stopped work, and everybody drew Strike Pay. But there was nothing to buy with the Strike Pay, for Nobody was making anything, so Nobody could sell anything. So Everybody died in a desperate attempt to live at the expense of Everybody else.

The elevator men were on strike today in New York. We know a couple of fellows in the big city right now that we hope will have

to run an errand up to the top floor of the Woolworth building while the strike is in effect.

Stamford, Tex., lost 5.1 percent of its population in the last 10 years, according to the government census reports. Probably lost its citizens in Villa raids.

Norman Adler is abroad in a new Kissel car, of an exclusive design. It is understood Mr. Adler will operate a jitney out West Washington.



Mr. Adler's rise to success has been phenomenal. It seems but yesterday that we saw Mr. Adler carrying shingles and kindling for a living at Camp Taylor, Ky.

White paper is getting so scarce we expect newspaper publishers some of these days to start hiding newsprint in their homes, probably between the mattress and springs.

HE LOOSENED UP.

A man from Nebraska went into a saloon in Kansas City and wrote on a piece of paper, "A glass of whiskey, please." The bartender did as he was bid and gave the man a drink and after he was finished with this one he wrote for another and still another. Then he wrote, "How much do I owe you?" The bartender said that was all right because he didn't charge deaf and dumb men. The customer spoke up, "H—, I'm not deaf and dumb, I am from Nebraska and was so dry I couldn't talk."

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

MAKING IT AT HOME. Let portly poets rhapsodize in lines that lift and lift. About the luscious apple pies That mother delectably built. But I for many a long, long year Shall shudder when I wake From troubled dreams about the beer.

That Father used to make. Perhaps the hops, perhaps the malt Were moldy or impure. Perhaps the raisins were at fault, But something was, that's sure. He must have made the brew called stout. Because it proved so strong It blew the bottle stoppers out, And took the roof along.

We gathered what remained behind And bottled it anew. Believing, haply, we might find Some use to put it to. But when we forced some down the cat He seemed a bit distressed. He clawed his little tum, and spat And entered into rest.

Of boyhood days I fondly dream. Home products I revere; I hold them all in high esteem Excepting only beer. But though I live to ninety-two, I'll shudder when I wake From hideous dreams about the brew. That Father used to make. (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.

PATRICIA. It can truthfully be stated, without fear of punning, that Patricia is a patrician name. It signifies "noble" and comes from the Latin pater—father which was the source of "patric" the "fatherland." The patricii was the privileged class of old Rome since its members were descended from the original thirty fathers, or patres. Patricius, meaning the noble, was the title given to the young Roman—Caius Julius Caesar—who was stolen by Irish pirates in his youth and when ransomed, returned as an apostle to the land of his captors, bringing the name of Patric, which is so popular and so revered in Ire-

land, in memory of the patron saint. Patricia is a Scottish invention, according to etymologists. The name made its appearance there as the feminine of the masculine Patric, which was the Scotch form of Patrick. Though Patricia spread to England and won great popularity there and later found vogue in Ireland, no attempt has ever been made to change its form or spelling. Patty, which is often thought to be the diminutive of Patricia, has no relation whatever to the noble name. It is the diminutive of Mary, in its rightful sense, and means "becoming better." The ruby is Patricia's talismanic stone. It is the gem of kings and promises for its patrician daughter courage, a dauntless ambition, success, and bodily health. Wednesday is Patricia's lucky day and 7 her lucky number. (Copyright, 1920.)

The Horoscope

SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

This day's celestial chart is conspicuous for its splendid testimonies for success, good fortune and financial increase. The ever-benign Jupiter is under a trine aspect with Luna, an augury for growth and prosperity. This figure is fortified by the Lunar trine to Neptune, an aspect favoring all dealings with new corporations, trusts and secret orders and societies and transactions involving secret pacts. There is some indication of an abrupt or sudden change or journey, and this may be taken with the assurance of the protecting influence of the benevolent Jupiter. This change may be in connection with public services or corporations. The conjunction of Moon with Venus promises happiness and flourishing conditions in the home circle.

Those whose birthday it is may look forward to an important and prosperous year, with probable change or travel. A child born on this day will be generally successful and will rise in life.

Worth It.

It took nature several million years to make a ton of coal and at present prices nature ought to feel fairly well repaid.



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With the Spring and good weather to look forward to and prepare for, we will help you to make your selection easy by grouping our Suits, Coats, Dresses and Skirts into larger groups at smaller prices.



SUITS

The Suits including Serges, Gabardine, Poiret Twill, and Tricotines with plenty of navy blues.

Group No. 1 \$42.50
Former prices \$45.00, \$57.50
Group No. 2 \$52.50
Former prices \$57.50, \$65.00, \$75.00
Group No. 3 \$62.50
Former prices \$65.00, \$75, \$85, \$95

COATS

The Coats include Silverstone, Polo Cloths, Polotones, Serges, Tricotines, Wool Jerseys.

Group No. 1 \$19.75
Former prices \$25.00, \$29.75
Group No. 2 \$35.00
Former prices \$39.75, \$45.00, \$50.00
Group No. 3 \$49.50
Former prices \$57.50, \$65.00, \$75.00

DRESSES

Dresses include Taffetas, Satin, Foulard, Crepe de Chine, Tricotines, Serges and Tricolettes, in all good shades.

Group No. 1 \$29.50
Former prices \$35.00, \$39.75, \$45.00
Group No. 2 \$49.50
Former prices \$50, \$57.50, \$65, \$75

SKIRTS

The Skirts include Serges, Tricotines, Novelty Plaids, Silks of many kinds, and wool jerseys.

Group No. 1 \$8.75
Former prices \$10.75, \$12.75, \$13.75
Group No. 2 \$12.75
Former prices \$13.75, \$15.00, \$17.50

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