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Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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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 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 welkin. 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" delineation 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 difference 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 moose 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 Vance McCormick, and a million and half of others.

But now, enter Sen. Harding, happily without the fist-fight 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 Smart 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, presumed 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 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 baulk 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 partisanship.

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 "haz" 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 swiftness.

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. H. J. 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 maimment. 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 defense. 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 may there not also be the hope that the extra thousand dollars' exemption will make the bachelor look with envious eye upon the benedict?

## 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 Secy 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 supported, 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.

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, an exclusive design.  
It is understood Mr. Adler will operate  
a jitney out West Washington.

Tom Brandon sends us a postal  
sentiment on the back of the card:  
SOME WOMEN ARE EASILY  
PLEASED JUDGING 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. Ulti-  
mately it became known as The  
Union, and everybody had to join  
it. A National Program was drawn  
up, and the General Conference was ar-  
ranged. It was unanimously de-  
cided that in the event of the Na-  
tional Program being refused a Gen-  
eral Strike should take place.

There was nobody left outside The  
Union either to concede or refuse  
the demands of the National Pro-  
gram, 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

a better time.

land, in memory of the patron saint.

Patricia is a British invective, ac-  
cording to etymologists. The namemade its appearance there as the  
feminine of the masculine Patte,which was the Scotch form of Pat-  
rick. Though Patricia spread toEngland and won great popularity  
there, and later found vogue in Ire-  
land, 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 bitter."

The ruby is Patricia's talismanic

stone. It is the gem of kings and

promises for its patrician daughter

courage, a dauntless ambition, suc-  
cess, and bodily health. Wednesday

is Patricia's lucky day and 7 her

lucky number.

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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.

PATRICK.

It can truthfully be stated, without  
fear of punning, that Patricia is  
a patrician name. It signifies "no-  
body" and comes from the Latin  
pater—father which was the source  
of "patria" the "fatherland."

The patrici was the privileged  
class of old Rome since its mem-  
bers were descended from the original  
thirty fathers, or patres. Pa-  
tricius was the noble, well-born  
title given to the young Roman  
Calpurnius 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 Patrick, which  
is so popular and so revered in Ire-

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.

No Cooking.

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages

Quick Lunch at Home or Office

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

Safe Milk

For Infants &amp; Invalids

No Cooking

Ask for Horlick's

The ORIGINAL

Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants &amp; Invalids

No Cooking

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages

Quick Lunch at Home or Office

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

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