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APRIL 27, 1920.

MAKING JOHNSON THE LONE SINNER.

Poor H. Johnson! His honesty, though it be as the honesty of an ass, is infinitely superior in virtue to the hypocrisy, demagoguery, and Brutuseness of his party colleagues, but it is an infintude, which, of course, will avail him nothing, and which perhaps should not. Having laid down with the swine there is nothing for him to expect but that he must get up with the fleas. Affairs in Europe are becoming more and more critical every day. The responsibility of the republican party for it is becoming so apparent, due to its blocking ratification of the Paris treaty and League of Nations—upon which the allies had agreed as a means of dealing with those affairs—that seemingly someone must be made the "goat," and Johnson being too outspoken to try to sneak out, appears to have been picked as the one to bear the blunt. Get this from the local, very "independent," republican organ:

"Hiram Johnson won in the Nebraska presidential primaries because he received the German and the pro-German vote."

"He has received the German and pro-German vote elsewhere, notably in Michigan. The Germans and pro-Germans favor him because he is against the treaty of Versailles."

"The war evidently was not won at Chateauneuf-Thierry, on the Meuse, in the Argonne. The issue is to be decided at the polls of the United States, unless the American people interfere."

"The treaty which punishes Germany and fastens upon her the burden justly deserved should be rejected before the presidential election. The Germans and the pro-Germans cannot nominate and elect the next president, but they can make a showing that will put the United States in a disgusting light before the world which united to crush the kaiser."

H. Johnson is no more against the Paris treaty and League of Nations than are Henry Cabot Lodge, James Ell Watson, Harry Stuart New, Maj. Gen. Leonard A. Wood, Gov. Lowden, Sen. Harding, or any others of the reservationist clique, or their more or less uninformed defenders. The entire republican program in the senate has been an appeal to the German-American vote, quite at the same time, to the Irish-American vote, and to every other hyphenated vote in sight, even to the Dago-American. If Johnson is getting the best of the rest of them they have no more right to kick than Johnson has because, well, perhaps, because he would like some of the monetary support that he is accusing his opponents of getting.

Johnson and the whole brace of anti-League and anti-treaty irreconcilables, have numbered only 12; this including two democrats. The other republicans, if really wanting the treaty and League, could by 22 of them joining with the democrats, have afforded the document ratification nine months ago—but they began playing to the German-American, the Irish-American and the Dago-American votes, long even before the treaty was signed. They sowed the wind, are reaping the whirlwind, and want to make H. Johnson appear the only unwise sower.

The Lodge reservations are nothing more nor less than a scheme to accomplish all that Johnson has stood for, by the sneaking process of indirection; by false pretense. They haven't had the nerve to fight the treaty and the League, and consequently the American people, open and above board, as Johnson has done, but have sought to fool the people—and are learning that the people admire honesty, even though it be honesty in the unwise of causes.

That is where the stomach-ache above quoted comes from. It is the wail of the demagogues.

BOB JONES INSPIRING PEW-HOLDERS TO LET PREACHERS SAY SOMETHING.

Sunday sermons in a number of churches would appear to indicate that the South Bend clergy, at least, has had its spine stiffened by the Bob Jones meetings, and that they are intent upon passing it along to their parishioners. This is no slam at the South Bend clergy. The right kind of parishioners would not have rendered it necessary for a Bob Jones to come here, and arouse them to the point where the clergy dared to talk to them as they did Sunday. Perhaps, after all, among the best results that will come from the Jones meetings will be to so revamp the mental and moral attitudes of those who occupy the pews, that the men in the pulpits can preach the truth—even though it discredit a city administration to which so many of their pew-holders are politically related,—without being in danger of the tin-can.

"Yes, so many of their pew-holders!" This would seem to be indicated by the apparent political complexion of the Jones men's meeting Sunday afternoon. When the chorister asked the republicans to sing there was a considerable chorus. When he asked the democrats to sing one lone voice rang out for an instant. We do not know whether it was due to the superabundance of republicans present, or to their chronic pharisaism; their penchant for making a big noise of their politics—but whatever it was, maybe it was just as it should be. When it comes to cleaning up South Bend, ridding it of the evils of which the evangelist spoke, and of which the local clergy had spoken Sunday morning, it is a job for republicans. They gave us the administration—on maladministration—that we have, and if the demo-

crats stayed away, so that more republicans could get into the tabernacle, and get the scourging that they deserved, perhaps it was for the best.

Besides, there was at least one democrat present, and despite the musical talent in the g. o. p. it was by a democrat that their sins, their duties and obligations, despite their eminent respectability, was unveiled. Bob Jones, the evangelist, is a democrat, the biggest man in the house, and the man with the message, who is going to teach and is teaching South Bend republicans who are at all morally or religiously inclined, the immorality and irreligion of letting their politics drown their senses of morals and religion, entirely out. He made up for the democrats who couldn't or wouldn't sing—poor an excuse, as all this is, for the deadly silence that all save he indulged in.

Indeed, it is neither here nor there, or should be neither here nor there, when it comes to a moral question, or a question of law enforcement, what a man's politics is. Every man should be interested, even more in the maintenance of public morality, and of law enforcement, under an administration dominated by his own party, than he would be if it were dominated by an opposition party. If public opinion in America is ever to reach that stage where good government is to be the ideal of the citizenship, public opinion within each political party must insist upon good government from such political parties, and refuse to be stultified by anything else. We are glad to see the ice sufficiently broken that the local clergy, well as Bob Jones, feel safe to argue from their pulpits to the men in their lews, that regardless of their politics, if they are Christians they must carry it into their civil life—which means their political life well as their business and social life.

Judging by the superior number of republican songsters at the Jones meeting Sunday, there would have been plenty of church criticism, from both pew and pulpit, were our city administration—rotten to the core as it is—dominated by democrats. We hope, however, that if such were the case, we, as a democratic newspaper, or semi-so—asserting again or independently,—would not have been guilty of condoning it, excusing it, and so doing, encouraging it, as our republican friends have been doing with republicans at the helm. We do not believe many people in South Bend think we would permit our partisan affiliations to blind us against our reverence for public decency, or smother the pride that we should have in having an administration all the more high-minded because of our party. We know how these republicans used to yell out boldly when the democrats were in power, scarcely, if ever, as defiant of law and order as the present administration is.

But it looks now from these Sunday morning sermons as though the veil were lifting; as though even the republicans have had the scales sufficiently torn from their eyes, that their ministers are no longer afraid to talk to them in plain English—a thing which, if kept up, may necessitate Mayor Carson, or his board of safety, or police officers, sending around word again to the brothels, gambling joints and blind-tigers, to close up, not alone until after the Bob Jones meetings, but for the next 20 months, at least.

OUIJA BOARD BENEFITS.

We are rapidly becoming a nation of ouija board fans. No home, in some localities, is considered complete without its ouija board, which is consulted by every member of the family, either in fun or in foolish earnest. The popular idea seems to be that ouija can decide any question with little strain to the tired human brain of the questioner.

Whether or not the consumers have gained comfort and sage advice leading to health, wealth and happiness, that same little board has brought success to one group of citizens. Manufacturers of ouija boards have prospered greatly in recent months.

One eastern factory found it necessary to enlarge its plant. The addition cost \$125,000. It contains 38,000 square feet of floor space devoted entirely and exclusively to ouija boards. Not spirits, but financial returns, led the concern to undertake this step of expansion.

One might expect this factory to be haunted by talkative spooks. But it is reported that nothing has materialized to date except increased business and good profits. No spirit writing has appeared on walls or floors or tables, and the newly manufactured ouija boards present wooden faces to the workers as they tend to their respective jobs about the factory.

That is where the stomach-ache above quoted comes from. It is the wail of the demagogues.

Other Editors Than Ours

CANDLES IN WORLD TRADE.

(New York Times)

Our comfortably situated people, having electricity, gas or oil for chasing gloom when the shades of night have fallen or they are compelled to work away from daylight, may be surprised to learn that there is a world-wide business in candles and what once was universally known as tallow dips form no mean item in the statistics of British export business. Incidentally, as a boastful article from Hull discloses, the soap-manufacturing corporation which has a virtual monopoly of both the soap and candle production of the United Kingdom, is capitalized at \$500,000,000 and there appears to be something like public pride in the fact that it is swiftly absorbing every industry allied to its primary business, including those which produce the raw materials on which it depends.

As to candles, we were under the impression that Standard Oil had so civilized even the most remote peoples that nowhere do any depend on the old-time tapers for light. To be sure, the wise in our town keep a few candles about the premises to help out when something goes wrong at the power-house or somewhere along the line, and there are aesthetic souls who put candles on the table at special dinners.

But the candle is an article of importance in human economy despite all the progress that has been made in artificial lighting. In the United Kingdom the annual consumption is approximately \$60,000,000, or two pounds per capita, which would indicate a startling concentration of provincialism in the relatively small area of the British Isles. The candle industry suffered during the war comparably with others, but it is rapidly recovering from the slump. Last year the United Kingdom exported about 27,000,000 pounds of the tapers and it is expected that 150,000,000 pounds will go forth to the four corners of the earth this year to brighten the lives of those who know no better artificial light. Candles being so important a part of the business of the monopolistic soap makers referred to, it is not surprising that this concern is paying "ordinary" dividends of 17 1/2 percent. No shortage of fat here, though Europeans are said to be drying up for want of fat.

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The Tower of Babel

By BILL ARMSTRONG

George Hahn, the demon printer, calls our attention to a show card that turns up in the front window of the Washington restaurant at regular intervals, which reads as follows:

"WANTED POTATO WOMAN AT ONCE. INQUIRE INSIDE."

GEORGE ALSO CALLED THIS AD TO OUR ATTENTION.

(News-Times Want Ad.)

FOR SALE—A wholesale kind of cal, 16 months old. Inquire at 1411 S. Chapin st.

PA PERKINS

SEZ:

Josh Bump,

who was so sorry

he couldn't go to

war, is now lead-

ing the fight on

the soldiers'

bonus.

CORRECTING AN ERROREOUS REPORT AT 15 CENTS THE LINE.

(From the Bluffton, Ind., Banner.)

I want to inform my neighbors that I didn't leave Indiana with no traveling man. I left with my mother and came to Spokane, Wash., to live with my mother and single brother, and oblige me.

Mrs. Clara Cover.

HATS.

A nuisance, a bother, a worry, too.

That's a hat.

You fuss and fret the whole year through.

Over a hat.

It may be green or brown or blue.

It may not be becoming to you—

But what on earth are you going to do?

For a hat?

Every winter, spring and fall.

You need a hat.

You wander wearily from stall to stall.

To buy a hat.

You try them on, both large and small.

You don't want any of them at all.

It is very pleasant after that to have somebody who had called us and found it not the number wanted saying politely: "This is the wrong number."

I am sorry to be disturbed, but I can't help feeling irritated a little by the man who says gruffly, "Ring off! Wrong number!" as if I were the offending number."

We don't blame Dave Fishgrund for getting sore. There hasn't nobody we want to lick so bad as this bird who gets the wrong number and then wants to blame us for it.

More Truth

Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

BEWARE OF A CHEST:

The great Alexander regarded the earth.

As wholly belonging to him;

He thought he controlled all the oceans that rolled.

Clear out to its uttermost rim.

"The Heavens will crash when I go to my grave."

The conqueror often would say;

And the world stood aghast when he perished at last;

But up came the sun the next day.

The Emperor Nero was swollen with pride.

In the power conferred by his crown.

His subjects went wild with delight when he smiled.

And fell into a faint at his frown.

He fancied that when he departed this life,

His exit would shatter the map;

But when he was gone, the planet rolled on.

Without ever missing a lap.

The haughty hotel clerk, the pompous old judge,

The ponderous head of the bank,

The man whose success makes him

so prone to impress,

The world with his station and rank,

Believe their departure would leave us all flat,

But when they are under the ground,

Awaiting the call that will wake us all,

The earth keeps on whirling around.

And therefore, young man, with the outswelling chest,

No matter what heights you have scaled,

Quite a spite of your chest, you will pass like the rest.

Unnoticed, unwept and unvalued,

If all of the persons we've mentioned could go,

And not put the world on the blink,

You can surely deduce that you're not so much use.

In the game we call life as you think.

prevent disaster or distress.

The malefactors Saturn and Uranus,