

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY. 210 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana. Entered as second class matter at the Post-Office at South Bend, Indiana, BY CARRIER. Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$1.20...

BY MAIL. Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$1.00. Daily, in advance, per year \$3.00. If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone for want 'ad' to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion.

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JANUARY 27, 1914.

INDIANA'S TAX SYSTEM.

Under the auspices of the extension division of the Indiana university an important conference is to be held at that institution on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5 and 6. The subject of consideration will be "Taxation in Indiana."

In explanation of the purpose of the conference the committee on arrangements says: "The subject of taxation is important to every citizen of the state. Progress toward the ideals of social justice and industrial efficiency is impeded by an imperfect system of taxation. No apologies seem necessary for the calling of a conference to consider in a dispassionate way the present situation in Indiana with a view to ascertaining just what are the imperfections in our system, and how they may be remedied."

Gov. Ralston will preside at the opening session and among those who will read papers or take part in the discussion are Dan M. Link, state tax commissioner; Fred A. Sims, former state tax commissioner; Jacob P. Dunn, city controller of Indianapolis; Prof. Raymond V. Phelan, of the University of Minnesota; Prof. Oscar L. Ford, author of "Municipal Control of Public Utilities"; Prof. Frank T. Stockton, assistant professor of political economy, Indiana university; John B. Stoll of South Bend; Lawson Purdy, president of department of taxes and assessments, New York city; Prof. David Friday, professor of political economy, University of Michigan; Prof. Joseph French Johnson, dean of the School of Commerce, New York; Prof. J. L. Leonard, professor of political economy, Washburn college; Charles F. Remy of Indianapolis; Prof. Thomas S. Adams, members of the Wisconsin tax commission; Prof. William A. Rawles, professor of political economy, Indiana university; Prof. Charles M. Hepburn, professor of law, Indiana university; Prof. John A. Lapp, director of bureau of legislative and administrative information, Indiana; and Eben H. Wolcott, state tax commissioner.

One of the most important subjects to be discussed will be the creation of a state tax commission, and another, doubtless, will be the equalization of values and taxes on real estate. Under the present system much injustice prevails and the state is not receiving its due proportion of taxes. Too much property, both real and personal, escapes paying its proper share toward the support of government.

SUFFRAGISTS IN WRONG.

The suffrage leaders now laying siege to congress are playing too much politics to make much progress. They are fighting for place more than for policy or principle. At the congress of religion in Chicago during the World's Fair an East Indian advised the christian denominations to get together before trying to preach christianity to the heathen. The advice applies with equal, if not greater force to the suffragists.

They are scattering too much to make their fire effective. How can they expect congress to take sides with each of the two factions now camped in Washington and fighting each other "tooth and nail"? A house divided against itself shall surely fall. Advocates of a cause who cannot agree on details and work harmoniously together are foredoomed to failure.

Personal leadership and ambition is now the greatest obstacle in the way of equal rights. The women of the National American Woman Suffrage association and of the Congressional union are exhausting their energies in a struggle for supremacy and losing sight of what should be their main purpose. Just now the triumph of a faction is of more importance than a suffrage amendment to the constitution. These factions are in a worse plight than the republican and progressive parties because they are throwing away what the two political parties panned do not possess, a chance.

The democratic administration is not pledged to woman suffrage. It has never promised legislation favoring a suffrage amendment to the constitution. It is pledged, however, to any progressive measure that will better the political conditions of the country, and doubtless when suffrage comes up in proper form it will receive the consideration due it.

But just now the women are decidedly in wrong.

VACATION MONEY.

It is a wise old policy which prompts nations to prepare for war in times of peace and it should be considered no less wise to paraphrase the saying into "in winter time prepare for your summer vacation" and act upon it.

Counted by months there are five such periods between the present and the summer vacation season, July and August. Five months seems a long time, particularly to the young, to wait for a vacation, but it is really short for purposes of preparation.

There are a number of things to be

considered in planning a summer vacation, the time at one's disposal, the place or places where it shall be spent and, with most people, the item of expense. The last named usually presents the greatest difficulties.

Though our savings institutions show large deposits by small depositors many persons working for wages or small salaries are scarcely able to find a margin between their income and outgo. With the spendthrift spirit of the age and the cost of high living the money goes almost unconsciously and when vacation time comes around it too often happens there is not enough left to get along on.

A system of special savings for vacation purposes is recommended by an economic writer, who regards a vacation as a necessity rather than as a luxury. If a small sum is put by each week from now until July the problem of getting away for a week or two will be more easily solved.

There are those who will see a judgment in a house falling on a wedding party at Aurora, Ill., where the tango was being danced, but it is likely the result would have been the same had the people been stamping the approval of a moral sentiment, provided people would stamp their approval of a moral sentiment with the same vigor that they dance the tango.

Well, if there is anything in the charge that naval officers have been giving the government the double cross we might as well know it. Let the investigation proceed.

A St. Louis pastor made the women in his congregation gasp by telling them they dress to attract the eyes of the men. But think how the women make the men gasp.

There are enough California oranges this year to give fifteen to every man, woman and child in the United States, but many will get more than fifteen.

The human element caused the Jackson wreck on the Michigan Central and the small wooden cars contributed largely to the casualties.

If Col. Goethals doesn't remain in Panama after the canal is finished he could be used to better advantage in Alaska than in New York.

The Ward meetings Sunday expressed public interest in law enforcement. The public conscience seems to be actually working.

The Indian maidens of Nevada have discarded their native dances for the tango. It is fiercer.

We are spending a lot of money for investigations, but in most instances it appears to be well spent.

Here's hoping Huerta has to hike.

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The manager of the hotel in Washington where Vice Pres. Marshall lives conceived the idea of having a room all fitted up with antique style of furniture and draperies. He had a furniture dealer search about for all the most old-fashioned things to be found, and the result was a room thoroughly antique, unmarred by a single modern note.

One day the manager proudly exhibited the room to Marshall. "Where did you get all this stuff?" asked Marshall. "From Moses," answered the hotel man. Mr. Moses being the proprietor of a big furniture store.

"Moses? I thought maybe you got it from Noah," promptly remarked Marshall. "No," insisted the hotel man, who is an Englishman, "I got it all from Moses."

When Sen. John W. Kern was a bright and promising young lawyer out a Kokomo, Ind., he represented one side of a case in which the whole controversy hinged on the identity and ownership of a certain calf.

The chief witness on the side against Kern was a colored man. He contended that the calf belonged to his friend, Mr. Jones. When Kern examined him the conversation ran something like this: "How do you know this was Mr. Jones' calf?" "Well, sah, I had seen it around his place so much that I jes' nat'ally got acquainted with it. I seen it there with the cow's-maw—and I noticed it p'tic'larly because it had funny marks on it. When you see a calf every day you simply become familiar with it."

"What kind of a looking calf was it?" "It was a red calf, sah, with white ears and a white nose."

"You're sure it had white ears and a white nose?" "Yes, sah, that's what attracted my notice, sah, them white ears and white nose."

"And it belonged to Mr. Jones?" "Yessah, sah."

"And he had no other calf?"

"No, sah, jes' the one with the white ears and nose."

"Now, suppose that all the testimony here should show that the calf in this case was a white calf with red ears and a red nose. What would you say about that?" "Well, sah, I reckon, I'd say it belonged to Mistah Jones."

William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, had a great deal of commercial instinct as a small boy. He was always devising schemes which he could gather to himself something negotiable. One of his early enterprises, in association with another boy, was a soda fountain. But the business did not net a profit. In fact, the books showed a loss right from the start. One of the important factors contributing to the failure of the business was the fact that they drank up more than five times as much soda as they sold.

McAdoo next tried selling newspapers and that was more profitable. But he yearned for even greater rewards and tried to hit upon a good side-line to sell to his subscribers. He had heard that newsboys in northern cities went about selling calendars and cards bearing verses of greeting. This he thought might be worth trying. He had no calendars, but he got his father to write him out some verses to be printed on neat little cards. Because it was the thing uppermost in his mind, McAdoo's father made the verses a screed against Abraham Lincoln. He said more mean things about Lincoln than had ever been brought together in verse, or prose. Such stuff was popular in the south at that time and McAdoo sold out the entire edition.

Just a few days ago one of the buyers of the verses sent a copy to the secretary of the treasury and twitted him about them. For here is the joke of it: McAdoo, now that he is grown, is a double Abraham Lincoln. Give McAdoo a set of whiskers and photograph him and the picture would do for Lincoln. McAdoo might almost as well have sold mean verses about himself.

In front of a photographic establishment here in Washington is a large panel containing pictures of nearly all the members of the house of representatives. All are plain head and shoulder portraits with the exception of that of young A. W. Lafferty of Oregon. Lafferty appears in the midst of the collection with a silk hat, coat thrown over his arm, and a jaunty cane. Thus one gets the impression that he is the proprietor of the rest of the aggregation. One day a stranger paused in front of the pictures for some moments and inquired: "Is it a minstrel troupe?"

William Jennings Bryan has a peculiar way of gaining his rest when tired and travel sore. He will go to a hotel room, take off his coat and vest and lie down on the floor. The bed is there, all nicely made up, you understand, and looking soft and comfortable. But Mr. Bryan stretches out on his back on the floor. He doesn't sleep on the bed, of course, but he says that in moments of extreme fatigue there is nothing more soothing or restful than a nice hard floor.

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JOHNNY WRITES.

n. y., friday—the maddest man in the hole united states is herman heffeldinger

only he aint in the united states no more, he is on a steamboat, going back to germany

mr. heffeldinger is a respectable german citizen who owns a nice home and a cappel of dockshunds in the old country

up to 2 months ago he had been a happy widower for several years, living in peace and quiet with his dockshunds

but he was quiet of loneness all the same

any feller that has ever been married never does git used to not having nobody to boiler at him no more

one day herman he was reading the daily angler which is printed in his native villedge when he run across a advertisement of a rich and beautiful lady in new yerk that wanted a husband

herman ansered the ad, and got a letter from a feller that sed he was agent for the lady, and inclosing a picture of her and her house

it certenly was some house, and the lady was some dame

he agent sed his fee was 50 dollars, and if herman would kindly send ten that sum in cash, he would at once furnish the lady's name and address, so herman could git busy and win her

well herman he didnt like that 50 dollars idea at all, and he desided to come to n. y. and see what was doing so he come over, and he went to a cousin of his that lives up in the bronnx, and told him his tale, and showed him the pictures

his cousin pritty near laffed himself to deth, the lady in the picture was lilly russell, and the house was beately swab's place on riverside drive

if that agent had ever given herman any address besides a postoffs box number, murder might have been committed

as it was, the agent was spared, and herman will probly take it out on the dockshunds

johnny

LAUGHS.

BY JIM MANEE.

You remember that old saying: "I will pull it out of your nose." And write it into poetry.

How I'll do it no one knows, Nellie was a lady fair.

For short men she would fall; She thought it best to love a short Then ne'er to love a tall!

P. S.—A drowning child may grasp a straw, but we doubt if it can grasp this.

PUT IT OUT.

"Madge?" "Yes, dear."

"May I smoke here in the parlor?" "No, Jack. Father would put you out."

"Put me out?" "I am afraid so."

"Well, Madge."

"The lamp's smoking." (And then there was darkness.)

LEFT OUT.

Tommy had been naughty, and during the day his mother had to punish him. That night while saying his prayers at his mother's knee he said: "Lord bless papa, sister and grandma. Amen!"

Then, turning to his mother, he said: "Did you notice you weren't in it?"

SOLVED.

She—John, dear, here's a scientist who says the earth is wobbling on its axis. What do you suppose they can do about it?

John (absently)—Open up the muffer, reverse the lever, shut off the power, lubricate the bearings and tighten the wheel cap.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE FOLLUCK WITH US.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH LONGFELLOW.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity, with all its fears, With all its hopes, and all its desires, Is hanging breathless on thy fate:—The Budding of the Ship.

HOW DO YOU, OR DON'T YOU? We never quite learned to pronounce it.

And here it is on the taboo, Uncertain, tawny or tango. If tango, tawny or tango.

Our choice has been when using the term To make it rhyme with fandango. But please understand we haven't the germ And never was a fan tango.

WE have always admired the intelligence of theater ushers, which at times seems almost human. The confidence and success with which they can compel a row of people to stand while a belated patron is making his way to a seat at the other end, which might have been reached from the next aisle without disturbing anybody is an example of the most artistic work in ivory that has come to our notice.

THE saloons were as transparent Sunday as those diaphanous skirts that were so much admired last summer.

Curios of Newspaper Literature. With the deepest sympathy and respect for the feelings of the writer of the following paragraph, clipped from an example, is submitted an example of what is by some regarded as proper matter for publication:

"In loving remembrance of my dear Niece, Lida Clay Winsate, who passed into a higher life one year ago today, January 25, 1913. The month of January again is here to me the saddest of all the year, because it took from us away a dear one, one long year ago today, one whom we loved and cherished dear. A bitter grief, a shock severe, friends may think the wound is healed, but little do they know the agony that lies within our hearts, concealed. Her loving heart is now at rest God called her home when he thought best, when we are done with toll and care we hope to meet dear Lida there. Her loving Aunt Nannie Rogers."

WE are forced by the form and appearance of it that the new penniers are a tribute to the aviation spirit of

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNEK.

"There's only one thing to do," Warren's tone was final. "Have that radiator taken out and put the couch here. That's the only place for it."

"I can't do without the radiator," Helen looked up doubtfully. "Easy. You'll get all the heat you want from the other room. These apartments are always overheated."

"Why are you so set down on these radiators under a window or behind a door, where they'll be out of the way—instead of planting them right in the center of the best wall space? Get the janitor up here now, and I'll have him take this out."

Helen phoned down for the janitor, who said he would be up in a few moments. It was the day after they moved. Perhaps because he was a little conscious stricken for having thrown all the work on Helen the day before, Warren had left the office an hour earlier to help her some before dinner.

All the pictures had yet to be hung, the rugs to be put down, and most of the things were scattered about, the moving men had set down the things anywhere. There had been no time to study out the best arrangement.

"Why can't the bookcase come over here, then that will leave room for the table in the corner."

"Wait!" pushing her aside as she tried to move it over. "Let me do it—it's too heavy for you. Didn't I tell you not to strain yourself in this moving?"

It was only a little thing, and yet so rarely he thought of or considered of her, that just to be told something was too heavy for her to move, and that he didn't want her to strain herself, gave her a sense of pleasure.

"Now let's hang some of these pictures while we wait for the janitor," suggested Helen. "Here, this one goes over the desk."

"This thing's not any too steady," as she stepped gingerly on the frail looking ladder.

"With both hands, I'll hold it," steadying it with both hands while Warren climbed up cautiously.

"That about right," as he slipped the hook over the moulding and hung the picture in the corner.

Helen stepped back, still holding the ladder with one hand.

"No, a little more to the left. No—that's too much. There—that's just right."

As Warren got down the ladder creaked loudly.

"Oh, dear, I'm so afraid that's not strong enough to hold both of you on the ladder and let me hang them. No, no," as he protested. "I want to do it. Now this goes over the mantel."

He drew the step ladder before the mantel and held it while she ran up lightly. It took only a few minutes to hang the others. Then they went into the dining room. In hanging a large fruit picture over the sideboard Helen dropped the book on the floor.

"Oh, never mind, dear, if you can't find it," as Warren stooped down to look for it. "There's plenty more in the sitting room on the window sill."

Helen is hurt.

"Where abouts, I don't see them," he called back.

"Then look in the bedroom on the bureau."

"Don't see anything that looks like picture books in here."

She started to hurry down the ladder, but in some way her foot missed a step and with a startled cry she fell. Warren rushed in and picked her up.

"Are you hurt, are you hurt?" almost savagely.

"No, no, it's nothing," between a laugh and a sob. But she was holding her arm as though it pained her.

"Let me see," he said, "your sleeve and showing a bruise on the white skin. "Why did you try to get down alone?" he asked. "You might have hurt yourself bad. Now run, put something on that bruise." But she still clung to him.

"Let me see in a moment—but first hold me," drawing him down on the couch.

"Dear, just for a moment," pleadingly.

the age. We can conceive of no use for them except to let the wearers down easy if they should happen to drop from the high spots.

PANNIER we regard as a misnomer. It should be parachute.

This May Be Old and Still Bear Re-peat-er. (Winamac Democrat.)

At Logansport moving picture show the other night one of the films showed a group of young ladies preparing to disrobe and go in bathing in a sheltered lake in the background. Just as they started to undress a long freight train came along the track between the camera and the bathers. By the time it had passed the young ladies were in their bathing suits and in the lake.

At the close of the performance a man who had just seen the show stepped up to the ticket window and asked for a seat for the next night.

"We show the same pictures tomorrow, you know," said the ticket man. "I know you do," replied the prospective purchaser. "But I'm a railroad man, and I know that cussed freight train is not going to be on time every night."

WELL, Adam where is the rest of it? SINCE it has been discovered that carnottle, radium ore, will persuade a hen to lay two eggs a day it would be little short of malfeasance in office, or something of that kind, for Pres. Wilson to permit the radium licks to fall into the hands of the egg trust, which is obviously behind the radium trust.

And Then? (Decatur Democrat.)

Metropolitan papers also tell of—and they may soon reach this city—the tango-trouser skirt. When dancing the skirt is unbuttoned to the knee, and with this are worn the tango trousers. Thus far, only the trousers have reached the city. Critics predict that the next step will be abolition of skirts.

A VALENTINE to old South Bend has come all the way from Madison, Ind. It is signed "Willie Kumback," and we hope he will.

What Does He Mean? Sir: With the aid of some fruit I get a very digestible and satisfying breakfast out of The Melting Pot. B. L. D.

THAT'S nothing, however. We get three meals a day out of it. C. N. F.

GETTING SETTLED IN THEIR NEW APARTMENT, HELEN FALLS FROM STEP LADDER.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNEK.

She crept into his lap and hid her face against his neck with a quivering sob.

"Now, now—none of that." "No—I won't cry. I just want to have you hold me—just to rest me for a moment. Oh, dear, I am tired and nervous—I can't help it. It was all so hard yesterday—moving without you, and then when you phoned you couldn't come home even to take me to dinner."

"Now, I know all about that. There's no use going over it again—is there?" "No—no, but, oh, I want you to hold me and pet me and be good to me—just for a moment."

"Be good to you! Haven't been beating you—have I?"

A sob at the hopelessness of it all was her only answer. For a moment she clung to him in silence. Then, perhaps a little ashamed of his attitude, he stooped over and kissed her cheek. She pressed closer to him. There was another silence. Then he stooped over and kissed the bruised arm.

"Now run and put something on that."

"Oh, let me stay—just a little longer! It helps and rests me more than anything," drawing his head down and kissing him softly on his eyes and lips and forehead. They were hungry little kisses, with all her yearning for love in them.

He submitted passively.

"Oh, why, why do I love you so much when you care for me so little?" sobbingly. "You simply kiss me. You just tolerate it—you don't want it at all."

"Now, Helen, for heaven's sake, don't begin that! What's the matter with you today, anyway?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. I didn't mean to be like this."

"Well, I should hope not. I came home early to help you straighten up here—not to be treated with a dose of hysteria. If I'd known this I'd stayed at the office."

"Dear, don't—don't say that! I'm not hysterical—I'm only a little tired and unstrung."

"They go lie down and rest. I'm not so keen on this work—I can tell you that."

"Oh, but we must get straightened out," sitting up and pushing her hair back wearily.

"Give Della a day or two longer and she'll get things into shape. The trouble with you is you want everything done in a minute. We only moved yesterday—and here you're trying to get all straightened out today. You never use any judgment! You go here and overwork and get tired and hysterical—and then there's the devil to pay!"

REASONS ENOUGH.

"And what accounts for this sudden departure?"

Bank Cashier—Sh-h! Short accounts!

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