

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.

Telephones—Main 3500, New 28-351

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising Offices (Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne & Co. (New York, Boston, Payne, Burns & Smith, Inc.

—“THIS IS THE YEAR”—

WOOD has little to be proud of in that plurality vote in Indiana.

GOODRICH says he has no apologies to offer. Neither has Wilhelm.

AMONG THE THINGS we had not missed were those crowds pathetically fighting for whisky at the Haag drug store.

AND THERE ARE a few more outrageous things in the county government that the democrats might have mentioned in their platform.

THAT “HIGHER PLANE” on which Will Hays says this campaign is to be conducted probably is different from the \$2.50 testimonial level.

WILLIAM P. EVANS lost a simple blind tiger case yesterday in criminal court. Is this a recommendation for a prosecutor in Marion county?

THE MANNER in which certain coal operators are fighting to avoid trial in Indianapolis is hard to reconcile with their earlier statements that they had nothing to fear from the indictment.

OF COURSE the republican platform committee had trouble in preparing an endorsement of the tax law. Not all its members keep their money in public utilities and their autos in their wife's name.

JAMES ELI WATSON, also indorses the state administration of Jim Goodrich—including the garbage deal, the convict labor, the paroled chauffeur, the cost plus remodeling of the statehouse, the tax law, etc.

ALL IS HARMONY in the party that represents the “aristocracy of kultur and intellect” in Indiana, but the republican press is admonishing the convention that its purpose is to fight democrats, not republicans.

Marshall Belittles Taggart

Thomas Taggart of French Lick is the democratic nominee for United States senator from Indiana. He is also the recognized leader of the democratic party in Indiana and as such is entitled to some respect even from so highly cultured a political aspirant as Thomas Riley Marshall, the vice president of the United States.

Mr. Marshall, however, does not appear to recognize that he has any obligation to the man who has worked unceasingly and without stint for democratic success and is today offering up the peace and health of matured years in an effort to bring back his party to the place from which it was ousted by the indifference and incapacities of such bi-partisan leaders as seem to appeal to Mr. Marshall.

The vice president goes out of his way to afford the republican press an opportunity to discredit Mr. Taggart by giving voice to the following remarks concerning Mr. Taggart:

“He likes to boss and name candidates, and all that, but he is not a candidate for office for the money he will get out of it. I can say that without hesitation. But as far as politics goes, we have never played the same game and I have never followed his leadership. I do not believe in the kind of politics he believes in.”

The glee with which this statement is received by the republican press is justified on analysis.

It attempts to depict Mr. Taggart as a political boss rather than a chosen leader of his party. It raises an ugly issue by insinuating that there are people who believe Mr. Taggart is running for senator for the purpose of lining his pocket with gold.

It sets up by inference that the leadership of Mr. Taggart and the kind of politics he plays are beneath the dignity of a man of Marshall's type and in some way or other so contaminated that the doughty vice president should never be accused of participating therein.

It is the opinion of the great majority of voters of Indiana that Mr. Taggart is a political boss only in the sense that he has the courage to stand for the best interests of his party as a whole.

It is, of course, a gratuitous insult to give voice to a suspicion that Mr. Taggart is either a self-seeker or a grafter.

It is very obvious that Mr. Marshall has never followed the leadership of Mr. Taggart. Had he done so the democratic party of Indiana would not now be so demoralized.

It is very evident that Mr. Marshall does not believe in the kind of politics that Mr. Taggart does. If Mr. Marshall had half the loyalty to democracy that has marked every act of Mr. Taggart he would not have accepted Brewer Fleming as his chief patronage distributor when he was in the governor's office and he would not have ignored the state committee as he did when he dispensed patronage from Washington as vice president.

But, passing over the things that have transpired and looking into the future, it becomes more and more evident that Mr. Marshall does not believe in the kind of politics Mr. Taggart does.

If he did he would now be engaged in helping the democratic party recover his home state rather than helping the republican press tear down the political influence of the one man who is willing to do more than anyone else toward bringing about a democratic victory in Indiana.

Several months ago The Times went on record as favoring William Gibbs McAdoo as the democratic nominee for president. It took this stand in the full knowledge that Mr. Marshall had his lightning rod in the air and expected to become Indiana's “favorite son.”

No more complete justification for ignoring Mr. Marshall's self-inflated, republican-launched boom is needed than the petty way in which he now attempts to put himself on a higher plane than that occupied by Thomas Taggart.

Watson's Swan Song

Yesterday marked the beginning of the end of the political power of James Eli Watson in Indiana.

From yesterday on to that distant future day when Watson himself will realize that his political zenith was reached long ago there will be a steady decline in his prestige.

Watson's failure to control the state republican organization, his bending of the knee to the Wood interests and his complete capitulation to the Goodrich machine constitute a sorry spectacle for his adherents in Indiana, who constitute the majority of the republican party, and under a more able leader would dominate it.

Watson failed because he never knew when to fight. For many months he has allowed his political opponents to surround him with men who were never loyal to him. He has permitted the party in Indiana to go as his opponents desired to direct it, and always, under the delusion of promoting harmony he has sold out the men who fought for him in critical moments.

Voters tire of a leader who runs away. They adhere to a leader who succeeds.

Watson can not expect by his personal magnetism to hold to him men whom he has repeatedly enlisted under a banner that he invariably lets fall in battle.

Because Watson did not have the courage to assert himself in 1916 he suffered a crooked defeat at the hands of the supporters of Harry New. Then he accepted a senatorship as the price of his silence.

This year Watson prepared to assert himself and had he been more aggressive and energetic he might have seized his party reins in Indiana. But at the last minute he wilted and the control of his party went back into the hands of Jim Goodrich and others.

As a salve to his feelings Watson may be trotted forth as the “dark horse” from Indiana in the Chicago stable of “dark horses,” but it will avail him little.

Or he may be deceived into thinking that Goodrich et al. will earnestly support him for the senatorship, but why should they?

Watson, as a party leader, is dead in Indiana.

Watson, as a presidential candidate, is sure of defeat.

Watson as a candidate for the senate is “up against” Tom Taggart and oblivion.

Goodbye, James Eli, we hate to see you go!

On Sending Editors to Jail

Some time ago the Indianapolis Times editorially made serious charges against the criminal court of Marion county and in connection with proceedings in the grand jury room during the investigation into the filthy conditions in the Marion county jail. The prosecuting attorney of Marion county, one Clara Adams, protested to Judge Collins, and contempt proceedings were entered against—not the editor and editorial writer who wrote the editorials and was responsible for them, but—against the managing editor who had no jurisdiction whatever over the editorial page. This fact was disclosed to Judge Collins. Mr. Butler, the editorial writer and editor, told him that he wrote the articles. Mr. Kilgallen, the managing editor, explained that he did not write them, but that Butler was the author, and Collins brushed all this aside and insisted on punishing for contempt a party who had nothing to do with the proceedings to which objection is taken. Mr. Butler in a signed article following the sentencing of Kilgallen to jail for twenty days, declaring that this was done to prevent Butler from proving the charges he had made true. The case has been appealed to the supreme court. Without having any positive knowledge as to the merits of the controversy we do know that it is a serious proposition to throw editors in jail for telling the truth. Fortunately few editors are news-writers or lacking in the courage of their profession, even though it be unfortunate that so many can not conceal their contempt for some officials in Indiana.—Fr. Wayne Journal-Gazette.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that Persian rug washers are going into other lines of business where they can earn more money and she supposes not so many genuine antiques will be manufactured now and they'll be higher than ever.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As I whirled through a morning of packing and making arrangements to leave the Walgrave, I kept remembering that Betty Bryon was in Washington. I wanted to forget—but there was so much to forget!

Little ghosts started from every corner of the room to haunt me—tender words, caresses. My hands insisted on lingering over Jim's clothes as I folded them and packed them; and while my hands did their service, bitter memories made me tremble to my very finger tips. I tried to forget the cold, business-like tone of my husband's first letter—once I found myself laughing hysterically as I thought of that first “love letter”—but in a moment I swung back again to my packing. That kept me mercifully busy.

At the apartment I found Evelyn Mason waiting for me. On the black Italian lacquer console table between the front windows stood a jar of dull pottery filled with deep red peonies. They breathed a fragrant welcome; and Evelyn, pouncing upon me with a flutter of kisses, put the welcome into words: “Greetings, Anne, dear! I'm so glad to share in the making of your first home. The peonies are Tom's representatives—or perhaps, Mrs. Cusick, the cleaning woman, is!”

This room is washed and combed already and she's working her way back to the bedroom via the kitchenette. We'll give her a few extra jobs and then run over to the Santvoort to have lunch with Thomas, and he's coming back this afternoon to give us the benefit of his masculine advice and strength.” Evelyn darted about eagerly and helpfully, doing little odd jobs and giving directions between sentences.

“Won't Jimmy be delighted to come home to this cozy little nest all feathered for him?” she cried.

Her way of talking seemed very clever to me—she purred like a contented kitten! her throaty little voice, its quick catch with the tinkle of malice back of it, were very amusing, but I decided I was very glad that Evelyn liked me.

Under her direction the trunks were hidden away in a cramped corner of the large, square bathroom. The bags were stowed in the deep window seats of the bedroom. Presently all signs of “just moving in” were smoothed away.

The little ice chest in the kitchenette was threaded by frost-covered pipes—Evelyn explained the refrigeration plant—and the dumb waiter system of removing refuse. She propelled me through a few simple arrangements with the janitor, the fruit vendor and the man who left rolls and milk, and then I found myself at the Santvoort.

After lunch Mr. Mason talked us about on a shopping tour for linens and household utensils. No one expected me to think for myself—I felt like a very large baby suddenly come into possession of a most efficient Mr. and Mrs. Fairy Godmother. I might have chosen blue striped bath towels. Evelyn selected lavender.—Copyright, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS —WHAT THEY MEAN—

Did you dream of vineyard and grapes? Many a man in life and financial success are promised by the mystics to those who dream of grapes, and the omen is especially favorable if you dream you are in a vineyard and see the grapes hanging upon the vines.

Success in business ventures is foretold to those who dream of a vineyard, and for lovers the dream is an omen of an early marriage.

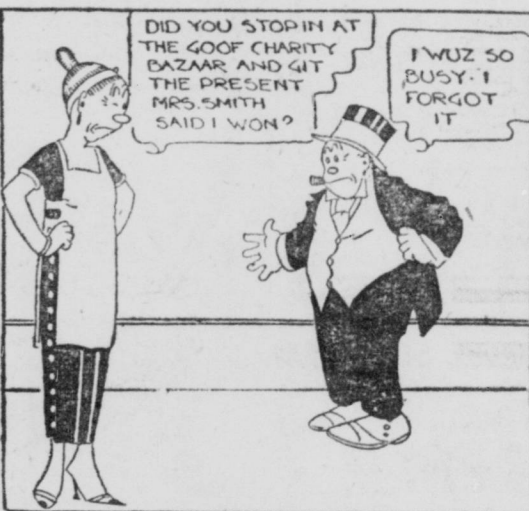
While it is a good sign to dream of a vineyard at any time, it is considered an especially good augury to dream of it in the season in which the grapes are ripe.

If you dream you are eating grapes and that they are pleasing to the taste, it is an omen of many joys ahead of you and much money coming to you; but if they taste sour and unpleasant the dream foretells sorrows and trials before you reach the ease and affluence foretold by the general signification of such a dream.

Some of the oracles say that to dream of eating white grapes is a sure sign of great monetary gain, purple ones of a considerable fortune coming to you and black ones a danger of losses.

To dream of picking grapes from a vine is an omen that you will soon meet a stranger, who will have considerable to do with your life thereafter.—Copyright, 1920.

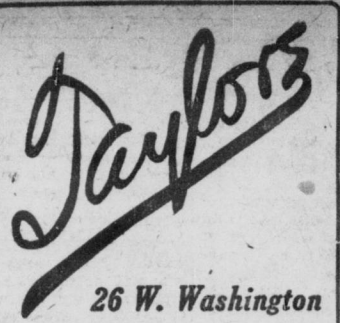
BRINGING UP FATHER.



ABIE THE AGENT.



BOOBY HATCH.



Seeger Refrigerators

Save enough to pay for themselves

Because of the fact that Seeger Refrigerators keep all foods perfectly, and use one-sixth less ice in doing it (determined by actual tests) they will save enough in food and ice saved to pay for themselves in one or two summers, and will pay you dividends on your investment for many years to come.

How the Seeger effects large savings

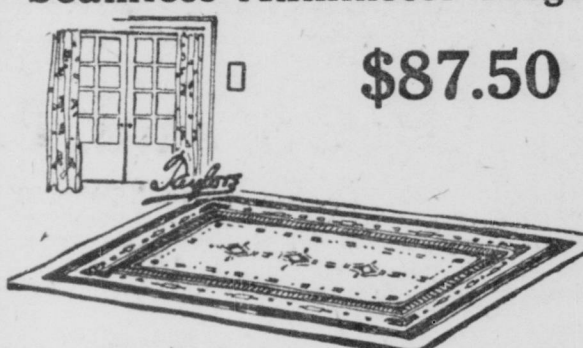
It is the only refrigerator with the famous siphon system of air circulation, which causes the air in the food chamber to change twice as rapidly as it does in the average refrigerator. The walls are made of 14 layers of heat and cold proof materials, which keep the cold air in and the warm air out.

The inside walls are one-piece metal tanks, making them seamless with rounded corners.

The inside finish is either of elastic enamel or of porcelain, each being guaranteed not to chip, crack or peel off.

Terms as low as \$2 a week—They will save this much for you

Specially Priced Rugs Seamless Axminster Rugs



\$87.50

Made from finest Axminster wools in colors equal to the finer Wiltons. Chinese and Persian patterns. Size 9x12 feet. Each..... \$87.50
Other qualities, \$65.00 and up to \$97.50

Office Rugs in Plain Colors

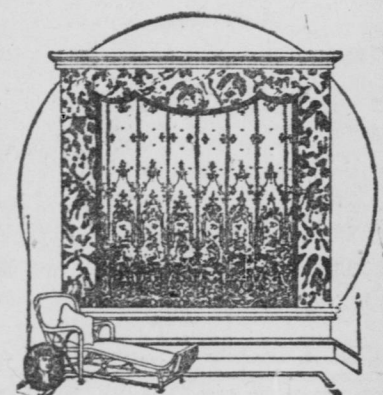
Nothing so improves the looks of your office as a rich, plain green, brown or taupe velvet or Axminster rug. Size 9x12 feet. Each..... \$60.00

Royal Wilton Rugs

Are shown in a great variety here, although the embargo on freight and express from eastern points is making it very hard to get all we need. We are sure you can find the size and pattern at the right price. Size 9x12 feet, \$100.00 to..... \$195.00
Other sizes in proportion.

Draperies Specials Sectional Panel Lace

As illustrated on the right, designed in a series of sections to fit windows of varying widths, panels in Filet and Saxony net, 9 inches wide. Special, by the yard, \$3.75. Special, by the panel, each—



94c

Filet and Saxony Net, neat, dainty patterns, also all-over patterns suitable for lace day shades, in white and ivory; special, yard..... 98c

Quaker Craft Lace Curtains, plain and figured centers with linen lace edges, wide assortment to choose from at, pair..... \$5.00

Ruffle Swiss Curtains, good quality swiss, made with two-inch full ruffle, wears well, 2½ yards long; special, pair..... \$5.00

PRETTY SOFT FOR JIGGS IF HE GETS BY.

BREVITY IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

NO WONDER HE'S DISCOURAGED.