

Indiana Daily Times

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"THIS IS THE YEAR"

IF the republican state ticket is good only "in spots" would it be proper to call it a "spotted" ticket?

WE HAVEN'T HEARD much about Jack Henley since he tried to get Rush county to give Goodrich a power of attorney.

WOOD won "a remarkable victory," the senatorial cabal won "a partial victory" and the republican party won—what was left.

FORTUNATELY Jim Goodrich and Charley Jewett came back long enough to show the republicans of Indiana who really runs the republican party.

PERHAPS Phil Zoercher can explain the scathing denunciation of the tax board by Leo K. Fesler in that letter concerning the inability of the county to refund its courthouse bonds.

OF COURSE, everybody wants the fee system discarded—except those members of the republican state platform committee who failed to recommend it in their "eminently safe" platform.

THE NEWS says no one is attempting to defend Arthur Whiteside, but it overlooks the fact that the governor, whom the republican convention endorsed, granted him a temporary parole.

In Flanders Fields

Two years ago the great batteries of the Huns were laying down their terrific batteries along the battle lines in Europe, literally creating that masterpiece of war literature:

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place.

In two short years the lesson of that horrible conflict, the purpose of that tremendous sacrifice, has been so nearly forgotten that in the United States senate the weaklings lol in comfort and seek to set aside the supreme sacrifices of Flanders fields, and end the struggle between kultur and civilization by a "resolution of peace."

"We are the dead.

Short days ago we lived, felt dawn,
Saw sunset glow, loved and were loved—
And now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Twenty-four months after the heart of this nation was torn by the noble passion that swelled the bosom of the just, the right and the brave, our chosen representatives in congress have swept aside the purest sentiments that ever settled on the peaceful Potomac, and are today seeking dishonorable peace with the Hunnish hordes of destruction.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe,

To you from falling hands we throw the Torch.

Be yours to hold it high.

Down from the hands of that multitude who offered up their lives that the government at Washington might live there the Torch of civilization, of enlightenment and progress, yea even of life itself, and today, in only a fraction of a decade the Holy Flames for the perpetuation of which whole armies died are sinking to the embers of forgotten ashes.

"If ye break faith with us who die,

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Think you faith is being kept?

Think you that when a great nation deserts its allies, its pledges, brushes aside its ideals, forgets its dead in Flanders fields, and seeks its material comforts at the cost of the world's peace, it "keeps the faith?"

"We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

Think you the dead can ever sleep, betrayed, forgotten, defamed, deprived of their span of life to no avail?

Think you the youth, the manhood, the chivalry of a nation will ever again respond as bravely to the call of God for civilization when the Supreme Sacrifice leads but to an empty peace?

When men must die and grief must walk like a pestilence throughout three hundred thousand homes to make it possible for fawning fools in marble halls to rant and rail of a treaty "too hard" on the Huns!

Is it only the poppies that blow in remembrance of the dead who lie in Flanders fields?

Honors for Law Violators

Foremost among the "colored brethren" who participated in the state convention of the party of "aristocracy of culture and intellect" in Indiana, was Robert Page, alias Rufe Page.

This is the same Page who, in 1914, threatened to "call his gang and drive the police force into the canal."

George V. Coffin, republican sheriff, made him a deputy for that brave defiance of the law.

This is the same Page who owns a gambling house on North Senate avenue, where negroes congregate and "roll the bones."

This is the same Rufe Page who has appeared repeatedly in police court to defy the efforts of the morals squad to stop the gambling in his Senate avenue joint. Concerning him and his place, the Indianapolis News, the exponent of "good government and clean politics," once said:

"A North Senate avenue poolroom known as the Rufe Page place is offering an unusual problem to the police. Several officers say they have reason to believe that the law is being more or less regularly violated at the establishment through what is inelegantly but commonly known as 'rolling the bones' or 'shooting craps.' Despite the best efforts of the police department to enforce the law, say these officers, it has been unable to do so."

And now it would appear that because the republican police force was unable to make the law apply at Rufe Page's place, the republican party selected Rufe as one of the delegates to help make the republican party!

There are 10,000 negro voters in Indianapolis.

Out of the whole 10,000 the republican party could find none so deserving of party favor as Rufe Page, the negro boss whose place "offers so many difficulties" to the police that they can not enforce the law therein.

If the honors paid Rufe Page by the republican party of Marion county do not constitute the placing of a premium on law violation by the negro gamblers, what in the world would constitute such a premium?

Blocking Off the Monument

The simultaneous tearing up of all four of the approaches to the monument at the time of the state conventions of the two political parties is another evidence of the gross incompetency of the Jewett administration.

The Circle is really the hub of the activities of Indianapolis in spite of the efforts of certain politicians to make the city revolve around them and it can not be closed to traffic without disrupting the trend of Indianapolis commercial currents.

Street repairs are more than ordinarily necessary in Indianapolis and there are few streets that do not lack them. But that is all the more reason why some judgment should be exercised in the time for closing the streets that are to be repaired.

Today the motripist who desires to go north from Washington street is confronted with the choice of congested Pennsylvania or Illinois street or the roundabout way of Delaware or Capitol avenue.

It would have been just as easy for the city to have torn up the surface of East and West Market streets and replaced it before tearing up Meridian street, but the idea that any of the capital visitors might desire to drive upon the Circle does not appear to have occurred to the city administration.

We residents of Indianapolis are prone to neglect the monument. Our Indiana relatives still appreciate its beauties.

They are not, in fact, nearly as much interested in what appears to be a studied effort on the part of Mayor Jewett to impress the activities of his administration on their minds as they are in enjoying the ordinary conveniences of open streets when they visit Indianapolis.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By DAVID CORY.

CHAPTER XXXVI
Puss Junior followed the blackbird deep into the forest. I hope you remember why they are going there, but if you don't I'll remind you. The Blackbird had made up his mind to give Old Mother Witch a pinch twice as hard as the one he gave the nose of the maiden in the garden hanging out the clothes, and that was quite a pinch, you remember.

Well, now that I've told you all this, we'll go back to the forest and peek in through the trees and see what happens to Puss Junior.
"Don't make any noise," said the Blackbird, "for if that old witch hears us she'll do something dreadful." So Puss pulled off his boots and tiptoed along, but, oh dear me, every once in a while he'd step on a dry twig and then it would snap like a pistol. "S-s-sh!" cautioned the Blackbird, "we are nearing the witch's cottage."

In a few minutes they found themselves in a small clearing where stood a little log house, in the doorway of which appeared the figure of the wicked witch. And, oh dear me! Wasn't she a terrifying-looking person. Her nose crooked down a most peculiar crooked chin, and her wicked black eyes glittered fiercely and her knotted fingers grasped a crooked staff.

"Who comes here?" she called out in a cracked voice.

And then the blackbird flew swiftly over and gave her nose a tweak which

made her little black eyes water. "Stop! You evil bird!" she screamed, and she struck at him with her crooked staff, but she never hit him. Oh, my, no! For that Blackbird was too quick for her. He darted back among the trees, where Puss was hiding.

"Cowardly bird!" screamed the witch. "You come near me again and I will kill you!" and then what do you think our brave little Puss Junior did. He stepped out from behind the tree and walked toward her.

"I am Puss Junior," he cried, waving his sword, "and many a little character in Mother Goose have I defended. I fear you not!"

"Oh, ho!" cried the witch, "am I to be flouted by a cat," and she grasped her staff and ran toward our little hero.

"Come no nearer!" he commanded, "or I will use my trusty sword. For you are a wicked witch and I shall show you no mercy."

At these words she stopped, glaring fiercely at him.

"What would you have?" she asked.

"A promise!" answered Puss Junior. "You must promise me to steal no more lambs from the fold. Neither to frighten the little robins nor the silver fishes in the stream."

"I will not," she shouted, and again advanced toward Puss Junior. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that. Copyright, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL S. DUFFEE.

Your Telephone

The suggestion is made by the directors of the telephone companies that the directory be consulted in practically every case, as much time is wasted by persons who think they can remember numbers and can not.

For this reason a little memorandum with the numbers accurately copied from the directory is a very good idea.

If you do your ordering on the phone, always have a list written out before you begin to telephone.

Remember, there are other women whose time is quite as valuable as your own trying to get their orders in by telephone.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER XXXVI
There was no one in the living room when I returned. It seemed big and lonely in spite of its glowing flame-colored torches and flickering candles. I was suddenly glad I need not eat my first meal alone—that would have made my longing for Jim too cruel!

I arranged the cold meats and bread and crackers, and the radishes and little cream-colored pat of cheese on the plates that were laid out in readiness. Then I called Evelyn.

Tom Mason strode in from the kitchenette with an air of being completely at home. His coat was off, and he was just rolling down the sleeve of his tan silk shirt.

"I've been washing—scrubbing, rather," he announced.

"Evelyn, too, I suppose. Oh, Evelyn, I called."

"Evelyn's gone," replied Mr. Mason quietly.

"Gone? You're joking!" I cried, running to the door that led to the kitchenette and bath, in my haste to end this game of hide and seek.

"Mrs. Harrison, you needn't look for Evelyn. She's gone. I tell you. Sallye played croquet to Hempstead to invite Evelyn to join them and Sheldon Blake on a motor trip up the road. And Evelyn's mother gave Sallye this number—so, of course, when Sallye called, Evelyn here, what was there to do?"

"Then I must eat my supper alone, after all!" I cried, feeling decidedly sorry for myself.

The man smiled.
"Not at all—I'm here."

"But you can't stay, Mr. Mason," I said, with a frankness that might have been called downright rudeness.

"Can't stay? Don't be foolish. Why can't I stay? I'm here, and you and the supper is here. The obvious thing to do is to eat it."

I shrank back in amazement. Mr. Mason actually thought that I would let him remain. Perhaps it all seemed natural enough to a New York society man, but to me the very idea was revolting.

First of all, I did not want to have guests at a little "house warming" before my husband had eaten a meal in his own home. Now it no longer seemed a question of feelings and desires alone, but one actually of dignity.

Of course, I couldn't—I wouldn't—permit this man to remain alone with me in the apartment. Even if I offended him and seemed to Jim narrow-minded and old-fashioned, I must make that clear.

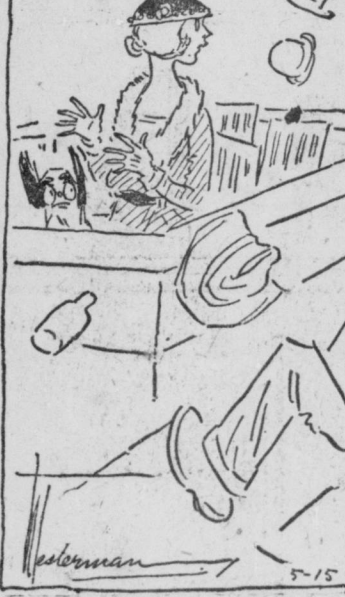
I tried; but Mr. Mason smiled at me in a fashion that made me feel like an ignorant little girl talking to a wise old man.

"My dear child, don't be absurd. How can it matter if I stay for half an hour, eat my share of the party to which you have just invited me, and that looks so delicious, or whether I go now, hungry and tired? Surely you won't deprive me of my supper? I've earned it, haven't I? Child, at last, I'm with you! If you go around snubbing all his old friends!" Copyright, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

The Young Lady Across the Way

By DAVID CORY.



The young lady across the way says most people eat a very light breakfast now, but the time was when nobody felt he had started the day right unless he had meat and potatoes and griddle cakes at his morning ablutions.

phone, and then you keep the wire busy they have to wait.

"Let me see, there was something else I wanted. Well, I can't just recall—Oh, yes, I want a yeast cake and—no, I don't need bread. Just hold the wire while I go back in the bread box. Yes, you might send a loaf of bread. But you needn't send the yeast cake."

Housewives who talk like this are not being as considerate of other people's time as they ought to be.

If you are charged by the call for your telephone messages and there are several persons in your house who use the telephone, it is most convenient to have a little pad and pencil right beside the instrument, so that whenever you use it you can put down your number—Copyright, 1920.

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN—

Did you dream of a harvest?

To dream that you are gathering a harvest, or looking on at harvesting is an omen that has to do with business, according to the mystical interpreters of dreams.

In general, such a dream signifies success in commercial enterprises, and the more plentiful the harvest the greater will be the financial gains of the dreamer.

If you see many farm hands busily at work you may reasonably expect your business will greatly increase; but should the harvesters appear to be neglecting their work you may expect your business will grow poorer and your profits will not come up to your expectations.

It is better to dream of engaging in the work of harvesting than of merely looking on, but both dreams are of good omen to the business man.

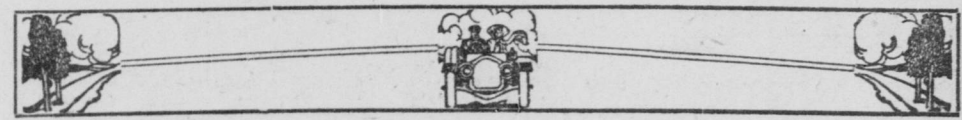
It should be noted, however, that a dream of a harvest holds out no promise of wealth through legacies or daring speculation, but only foretells prosperity attained by strictly legitimate business enterprises.—Copyright 1920.

NEWSPRINT PARLEY MAY 22.
KANSAS CITY, May 15.—A conference of the newspaper situation as it affects small town papers will be held here May 22.

Hoosier Motor Club Run

FOR Sunday, May 16th

Cars start at Prest-O-Lite general offices on Crawfordsville pike directly west of main Speedway entrance—instead of University park—Pictures at 1:50—Start Promptly at 2:00 p. m.—Rain or Shine—All the roads are good gravel—Automobiles will be supplied with pen-nants, markers and complete running charts, giving mileage, points of interest, etc.



Cars check out at Lawrence on the Pendleton pike at 6:00 p. m. Forty-four-mile run. Objects of the run: To interest you in the beauties of your own locality and the Hoosier Motor Club.

REAL ESTATE GOSSIP

By REALTOR

"AL" EVANS

President Carson says you can't embarrass him. How about it boys?

Temp won in a walk! Creighton second. Durham and MacLeod also ran.

It's wonderful what an immense argument two women can cause.

Warning to realtors. Pink pajamas will be barred from the Pullman leaving here June 2.

Also grandmother style nightgowns.

Does the "vice-president" of Butler love the ladies? We say he do.

Would a lady member of the board be called a "Realtoress," a "Realtrix" or the "real thing?"

Now then. All together.
"We want more reservations."
Will John Robbins please lead us in yelling?

Temp ought to take advantage of the month of June, the trip to Kansas City and the young lady's consent. Honest, we won't do a thing to you, Temp.

Quite a few prodigals wandered back to the Indianapolis real estate board inside Wednesday. Was it the weather or was it the oratorical contest? Well, no

matter, we sure are glad to see you all at the Wednesday luncheons.

Any of the last Wednesday luncheon attendants who aren't sold on Indianapolis now should find occupations in other cities.

The wisdom of a Solomon, the philosophy of a Socrates and the oratory of a Demosthenes combined, gave Temp first place in the overland sweepstakes with Kansas City, Mo. as the goal.

Why here's Charlie. What brings you out this rainy day?

"Neither county heard from," replied Charlie. "That makes three that have asked me that today."

You fellows who were absent from Wednesday's luncheon surely missed some of the examples of spellbinding. If Temp doesn't sail Indianapolis to the Kansas City convention, I'll be a poor guesser.

"Col." Durham spoke of getting up steam and not going anywhere. Wonder if that was his opinion of the co-operative advertising campaign? That seems to have been the destiny of said campaign, any way.

Prince of Wales Has Narrow Escape

LONDON, May 15.—The Prince of Wales today at Greymouth, N. Z., was motoring on a narrow road skirting a ravine in Buller gorge, when the rear wheel of the car hung over the gorge and the earth gave way.

The car quickly recovered, however.

SAYS BRUSILOFF ATTEMPTS COUP

Paris Tells of New Revolution Reported From Russia.

LONDON, May 15.—Unconfirmed rumors were current in socialist circles in Paris today that Gen. Brusiloff had seized the Russian government at Moscow and that fighting was in progress, said a Paris dispatch to the Manchester Guardian.

M. Joubaux, secretary of the French Labor Federation, was quoted as saying that Gen. Brusiloff is apparently trying to establish a military dictatorship against the soviet.

Brusiloff is commander of the bolshevik army.

He was a former general in the old Russian imperial army.

Hays Has a Way of Suing Himself

Editor The Times—Will you please tell me by what authority Will Hays has been spending campaign funds on universal military training cartoons, and whether (if I decide to contribute to the republican campaign fund) any money will be used to fasten peace-time conscription upon the American people?

MABEL HOUSTON.

Moore's Hill, Ind.

IT'S A DEAR OLD SPOT, IS DINTY'S.



ABIE THE AGENT.



BOOBY HATCH.

