

Indiana Daily Times
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MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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"THIS IS THE YEAR"

MANY may be mentioned, but Joseph B. Kealing will be elected republican national committeeman from Indiana.

HOW CONVENIENT it is for Gen. Wood to have friends who relieved him of all responsibility for financing that \$500,000 campaign!

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A Black Memorial Day

Real Americans will not gather this year to do honor to those who sacrificed their lives in the defense of their country without experiencing a sense of uneasy shame.

Their thoughts will not revert to the graves of the thousands who lie in France without a feeling that these men have died in vain.

For this year the people of the United States must hold memorial service not only for those brave men who died to liberate the nation and those blue-clad heroes who died to preserve it, and the boys who gave their lives to liberate the Cubans, but also for that brown-clad host who went to Europe to stamp out forever the Hunnish menace to civilization.

And when the true American's thoughts turn to those representatives of our best manhood and most noble sentiment there will enter his mind the shadow of a peace that was put to death by politics—the shadow of a house to preserve peace that was assassinated on the threshold of a new dawn.

For men must die and men must think and it matters not how bravely we try we can not set aside the memory of a wrong, deliberately, selfishly inflicted on a world that looked to us for better things.

Think you the "resolution of peace," framed in the congressional halls that once resounded with a real American declaration of war will be read and honored in the thousands of places where Americans meet to honor their dead?

Today America is still at war with a conquered enemy.

That peace for which our thousands died in France has not been attained.

We are victors and the victory is an empty one.

The structure built in the stress of Versailles, a structure that was to stand forever as a monument supreme to those who fought and died for civilization, has toppled before the onslaughts of the selfish, the littleness of those who stayed at home.

This must be the blackest Memorial day in the history of America.

For as we stand aloof from the league of nations and prate of "peace by resolution" we confess that we have forgotten the very spirit that moved our soldier dead to death itself.

This year we may honor the fallen, but we can not in truth deny that by our failure to join in the preservation of the world's peace we have compelled brave men to give their lives in vain.

McAdoo Gains Strength

Considerable surprise seems to have been created in the congressional investigation of the expenditures of presidential candidates when the inquisitors failed to find any organized support of William Gibbs McAdoo.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. McAdoo's views on the presidential question will not share the surprise.

There have been many efforts made to induce Mr. McAdoo to enter the lists as an avowed candidate for the democratic nomination. None of these efforts has been successful.

Mr. McAdoo announced last winter that he would not be a candidate. He defined candidate as an active seeker for the nomination and declared that under no circumstances would he seek the honor.

This position is so widely different from that of so many other men in the public eye that it is almost incomprehensible to the political leaders of this country who are accustomed to regard such expressions as "I am not a candidate," as the most trifling kind of "bunk."

It ought to be evident by this time that Mr. McAdoo meant what he said.

He is not a candidate in the sense of seeking the democratic nomination.

In event the democrats, in their convention at San Francisco, regard him as the logical man to lead the fight for democracy, he has assured the country he would appreciate the honor and make the best fight for democracy of which he is capable.

But the honor will have to come to McAdoo without manufactured sentiment or "accumulations of faith" such as were attempted in Indiana with Col. Procter's thousands.

The very fact that McAdoo is being urged and considered as the most available democrat for the presidency without any organized effort in his behalf and without assistance from him shows that he is a candidate—in the sense of being the one democrat most likely to be selected by the party as the nominee.

Had McAdoo consented to lead an organization having for its purpose his nomination at San Francisco he would not have lacked either for money or brains to bring about his nomination.

But he regarded such a policy as improper and undesirable and the broad-minded manner in which he refrained from entering an unseemly scramble for the nomination has attracted more favorable attention to William Gibbs McAdoo than could an army of press agents and organizers.

Now, Let the Chips Fall

For the second time in less than ninety days a story of attempted corruption of a judge of a Marion county court has been told under oath.

Such stories are not dreamed, nor are they fabricated without some basis or reason.

There can be no doubt that a continued circulation of such stories will utterly destroy the confidence that a community should have in its judiciary.

When Charles W. Rollinson was accused by Harry Parsons of having taken \$1,000 of his money for the purpose of inducing Judge Walter Pritchard to free him of a charge to which he had confessed, The Times believed that the charge was serious enough to warrant investigation and it commanded Judge Pritchard for insisting that there be a hearing with Rollinson as the defendant.

When Rollinson, in his own defense, disclosed that he had been permitted by Clars Adams, prosecutor, to enter the grand jury room and there examine witnesses in behalf of his clients The Times believed that statement of sufficient importance to those of this community who do not stand for debauchery of the courts to make the facts known and demand that the Marion county bar association ask Judge Collins to order an investigation.

When Rollinson, in the city court, produced a witness who testified under oath that Parsons had told the witness that Mayor Jewett assured Parsons that he and Judge Collins would "go after Rollinson, get the \$1,000 and then get Rollinson" The Times regarded the testimony as of sufficient

importance to demand summary action by Judge Collins for the purpose of clearing his good name and the honor of the criminal court.

To date there has been only one of these charges of malfeasance and misconduct on the part of attorneys and courts refuted.

Rollinson proved to the satisfaction of Special Judge Charles E. Cox that he was not guilty of having taken money from Parsons for the purpose of influencing Judge Pritchard. That decision, of course, exonerated Judge Pritchard of any suspicion that he had received money corruptly, if indeed, it was possible that any one in this community was ever foolish enough to harbor such a suspicion regarding Judge Pritchard.

Clars Adams, prosecuting attorney, never did purge himself of the charge that he so far forgot the sanctity of the grand jury room as to permit Rollinson to make a farce of its investigation into the Parsons case by entering the grand jury room with his witnesses and there conducting a defense of Parsons. Adams knew that he could not refute this charge and he never attempted to do so.

Judge Collins of the criminal court has never made any effort either to deny, refute or explain the declaration attributed to Mayor Jewett by Parsons that Collins and Jewett would "go after Rollinson and get the \$1,000 and then get Rollinson."

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When The Times set forth the facts as they had appeared in the records of the court and elsewhere, and called on the Marion County Bar association to investigate, Judge Collins ordered Prosecutor Adams to cite the managing editor of The Times for contempt.

When Adams prepared his citations for contempt he deliberately chose to cite the managing editor of The Times although he well knew that the responsibility for the articles of which he complained rested on another person.

Because of this refusal of the prosecutor to call into court the person responsible for the alleged contemptuous statements The Times was prevented from setting forth all the facts in its possession relative to the Rollinson-Parsons affair.

Whether or not this was the purpose desired by Judge Collins and Clars Adams, it was the result obtained and with the judgment of Judge Collins appealed to the supreme court of Indiana, nothing has developed prior to today which made it possible for further disclosures relative to this affair.

Now, Charles W. Rollinson has been accused, again under oath, by a litigant in Judge Solon Carter's court of having attempted to extort from her \$100 with which to buy a judgment from Judge Carter.

We do not know whether this charge is any more amenable to proof than was the charge made by Parsons which failed so completely.

We do know that there has been an unrefuted story told to the effect that someone was going to "get Rollinson."

It is undeniably right that Rollinson should have the opportunity he now asks to clear himself of this charge.

There should be nothing permitted to interfere with the thorough investigation Judge Carter has indicated he would cause to be made of this affair.

Judge Carter is comparatively new to the bench of Marion county. He has not been surrounded with political vampires or "sacred cows" who expect "protection" and favors from him. He is not, so far as we know, attempting to build an organization to boost him into the mayor's office. There are no unsavory tales told of his past, nor of his habits. He can have no fears that would prompt him to suppress or divert investigations.

This episode, of a nature entirely too common in the courts of Marion county, affords Judge Carter an opportunity to do a real service to the bar, the bench and the community.

Perhaps, through this incident, the people of Marion county may learn what they were prevented from learning in the Parsons episode, that is who is responsible for these stories of corrupt practices in court procedure.

The Times believes it expresses the sentiment of every reputable attorney in Marion county and of every good citizen when it suggests that politics be adjourned for the moment and a determined effort made to find out who is perjuring himself or herself in such testimony as can only lead to a general disturbance of public confidence in the courts.

BRINGING UP FATHER.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE

CHAPTER XLVIII.
This morning Jim and I faced facts. Jim showed me his letter—was from the war department—the acceptance of his resignation from the army.

So this Jim last day in the uniform of his country!

When I had finished reading the letter I looked up with eyes brimming and ready to overflow. But before I could say a word to comfort him, Jim came and put his arm around me.

"Never mind, Jim, it's all right. Since there's no use to go down and get some 'cits'—ready-made, I guess. I've no right to this uniform that I've been in for so long," he said.

This was how Jim met his big moment, quietly and like a real soldier. I tried to be as simple and matter of course as he.

"It's you, Jim, since you've been in civilian clothes, as you call them. But I guess I'll be a lark picking out your suit—may I come with you?" he said.

As I spoke it flashed over me that Jim might have ordered a new suit of clothes a week ago! Then I realized that until his resignation was accepted he could hardly believe he would longer be a Lieutenant of the American Aviation.

"I'd rather go alone, dear. If you would help me—I'd like to do something worth while first—that article for Haldane's," he said, a bit unsteadily.

After he had dictated the first draft of "Jobs—Not Bouquets," Jim fairly lashed out of the house. I knew that he needed to get away from the pity in my eyes.

While I was at my typewriter Jim's laundry came, then the iceman's bill arrived.

I didn't protest. Our luck seemed to have turned, and I was warm and tired and ready to have little more coolness and comfort in the kitchen after off.

Out came the lavender strands and my logior hat with the band of amethyst velvet and nodding pink roses. I

rived, and the fruit man and weekly list of telephone calls appeared in search of pay at about the same time. After our bills were settled there remained in my pocket a sum of money given me by Mr. Hall.

I hope every little boy who reads this story will never tease a poor cat.

"Well, as Puss Junior went upon his way he came in sight of a queer looking little house, and when he drew nearer he found it wasn't a house at all but a shoe shop, with a little child on top and a little door in the top and two little windows on each side of the heel.

Just as I arrived at our door a taxi drew up and Jim got out! A taxi I stood. In stunned silence while he paid his man and stumbled I remained as he whirled me up in our apartment, prodded me into it, and then enveloped me in a boylish bear-hug.

Jim was exuberantly happy. He had come across a want advertisement that seemed to point right to him—Snedden & Company advertised for a man with good connections and able to handle gilded mining stocks.

"I knew I was the man. You see, Anne, I can't call on my personal friends for help in getting a job, not about going about for favors. But I can go to friends when I have a chance to do them a favor. The fellows I have played round with are just the customers for the Snedden stocks. Well, I got the job—therefore the taxi. Now we go to the Vanclair roof in another taxi!"

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