

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!

IF GOV. GOODRICH wanted employers to have fair notice of their violation of the workmen's compensation law why did the industrial board discontinue sending out its notices?

THE GRANTING of the increased rates asked by the telephone company before the election will be a most powerful influence in the subsequent abolishment of the public service commission.

SECRETARY CARL MOTE of the public service commission has gone to Chicago for the convention. Apparently the governor's utilities do not expect to get any more rate increases until after June 8.

THE PECULIARITY about the finding by the police emergency squad of a jug of whisky in Emrich's saloon is that so much should have been left after the morals squad was entertained there a few hours before.

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 league 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 a 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 commended 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 Claris Adams, prosecuting attorney, 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.

Claris 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.”

Mayor Jewett never denied having made such a statement to Parsons, he never denied having advised Parsons to seek the services of a particular lawyer in this city and he never denied having shown an unusual interest in the welfare of a man who now stands convicted of a felony.

We do not, of course, know why Judge Collins and Mayor Jewett preferred to have these statements go unchallenged to having an open investigation as to their truth or falsity.

Such an investigation would have resulted either in the establishment that these two public officials were not fit to remain in office or that some one had perjured himself to their harm.

It is perhaps unjust to conclude that Judge Collins and Mayor Jewett feared the result of such an investigation, but before any conclusion can be drawn of their tolerance of such defamatory stories it is well to look into what was done.

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 Claris 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.

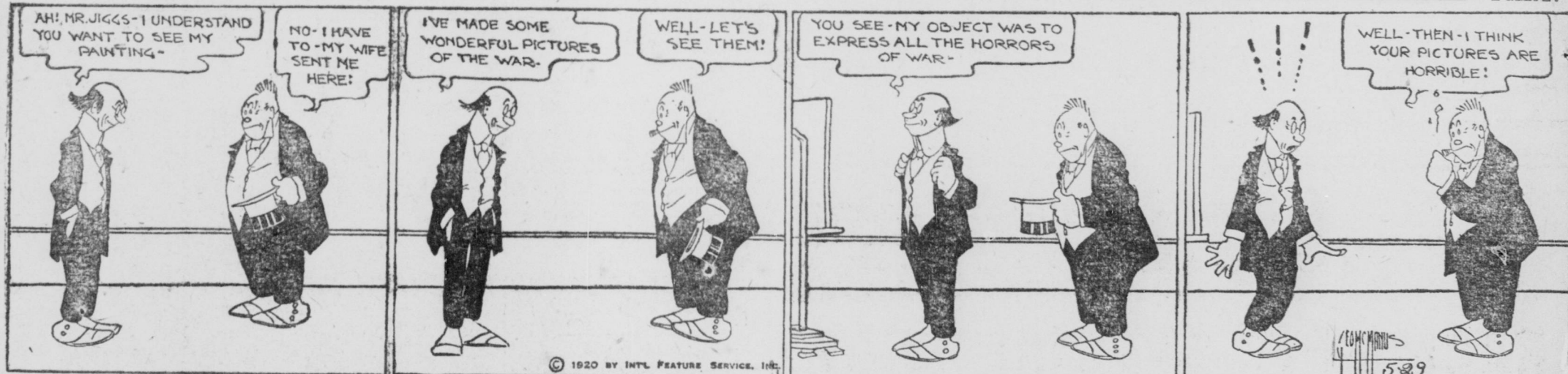
Judge Carter is comparatively new to the bench of Marion county. He has not been surrounded with political vampires or “sacred cows” who expect “protection” and favors from him. He is not, so far as we know, attempting to build an organization to boost him into the mayor's office. There are no unsavory 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.

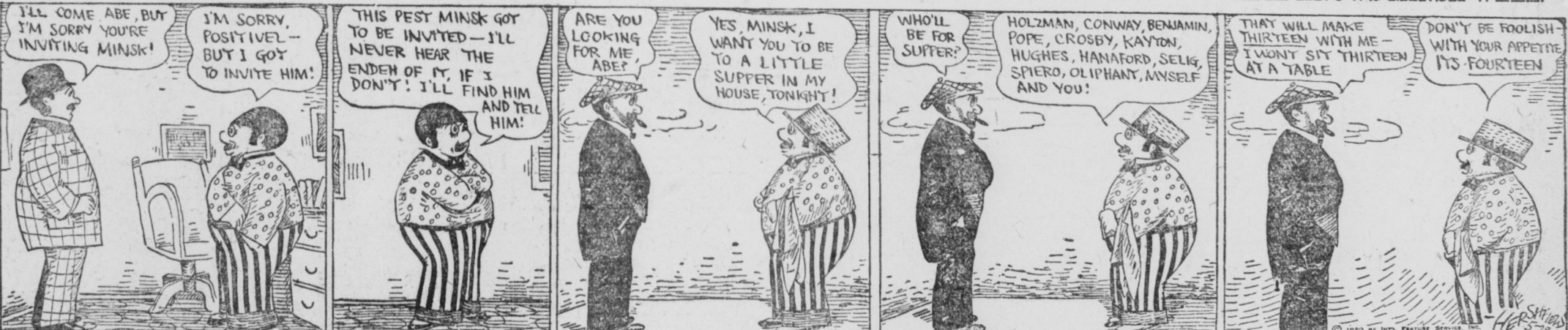
Perhaps, through this incident, the people of Marion county may learn what they were prevented from learning in the Parsons episode, that is who is responsible for these stories of corrupt practices in court procedure.

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.



ABIE THE AGENT.



JERRY ON THE JOB.



Rhymes of the Times

By Lester C. Hagley

Memorial Day



We march in ranks that are thinning,
Though our limbs are no longer strong,
But we gladly turn out in a body,
And proudly we march along.

We answered the call of Abe Lincoln,
When he led in those perilous years,
We trusted in God—and Abe Lincoln—
Went into the war amid cheers.

We came out victorious in conflict—
That is, some of us did, we should say,
For some of the boys sleep in Dixie
They gave up their lives in the fray.

We are here to honor our comrades
Who answered that last roll call,
Who offered their lives for their nation
That the union should never fail.

We march here today just in memory
Of our comrades who sleep 'neath the sod
We have done our bit big for our nation—
We helped save it, we love it, bless God!

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—it was from the war department—the acceptance of his resignation from the army.

So this is Jim's 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, little girl. It's all right. Steady there! I'll have 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 years since you've been in civilian clothes—cits," as you call them. I'll be a lark picking out your suit—may I come with you?"

As I spoke I dashed over me that Jim might have ordered a suit of clothes a week ago! Then I realized that until his resignation was accepted he could hardly believe that he was no longer a lieutenant. Harrison 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 ice-man's bill arrived, 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 purse 5 cents—and \$15 of the thirty Jim had given me! Mr. Haldane was all enthusiasm about the story—I spent a happy hour at the office. Then, rather than break a \$5 bill for car fare, I walked home, even though the afternoon was sultry.

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 the man, and stunned I remained as he whirled me up to our apartment, propelled me into it, and then enveloped me in a boyish 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 glitzy mining stocks.

"I knew I was the man. You see, Anne, I can't call on my personal friends begging for a job—I'm not going about whining for favors. But I can go to my 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 Vanderbilt roof in another taxi!"

I didn't protest. Our luck seemed to have turned, and I was warm and tired and ready to have a little more coolness and rest than our kitchenette offered.

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

must look my very sweetest—Jim's "I'llac girl"—to celebrate his success.—Copyright, 1920.

(To be Continued.)

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—And What They Mean—

Did you dream of infirmity?

To dream that you are an infirm old man or woman is an indication, say the mystics, that you will live to a green and hale old age.

It is also an assurance of freedom from illness for the well and for the sick it denotes a speedy recovery.

To dream of seeing an infirm old man who is a stranger denotes some temporary affliction, but should he have the likeness of a friend it is a sign that you will soon receive either good news or a considerable sum of money.

One of the significations of dreaming of being an infirm old man is that you are too much inclined to worry over trifles and an admonition to try to cultivate a more optimistic habit of mind.

To dream either of being another or of infirm yourself or of seeing another so, should the person be a man, means that you will increase in prudence and wisdom, but if it should be a woman you may as well resign yourself to being gossiped about.

Some of the oracles are of the opinion that for a young unmarried man or woman to dream that he or she is old and infirm is a sign of marriage which will probably turn out to be most satisfactory.—Copyright, 1920.

Roof Walker Strolls Atop Downtown Hotel

The police are trying to learn today if the man who was seen walking on the roof of the Southern hotel at 1 o'clock this morning was walking in his sleep or if he was a burglar trying to enter a room in an adjoining building.

Frank Bury, a guest at the Spencer House, reported having seen the "roof walker," but when the emergency squad arrived he had disappeared.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By DAVID CORY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

You remember in the last story how Puss Junior saved the poor Puss Cat from getting thrown out of the well. And I hope every little boy who read that story will never, never tell 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 big shoe, with a little chimney on top and a little door in the top and two little windows on each side of the heel.

There were so many children playing around, and running in and out, that he couldn't count them. And when they all ran into the Shoe House except one little boy, to tell their mother that a big cat with boots on was coming up the garden walk—all except one little boy.

So Puss Junior said, "Hello, my brave little man!" and this so pleased the little boy that he put out his hand and took Puss by the paw. "You've got pretty boots on," he said, looking down at our little hero's feet.

"Yes, I'm rather proud of them myself," said Puss. And just then the Old Woman came out of the Shoe, and when she saw little Puss talking to a strange cat with boots on, you may be sure she was surprised.

"Are you Puss in Boots?" she asked. "I'm his son, Puss Junior."

"Of course," she said. "I knew your father years ago and for a moment I forgot how time flies. Yes, we were very good friends in those good old-fashioned days. And she sighed. "He was a very fine cat."

"We have a portrait of father at home," said Puss Junior, proudly. I guess he was thinking of the picture on the story book of Puss in Boots, don't you?

And after that the Old Woman invited Puss Junior into her Shoe House. "I can hardly find room for all my children," she said. "People think I'm poor because I give them a whipping before putting them to bed, but if I didn't the one I put in first wouldn't be still. You see, by the time I get the last one in bed it's time to take the first one up for breakfast."

Well, after that Puss had a game of tag with the children. At first they all stood in a row while he counted "my, meener, myny mo," till all were out except himself. And, Oh dear me! what a frolic followed, for Puss was it, you see, and to be chased by a cat with boots on was very exciting.

At last Puss caught the biggest boy, for, of course, he wouldn't catch the little ones. But that big boy never caught Puss. Oh my, no! For Puss climbed up a tree and dangled his red tail high over his head. And then, after a while, he came down and let each child kiss him good-bye and then he started off again on his journey of adventure.—Copyright, 1920.

(To be Continued.)

JIGGS AFFIRMS THE "HORRIBLE" PART.

ABIE KNOWS MINSK WELL.

GIVE HIM TIME, IT'S A BIG BOOK.