

Indiana Daily Times

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—THIS IS THE YEAR—

A MASS MEETING to protest against increased telephone rates is all right, but what we need is a little more mass voting against private control of the public service commission.

IF THE LOCATION of a new industry in Indianapolis is dependent on the abandonment of gas heating in the homes, why doesn't the gas company cease selling gas heaters to its patrons?

THAT MADISON POLICEMAN who killed a student with one shot didn't learn to shoot in the Indianapolis police galleries.

MR. ZIEGLER, the new member of the highway commission, is a dry goods merchant and a banker and hence ably qualified to spend a few millions of the taxpayers' money in road building.

GOODRICH AND ADAMS both think the workmen's compensation law a good law, but it appears that they have neither become so fond of it that they are willing to enforce it against their friends.

Why Not Know the Truth?

While the bar association of Marion county is investigating the story told by a witness in Judge Carter's court of an alleged attempt to buy a judgment from him, why shouldn't it investigate some of the other scandals that hang about the Marion county courthouse?

Why shouldn't it investigate the story Harry Parsons is reported to have told Bessie Myers to the effect that Mayor Jewett told her he and Judge Collins would get Parsons out of trouble, get the \$1,000 he gave Charles W. Rollinson and then "get Rollinson?"

Mayor Jewett still retains his right to practice at the bar in Marion county, and if half the stories of his influence in criminal cases that are told are true he also retains a remarkable influence with the court.

Why not have the bar association investigate his reasons for advising Parsons to have nothing more to do with Rollinson and his direction of Parsons to John Robbins for legal advice?

Why not have a bar association investigation of the Lew Harris jail bootlegging charge?

Why not look into the stuffing of the jury box in the Haag case?

Why not go to the bottom of that story of canceled checks that Arthur Whiteside told after he said he was double-crossed when he was induced to plead guilty in the pauper burial scandal?

Why not find out what Judge Collins did with the letter from prisoners in the county jail telling him of the conditions that existed there?

Why not go back to the dismissal of the indictment against the Muncie auto thieves and find out if it is really true that this dismissal cost them \$35,000?

Why not investigate the case of Sam Zukerman and determine whether or not he really offered \$1,500 in the courtroom for a suspended sentence?

Why not go even farther back than that and find out what became of the pages that were cut from the record books of a certain little city in New York state and what those records contained?

In short, why not find out whether or not the characters of certain men prominent in public life are such as to entitle them to remain prominent?

The Spider and the Fly Again

"Walk into my parlor," says Spider Shelton, state purchasing agent, to Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, democratic candidate for governor.

"We have spun a beautiful web by which we hope to entangle so many democrats that they will not be able to profit by the uncovering of the noisome deals we have made for coal for our state institutions.

"Do come in and confer with us. We, of course, have the responsibility and the authority to do what we please, but we believe the public would think more kindly of what we do if you will lend it the color of approval by your participation."

Thus have the republican leaders of the state administration framed a neat trap for the democratic candidate for governor.

They have invited him and Warren T. McCray to meet with Gov. Goodrich and others "to outline" a policy for the purchasing of coal for the state institutions.

Several weeks ago Dr. McCulloch won many compliments by saying that he was "too busy fighting republicans" to enter into an incipient scrap with democrats.

Ever since that time the republican administration has been scheming to the his hands. Now it has evolved a new application of the old, old scenario.

The web is very enticing, but it is entirely too transparent to be deceptive.

Coal for state institutions should be purchased in accordance with the state law and when the state law is respected in the statehouse and contracts for supplying coal to state institutions are let to others than the friends, relatives and business associates of James P. Goodrich, republican induced governor, there will be no need of a "conference."

Conferences are not necessary to the adoption of a "definite policy" of strictly following the law.

Only a conscience is required.

The Governor and Utilities

There has not as yet been brought to public light any conclusive evidence that in his absolute control over the public service commission and the state tax board, Gov. Goodrich has exerted any undue influence in favor of the public utilities in which he admits having invested his own money.

But there is a peculiar situation well developed in which it is apparent that public utilities in which Gov. Goodrich is interested are faring better at the hands of each of these boards than other utilities with which the governor is not connected.

One very pronounced example is shown by a comparison of the affairs of the Washington Light, Heat and Power Company with those of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company.

The governor is interested in the Washington company. It is valued for taxation at approximately 21 per cent less than it is valued for rate-making purposes.

The governor is not interested in the Indianapolis company. It is valued for taxation at approximately 19 per cent more than it is valued for rate-making purposes.

The same boards, both dominated by Goodrich, have valued these companies and the wide variance in the results are matters of great public interest.

Nor is this the only utility matter in which the public has had opportunity to draw a conclusion that is not to the credit of the administration. The Heat, Light and Power Company of Winchester, the governor's home, recently obtained from the public service commission authority to increase its rates materially as well as to float an additional bond issue, either of \$700,000 or of \$60,000, the reports for the press having been either intentionally or carelessly garbled in announcement.

So far as is known to the public the utilities commission has never made an evaluation of this property in which Gov. Goodrich recently admitted an interest. Comparison between its corporate statement of value and its tax assessment shows that it, too, is valued for taxation at a great deal less than it purports to be worth when the question of rates is to be determined.

The Washington company is the subject of a complaint now before the public service commission in which the patrons are seeking to compel the company to provide a better grade of gas than that which they are now receiving and of which they complain because of the prevalence of sulphur fumes which they allege are detrimental to health.

There is no wonder that the general public accepts very readily the theory that the influence of the governor is being felt in dealing with certain utilities.

The public knows that these utilities number the governor among their stockholders.

The public knows that these utilities have been handled with extreme leniency by the public service commission and the tax board.

The public knows that Goodrich dominates both the public utility commission and the tax board.

But what is more important, the public knows that all these things are a part of the administration of James P. Goodrich which the republican state convention indorsed without reservation.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE

CHAPETER XLIX.

We were seated at the Van roof and might have been turned away without a table; but a friendly voice hailed us over the shoulder of the shrugging, indifferent captain, and in another moment Dicky Royce was leading us to a table where sat Sally and the dreadful, old painted shrew of the Walgrave—Mrs. Varden, who turned out to be his mother. For a minute or two I forgot to be annoyed by her presence. But Mrs. Varden managed to alter that directly by dint of a few of her barbed words:

"Well, Jimmie, so you and the little wife actually do travel together now and then! Generally when I see her I say something merciless and cruel to the old vixen. She was saved; for just then a waltz struck up and Dicky swept her out to the dance floor. A strange man appeared somewhere and claimed Sally. And the next moment the waiter came to take our order; so before my hour of reckoning pounced upon me I had a little time to gain some vestige of self-control.

Jim's voice was portentously quiet, when at last he turned to me:

"Anne, dear, it's most unfortunate that you've put yourself into a position where that Varden woman can—imagine things about you."

"But Jimmie, boy, Tom Mason proved only last night how real his friendship is," I cried. "You aren't going to forget again, are you, because that dreadful old creature claws at me like the cat she is?"

"No, dear. But I don't want her to have anything so dig her claws into. You'll be careful, won't you, Anne?"

Jim's voice had a stern dignity that frightened me yet made me love him more.

"Careful! I meant to be careful all the while—that is, I didn't mean to do anything that wasn't entirely loyal. Now, I want to tell you about the blue and green!"

And at that moment the dancers came back.

"Why so unhappy, Mrs. Harrison? Bored by friend husband already?" sneered Mrs. Varden.

Jim stole a quick glance at my face and answered in my stead:

"Anne actually is unhappy, Mrs. Varden."

One of the candidates we observed to the young lady across the way, is still living in the Middle Ages and she said she supposed he was older than that. Copyright 1920.

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