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Denny Bush's Fame

Some men are born famous and others achieve fame.

In the latter class is Dennis J. Bush, more commonly known as Denny and more recently in court as Mr. Casey.

Denny rose from obscurity to political affluence as the head of a city department that became notorious for its padded pay rolls.

He was the central figure in a prosecution in Criminal Court and in the Federal Court when he attracted attention to himself as one of the best of the type of outcasts known in police parlance as a "squawker."

Denny was indicted so many times in criminal court for felonies that it is doubtful if he knows now how many times. He was convicted once, about four years ago and the appeal of his case became famous as the oldest pending case on the Supreme Court docket.

Recently the Supreme Court ruled against Denny on his appeal and there is a presumption that some day Denny will lend his famous presence to the penal farm.

In the meanwhile Denny has been for many, many months the leading spirit and prime mover in the race horse betting which has been un molested in this city ever since Denny formed a consolidation of numerous interests and lent the illegal industry his benign protection.

When Mr. Bush was not engaged in taking bets on the horse races contrary to the laws of Indiana, he sauntered gracefully around the board of works, or about the police station where he was frequently in consultation with George V. Cofin, former chief of police.

A few days ago the Times turned over to Chief Kinney several letters from irate citizens complaining about the abandon with which Denny ran the race horse pool in this city.

Sergeant George Winkler raided Denny's gambling emporium and Denny was caught with the books.

He was permitted to slate himself as J. J. Casey and his case was continued in the police court.

Yesterday he appeared in the private office of the judge of the city court by his counsel, James E. Deery, former police judge and a prospective candidate for mayor, and "arrangements" are made by which a special session of the police court was held during the noon hour and Denny, the lone defendant at this session, was permitted to plead guilty, pay a fine of \$25 and go back to the business of taking bets on the races if he so desires. And his desires are well known.

No effort is made by the police to close his place of doing business as a gambling house. No effort is made to bring a charge against Denny that might result in a jail sentence.

Denny is turned loose after having received about every consideration that could possibly be shown to a well-established gambler and, tacitly at least, is invited to continue preying on the poor fools who waste their money in the gambling game that Denny utilizes for a living.

And at the same time that Denny was undergoing the delightful reception in the police court, Mayor Charles W. Jewett was retaining in his personal care several documents for which the examiners of the State board of accounts searched valiantly when they were interested in discovering just how much money escaped illegally from the city treasury when Denny was signing the pay rolls.

Indianapolis will never be a clean city until such privileged parasites as Denny Bush are invited to get beyond its boundaries.

The Indianapolis police force will not be functioning as it should until its members understand that there are no influences sufficient to protect such men as Bush in open violations of the gambling laws.

Bush continues, as he has throughout the whole administration, to be a wholly undesirable law-breaking citizen.

It is a sad commentary on our government that such a character is so powerful that he may with impunity defy the whole of the law enforcement machinery of the city, county and State.

On Pies

The approach of Thanksgiving season suggests pumpkin pie and this leads to considerable serious reflection.

Some one said that all pies were divided like Caesar's Gaul, into three parts, covered, uncovered and slatted. Now the classification is ante-dated and we have only covered and uncovered, home-made and purchased.

Nothing in the menu takes the place of a piece of good pie. This is an American dish, served three times a day by our New England ancestors and now considered such a luxury that once a week is sufficient for grown-up appetites and once a month for kids.

Two reasons contributed to the outlawing of this delicious dish. One was the high price, of which more may be said later, the other was the introduction of the electric iron. When the clothes washing was ironed over the wood or coal fire, it was customary to bake a pie or two with the same heat. Now it is not necessary to start a range fire and so the poor pie has suffered—most unjustly, too.

Originally, the proper manner of serving pie was in quarters. Through no fault of the pie, it became the custom to cut it in six pieces and then eight pieces. Now, in any popular restaurant, one-eighth of a 30-cent pie can be obtained for 10 to 15 cents by the hungry, provided the cash is paid when the pie is taken off the counter. This tends toward moderation.

Once apple pie was served with cheese. There is no such thing now. It is hoped that cheese may again become vogue, especially when served with pie, for its effect was wholesome and its mission good.

The Government has started no board of inquiry upon the high price of pie, it having been overlooked in the hurry of legislation. Some have urged such an inquiry but wiser counsel prevailed and the example of the sugar price board has been such that some hesitancy developed over employing high priced politicians on such work. It will be noted that now that sugar is purchaseable in unlimited quantities at moderate prices—twice the pre-war cost—the Government has disbanded those who were fighting for the rights of the common people.

However, where once a piece of pie and a cup of coffee constituted lunch, it does so no more. When the price of a cup of coffee was raised to more than 5 cents, something brought it down again with a thud. The price of pie, however, continued to go up, it doubled, then it added another 100 per cent and then the pieces grew smaller in size, so it doubled again in price.

If any one doubts that pie is a luxury, let him take a pencil and figure it up. If he thinks there is no profiteering in pie, let him go to a restaurant and order a pie. Then he will probably meet a restaurant keeper who will tell him that selling for four times the cost is not criminal.

The Housing Danger

It seems that the Poles have been obliged to meet the housing problem at their capital arising from a most acute condition. In Warsaw the military forces have commandeered all rooms in private dwellings in which to house the surplus population.

That city has doubled in population since the war and in addition there are thousands of Russian prisoners who must be cared for. Only three rooms will be allowed for a family with children regardless of the wealth or social position of the family.

In this city the situation, of course, is not so acute, but it is bad enough. Rental clerks simply smile when asked for an apartment. As many as fifty or sixty disappointments are handed over the counter a day. It is practically impossible to obtain an apartment in Indianapolis unless an extremely high price is paid.

If the home is the foundation of the nation, as is maintained by so many eminent authorities, it becomes necessary for the nation to cease disregarding the comfort of the underdog who has no home and who lives in a room or two when he and his family should possess a house where they could live with some of the comforts of life.

In the olden times the Indians used to first torture the children before the parents, then torture the wife and finally the father, and in their cruelty they enjoyed the agony inflicted on the parents by the child's suffering. So it seems to the reader of today, with his family uncomfortable.

By forcing parents to live under such adverse circumstances, society is working an injustice on the family and is sowing seed of discontent deeper and more broadcast than it realizes. The Polish Government may relieve the situation for a while, efforts here may do some good, but until we get a home for a family and a little plot of ground or until apartment which the occupants may be happy are provided, there is danger.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER XCV.
"I'm not very inquisitive, Anne. I don't believe I've even the normal amount of curiosity. Take those flowers, now, for instance. I think Phoebe will think I haven't treated her well. I think that's what she means when she says, 'Nothing I say could convince her that it's right for me to send Neal's ring back to him. But I don't probe into her little ways of working off her resentment. It will all come right.'

I felt a little snubbed. But I was of a sudden too sorry for Virginia to mind her sharp manner. What a way she had of saying the surface of things, of refusing to examine below the outer glaze of human emotions. I determined for once to make a stand against her and to put my feelings into words.

"Virginia, you must wonder who cares enough about you to send those wonderful flowers." I insisted.

Virginia's face crimsoned and for a second I thought I saw a mist of tears in her eyes. Then she turned to me haughtily:

"If I can accept them, Anne, don't you think you might? And about Phoebe, please don't agitate yourself unnecessarily—I've managed her for a good many years—I know her."

"I'm not—I don't like. I'm not a bumblebee, I'm not a bumblebee, I'm not a bumblebee," Anne stormed.

Phoebe smiled remissively.

"Indeed? You don't hesitate to pry into my affairs and discuss the results of your spying before Anne."

"Oh, I bet she knew it was Pat all along. Who'd give him your address but Anne? I saw 'em coming out of the Cliffs together one day not so long ago," cried Phoebe tritantly. Copy-right, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

HOROSCOPE

The stars incline, but do not compel."

THURSDAY, NOV. 11.

This should be a fortunate day, according to astrology, for Saturn, the Sun and Mercury are all in benefit aspect.

It is a time when experience should count for much. There is a sign that seems to increase respect for tradition and to encourage a certain reactionary tendency.

There is a star that warns the white race to take count of its place in the great world scheme of things. It is the star of a whose birthday it is to have the augury of fair success if they attend strictly to business and avoid travel or change.

Children born on this day may present certain problems of temperament, but they are likely to possess extraordinary power to develop fine ambitions that lead to success.—Copyright, 1920.

And the stars incline, but do not compel.

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