

Indiana Daily Times

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PERHAPS those who now object to road building in Marion County would withdraw their objections if only the commissioners would insist on "proper" maintenance bonds.

ALLAN RYAN should worry about the efforts of the bankers to take over his business. It cannot be done without treading on some toes that even the New York bankers respect.

ATTEMPTS to lay the expose of Ora Davies' shortage up to Jesse Eschbach only serve to recall that the public got its first information on this subject from the Times before Mr. Eschbach said a word.

Hoover's Popularity

A modern illustration of the fact discovered long ago that a man cannot hide his candle under a bushel is the recent invitation extended to Herbert Hoover to take part in a conference with labor leaders.

Labor, which is none too prone to counsel with other than its own leaders, yet recognized in Mr. Hoover ability and character which it sought to enlist in its own objects.

The invitation was both a personal tribute to Hoover and an indication of advanced thought on the part of those who were responsible for it.

Mr. Hoover has demonstrated the kind of ability and brains that is needed in the government of the United States.

Both the old political parties failed to avail themselves of his services during the last campaign. Whether this failure was due to inability to control Mr. Hoover or to preordination on the part of leaders in the political affairs of the nation is a matter on which opinions differ.

But this much is certain—Mr. Hoover's ability should be utilized by the people of the United States.

And his general popularity is such that it will be utilized—if not by the old parties, then, perhaps, by a new organization that is more responsive to public desire and estimation of character.

'Reformed!'

The regularity with which the "reformed" convicts paroled by the State institutions and the Governor of Indiana reappear in the courts for continued degradations would be amusing if it were not so serious for property owners.

Attention has been called to it so often that illustrations need not be printed—they are, indeed, present in the minds of nearly every person.

It ought to be apparent by this time to those good old souls who love to foregather in public convention and congratulate each other on the "great progress" made in dealing with the criminals of this State that in their tender mercy they have made a joke of the law and a menace to the community.

The facts are that the criminally inclined laugh at the courts and the penal institutions of Indiana. They know that in event they are caught in crime they will stand little real punishment and will receive much sympathy.

Our prison north is so conducted that a criminal who really desires may leave at his pleasure; our prison south is so thoroughly bent on "reform" that it seldom, if ever, regards the trial judges' judgments as worthy of respect; our penal farm is so thoroughly neglected that it hasn't enough inmates to operate it.

In other words, those who are so unfortunate as to be deserving of confinement are so fortunate in enlisting the sympathies of a lot of dodging so-called criminologists that they are soon released to resume preying on the community.

And another lot of criminally inclined persons whose disrespect for property and personal rights of others makes them fit subjects for restraint are encouraged in their crimes by the aversion of such judges as James A. Collier toward imposing sentences of confinement that might interfere with political support.

Indiana needs some he-men on its benches and in charge of its prisons.

The appalling lists of murders, robberies and thefts throughout the State, taken in consideration with the number that are known to have been committed by "reformed" paroled prisoners, show nothing so much as the utter incompetence of the constituted authorities to deal with criminals.

hypocrisy!

An interesting sidelight on the sincerity of the Indianapolis News in its efforts to appear as an influence for good government is afforded by its recent attempt to arouse the populace against the Marion County commissioners because they are no longer requiring contractors to furnish bonds for the maintenance of highways for which they are contracting.

The memory of the oldest inhabitant hardly goes back to time when the county required a contractor to do repair work on a road under the terms of the maintenance bonds. For years the provision of these bonds has been a little sideline with bonding companies by which they made a "cut" into every road contract let and the taxpayers settled the bill. For no contractor submitted a bid that did not include a charge for this soon forgotten bond.

Until recently the smooth flow of the bonding companies' revenues was wholly undisturbed. Finally, the county commissioners interfered with it and now the News arises in a burst of outraged civic zeal and rants about it.

One of the peculiarities of this News campaign is that the State highway commission originated the plan of abandoning these bonds.

Contracts for millions of dollars' worth of highways were let by the Goodrich administration without maintenance bonds and it is a fact that as one contractor was finishing the last few yards of a highway a repair crew of the State began work at the other end of the completed road. Not a cheep was ever heard from the News concerning bonds, however.

On the contrary, nothing but the most fulsome praise has ever emanated from the "great Hoosier daily" concerning the manner in which State highway contracts were drawn and let.

It is only the lack of maintenance bonds in county contracts that offends its sense of righteousness!

One wonders whether the toes of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company have been trod upon.

This is the company, one must remember, that urged all public officials to buy bonds of it because Will Hays is a vice president.

It is also the company that gave bond for Delavan Smith on the occasion of his appearance in the Federal Court to throw light on the real ownership of the Indianapolis News.

Is the Doctor Responsible?

A recent dispatch from Paris states that the courts over there are wrestling with a legal proposition as to whether the doctor is responsible if his patients die. That question is being fought out in the court of the old French town of Nimes and is greatly disturbing the whole medical profession of the country.

Two patients died and the prosecution alleges that the doctor for nished a poor nurse and his treatment was absolutely wrong. The state called a Paris doctor to show this but all the local doctors rallied to the support of their colleague and even gave a banquet in his honor. The doctors further proclaimed the necessity of forming a professional union through which to protect their interests.

It will always be a question which is the better form—to pay the physician for keeping one well, as is done in China, and to cease paying them when one gets sick, or to call one in every time we have an ache or pain. Both are unsatisfactory enough. However, the fact remains that in spite of the sacrifice of doctors in their best endeavors, people will die.

Of course there might be occasions of neglect and malpractice, or it might be that one's school of medicine will bitterly blame another school of medicine and state that the latter is all wrong, but nevertheless, people approach the great divide and pass over it.

The thing required is a little charity and sometimes even a state for gets this and sometimes one's school of medicine neglects this. So in France where the prosecution is being carried on, a little charity, a little placing of oneself in the other man's shoes will do good. Likewise, among the schools of doctors, a little consideration for one another and for the various philosophies of medicine, exercised before an emergency arises, does good.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cow.

One day as little Puss Junior proceeded on his journey through the Country of the Gods he came to a hill, and on the top stood two trees—a Linden and an oak. And just back of them was a humble cottage, where an old man and woman lived. And as Puss was weary with his journey, he knocked upon the door, and the old man opened it and invited him in. So Puss went inside, where the old woman was busy at her work.

Now, Puss had stopped at many a palace and castle that day, but none had asked him in. They had turned him away with a surly answer, but these two old people received him kindly, and the old woman set to work to get the evening meal.

And when the old man went outside to bring in the wood for the fire an old gosse, who waddled in through the back door, said to Puss: "These old people are very poor and needy, but they will give you the best they have."

And while Puss pondered how to reward these two good people, the old man made the fire and the old woman set the table, and then she cooked the supper,

that little Puss Junior. So he did not wait, but went upon his way.

Long, long afterwards, when those old people were too old to work, they changed into two beautiful trees and took the place of the oak and the Linden. And the old gosse became an old weathercock that swayed in the breeze and told pilgrims who came that way whether the wind was from the west or another part of the earth—Copyright 1920.

(To be continued.)

WHY NOT?

I know that both Capital and Labor are good fellows, for I have met them personally and was always received with fairness and frankness when met as man to man and not as paid agent of Capital and walking delegate of Labor.

I say to Labor: "What do you know of the true condition of Big Business?"

Not one in several thousand can answer only: "What delegates so and so tell us."

I say to Capital or Big Business:

"What do you know of the true condition of the workers? Not one thousand out of them, but I say to Labor: "Study your individual conditions, be just, and Capital will meet you with a glad hand."

I say to Capital and Big Business: "Study the needs of your laborers, their likes and dislikes, shop and working conditions; know as many of your men as possible not as a producing element alone, but men and as neighbors, a part of their home life as possible. Give each one the feeling that they can come to you personally or collectively and get an 'Honest-to-God' square deal, and I will stake my life you will be received with outstretched hand by the 'Rank and File' of Labor."

As true Americans, let us work for the betterment of America and the safety of the world.

S. E. D.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann List

(CHAPTER CIV (Continued.) Now I had an idea that Phoebe had come to talk things over with me, I wondered if the undomestic person I had that very day proved myself could help her. And, questioning it, I found myself almost glad that Evvy was there, too.

"Come up with me, girls," I insisted cordially. "I try to make up for your long, cold wait in the hall."

Evvy laughed out her answer as we stepped into the dining room.

"Well, we're going to get along," she said.

"I'm sick of being babied," flung out Phoebe.

"I'm sick of being babied," flung out Evvy.

"We'll be good," announced Phoebe almost sulky. "She doesn't worry much about leaving me alone when Mr. Hicks invites her out."

A shade of expression flickered across Evvy's face and was gone again before I could make an effort to read it.

"Why don't you girls stay here?" That would be fun," I suggested.

"Oh, no home dinners in the dearless little

French restaurant where she can see a bit of life," replied Evvy lightly.

"Phoebe's too young to go about unescorted," I began, none too tactfully—then I caught myself up. "And you're a youngster yourself, Evvy. Stay here—or let me chaperone you somewhere."

"I'm sick of being babied," flung out Phoebe.

"I'm going to be good," announced Evvy.

"I'll play you a game of checkers whether we go or stay," she suggested with a casual and aimless air.

Then she manipulated whatever strange device it was that opened the secret compartment where she had thrust the checker board after her game with him in the long ago time when he was ill and she had played nurse while I was out for a breath of air with Sheldon Blake.

Of a sudden Evvy leaned down with an air of swooping. When she straightened up again, there was a malicious twisting at a mouth corner—in one hand she held the checker board. From the forerunner of the other hand there dangled the ring on which hung Tom Mason's duplicate keys.—Copyright, 1920.

(To Be Continued.)

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