

Indiana Daily Times

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AS IS USUAL with livestock fanciers, the municipal yards and mule barns take precedence among the improvements the city proposes for next year.

WONDER if it is true that at that conference between Bull Moose Walker and Judge Collins it was determined that Bull Moose is a perfectly proper bondsman for the criminal court?

PROBABLY because of a false sense of modesty, Mayor Jewett does not refer to the \$175,000 bond issue for the purchase of the garbage plant in his enumeration of the bond issues during his administration.

The New Farmer

Time was when the farmer was pictured as a more or less illiterate individual with unruly whiskers, who chewed a straw and was an easy prey to lightning rod agents and numerous other get rich quick individuals.

That day is rapidly passing and in many localities it already is looked back upon as a part of an unfortunate past. The modern farmer is a business man. His outlook extends far beyond the confines of his acreage or of his community. He has come to realize that world events mean much to him.

The men who gathered in the convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation, just closed, are types of the modern farmer. The convention dealt with national affairs as they affect the life of the farmer and all the discussion of speakers concerned these affairs.

The convention closed with the adoption of a "platform" that is something of a revelation. It deals with taxation, with the tariff, with transportation and with governmental affairs that affect to a large measure both agriculture and other forms of business.

It is significant that at almost the same instant that Secretary of the Treasury Houston was declaring against a system of taxation that can be escaped through the issuance of "stock dividends" the farmers' convention was adopting a resolution along exactly the same lines.

The farmers declared for a revision of the tariff which would protect their products. They declared against government paternalism of public utilities and transportation corporations and demanded they be put entirely on their own resources.

It is significant also that the farmers declared for the right of collective bargaining. In this connection, the word "cooperation" seemed to appear in nearly every fifth sentence uttered by every speaker. Cooperation means organization and organization means power.

It is safe to predict that in the near future agriculture will hold in national affairs a position undreamed of in the past.

Why This Neglect?

In its last analysis the failure of Prosecutor Clars Adams to appear in Police Court in the case of State versus Dan Smith recently, is conclusive evidence of the complete failure of a public official charged with enforcement of the law to make even so much as a semblance of an effort to perform his duty.

Smith was arrested Nov. 12 and was not tried until Dec. 7. The prosecutor had three weeks in which to prepare a case against him and made absolutely no preparations.

The prosecutor was charged by law with the duty of appearing in person or by deputy to represent the State of Indiana in the case.

He did not appear personally nor by deputy.

His complete failure to do his duty in the Dan Smith case is a matter for candid consideration.

Adams either neglected this case through sheer incompetency or through unwillingness to do his duty.

Of the two theories the latter will be supported in the public mind by reason of the many circumstances that, unexplained, point to the latter conclusion as the correct one.

In the first place, Dan Smith has conducted whatever business he has been conducting at 18 West Market street for many months in the face of innumerable complaints to the effect that the place is a common gambling house.

Chief Kinney has defended his lack of interference with it on the grounds that he was endeavoring without success to raid it.

Eventually, the place was raided by a squad under the direction of Sergeant Russell.

Before the case came to trial Russell was reduced to the rank of patrolman by the board of safety.

When the case came to trial it developed that no one connected with the prosecutor's office had even gone to the trouble of looking over the evidence.

When that evidence was submitted to the court it became known that the name of a banker who has been associated with the Governor of Indiana in business deals for many years, was involved.

In the interval between the arrest and the trial a great deal of interest was shown in the case by a member of the board of works whose political activities are widely known.

To cap the whole sheet of neglect and blundering the regular deputy prosecutor in the court absents himself from the trial and leaves it in the hands of a willing but unexperienced city official for prosecution.

The whole affair shows plainly that there was no desire on the part of the prosecutor to convict Dan Smith. It shows that none of the routine things that tend to bring about conviction was done by the prosecutor.

The trial of Dan Smith is conclusive evidence of the fact that the officials of Indianapolis and Marion County do not want betting on horse races stopped.

The natural question is why?

Mule Barns or Schoolhouses?

Naturalists tell us that it is characteristic of the ostrich that it sticks its head in the sand and imagines because it cannot see danger that there is no danger.

There are a great many "ostriches" in Indianapolis. They are the men and women who realize that there is danger in neglect and abuse in public affairs but prefer to ignore the neglect and abuse in the vain hope that by ignoring it they can avoid danger.

The policy of the ostrich appears to have been in the ascendency in our school system for many years.

The housing of school children has been inadequate.

The approach of the period when improvement at any cost is compulsory has driven more and more ostrich heads into the sand, until today a great part of the population of Indianapolis can neither see nor hear the manifestations of a very grave danger.

This community will not willingly risk the health of its school children, nor willingly subscribe to a policy that stunts their growth, impairs their faculties and deprives them of the proper environments for development, mentally and physically.

Yet the community has stood with its head in the sand while increases in population have caused the school enrollment to outgrow the school facilities.

About a year ago citizens who had not stuck their heads in the sand protested in sufficient number to make their protest heard.

They demanded decent accommodations for school children in Indianapolis and they refused to hush their demands when the sand lovers implored them to keep still for fear they attract attention to the shame of Indianapolis.

As a result of this protest a start was made toward proper housing of school children in this city.

As was to be expected, the debt limit was encountered speedily.

Today the school board finds itself with all the funds at its command, to meet the demands for proper school buildings—buildings that should have been erected years ago.

Now there is a disposition on the part of many harassed taxpayers to urge abandonment of improvements.

We cannot believe that these taxpayers have given the subject the thought it deserves.

We do not believe that the community as a whole is willing that money be spent for new barns for city mules while decent schoolhouses are denied our children.

DISCREDITING PROHIBITION

It has been the contention of many persons interested in genuine prohibition that a concerted attempt is being made in the United States to nullify the prohibition statutes by making them ridiculous. Nothing disgusts an average American more than the lack of what is known as "horse sense." The latest ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue that plum pudding, mince meat and other foods in common use during the holidays cannot be flavored with liquor without violation of the Federal statutes, and the seizure of mince meat by prohibition enforcement officers in Houston, Texas, because it was suspected of containing more than one-half of 1 per cent alcohol, may not be part of a plot to undermine prohibition, but they have all the earmarks of it.

Oppressive laws never are enforceable. Whether all laws should be enforced regardless of their popularity or lack of it is another matter. But the truth is and always will be that no law is stronger than popular opinion. Popular opinion demanded the abolishment of the drinking saloon and so it was abolished over the protests of some millions of Americans. But popular opinion has not demanded the doing away with flavored mince meat, brandy sauce, home-made wine and the like, and is not at all likely to make any such demand.

But if the laws be so interpreted as to include oppressive treatment of persons who have no intention to violate the spirit of the prohibition law, the natural effect of such treatment will be to turn against prohibition many of the persons who have been its ardent supporters. This, of course, would be pleasing to the "wets," but it will be deplored by the real friends of prohibition.

And those who oppose the traffic in liquor need not feel that the fight for the continued use of alcohol for beverage purposes is at an end, for it is not. The "wets," while discouraged, have not abandoned hope. If they can bring prohibition laws into disrepute by their fanatical enforcement they will have even a greater chance of restoring the dethroned King Alcohol. This is a time for genuine champions of prohibition to be on their guard against sly tricks played under guise of friendship.—Muncie Press.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Liles

CHAPTER CVIII.
For long minutes after I had told Mr. Norreys that I would invite my "chum" to join us at the dinner where we planned to discuss his endowment fund, the canary stood inactive, frozen into inaction.

Was there for me to ask?

A woman chum, indeed! I hadn't even a woman friend, much less an intimate. Evvy and Jim's sisters, the nearest approach to women on whom I had some semblance of a right to count, were busy. I couldn't reach them if I tried.

Since my marriage I have been away from the women in my business life. I didn't even know if Kate Cassel of Haldane's was living at her old address. I tried it. Yes, Miss Cassel lived there, but she was out. Wearily I left my name, knowing the while that it probably didn't mean a thing to Kate Cassel.

What was I to do? Mr. Norreys had told me, chivalrous and delicate, without really putting it into words, that he wouldn't dream of inviting another man's wife to dine with him alone and unchaperoned. He knew the world. He understood what it would say on seeing an employer with the wife of one of the men who worked for him. I myself wouldn't ordinarily contemplate anything in such bad taste as dining out with another man.

But I had, however, taken tea alone with Pat Dalton—for Virginia. Why wasn't it exactly as "all right" for me to take dinner with Mr. Norreys—for the Canary?

What I went over these things in my mind, knowing even as I did so that I must find a "woman chum," partly because I had told Mr. Norreys that I would, and he wasn't the kind of man whom I would confess that I had been bluffing, partly because my own dignity demanded that Jim's wife guard the home ties he seemed to have nothing.

Then I thought of Betty. I remembered the day I had called on her to help me settle the house price Jim and I gave Virginia. How delighted Betty had been at my friendliness, how she had warmed to it and how generously she had followed it up by making my promise that if ever I needed a friend I would "turn to Betty B."

I heard my own voice replying, "I'll turn to Betty B. And though I don't deserve it at all, I know I'll find her there when I call * * *."—Copyright, 1920.

(To be Continued.)

MARION GREEN USES SNUFFBOX

As Monsieur Beaucare at English's Soon

Marion Green, the American baritone, who sings and acts the title role in Gilbert Miller's production of the Booth Tarkington-André Messager romantic opera, "Monsieur Beaucare," which A. L. Erlanger will present at English's next week, stepped into this important

ish's: "Not So Long Ago," at the Murat; Valeska Suratt in "Scarlet," at B. F. Keith's; "Puss Puss," at the Park; the Al Golem Troupe, at the Lyric; "Too Many Wives," at the Rialto; twelve vaudevillians and movie features at the Broadway; "Madame X," at the Ohio; "Dangerous Business," at the Circle; "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals," at the Isle; "The Isle of Regeneration," at Miller's; "The Fox Rider," at the Colonial, and "Red Moon," at the Oriental.

JAZZ QUEEN CAUSES
WASHBURN TO SPEND MONEY.

That being a "tight-wad" is not without considerable merit humorously demonstrated in Bryant Washburn's latest farce, "Burglar Proof," which is due to open at the Oriental on Friday and Saturday. The hero is a youth named John Harlow who goes into mourning every time he spends a dime and who could give pointers to a South Sea Islander when it comes to evading the high cost of living. A product of the country, he comes to the city determined to make a success. He does, but he ruins his health at the job. To make him jaded, however, he takes dancing on the advice of his physician. Then along comes a jazz queen with whom he falls in love and Dan Cupid is instrumental in getting him to loosen up his purse strings with a vengeance.

"Burglar Proof" has a romantic flavor along with its fun, and the star is supported by Lois Wilson, Emily Chidister, C. H. Geldart, Clarence Burton and others.

As Puss Junior and the little girl with her basket of strawberries rode behind the handsome prince on his great white horse, the little yellow bird, whose blithe voice I shall tell you some day, began to sing from a tree top.

The prince and his charger white as pearl is carrying home a dear little girl, who knows how to bake and knows how to sew.

And sweep away with her broom the snow.

And just then a big fox jumped out from behind a tree and caught the poor girl. She would have run away with him if Puss hadn't hit him with his sword. And this so frightened that wicked fox that he let go of the goose and ran away. And then the goose let Puss through a little door in the fence and next time you shall hear all about Gooseville.—Copyright, 1920.

(To be continued.)

FIRE DESTROYS LODGE HALL,

EDINBURG, Ind., Dec. 9.—Fire, which broke out at an early hour this morning, destroyed the K. of P. Hall at Martletta, the Johnson general store and the residence of Elmer Single, also a large barn near by. The loss is estimated at \$15,000. It is not known how the fire originated.

And then the little bird flew away, and the little girl laughed and opened her basket of wild strawberries and gave one to the prince and one to Puss, and then she ate one herself. And the strawberries weren't nearly as red, as her lips, which smiled and laughed, for she was so happy to think that she was going to the castle and not back to her cruel step-mother.

Well,

by and by they came to the castle and the kind, handsome prince lifted her off his horse, but he didn't have to lift Puss down. Oh, my, now Puss jumped off as nimble as you please. And then they all went into the beautiful castle and the prince had his housekeeper take the little girl up to a lovely room and dress her in a beautiful blue gown and gold slippers.

And then a footman in livery showed Puss into a room, where a splendid suit of velvet lay upon a chair, and a new pair of red top boots stood on the floor.

"These are for you," said the footman, and it didn't take Puss very long to put them on, let me tell you, and he was very glad to have them, for his own clothes were worn and soiled and his red top boots had holes in them, and every time he walked his big toe came out and sometimes it would catch on a stone.

Well,

the next day Puss said he must be going, but the little girl stayed with the handsome prince, for he was very lonely and didn't have any little girls of his own. And she grew up to be a lovely princess, for the prince married her and she always had a strawberry patch in the garden, to remember how she first met him. And the reason I know all this is because that little yellow bird told me.

But

Puss was soon far away, for he was a good walker and hurried on to meet with new adventures, and by and by, as he neared a little village, he met a big goose, who flapped her wings and said:

"This is Gooserville, and no one is allowed to come here."

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