

Indiana Daily Times

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APPEARING in police court for the fourth time, Harley Carlton found that appeals from two previous convictions had not yet caught up with him!

THE POLICE made a good start toward breaking up the race gambling syndicate, but there is really no reason why the "old reliables" should be overlooked.

WOULD IT NOT be a good idea for the health board to enforce a few of the laws already enacted before asking the council to give it a monopoly on medical examinations?

AFTER having claimed the credit for all Federal liquor prosecutions in Indiana it goes rather hard with E. S. Shumaker to learn that the district attorney does not agree with his self-laudation.

MR. STANSBURY'S EXCUSE for not performing his obvious duty in regard to the famous Kokomo drunk is that no one has officially notified him that there was one. If some person will only discover whose duty it is to notify Stansbury of his duty, perhaps a method can be evolved to compel that person to perform that duty.

Creating Distrust

In causing the rearrest of the pool-selling gamblers, with whom his deputy had previously compromised a good faith prosecution undertaken by the police, on a charge the utility of which was apparent to any lawyer, Prosecutor Adams did his mite last week toward encouraging the distrust and lack of confidence that prevails in Indianapolis.

Of course, the rearrested men were discharged on their plea of previous jeopardy. Mr. Adams either knew they would be or he should have known it. His experience in the prosecutor's office has been so full of such instances as this failure that it is difficult to understand how he could avoid learning from experience, assuming that he possessed so little legal training as to be unable to discern jeopardy when it is apparent.

When the first of the pool-selling fraternity in Indianapolis was brought into court after weeks of effort on the part of the Times to force prosecution of them, Mr. Adams displayed a wonderful willingness to see that the pool-seller was accommodated in every way, even to the extent of permitting him to plead guilty at a special sitting of the court.

When another of this crew was brought into court Mr. Adams' interest was so intense that no representative of the prosecutor's office was present to prosecute.

When the third attempt was made to stop pool selling, Mr. Adams' deputy arranged at a private conference with an attorney to "let the boys down easy."

Exposure of this "compromise" with the law-violators stirred the prosecutor to a neat bit of four-flushing which resulted yesterday in the dismissal of the affidavits which were ordered filed against these men.

Summed up, it is apparent that the prosecutor first failed to do his duty, then resorted to a grand stand play to cover up his failure and finally arrived where he started, somewhat perturbed, it must be admitted.

In the meanwhile the public, which watched his gyrations with interest, has acquired one more reason for distrust both of his motives and his ability.

Mr. Evans' Appointees

The list of deputy prosecutors to be appointed by William P. Evans when he takes over the office from Clarence Adams is, with possibly one exception, most reassuring to those citizens who have long been impatient of the time when Adams and his crew would be divorced from public affairs.

The one exception is R. L. Brokenburr, the negro, whose release of the judgment against Pop Leppert, notorious bootlegger, was aired during the last campaign. Brokenburr is doubtless a heritage of the Adams administration, whose retention must be as repugnant to Mr. Evans as to the general public.

In his selection of deputies Mr. Evans indicates a desire to get away from the influences that have made the Adams administration of the prosecutor's office the most incompetent administration the county has ever had.

Mr. Evans has a great opportunity to conduct the prosecutor's office in a manner that will reflect credit on himself and bring lasting satisfaction to the people of Marion County.

He was not the choice of the Times for the place for the reason that the Times, together with many others, feared that his association with Adams would be reflected in his own administration of the office.

The extent to which Mr. Evans succeeds in reversing the policies of his predecessor will be the extent to which he succeeds in giving Marion County a proper administration of the prosecutor's office.

He has started well and deserves a full measure of confidence in his efforts.

A Proper Shake-up

Whatever the motive behind the police shake-up that put new faces in the turnkey's office at the City Prison, the move was a step in the right direction and commendable, even if belated.

There has been a well-defined suspicion in the public mind for many months that the professional bondsmen who operated in the police station under special dispensation obtained by political activities, were assisted by the turnkeys.

How obnoxious the bondsmen's activities have been is illustrated by the drastic order of Judge Pritchard barring Bull Moose Walker, Kinney Hatt, and others from signing bonds. Judge Pritchard would not have risked the displeasure of Chairman Lemcke and other prominent politicians had he not considered the abuse flagrant enough to demand action.

Now, his action appears to have been backed up by the police department in the removal of turnkeys suspected of connivance with the bondsmen. This should have been done long ago.

Action of this sort will not only have a deterrent effect on those who have done so much toward discrediting our police department and the police court, but it will also tend to restore confidence in the heads of the police department.

It is at least a belated recognition of the fact that police department members who hold important positions should be free of public suspicion.

The Costs of Courtship!

It is seldom that a disappointed bride-elect resorts to court for redress—but one in Lake County recently obtained a verdict for \$2,000 damages against a banker who, after several months' courting, failed to show up at the wedding day.

This is no subject for levity and beyond doubt the verdict of the jury is just, when the high cost of living is considered, for the bride not only assembled her trousseau but the guests had gathered for the nuptials. It is a question to the layman what defense could be made to such a suit.

Probably the repetition of a visit of a banker to any young lady would be the subject of comment by many gossips of both sex. Then when the trousseau was ordered at the dressmaker's or at the leading department store, unless human nature has greatly changed recently, the news was joyfully heralded abroad from mouth to mouth.

The trousseau, too, must needs be the best and most expensive for a banker's bride is required to present a proper appearance, and on such an occasion the best is none too good. Short skirts cost as much as long ones, while high shoes cost more, and hats—how did the jury even guess correctly when they saw the damages in four figures?

From the viewpoint of papa, the jury considered the coal consumption necessary—for bankers are like hot house plants—they require care and are both delicate and desirable. Beyond doubt the grocer and butcher and baker did profit from just a little—if such a thing is possible—when extra viands for the wedding feast were ordered, no matter what the high cost originally was for such a joyous occasion should be shared by every one.

Then the lawyer who takes the case for the disappointed bride-elect will insist upon a 50-50 divide, because fees are higher than they formerly were, and he must live and pay rent.

And the poor young broken hearted bride gets only bitter experience!

PERHAPS IT WILL BE DONE, ANYHOW!

Editor Indiana Daily Times—In the Saturday's issue of your highly esteemed newspaper you give the startling piece of news of a contemplated trip by Mr. W. D. Boyce, the proprietor of the Times, the trip to cover the greater portion of this wobbly globe of ours. Thousands and thousands of miles are to be traveled by Mr. Boyce in search of the undiscovered something in the scientific, ethnological, entomological, botanical and zoological fields in the far distant countries. While he does not say it in so many words, still he may be depended on not to overlook any of these interesting subjects if he should stumble over them on this great expedition. The fact that in one of his former assaying into the unknown regions he discovered a race of Cliff Dwellers who had retired from civilization, probably in utter disgust over the grafting and dishonesty of the public officials in their day, road contractors, etc., leads one to hope that he may, on this trip, be able to discover, somewhere, a code of laws that would tend to reform dishonest officials by other means than by hanging them as a last resort.

Tis a pity Mr. Boyce did not decide on an expedition into the wilds and barbarian regions of the Marion County courthouse and city hall. Surely he could have found much matter of human interest there; his life might not be as safe if he should fall into the clutches of the Criminal Court officials as it might be among the Cliff Dwellers, but even so, the sacrifice might be the means of cleaning out the dens and let some light into the darkened consciences of the men who hold forth within the peculiar precincts of conflicting schemes, cobwebs and dirt. Ethnologically one could find specimens of nearly all known races there, and schemers of every color and nature, of high and low degree, official and otherwise, that would furnish material for six months' study and then some.

Do you think Mr. Boyce could be induced to change his plans at this late day and remain in this land of prohibition, high taxes, salacious scandals, and bear with us our troubles? Respectfully, J. M. F.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Little

CHAPTER CX (Continued)

Rather than have an undignified brawl over this detail, I donned my robe and slippers and followed Jim into the living room. He was sitting on the couch when I got there, lighting a cigarette with shaking fingers.

"Sit down," he muttered, without looking up.

"I prefer to stand. Now will you kindly tell me why you brought me out here?" I demanded.

Jim took a long puff at his cigarette, flung the smoldering match into the grate and then renewed the attack in a voice that he was evidently riding hard on the curb.

"Betty? A likely story! Don't I know you're in town? You're not a very good liar, Anne."

"Not as good as you—with your part-time, part-time engagements," I flamed. "But it just happened that Betty is back—tonight. And you didn't think I don't understand this pretense of jealousy—of righteous indignation. I recognize perfectly well that it's to keep me from asking uncomfortable questions about you—and—Miss West. You needn't worry, I won't be interested—sufficiently. I'm remembering your suggestion that you go your way and I mine."

"I wasn't lying. Mr. Norreys didn't say until fifteen minutes after—

"Fifteen minutes after! Did he say where he was phoning from? How did you know you were alone?" began Jim with new excitement.

"Still more, I reply," I replied.

"Don't worry, he didn't give you away. He said you were working—had to finish up some stuff before—one of the office force went to Canada—"

Jim's voice changed now—sneered

again, as he adjusted himself among the pillows and crossed his long legs, with an air of relaxation and relief.

"Oh—and as soon as he knew I was out of the way—he phoned you! That's your fine, chivalrous Norreys. Well, thank fortune, the Harrison family isn't going to be mixed up with him long. You won't see much more of the gentle man who flies such game hunting among the trees of his adopted country."

"Jim—your shanty!" I cried, warning to rage now. "If you hadn't interrupted me in the first place, I would have told you that we were not alone—at Mr. Norreys' suggestion I took my—I asked Betty."

"Betty? A likely story! Don't I know you're in town? You're not a very good liar, Anne."

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