

# Indiana Daily Times

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SUSPENDED SENTENCES in the Criminal Court continue to allow the lawless opportunity to repeat lawbreaking.

MR. BRYSON has finally made public his overdue report on the finances of Indianapolis and now we know why it was overdue.

ANOTHER INDICATION of the approach of the primaries is the fee-grabbing delinquent tax collection efforts of Treasurer Lemcke.

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Shank, surely you are willing to concede that the mayor of Indianapolis should be representative of neither lowbrows nor highbrows!

CLARIS ADAMS, who is now so active in the support for mayor of Mr. Thomas C. Howe, former president of Butler College, is the same Claris who "managed" the campaign of J. W. Fessler in Marion County.

CRITICS of the highway commission should not forget the delicious irony of James P. Goodrich's plea, "I want the power. You hold me responsible." The time has now come for the fixing of the responsibility, but where is Goodrich?

## A Costly Vindication

To the readers of the Times the report of the State board of accounts on the profligate waste of public money by the State highway commission cannot be said to be surprising.

As long ago as September, 1919, this newspaper laid the facts regarding the utter lack of care in the expenditure of public money by the commission before the people of this State in a series of copyrighted stories.

These articles set out that at that time the commission was spending more than \$100,000 a year in the maintenance of its office and that the chief clerk, who is by statute the head of the division of auditing of the commission, was actually a telephone girl in the office of L. H. Wright.

They show that in December, 1919, Director Wright spent approximately \$22,362.58 for the maintenance of the highway commission, while in August of the same year, when road work was in progress, he spent only \$13,033.71.

The "rotary fund" and its abuses were set out therein, the payment of freight for contractors was exposed.

In short, every one of the abuses to which the State board of accounts makes reference in its report, together with a great many other details and comparison, was laid before the people of Indiana prior to November, 1920, when Mr. Eschbach promised an investigation of the commission's affairs.

When these facts, now substantiated by a State board, were made public Governor Goodrich and Director Wright publicly denounced the statements as false and attributed them to opposition to good roads. Subsequently, the State board of accounts and others have not only substantiated the charges first made by this newspaper against the commission, but have also disclosed the motive that prompted Governor Goodrich to deny them, without investigation or basis for denial.

The vindication of this newspaper is so complete that the pardonable tendency is to accept it with pleasure and forget in that pleasure the real import of the State board's revelations.

But James P. Goodrich and L. H. Wright, in their arrogant and audacious profligacy with State highway funds have done to the cause of good roads in Indiana an injury the full extent of which can never be cured.

Their waste of public money, their unjustifiable methods of expending funds over which they had unlimited control have destroyed the faith of the taxpayers in the public highway commission of Indiana and nothing that Governor McCray's administration can do will restore that faith.

Presumably, Governor McCray will oust the members of this organization without long delay. That is the least he can do toward assuring the taxpayers of Indiana that their interests will be protected instead of ignored as they were by his predecessors.

But even the complete reorganization of the highway commission will not restore the public confidence that should exist in a body entrusted with millions of the public money.

In the future, every expenditure, every request for money for State highways in Indiana, will recall to the minds of Indiana taxpayers the miles of highways that ought to have been built with the money that the Goodrich administration dissipated under the direction of L. H. Wright.

And as long as the memory of taxpayers retains the story of this betrayal of public trust there will be irremovable opposition to highway construction, a public work that is most necessary and desirable to public prosperity.

Such is the deplorable price the people of Indiana must pay for their unwillingness to "stop, look and listen" when first warned of their danger.

## Government Waste

Two news items from Washington of recent date are most enlightening. One says that a wrangle occurred in the House of Representatives between members of different parties who could not agree and asserted that as a matter of record, instead of finding a decrease in appropriations of \$100,000,000 there is an increase of \$141,000,000. In other words, the two representatives are \$241,000,000 apart in their idea of the national financial outlay. The other item is the announcement of the publication of a "Poor Richard Almanac" by the department of agriculture.

Both of these items may be simple enough. It is a trifle surprising to a man in Indiana that the people who are voting away money are at the same time in such ignorance of the amount as to be apart \$241,000,000, but apparently one or two hundred million dollars does not matter very much.

The other surprising part is that the head of any bureau in Washington would have the audacity and foolishness of trying to imitate Benjamin Franklin at public expense and attempting to publish an almanac for farmers or any other class of citizens.

One of the maxims quoted from this publication is as follows: "The owner of a scrub bull should have a leather medal—made from the bull's hide."

It perhaps should not excite comment when the officials of the government are engaged in all kinds of useless expenditure of money, but out of respect for Benjamin Franklin the impertinence of imitation by some government pensioned individual is shocking, let alone the extravagance and foolish expenditure of money on his literary efforts. This is simply bureaucracy gone to seed and is so thoroughly ridiculous that when considered in its proper light, the cold chill runs down one's back on contemplation of such official conduct.

It is bad enough to have representatives of the people wrangle over an expenditure away up in the millions and not know what they are talking about. That may be ignorance on the part of the representatives, where there should be no ignorance, but to have some office squander the public's money when demands are as drastic as they now show, in all kinds of taxes, is not only the height of folly, but it is an insult to the intelligence of the public.

The American farmer does not need any official in Washington to try to imitate some great man for his benefit. If those officials in Washington are doing any good through their publications, it is not through posing as philosophers nor imitators of great men.

It is a very easy matter to spend the other man's money and it is time that those in government circles at least use common sense in doing it.

## The Fame of Nineveh!

Again Nineveh Township, Bartholomew County, comes to the front. This time Eli Garst becomes first in a State egg laying contest in the Barred Rock class with a flock of eighty hens. These hens laid an average of 167.9 eggs per hen from March 1st, 1920, to January 1st, 1921. There were 150,000 hens in the contest with 471 poultry firms represented. Mr. Garst's hens are the seventeenth in the contest against all breeds.

Recently this same township achieved some renown in corn raising when some young ladies obtained Purdue prizes. Now the hens have made a record for themselves.

Of course Nineveh Township is to be congratulated upon its achievement. Thanks to the female population, it is slowly forging ahead before the public. Now, if the girls and the hens can do so well that they receive prizes in these two lines, surely there are wonderful possibilities open in other lines. For example, in politics or in literature.

Every one should keep his eyes on Nineveh Township, Bartholomew County, Indiana.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

### CHAPTER CXXXIX.

When I got to the theater at a quarter past eight, Jim was waiting. With him was Dick West. I had a sudden feeling of relief because it wasn't Tom Mason, as I had been fearing ever since Jim's abruptly ended telephone message to me.

"Military promptness," said Jim, beaming. "We Harrison's are never late. West, Anna, meet the new firm—Harrison, West & Co., oil stocks a specialty."

"Shake, partner," said Dick West with a conscious exaggeration of his western manner.

He seized my hand in the smooth-fingered grip of his slim brown ones, and flashed his sharp brown eyes across my face, smiling a slightly twisted maroon-lipped smile. Good looking, alert, and with that touch of the exotic that marked his sister Doris, Dick West struck me again as a man to like, but not to trust.

"The new firm," I said smiling in self-fashion, even while I was gathering impressions. "I hope you'll always do as well as with Salt Water Oil. Let's hope this play is a jolly way of celebrating—a good beginning. And we've our Betty safe again, too."

"Betty?" asked Dick West idly. Jim scowled, either at my ill-success in opening cordial when I didn't feel so, or at what he had to tell me.

"Oh, a girl who threw a scare into us. But that's all over now. We aren't going to this show, Anne. Couldn't get a thing at any of the agents. We'll jump a taxi and go round to the Barrington."

Dryden said he'd have something there for me.

So we stowed ourselves away into a taxi with the calm extravagance of the new-rich who forget how they have walked the week before to save carfare. And we whirled over to the other theaters, where Jim hurried up to the box office and demanded the four tickets Dryden had sent over for Mr. Harrison.

"Get me could do was a box," said the ticket agent.

"I'll take it," replied Jim carelessly, shoving a yellow bill under the ticket window.

"But, Jim—that's wasting three seats," I murmured aghast. And then, before Jim could express the annoyance that seemed flashing at me from his eyes, Dick West broke in:

"They ought to serve theater boxes filled or empty, as required. It is a shame to waste the seats. Why not phone for that pretty little sister of yours?"

"Go to it!" laughed Jim. "That'll please Phoebe and save Anne from an attack of conscience."

"Well, I'll tell you what's better than phoning," exclaimed Mr. West, with what seemed an effort to appear suddenly inspired. "I'll run round and get her. I've just remembered that she's dining with Mrs. Mason—she mentioned it last night. So I'll bring the hostess along, and see if I can't pick up another man. See you later, folks."—Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

## PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

You remember in the last story that as soon as King Scaphus heard there had been a wreck on the Sea Bottom Subway he called for his prime minister. Pulling vigorously on a beautiful braided sea-grass rope, he awaited the coming of a page. Little Puss Junior heard at far-off tinkle of the bell, and presently the mer-bellboy appeared.

"Summon his most excellent self, the prime minister," commanded King Scaphus. The merboy page glided away and presently appeared deferentially escorting the prime minister. The latter was a very distinguished looking person. His long white beard was parted gracefully in the center, no doubt by the action of the water as he swam up to where the king sat.

As befitted so important an official, he was clad in a long red robe, which reached nearly to the end of his fin-tail. His head was adorned with a crimson cap and tassel made of the softest velvet sea grass.

"What is your majesty's command?" he asked, bending low before King Scaphus. The king did not reply for a moment. He was a wise king and thought for several minutes before he spoke. This made the prime minister fidget about on his tail.

If he had been a prime minister of any land, and not of the sea, he probably would have stood first on one leg and then on the other, but as he had no feet, he shifted about uneasily on his tail until the king spoke.

"I hear there has been another wreck on the Sea Bottom Subway," said the prime minister coughed, and little bubbles rose from the end of his nose, the sight of which made Puss Junior grin.

"Yes, your royal highness," admitted the prime minister, "but I understand it was not at all serious. One of the iceberg cars was demolished, and one of the polar bears, I believe, although I am not certain at the moment, was slightly injured. None of the passengers was hurt, with the possible exception of a slight pain in one of his five fingers—I forget, for the moment, which finger."

"Is the road again in operation?" inquired King Scaphus.

"Not yet, your royal highness," replied the prime minister, "but I have every assurance from the management of the road that trains will be running at the very latest by tomorrow morning."

"You will have to spend the night with us, then," said the princess, turning to Puss with a smile. "You know," she added in a whisper, "I'm glad there was this accident; otherwise you would not have come to our castle, and we might not have grown to be such friends."

"Don't whisper, my daughter," said King Scaphus. "Your mother will think should she hear that you have been so rude during her absence, that she cannot."

"Not yet, your royal highness," replied the prime minister, "but I have every assurance from the management of the road that trains will be running at the very latest by tomorrow morning."

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Frederic J. Hashin, Director,  
The Indiana Daily Times.  
Information Bureau,  
Washington, D. C.

I enclose herewith 2 cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of The Children's Package.

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## Ballet Dancers Give Second Program Tomorrow Night

Mlle. Theo Hewes and Pupils to Appear at English's.

Mlle. Theo Hewes and her ballet, assisted by the Indianapolis Philharmonic Orchestra, will give a second performance of the fifth anniversary program of the founding of the Hewes School of Dancing, at English's tomorrow night. The program was presented several weeks ago and was appreciated by a capacity audience. Raymond S. Drexler will conduct the orchestra.

Mlle. Hewes will be seen in "Rainbow and the Bubble," "Death of the Swan" and the famous "Doll Dance."

Members of her ballet will be seen in "The Gipsies," "Frieze of Singing Virgins," "The Burmese Ballet," "Dance of the Goblins," "Moment Musical," "The Torch Dance," "Cupid and the Butterfly" and others.

The Baby Ballet again will be one of the features of the program.

Shortly after the performance at English's, Mlle. Hewes and her conductor, Mr. Drexler, will leave for New York City, where they will make contracts for the presentation of some of the ballets in vaudeville. The dancer announces that she will cooperate with the recreational



Mlle. THEO HEWES.

department of the city of Indianapolis this summer in aesthetic dancing on summer playgrounds.

## BRINGING UP FATHER.

ON YOUR WAY TO THE OFFICE - CALL ON COUNT DE CHANCE AND TELL HIM I'M SORRY THAT I'LL BE UNABLE TO GO TO HIS RECEPTION TONIGHT - TELL HIM I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

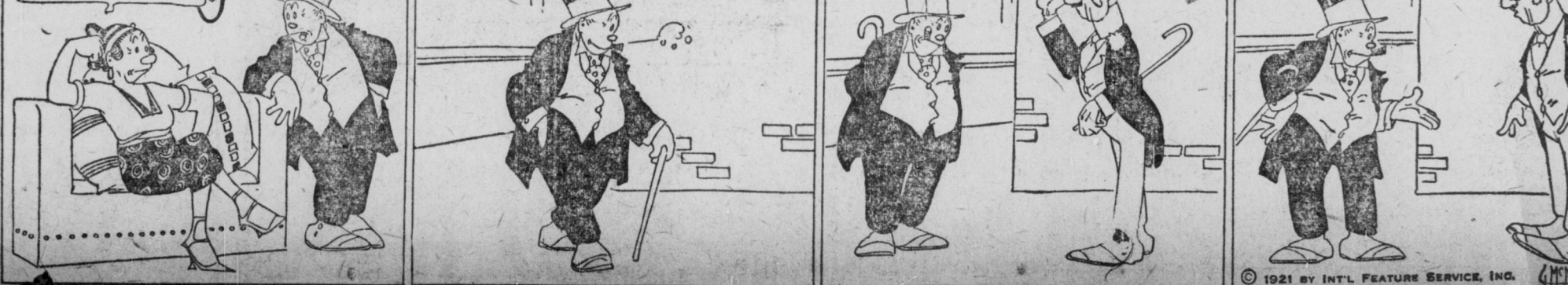
THE DAY IS STARTIN' BUM FER ME!

AH! HERE COMES THE COUNT - THIS SAVES ME A LOT OF TROUBLE -

SHE'S SORRY SHE CAN'T BE THERE AS SHE IS NOT FEELIN' WELL!

OH! THAT IS TOO BAD - IS SHE VERY ILL?

WELL - SHE FELT SO BAD LAST NIGHT - I HAD TO GO TO THE MOVIES BY MESELF!



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## Fighting the Rabbit in Australia



Setting traps. A farmer whose property has been fenced in is trapping the rabbits that remain. Hunting, trapping and wholesale poisoning failed to check the spread of the hordes of rabbits. As a last resort fences were put up, at enormous cost on account of distances being great.

The trapper's dog. Every camp of trappers and hunters has its dogs, which are trained and are a great help. Early in the war on the rabbits the Australians imported dogs and even foxes. Unfortunately the dogs and foxes were like the rabbits in that they multiplied rapidly and within a short time many of them got away and began killing sheep. Some parts of Australia have extra high fences to keep out wild dogs and foxes as well as rabbits.

Australia is almost the size of the United States. On the maps Australia and New Zealand look like near neighbors, yet the distance from Wellington, New Zealand's capital, to Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, the nearest port, is more than twelve hundred miles north these lands are from the rest of the world, but the maps are drawn to such a small scale that they fail to give a correct impression of distances.

Few realize the island continent of Australia was cut off from the rest of

the world from prehistoric times until a comparatively recent period, and because of this her trees and other vegetation, her animals and her land surface are those of a bygone age. The great expanse of water which surrounded the continent millions of years ago kept out the animals from other countries. That was before cats, cattle, horses, swine, bears, monkeys, rats, rabbits, etc., had originated. The native animals of Australia are of kinds that were developed before the land bridges to other lands had been destroyed.

Now, however, Australia is not isolated as it was. Although far outside the ordinary routes of travel, it has its immigration problems. Its people have been successful in their determination to

## WEST BY SOUTHWEST

WEST by Southwest of North America lie the islands of the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia, where W. D. Boyce, owner and publisher of the Times, is gathering material for articles and pictures for Times readers. Mr. Boyce and his party are now at work in New Zealand. From there they will go to Australia, and after that country has been thoroughly covered in articles and photographs, they will explore the South Sea Islands. From time to time the Times will carry illustrated articles on the far-away countries and strange places West by Southwest.

make Australia a white man's country. But the problem of the plant immigrants and the animal immigration has been harder to solve. Once introduced in Australia, these immigrants flourish and multiply to an amazing extent.

Seventy years ago a man living in New South Wales imported and turned loose three pairs of rabbits in that colony. The spread of the rabbits gives an example of the effect that may follow naturalizing animals to a new country. The rabbits multiplied and flourished so rapidly that they quickly became a public plague.

Spreading over the country the rabbits destroyed vegetation, eating it out by the very roots, laying waste to the farming lands and the sheep runs and even infesting the land on the outskirts of cities and towns.

An article to be published Tuesday will deal with the methods taken by the Australians to rid themselves of this pest.

## Left Large Fortune by Man He Befriended

PETALUMA, Cal., Feb. 19.—D. C. Ash-ley's "ship has come in."

Twenty-five years ago, when the mad race for Alaskan gold fields was in full blast, Mike Welch, a miner, wanted to join the gold chase, but lacked the capital.

Ashley grubstaked him, heard nothing for the next five years, and for twenty years had forgot the incident.

Now he has received word that he has been made heir to one-fourth of Welch's \$200,000 estate. Welch died at Vancouver, B. C.



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Every one of these men is a REALTOR.

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