

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.
Telephones—Main 3500, New 28-351

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Advertising offices { Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne Co.,
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EVERY legislative session has its own bill changing scandal!

WONDER what kind of a scheme the "good government" crowd will adopt to discredit the campaign of Edward J. Robison for mayor?

A MOTOR HEARSE may not be a truck but it is straining the imagination entirely too much to expect the general public to regard it as a pleasure vehicle.

STATISTICIANS say ninety-five tons of earth to each square mile surface wash into the ocean yearly. Saturday night figures for population would be of interest.

AUTO DRIVERS who have chanced to meet ash-hauling negroes will not be surprised that they interrupted a funeral. Nothing seems to be held sacred by these insolent city employees.

THERE ARE some true sports in Indiana. It is proposed to establish several plants for baby game fish propagation, in order to supplement those of the State and incidentally to keep the streams supplied. This is almost like paying for the fiddler before the dance and it indicates genuine sportsmanship.

THE CITY ADMINISTRATION spent eight million dollars last year, the county expenses increased \$300,000; the highway commission wasted \$4,000,000, and it now appears that the State board of education saddled a school book contract on the taxpayers that will cost them approximately \$650,000 more than it should. Yet taxpayers are patient!

Incongruous!

Whatever the personal feelings of the voter may be toward the candidates of Mr. Edward J. Robison, former treasurer of Marion County, and Mr. Thomas C. Howe, former president of Butler College, it cannot be denied that each starts his campaign for mayor with an incongruous advantage.

Mr. Robison, himself a practical politician, enters his campaign with the moral advantage of not having been selected for the race by an organization at a backroom meeting of its leaders.

Mr. Howe, himself a man who is not understood to have been active in politics, enters his race with the practical advantage of having a powerful organization placed squarely behind him.

The advantages of the two candidates would appear, at first glance, to be reversed.

The big question that arises is whether either of these two men can hold the advantage he possesses. Mr. Howe is attempting to hold his favor with the organization by meetings with the members thereof which meetings cannot help detracting from his standing with independent voters and with the element that would naturally be expected to support a former college professor. Mr. Robison is recruiting strength from those in the organization who are not satisfied with either the manner or the result of the organization's method of selection of a candidate. From this field he must hope to recruit sufficient strength to offset that which, as a practical politician, he lost when the organization went against him.

The fight between Mr. Howe and Mr. Robison promises to be extremely interesting, especially since Samuel Lewis Shank is among the "innocent bystanders," waiting for a favorable opportunity to grab the bacon and start for his old home.

Judge Landis

Stripped of the peculiarly sentimental surroundings that attach to it, the movement for the impeachment of Judge Landis which has just been passed over to the next session of the Congress, stands revealed in all of its importance.

The question involved is not whether Judge Landis exceeded his authority or transgressed propriety in refusing to sentence an ill-paid bank clerk for theft.

It is whether or not a judge of a United States court should be privileged to accept employment as a baseball arbiter or in any other capacity while sitting on a Federal bench.

Consideration of this question can lead to but one conclusion—a man cannot be a real judge and at the same time be anything else.

If a judge of the Federal Court has the right to accept employment as a baseball arbiter he has the right to become receiver of a wobbly corporation or a representative of a large institution such as the steel corporation or the various members of the packing industry.

In short, in accepting employment with the baseball associations Judge Landis has assumed that a Federal judge may enter into the affairs of any commercial institution in any capacity.

There is none who will argue that such an assumption makes for better administration of the law.

It is unfortunate that this question of extra employment of a judge should be raised in impeachment proceedings. There appears to be no statutory regulation of it and perhaps the only method by which a precedent can be established is through impeachment proceedings.

Good judgment, however, would seem to dictate that Kenesaw Landis should resign from the bench, or from the position of baseball arbiter. The two positions should never be coupled together.

Perhaps a statute forbidding such dual capacities is more to be desired than impeachment based on the theory that what is not forbidden by Federal law is nevertheless justification for punishment.

The Professor's Mistake

Some college professor is ever spoiling the fun of life. This has been true since the discovery that the world is round was confirmed, and since the assertion that man descended or ascended from a monkey, has been accepted.

A teacher in Clark University at Worcester, Mass., says that human intelligence has increased but little during the last 2,000 years. This he attributed to the poor training of children, but he acknowledges a great advancement in ability to do things.

If the professor would come to Indianapolis and look into things generally, he would surely reverse himself, for it can be asserted that we have some wonderful smart people who cannot do anything.

For example, we have Mayor Charles W. Jewett whom no one will charge with lack of intelligence. Yet, as mayor, he has not shown the ability to accomplish any of the things he promised before he went into office.

We have also Judge James A. Collins, whose intelligence was sufficient to obtain for him re-election to the Criminal Court bench, although he has not the ability to distinguish between a confirmed lawbreaker's plea to be let off with a suspended sentence and a genuine case of repentance in which leniency is desirable.

Likewise, we have a school board consisting of members above the average run of intelligence, who, for many different reasons, have not yet succeeded in awakening this city to the necessity of providing sufficient school buildings for its children.

Also, we have a community that exhibited sufficient intelligence to pass laws forbidding the traffic in liquor, but so far has not disclosed sufficient ability to stop the traffic.

Unnecessary

There is a bill in the Legislature to require every medicine containing certain drugs to be labeled poison and to have a skull and crossbones, in addition to the requirements of the National and State food and drug laws. If these drugs are not in sufficient quantities to make the medicine dangerous or harmful it would seem that the danger sign might at least be removed, so as not to add a scare to the medicine. Surely the National and local drug laws cover this subject, without additional burdens, or else we have been woefully lax about poisons in the past.

One can readily appreciate what the effect would be upon a purchaser if he were handed one of his favorite home remedies with such a label on it. Naturally he would assume that the label meant what it said—that the medicine was poisonous; and despite the fact that he might have used it off and on for years, it is pretty safe to conclude that the psychological effect of the word would be bad.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CXLIV.

It was barely 8 the next morning when Terry telephoned, but I was already dressed and waiting.

"Ready to start, Anne? I've had Tony on the wire, and he's sending round the car; so I'll be over for you directly—say, half an hour. Righto?"

"Righto!" I answered. "I'm ready now. Will you pick up Virginia on the way over?"

"Tony was jolly decent about it, Anne. I put him off going and he said he'd take it right with Virginia. Terry heeded—'I only want you, but I don't believe in taking down a crowd until we see—how she's coming on.'"

"I thought Betty might need me and I'd better be prepared to stay," I explained, and my heart started to thump as I spoke.

"Betty?" Jim scowled. "I thought I forbade you having anything to do with the Norreys."

"I know—'I made it.' That word again—I dared not discuss it with Jim now. Instead I asked Jim with what I thought was good-natured ridicule:

"You didn't—ask me not to have anything to do with Anthony's car, did you? He isn't going. Only Terry and me—"

"Only Terry and you?" answered Jim with relief—and no consciousness that I had elaborately avoided the use of a certain word. "Where's Jessie? Betty isn't needed, and that I'd better be prepared to stay with her. As I stowed things in my bag it came over me that Jim and I had been separated only once during our married life—the time he had gone to Washington—and then he had left me, not I him.

An impulse of curiosity stirred me. How would he feel when he saw me packing? I was answered in a minute or two, for Jim came in from the bathroom,

(To be continued.)

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

Now, let me see. We left off in the last story just as the funny Gnomeland Band commenced to play. Well, the big drum went "bum, bum, bum, dum-dum!" and pranced around on a pair of short, fat legs in red stockings and pointed red shoes. The piano, fat and jolly, began to play the drums on the top of his head, but what appeared to be the top of his head, but which really was a funny face, which winked and blinked as the drums beat upon it.

"Toot! Toot!" went the big yellow horn as its long, thin fingers pressed in the brass stops. Over the floor it skipped, after the round fat drum. The "Hello" and the violin came next. The latter ran his bow across his stringed waistcoat in perfect time, while the former twanged the strings that covered his happy face in a jolly fashion. The rest of the band played on themselves beautifully, and the Gnome with his baton, proved a most capable leader. In fact, the music was so delightful and inspiring that nothing could restrain himself no longer, and, jumping up, began dancing around to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"Ho-ho, he, ho-ho-ho. Down in the mountain deep, Fiddle and drum, tiddly-um, Are doing the Leopard Leap." Just then the music stopped, or rather the Musical Instruments paused to take breath, and Puss sat down again, wondering what the next would happen.

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As the last drum beat died away in the distance, Knobby turned to Puss and

(To be continued.)

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban home, are the subjects of a column in the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved for their household. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living

which has been with them all of its importance.

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A Free Booklet
on the Care of
Food in the Home

Every woman should know all about the care of food in the home. She should know how to guard against dangers from flies, dust, mold and everything else that will taint what the family eats.

If she is a housewife, she should know how to care for her children, how to keep out in the important matter.

A free booklet is waiting for every woman who will send for it—a booklet which gives the results of careful scientific study on the safe way to keep all kinds of food. It has many illustrations.

Send for a copy and send the name of some other woman who may not see this offer.

Frederick J. Haskin, Director,
The Indiana Daily Times,
Information Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

I enclose here two cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of Care of Food in the Home.

Name
Street
City
State

CLARA WEIGHS ONLY 5,200 POUNDS
But How That 'Girl' Can Vamp

Being "vamped" by a 5,200-pound "dame" is the heartiest memory on this globe.

Her name is Clara—just plain Clara.

Her age is 20 and her weight is 5,200 pounds.

Clara is the "vampire" of elephant land and she is "vamping" everybody on the stage at the Lyric, where Curley Noonan, the slender singer, and four of the famous Robinson's elephants are holding forth this week.

I didn't know the name of the "young lady" I was going to interview, but I did know Noonan. Arriving at the stage door, I was informed by the accomodating stage assistants that Noonan, Clara and the others were just coming out at the right-hand side of the stage.

"She was vamped."

Clara was vamped, stuck out her trunk and—

Clara does not have a dressing room, she doesn't need it. Clara and the other three monsters took their places in a row at the right-hand side of the stage.

"She was vamped."

Clara seemed to think that I carried peanuts in my coat pocket.

Noonan told Clara to "stand back," but Clara, appearing to have a mind of her own, handed out the peanuts again in the direction of my right coat pocket as soon as Noonan turned his back.

Clara is lovely. There is no doubt about that. She hugs with her trunk and when she seemed disposed to place her trunk in the direction of my head, I decided then and there that I had been vamped the hundredth degree.

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