

Indiana Daily Times

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ANYHOW, there is no prospect of a special session of the Legislature for a few months!

JUDGE COLLINS might profit by the example in quick justice now being set in the Federal Court for the district of Indiana.

GERMANY'S DALLYING with the allies appears to have provoked a situation that will excuse the Harding administration from the disgraceful pledge of a separate peace.

PROCRASTINATION was a good thing for Martin Collins. Practiced in the Criminal Court it relieved him of a sentence imposed so long ago that nearly every one had forgotten about it.

A DINATION of one dollar will save the life of a Chinese child. Wealthy or poor, that child is the foundation of a nation, rich in history, strong in character and great in future possibilities, and who will miss the dollar in charity given?

Wanted: An Honest Man

If the Democrats of Indianapolis who recently upset the bipartisan combination by which it was sought to control the coming primaries in the interest of a hand-picked Republican candidate will continue to exert their strength, the city of Indianapolis will see a clean primary this spring.

Mr. Thomas Meeker, the Democratic city chairman, has the authority under the law to nominate a member of the board of election commissioners, who, acting in concert with George Hutsell, city clerk, can compel the counting of the ballots cast and insure to the voters of the city the recording of their expressed choice.

Naturally, there are a number of candidates for this job. Each of the Republican candidates for mayor doubtless has in mind the "very best kind of a man" for the position, and doubtless there is considerable pressure being brought upon the chairman in the interest of each candidate.

And this pressure, exerted by persons who have no moral or legal right to an interest in the selection, ought to be sufficient to disqualify any one in whose interest it is advanced.

Right-thinking Democrats in Indianapolis went a long way toward placing their party in a position to merit the support of good citizens when they disrupted the bipartisan politicians' scheme to select a chairman for them.

Mr. Meeker is now in a position to show his good faith in the selection of an aggressive, unprejudiced Democrat for the position of election commissioner.

This selection should be made with a view to placing on the election board a man whose sole interest in the contest will be to see a clean primary in which the people of Indianapolis can nominate whom they desire on both the Republican and Democratic tickets.

Just as the future of the Democratic party in the city depended on the selection of an unsold chairman, so it now depends on the selection by that chairman of an unsold election commission.

No one will go to the trouble of working with a chairman whose first important move is to appoint to a position of vital importance any other than a man capable of filling that position squarely and honestly.

Now is the time to assure the people of Indianapolis an opportunity to vote for whom they please in the primary with the knowledge that their vote will be recorded. One square primary in this city will do more toward disrupting the political organization to which are due most of our municipal ills than any other one thing.

It is up to Mr. Meeker to watch his step!

Time to Investigate

Now that the trial of Dr. A. A. Hill has reached a successful conclusion in the Criminal Court, it is to be hoped that the story of alleged jury fixing to which certain interests attached so much importance recently will receive the consideration that so serious an accusation deserves.

As we said at the time, jury-fixing is a serious offense, no matter by whom it is attempted.

An attempt was made at the time the story of the approach of a talesman in the Hill case was made public to connect the affair with the candidacy of Samuel Lewis Shank for the Republican nomination for mayor. For this reason it is doubly to be desired that the affair be sifted to the bottom. An investigation has been made that one of the managers of the Shank campaign was using Shank headquarters as a place in which to influence Criminal Court talesmen. The insinuation should be substantiated or the persons who started the report be exposed in their true light.

In the course of this primary campaign there probably will be many methods adopted to discredit the candidacy of Mr. Shank, especially since he is so violently opposed by the administration. Opposition to him should not be based on false grounds lest it weaken the opposition that is founded on a sound basis.

In Huntington!

In Huntington a citizen of sufficiently good reputation to be appointed postmaster but who supplements his meager salary during the reign of high prices by running an ice cream business, was recently arrested for Sabbath desecration and although twice tried, the jury disagreed. He is now under grand jury indictment. It seems his crime consisted in selling some ice cream to finish Sunday dinner and either he was caught red or cold handed, or he admitted the deed.

A new prosecuting attorney was recently elected in Huntington and he must be of the Puritan variety and the strait-laced persuasion, for no sooner was he in office than he started the machinery of the State going at such a rate that the citizens who did not go to church Sunday put up their shutters, closed all business and took to the woods, provided there was sufficient gas left in the tank. It could not be purchased Sunday. Of course picture shows are taboo, while cigar stores were empty, and even slot machines went on a strike.

It is said a legislator from that county tried to get home one Sunday but was compelled to walk several miles, so well had the taxi drivers been converted.

Aside from the intense religious fervor displayed by this minion, the funny part of the situation is that the prosecutor says he is simply insisting on obedience to statutes of Indiana and he quotes the law by section and page.

A new broom sweeps clean. It is the duty of every one in the town of Huntington who favors law and order to rally to the support of the medieval prosecutor and promptly to inform him of any violations or delinquencies. If he is not sustained by juries and all good citizens he may be justified in ceasing his prosecutions for the violation of these old laws and then anarchy and Sunday motion pictures may reign. By all means hang and quarter that postmaster-ice-cream-monger.

The Rent Problem

Whether it is the result of landlords' experiences with children, high taxes or the law of supply and demand, it is a fact that the day has gone by in Indianapolis when comfortable modern homes can be rented.

Recently, a man who has lived in Indianapolis for eleven years and has heretofore experienced little or no difficulty in renting desirable quarters was compelled to seek a house for his wife and children. He addressed a letter to 241 real estate and rental agents in the city, setting out his requirements and asking them to advise him as to what homes could be rented.

Eleven of these agencies responded to his letter, either by telephone or mail. Five of them listed rental properties which on investigation were found to be run down properties with rentals asked beyond all semblance of value offered. The other six messages from the agencies were in the nature of condolences and one agent expressed the hope that the writer would find two houses for rent, as he wished to rent one himself.

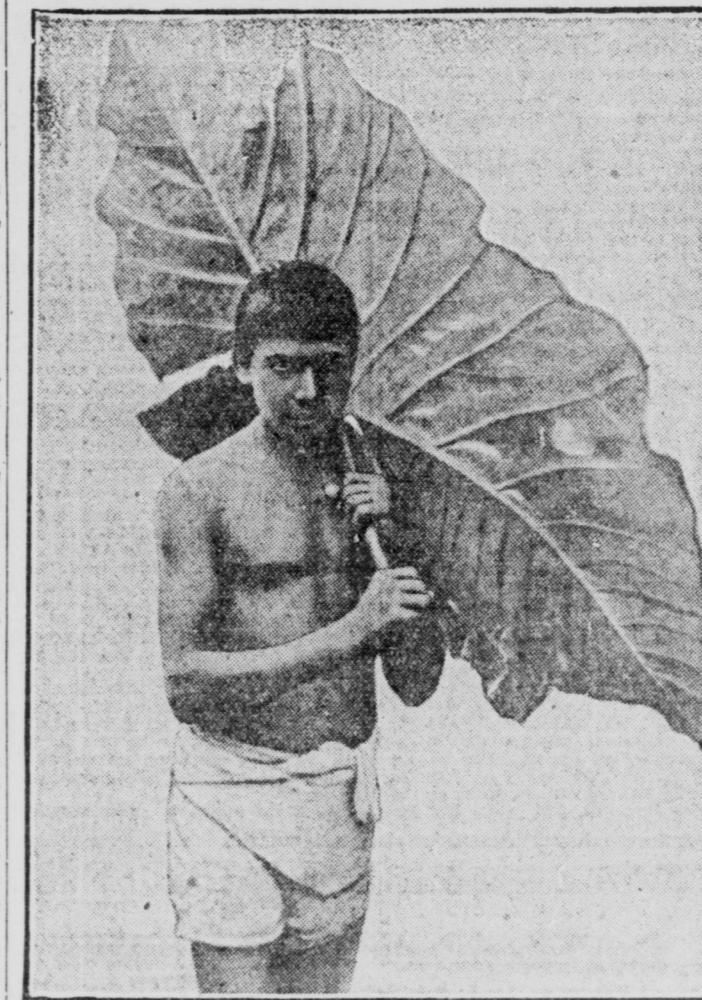
The experiment of the letter writer went toward establishing that rental properties do not exist in any proper proportion to the demand, and that a great many agencies in this city are overlooking the very obvious fact that every renter is a potential buyer.

Of the 241 agents who were importuned to provide this family with a place to live, only one made any effort to solve the problem presented.

As a result of his interest in the difficulties of the letter writer he obtained a buyer and concluded the sale of a home.

INDIANA DAILY TIMES, TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1921.

He Takes Life Seriously



"We met this chap on the road from

Suva, Fiji, to the Rewa River. He was plodding along in the rain with a huge leaf held over him for an umbrella. By signs and with the aid of our valuable driver we got him to pause long enough for his picture to be taken. It was impossible to get him to smile, however, in spite of the fact that we imitated chickens and dogs for his benefit.

When we drove on he resumed his journey, and in that time he had not once opened his mouth.

The quotation above is taken from a letter from W. D. Boyce, owner of the Times, and written from the Fiji Islands.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Listle

CHAPTER CXLVI.
"Don't call Terry—yet," said Betty shyly. "I want to talk to you first."

"Then I'll get all comfy in a chair," I replied, rising from my kneeling position by the bed where I was caring for the sick. "We'll have to distract the bandage on the right arm, lying in a strange mechanical 'cradle' above the torso."

"Tomorrow!" interrupted Terry in a tone that sounded like a chant of victory and a hymn of praise in one.

"Tomorrow!" I gasped.

"Here, here, sister Anne! It's difficult to make you as sister if you spoil my work for me! It's a pity I can't have a while to make Betty see the light. Now don't reopen the argument. It's closed!"

Terry's voice was jolly and friendly, but there was the light of command in his eyes. It was Betty who explained with sweet womanliness:

"He wants to take care of me, Anne. And I'm proud to let him. I guess I always wanted to be taken care of, anyway. . . . And I never have before."

Betty whispered that last sentence so gently that I knew it was just to Terry she spoke—not to me, and I began to think I had better run off for another walk with Miss Moss. But Terry was trailing off, and in another minute my splendid, brave, proud Betty was sobbing for all the world like tired old hen.

I slipped to the floor at her left side and pillow her head against my heart, smoothing her soft hair and murmuring to her as if she were my own little sick girl.

After a minute or two Betty lay still,

and then a muffled voice spoke:

"I'm so tired, Anne—so tired!"

"So you've never been matron of honor at a wedding?" cried Betty, in high good humor. "Well, do you think I could manage to be—"

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