

Indiana Daily Times

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BUT did not Donn Roberts test a law some few years ago?

A DETROIT JUDGE advocates sixty days' notice of intention to marry, by application and also by publication. Is there a woman who could not change her mind in that time?

THE LOUISIANA negro who fell asleep during the argument of his lawyer while on trial for murder was either gassed or doubted the efficacy of the argument. Surely he was interested.

THE WORST CASE of insult added to injury recently comes from Chicago, where dwellers in houseboats—want of better homes—were ordered to move at once—and take their boat with them.

Why Not Sell the Coke?

In its latest brief, filed with the public service commission in behalf of its efforts to raise the price of gas in Indianapolis to 90 cents, the Citizens Gas Company continues to argue that inability to dispose of a vast stock of coke creates the emergency under which it seeks to obtain higher rates.

This plea would be much more effective if the gas company would show what, if any, efforts it has made to sell coke.

From its officers and from other sources the public learns that its arrangements for selling coke consists of a contract with a foreign company by which it pays the foreign company an unreasonably high commission for disposing of its coke, and under the terms of which it is practically precluded from selling coke to the people of Indianapolis who wish it, except at a price greatly in excess of what coke is worth and for which other coke may be obtained.

The record does not show that the gas company is now or ever has been making any effort to sell its coke.

It does not show that the gas company desires to sell its coke. On the other hand, it appears from the testimony of Mr. Forrest, who will not be unanimously believed, that the gas company desires nothing more than to be undisturbed in the present arrangement by which it is not selling its coke.

The public service commission has just as much jurisdiction over the coke product as over the gas product of this company. It can, if it deems such action advisable, order the Citizens Gas Company to adopt other means of disposing of its coke than those under which the Cincinnati company is sharing the profits with little or no effort.

And if the commission has any regard for the citizens of Indianapolis whose interests it is presumed to protect, it will not allow the company to increase its rates until such time as the company has demonstrated that the "emergency" it seeks to establish is not an "emergency" of its own creation.

When that is done there will be no necessity for increasing rates at all.

Marking the Hun's Ruthlessness

The authorities of Paris are to erect 702 memorial stones about the city, each one to mark the place where a German shell fell, shot from over sixty miles. Over two hundred fifty men, women and children were killed and more than six hundred wounded in this inhuman bombardment by the Huns.

These places tell the high tide in the war; the ruthlessness of the Germans in making war on women and children, and now that they are marked, generations following may note the places of devastation.

Many will tell tales to a later generation of how, out of the clear sky, a great bomb dropped; how a church full of worshippers was struck and how every quarter of an hour there came from some unknown place one of those death dealing missiles.

On hearing of this at first some denied it, in America, and said it was impossible, but could not explain the situation, until an artillery officer of the United States expressed the conviction that it was possible to do just as the Germans were doing. Later this was confirmed.

But to the French, standing the brunt of the war, it became a nightmare, wrecking more nerves and spirits than buildings. Then armor discovered the guns. Soon thereafter the war stopped.

It is well these places are marked, for it will show the visitors who go to Paris for sport and curiosity that the city endured more during the war than far off American could realize.

Recognition of Merit

The recent issuance of 748 permanent commissions to World War veterans in the marine corps carried more significance than just the promotions of deserving men. It serves in a sense to obliterate the ancient line between officers and privates, for the latter never had the opportunity to rise from the ranks as he has today.

There is no reason why, among a democratic people, those who show ability should not be recognized and promoted. On the other hand, there is every reason this should be done. While America has nothing to fear from its army, the infusion of new blood, with later ideas and renewed ambition, is sure to raise the standard of the army and at the same time to keep it in sympathy with the citizens of the republic.

England endured in its form of government, not because of her nobility, but because younger brothers of the nobility became commoners and overcame, in a sense, titles and ancient traditions, in the quest of a living. The infusion of new blood into the life of the common people thus kept a whole, some respect for the empty titles and forms which have so long endured. So it will be with the army of America.

The officer of today was a private soldier of yesterday and a citizen the day before and had nothing in common with any military caste or clique. So he will balance that machine, will carry traditions of peace and citizenship into the ranks and thus be a powerful instrument in preserving American liberty.

The Way of Utility

The completion of the second Simplon tunnel under the Alps between Switzerland and Italy, which will occur in July, possesses a charm to the observer, even in this level country, for was it not the crossing of the Alps which was supposed to hold back warriors of old—Hannibal and Napoleon, and did they not accomplish what was supposed impossible?

The first tunnel is over twelve miles long. It was a great engineering achievement and took a decade to complete. The old road over the Simplon occupied several years in construction and was built by Napoleon. Now, with the help of modern machinery, the second tunnel will cost much less and will be built in shorter time than the first one.

Of course, the way to go to any place is in a straight line, the shortest distance between two points, but all the romance of engineering can never overcome the feeling that every one should go over the mountains and enjoy the magnificent scenery and crystal-like air, instead of burrowing as a rat in the ground.

Utility always has a strange but certain manner of achieving results without regard to the scenery or even the wishes of men.

Clean Your Own House

"No thoughtful citizen, whatever he may think of the prohibition policy, can possibly excuse willful violation of law by officials sworn to enforce it," says the Chicago Daily News in an editorial effort to justify John E. Kramer's claim that "in view of the many difficulties encountered by the authorities in their effort to enforce the prohibition law the results achieved are remarkable."

One cannot reconcile the News' statement aforesaid with Mr. Kramer's claim. It is self-evident that one of the difficulties in the way of enforcement of prohibition is the repeated violation of the prohibition law by the very officers who are presumed to enforce it.

Mr. Kramer has knowledge of these violations, yet he condones them, and complains of the violations of others interfering with his efforts.

If we had less violation of prohibition laws among prohibition officers we would have less difficulty in enforcing prohibition.

If Mr. Kramer would clean his own house of violators over whom he exercises jurisdiction, he would find that there is less need of complaint of "many difficulties encountered."

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXXIX.

Promptly at six I arrived at the Walgrave. No Jim. He hadn't come by quarter past, either, and I reflected with what I tried to make good natured detachment, that he had never—during all the months of our marriage—been late. But by six-thirty I was "detached" not by accident good natured. Then, just as I was trying to decide whether I'd better get a boy to page him, or phone the office to see if anything had happened, Jim appeared and rasped out sharply:

"Been looking everywhere for you, Anne. Don't you know by this time that every one waits in the other corridor?"

"This is quieter. And we used to meet here when we lived at the Walgrave," I protested, remembering those clear, happy days through the mist of the present.

"All right, all right! Don't hold me up any longer. I've a taxi waiting." Then as I jumped up quickly, a satirical smile greeted me. "I thought that would start you off, you frigid soul, you! Anne, I'll have to teach you to take luxury as gracefully as you faced poverty."

"If that's a compliment, I'll make the best of it," I replied, allowing my chagrin in amused realization that I hadn't beaten me to it. I would have acted like the abused member of our party.

I drove at once to the fashionable thoroughfare where Jim had found the apartment that suited him so well. There was a magnificent stone-pillared entrance hall with a Chinese rug worth a king's ransom on the floor, and Italian stone benches and very modern American lamps with translucent glass shades.

Jim wielded a key with an air of possession, and admitted us to a conventional city apartment.

Big living room and dining room darning off from the reception hall at right angles, while a door next the dining room entrance led to the sleeping rooms and baths. Virginia's apartment was similar to that, so was Betty's. I couldn't imagine this place ever seeming distinctly and exclusively mine.

"Plenty of windows for light and air, and—look at the view!" said Jim with the proud air of a showman, leading me to the great triple windows of the living room.

"Oh, Jim—this is so high! You can look out over everything. It frightens me. Suppose there was a fire?" I cried disbelievingly.

"You'd go over the roofs," replied Jim, too absorbed in his own attitude to react.

Jim's voice was like a whip-lash, but before I could reply there came three signaling taps on the bell and Jim—with clearing brow and warning whisper to me—opened the door to admit a girl of a man.

After a word of greeting he presented Mr. Cosby and my hand was engulfed in a sturdy grip. "I know what it is to be always in debt. . . . When I was a child my father gambled, you know. Red velvet hotel suites—parallel to this, one month. Shame on you!"

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DALE WINTER'S 'IRENE' IS SEASON'S SWEETHEART

Anita Arlis Does a Spanish Vamp—New Policy at Rialto and Broadway

The world's sweetheart has been found.

"Irene" is her name. She was brought to life last night on the Murat stage by Miss Dale Winter during one of those rare evenings in the theater which one reads of but seldom sees.

"Irene" is a thoroughbred and at times during the performance she has been beautiful dancing, the love sentiment and the wit, I found I could not think that "Irene" was the charming daughter of "The Merry Widow."

"Irene" as a musical composition and a musical comedy will rank for years to come in the memory of theater-goers just as "The Merry Widow" has haunted the fancy of all for years. I do not hesitate to say that she has the edge on "The Merry Widow" which is come to melodious. The famous waltz number made the "Widow" show, but "Irene" boasts of such melodies as "Last Part of Every Party," "To Love You," "Irene," "We're going to have a party," and the best of them all, "Alice Blue Gown."

Most of us are familiar with these tunes of "Irene" and the story of how a little Cinderella shop girl climbed down from the fire escape of her cheap tenement house and landed in real society.

The question is, before you hand over your hard-earned money at the box of seats—is the company and production as being offered at the Murat this week worth the price?

How is the answer? It is the biggest bargain in real entertainment which the Murat has offered this season. I am well aware of the fact that one company is presenting "Irene" in New York City and that it is packing the house at the Rialto in Chicago, but the company at the Murat will stack up favorably with the best seen here in several seasons.

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