

Indiana Daily Times

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NOW, there is no longer any excuse for failure to fill the community chest!

THE PRIMARY RESULTS ought to be a lesson in the advantages of moderation in the slogging of mud!

WHAT A WORLD of campaign material has been provided from the mouths of Republicans for the campaign of Boyd M. Ralston!

THE PECULIARITY of the vote was the manner in which the political observers were fooled as to location of the candidates' strength!

DEMOCRATS have occasion today to congratulate themselves that at last the party as a whole has seen the evils of bipartisan combinations.

MAYOR JEWETT said this was the first time in which Republican candidates had ever repudiated a Republican administration. There had to be a first, sometime!

Shank's Victory

Samuel Lewis Shank, the candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor who repudiated the administration of Mayor Charles W. Jewett and openly defied the Indianapolis News, has been chosen to head the Republican ticket for the city campaign.

Boyd M. Ralston, concerning whose nomination there was never any serious doubt, will head the Democratic ticket and the sincerity of those Republicans who for weeks have been terming Shank a menace to the city and declaring that his election would be a "fatal calamity" to Indianapolis, will be tested at the polls in November.

The success of Mr. Shank in one of the hardest fought and bitterest primaries Indianapolis has experienced was due to nothing so much as to the unyielding demand of the Republican organization, headed by Mayor Jewett and guided by the News, that it be permitted to select the nominee, and make a distinction between the citizens of Indianapolis who take their politics at its dictation and those citizens who still believe that a party member has a right to express his preference.

Thomas C. Howe, former president of Butler College, and the selection of "thirty-five men" for the nomination, must now join the long list of estimable gentlemen who have been lured into depending on the overrated power of the Indianapolis News only to find that in the last analysis the News is not capable of delivering.

Ed J. Robison could have defeated Shank for the nomination. He was first in the field and by all the rules of fair play in politics should have been permitted to gather himself the entire opposition to Shank, which would have been sufficient to have nominated him.

But Robison refused to bend his knee to the organization and the organization risked the division of the vote in its effort to nominate a man it evidently believed it could control.

Mr. Howe's defeat largely to the manner in which Mr. Jewett and his newspaper ally overplayed their claims to righteousness. Thousands of votes were alienated from the organization candidate by wholly unnecessary and certainly undesirable effort to make it appear that the "good people" of Indianapolis were "united in support of Mr. Howe."

The nomination of Mr. Shank proves more than it proves anything else, that the citizens of Indianapolis cherish their political independence and are willing to fight for it.

The Shank vote was very largely a vote of protest against Jewettism, the domination of a newspaper and the effort to monopolize the designation of "good citizens."

Those Republicans who were sincere in their expressed belief that Samuel Lewis Shank is not a fit man to be mayor of Indianapolis will now be compelled to decide whether they love Indianapolis more than Republican regularity.

Those who resorted to condemnation of Shank merely for the purposes of helping their favorites will, of course, soon rally to the Shank banner.

In the meanwhile, the Jewett-Lemcke machine, which Ralph Lemcke recently declared cost a half million a year to maintain and "would control Republican politics for the next seven years," is on the scrap heap.

Perversity!

A news item from Virginia narrates that an ex-Confederate veteran, aged 103, recently drowned in a well. The incident illustrates the irony of fate and could be followed by many others. He met dangers for over a century, only to fall into the same.

Stories of soldiers going through long campaigns and returning home, to drown while fishing, or to choke on a fish bone are so common that it sometimes seems fate enjoys causing such strange happenings. It is like the automobile engine which never gave any trouble but which stopped for the first time on a railroad track with a train coming.

On the same principle is the fact that an umbrella cannot be found when it is raining, although it has always been in sight at other times. And a collar button never gets away and hides excepting when the wearer is in a hurry. Even some street cars, trying to gather nickels for the poor public utilities, may not stop just when they are most wanted, or indeed may not appear at all, though the schedule is not to blame.

However, if things always happened according to rule, or even according to our idea of logic, this would be a very tame world.

Cussing Friends!

There is a question which gets the worst thoughts, the telephone or the alarm clock. Probably the telephone has the most continuous abuse but the alarm clock certainly loses caste even when it is faithfully and impartially doing its duty—also when it is punctually doing it, but there's the rub.

People really do not mean what they say when the alarm clock awakens them, nor do they take seriously the annoyances of an interrupting telephone. If they were serious the telephone could be removed and the clock left unset. But what business or even residence wants to forego the convenience of the phone or who, unless thoroughly accustomed to awakening, would do without the joy killer of early morning?

One of the peculiarities of our modes of thought is the hurling of invectives against that which is really cherished and highly regarded. The mother-in-law, the biscuit of the bride, the old automobile and the street car company—to say nothing of each political party, have been vilified and abused, even more than the telephone or the clock, yet down deep in the heart, when the truth is told, they are highly regarded.

The despised things of today are kindly regarded tomorrow and by and by their true worth is recognized. The dead politician becomes a statesman, the phone a great convenience and the alarm clock a necessity.

Protect the Flowers!

The past two weeks or more has been a season when dogwood was in flower and when that early growth was most admired by all nature lovers. Many automobiles returned to the city covered with the white flowers, gathered indiscriminately wherever found, and unconsciously a great deal of depredation was done by those who gathered them.

The tendency of the city person, when in the country is to pluck and bring home all the beautiful things possible. Wild flowers are taken, the best first, then others, until what remains to propagate are the smallest and poorest. With the dogwood, too, not only are large branches broken from the trees, but at times the entire tops are cut off and carried away. On the morrow they are faded.

So many people have made it a habit of going out from Chicago, since the automobiles have come into general use, and so great has been the inroads made upon wild flowers, that lovers of these flowers have organized a society to sow seeds, for if the extermination is continued soon it would be complete.

The thoughtlessness of those who take the last flower, or indeed, who pluck the largest one, is perhaps excusable, for they do this out of love for the dainty little harbingers of spring. They do destroy at times what nature has taken years to build and the gratification is the possession of a few flowers for a day at longest, when they fade and are thrown away.

The automobile is here to stay and the rare trip to the country will be indulged in more and more. It would be well to make protection of flowers and shrubs a study and to put the conclusion into active practice, so as not to exhaust the supply available.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CCIV.

For weeks Jim and I haven't given each other any happiness. There's no dodging that fact. "Time was when we were really happy," Jim used to say, "but now we're not. The tenderness we made up for the both of us in the tenderness we showed each other afterwards. Now Jim sighs and belittles me and there isn't any compensating tenderness later."

I've been wondering and wondering if any man but one tired of his wife would say calmly to her:

"Do you mean to tell me we've come to the parting of the ways?"

I can't gloss over the fact that Jim was almost always away from Betty's breast. I ran away from Betty's breast to my running away from Betty's breast to Anthony Norreys was there. That meant he's lost the interest in me that would once have made him wildly jealous at the thought of my visiting Terry and Betty when Terry was there. I suppose that in turn is explained by the interest he feels in Valerie Cosby—the interest he showed so plainly on our week-end trip.

Since he doesn't care what I do unless my actions help or hinder him with his business friends, and—if what he does no longer matters to me, haven't we come to the parting of the ways? And if we have

I don't know. I only know that I met Anthony Norreys for lunch. Six months ago I wouldn't have dreamed of doing such a thing, but six months ago Jim and I were happy.

Tony was waiting when I arrived at the restaurant.

"Welcome," he said. "I've a table at a sunny window looking out on the avenue, and there are pungent claims waiting to bring to you tell me why you ran away from Betty's."

As we crossed to our table, I wondered if Tony actually knew I liked clams and was willing to eat them. It merely happened to have those tastes in common. As soon as we were seated I asked him. His eyes twinkled as he replied:

"Oysters are too gray for you. Pink clams and sunshine are just right, child. As a matter of fact, though, you mentioned your preferences—a lot of 'em' the night you and Betty and I formed our Friendship Club. Now that I've led you round to friendship again tell me who you are. I'm afraid from this friend I'm a friend, isn't he?"

"Otherwise I wouldn't be here," I replied gravely. "But why do you persist in saying I ran away?"

"Your bag at the station."

As he said that tersely, I noticed again how rugged and sturdy Tony's chin is. A chin like his doesn't put up with evasions. It demands truth, whether sweet or bitter.

"All right," said Little Puss Junior. But before sitting down to the table he slipped under his jacket his knapsack, which he had tucked down to his feet.

"Out!" sighed the giant for the third time. "I've got to unbuckle the third button."

"Bub!" answered Puss. "It's the easiest thing to release yourself," and he took his knife and slit his jacket and the knapsack under it the whole length of his stomach. "Now's your turn, do as I do, if you can!"

"Excuse me!" gasped the giant. You will, I'd rather be your servant than do that."

And in the next story you shall hear what other wonderful things Little Puss Junior did.—Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory.

You remember in the last story the giant told Puss to take two buckets and fill them with water to make the soup. Little Puss Junior looked at the buckets, the tops of which he couldn't even see, for there were two enormous heads ten feet high and six broad.

"He's a giant," said the giant, "so I'll have to be quick."

"How about the soup?" inquired Mrs. Hooper. "Shall I send about the water?"

"No, we'll eat the soup," said the giant, "but we'll have to wash and iron after we have eaten all week from the little bed you've been taking care of."

"They were all right when I took them out, but I stepped on the rake handle and broke it off so mother will have to add a new handle to her supplies this week."

"How about the soap?" inquired Mrs. Hooper. "Shall I send about the water?"

"No, we'll wash the clothes," said the giant, "but we'll have to wash and iron after we have eaten all week from the little bed you've been taking care of."

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