

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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PRESUMABLY Mayor Shank will appoint the women members of his advisory committee at a later date.

WASN'T IT Governor Goodrich who was lauded for taking the oil-injection department "out of politics?"

COUNCILMAN CLAYCOMBE has undertaken a monumental task in starting a defense of the public service commission.

THE DEMOCRATS appear to be much in need of a man who has the ability to reorganize the State committee and the money to spend doing it.

ANYHOW, the board of works is broad enough to admit that the task of rerouting street cars was most faithfully performed by the committee.

THERE SEEMS to be logic in Chief Rikkhoff's reasoning that if there is no gambling permitted there is no reason for a club to have its doors closed.

DOUBTLESS the members of our school board will get the matter which favorite gets the business director's job settled before the weather becomes favorable for building the many schools it has promised.

A Dying 'Squeal'

There is no longer any doubt that charges made some time ago concerning a carefully laid plan to discredit the prohibition amendment were true. From all over the country, in a sequence that indicates careful pre-arrangement, stories are coming of the activities of "powerful organizations" said to be demanding referendums on the return of light wines and beer. In Washington, G. O. Hinckley, secretary of the Association opposed to National Prohibition, is giving out interviews telling of organization effort. In Chicago Anton J. Cermak, alderman and former liquor dealer, is boasting of the "quality" of the workers who are seeking to overthrow the Constitution. In Cleveland Fred W. Marcellin is talking of a State, county and town organization in Ohio "to concentrate for a smashing smash at the election."

F. Scott McBride, a Chicago official of the Anti-Saloon League, probably designates the movement correctly when he says that "it is merely the final squeal of the defeated liquor interests."

Regardless of their assertions to the contrary, the leaders of this wet movement know that there can be no sustained effort to repeal an amendment to the Constitution or to overthrow the enforcement thereof without a barrel of money. Every one knows that only one field is open for the accumulation of money with which to formulate such organization and that field is the one populated by the brewers and distillers.

No movement for the return of intoxicating liquor can possibly exist without the support of the interests that formerly flooded the country with liquor. Even though there might be a sincere effort on the part of a few to combat prohibition without the aid of the brewers and distillers, it could not be done. The brewers and distillers would not permit it.

Consequently, we have the spectacle of a group of citizens starting an organized movement for the benefit of a discredited and ousted set and attempting to assert in the face of incontrovertible evidence that they have no connection with the very group they are seeking to rehabilitate.

This anti-prohibition movement is a senseless thing. It is foredoomed to defeat before it gets under way for the reason that it is the expression of the longing of the minority against the determination of the majority. As it continues it will arouse the militant spirit of those who established prohibition, crystallize general sentiment in favor of a more vigorous enforcement of the prohibition laws and bring about the very things that it opposes.

Liquor is banished from the United States. No amendment to the Constitution was ever repealed and none is likely ever to be repealed. What laws are necessary to the carrying out of the spirit of the Constitution will remain in force and will eventually be wholly enforced.

Finally, the thirst of the anti-prohibition crowd will become so acute that parched throats will preclude the "squeals" to which we are now listening.

This is the Law?

It is inconceivable that the Supreme Court of Indiana ever intended that any one should go to jail as a punishment for the act of another over whom he had no authority and whose actions he neither aided nor abetted, approved or disapproved, controlled or directed, but that is exactly what the Supreme Court made possible in sustaining the conviction of James L. Kilgallen for contempt of the Marion Criminal Court.

Through the peculiar processes of the law which are difficult at best for the layman to follow, Mr. Kilgallen appears to have brought upon himself a punishment which, by no stretch of the imagination can be justified, simply because he endeavored to show to the court that convicted him that another person was responsible for the act of which the State of Indiana complained.

There was published in the Times an article which the court believed to be a contempt. Regardless of the fact that the trial judge was previously informed as to who wrote and caused the article to be published, the judge caused Mr. Kilgallen to be cited for contempt.

Mr. Kilgallen could easily have avoided the punishment of the court by merely denying his responsibility for the article. But he did more—he denied his own responsibility and he pointed out to the court the person who was responsible. In so doing he framed an answer in three paragraphs, which the higher court held was "not sufficient."

In the case of Zuver vs. State, another contempt proceeding, Zuver filed an answer in which he said:

"John Henry Zuver, being first duly sworn, upon his oath disposes and says that the contents of the first and second paragraphs of answer filed by him herein are true."

This the Supreme Court held to be a proper verification of the answer and upon it Mr. Zuver was discharged.

In the case of Kilgallen vs. State, Mr. Kilgallen filed an answer in which he said:

"James L. Kilgallen, being first duly sworn, on his oath says that the statements and facts set forth in the foregoing answer are true and correct."

This the Supreme Court held "could not be considered as a verification of each paragraph of the answer."

Is it possible that on such a fine distinction as this may rest the liberty of an innocent man in Indiana?

Where to Begin

A great many people in Indiana will regard the suggestion of Mr. Eschbach of the State board of accounts that we have too many officials as an exceedingly frank discussion of a very personal matter.

In their opinions the State could get along first rate without either Mr. Eschbach or the corps of field examiners which he directs.

There is, of course, a necessity for a bureau of audits in the State and this bureau should be charged with the standardization of all the bookkeeping of the several governmental units. But that there is any need of the separate department of government over which Mr. Eschbach presides is an open question. Reviewing its record from the time of its inception to the present impresses one that it is the most shining example of the humbuggery regarding economy which Mr. Eschbach so valiantly denounces.

As a result of the existence and rulings of the State board of accounts government units have been mulcted of tremendous sums paid out for inferior articles purchased of the "lowest bidder." It has become a practice of the vendors of inferior articles to raise their prices to governmental purchasers to a level just under that of superior goods and depend upon the demand of the State board that the "lowest" bid be accepted to obtain for themselves a high price for an inferior article.

As a whole, the people of Indiana will agree with Mr. Eschbach that officials should be eliminated and economy practiced in somewhere near the ratio that it is preached.

And many will maintain that the new order should start with the State of accounts.

A SOCIETY SPANISH VAMP WRECKS A BULL FIGHTER And Then Turns Her Attention to a Pale-Faced Poet

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

Vampires with dark hair and even darker eyes exist in Spain just as they do in the American movie studio.

And what a grand job of wrecking this Spanish vampire of high social standing and wealth does to bull fighter in "Blood and Sand," a stage version of Vicente Ibanez's novel of the same name.

Juan Gallardo, the bull fighter, is "some" wreck when the dark haired Dona Sol gives him a cold shoulder and turns her vampish eyes upon the pale face of a poet.

Juan under the influence of drink forces his way into the house of the society siren. He finds her waiting for her latest victim—the pale faced poet. She calls Juan a "br'er" and "a clown" and "a killer of bulls."

She taunts him and then turns on the chilly blast of indifference. She calmly tells him that she is done with him. In his mad fancy, he rehearses the nights when he and she were alone. When she was "his woman."

She snaps her fingers, throws back her head and looks with frigid contempt at the bull fighter. The blood and sand of the arena seem to enter his own blood. He becomes a demon and forces her to marry and the life of the pale faced poet.

The bull fighter will not kill the poet. No, he will wait until the vampire fingers of Dona Sol coil around the heart and soul of the poet. Juan Gallardo, the

bull fighter, knows that she will do a better job of wrecking than he could do either with his hands or a revolver.

The scene shifts to the Chapel of the Virgin of the Dove at the Plaza de Toros in Madrid. This is the place where the bull fighters pray that they may live. Before the faithful wife of the bull fighter pray that Juan Gallardo, her husband, will live through his last fight.

As she prays, the mob in the arena cheers the mad attempts of Juan to make the bull even more mad. Cheers turn to screams. Juan Gallardo had been fatally injured. He is carried into the chapel and there in his last moments mistakes his dutiful wife for the worthless Dona Sol.

The mob in the arena cares not that Juan Gallardo is dead. They have found a new hero and as the curtain descends

OH, LA, LA! ZUT, ALORS! BA-BEE!



MADELINE DELMAR.

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YE TOWNE GOSSIP
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By K. C. B.

YEARS AGO.

IN THE Middle West.

I HAD a friend.

WHO WORKED with me.

AND WE called him "Fat."

FOR HE was fat.

AND JUST as lazy.

AS HE was fat.

SO VERY lazy.

AS A matter of fact.

THAT HE had a habit.

OF CLIMBING in backs.

AND OF HACKMEN he knew.

AND DOZING there.

TILL HE was put out.

AND ONE summer night.

HE CLIMBED in a back.

FOR A little rest.

BEFORE TURNING in.

WITH THE news he had.

AND THE hackman came.

FROM A liquor place.

IN THE neighborhood.

AND MADE up his mind.

TO CALL it a day.

AND DROVE his back.

TO THE livery place.

WHERE IT spent the night.

AND LEFT it there.

AND "FAT" slept on.

TILL 3 a. m.

AND THE next day noon.

THE CITY editor.

PANNED HIM good.

AND FIRED him.

AND HE loafed around.

FOR A month or two.

AND DRIFTED away.

TO ANOTHER place.

AND I saw him no more.

UNTIL YESTERDAY.

AND HE'S still very lazy.

BUT HAS given up hacks.

FOR AUTOMOBILES.

AND HE slept in one.

ON YESTERDAY.

WHEN HE drove me out.

TO HIS orange ranch.

AND I nearly fell over.

WHEN I ran right in.

TO THE old City Editor.

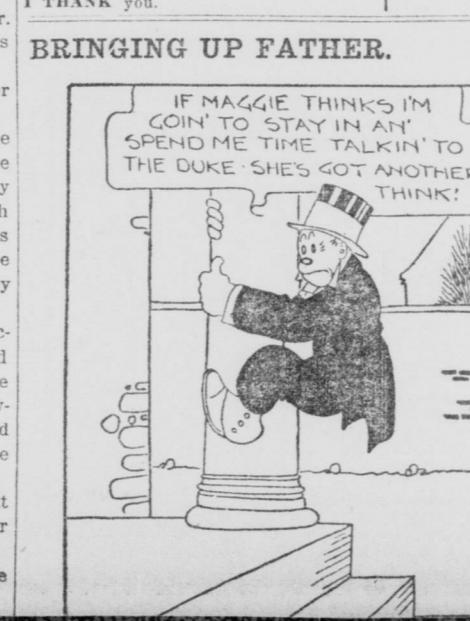
WHO FIRED "Fat."

HE'S BEEN working for.

FOR THE last twelve years.

I THANK you.

BRINGING UP FATHER.



for my Lord of Carabas, is very fond of quoting them."

A merry little brook ran under the bridge that spanned the highway, and as Puss looked over the railing at the sparkling water he spied a trout swimming about. Puss was fond of fish, as all cats are, but before he could make up his mind to go fishing the old woman cried out:

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home tonight."

LOCAL GIRL DANCES AT LYRIC.

Among the members of the Collin troupe of dancers at the Lyric this week is an Indianapolis girl, Miss Consuelo Zichendraft, whose home is at 2461 College Avenue. Miss Zichendraft took up dancing with employed as a stenographer in a local real estate office, and she soon became so proficient that she embarked upon a professional career. She

is the water would not. It was just as dismobilizing as all the others had been. So of course there was nothing left to do but try again.

In the meadow stood a great ox. The sweet clover waved about his feet and the grass wrinkled and crinkled in the afternoon breeze.

"Come along," said the old woman to Puss Junior, and when she entered over the hill and went up to the ox, she seemed quite surprised and stopped, smiling the clever tops.

"Puss Junior, to the old woman beat him and then took Puss Junior, to the old woman beat him and then climbing over the fence as fast as she could. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that."

(To Be Continued.)

"OH, LA, LA! ZUT, ALORS! BA-BEE!"

