

# Indiana Daily Times

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THE BONUS situation is one of the reasons why men leave Congress.

IT IS HARD to understand why a man would rather starve than be hanged.

THAT ALIBI that the booze was left over from pre-prohibition days is going to wear out some day.

A MUNCIE MAN had a rooster named Warren G. Harding. That is a poor name for a Democratic bird.

MAYOR SHANK's modification of his views on the abolishment of the public service commission is at least proof that he is open to reason.

IF THERE WAS a poker game and if it was held up it might be possible to find out who operated it if the operator would admit it, and that might make a good story.

A NUMBER of damage suits have been filed involving jazz music. No, they were not filed by persons compelled to listen to the music but the publishers.

**For Editors Only**

Democratic editors yesterday gave consideration to a suggestion originating among Republican editors for the formation of an alliance of newspaper representatives without regard to politics and having for its purpose the promotion of their mutual business interests.

The movement can probably be traced directly to the manner in which the editorial associations of both parties have been taken over and controlled by the politicians who are not even remotely connected with the newspaper business. Editors have found that while they are members of their respective associations, these associations are no longer in their hands, but have become part and parcel of the State political organizations and do not represent the editors as much as they do the politicians.

When the Republican Editorial Association met recently the State organization took over the arrangements for the meeting and turned it into a party for Senator Harry S. New, ignoring all supporters of ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge and placing the association in the light of having shown a preference in advance of the party primaries.

When the Democratic Editorial Association met this week, there was one editor on its program and considerable doubt created as to whether he appeared as an editor or a candidate.

Apparently, the editors of both parties have come to a realization that their editorial associations are now nothing more or less than excuse for the staging of political meetings in which they may participate but not control and through which they cannot obtain opportunity for discussion of questions pertaining to their own business.

The pressing need of some sort of an organization which will be more concerned with the stability of the newspaper business than with the political fortunes of this candidate or the other is the basis for proposals to organize another association wherein the politicians will neither be needed nor welcomed.

That there is a field for such an organization and a willingness on the part of members of both the political organizations to participate has been demonstrated.

It is not beyond the range of possibilities that Indiana newspaper editors may have the opportunity to gather with each other for the purpose of discussing mutual problems some day and these gatherings may be productive of something else besides political wind-jamming.

**The Woman in Politics**

In his letter to the Democratic editors Thomas Taggart expressed the real Democratic view of the woman in politics when he said:

"Women will not be satisfied to be aside merely by making them assistants or women members. What they want is their rights which puts them in the interest of men only."

Having achieved suffrage the women of Indiana are having more or less trouble turning suffrage into something more than the privilege of going to the polls and voting for some one who has been selected by and them on a equality with the men.

Mr. Taggart further says:

"Some men may think women have no right in politics or that they do not know how to organize a precinct or county. Women have as much intelligence as men and I do not see any reason why a woman who will go at the work intelligently and conscientiously cannot make just as good an organization as any man."

The ability of the women to organize was well demonstrated in Indianapolis in the last city campaign. The registration and the vote for Samuel Lewis Shank can be attributed very largely to the incessant and intelligent efforts of a group of women concerning whom little is now being said. These women accomplished the drudgery of the campaign at less expense and in a more efficient manner than any organization of men only has ever done the same task.

Mr. Taggart recognizes that the women cannot long be assigned the hard work of a campaign and at the same time deprived of participation in the counsels or in the rewards. He expresses the theory that has been accepted heretofore by the Democratic organization of the State, which, briefly stated, is that there must be no distinction between men and women in party affairs.

**Flirting With Death**

Motorists are now being urged to devote some care to the manner in which they damage interurban cars and railroad trains at grade crossings. A recent court decision awarded a railroad more than three hundred dollars for damages to a locomotive that came in contact with a truck at a grade crossing. At last the long suffering public utility has undertaken to defend its rights to operate across a highway by other means than force.

Incidentally, there is a humane side to the controversy which has been recognized by the Hoosier Motorist in an article in which J. N. Beggs tells how it feels to drive a locomotive and watch motorists flirt with the front end at crossings. Mr. Beggs says:

"Time after time, at many crossings on my line, I have been running at sixty-five to seventy miles an hour and after sounding the two long and two short blasts for the crossing I have seen as many as four automobiles pass across ahead of me from the left side of the track and there I was right on top of the crossing wondering how many more, if any, were trying to beat me to it," says the engineer. "Pulling a steel train of eight or ten coaches and at such speed, every sensible person knows that I could not stop or even slow down, while such drivers were taking such desperate chances."

"I have seen passengers jump from an automobile and leave the driver to his fate. I hit one car at Stockwell years ago; three men jumped to the ground and the driver continued on. It hit the rear part of the machine and threw that driver thirty feet in the air, but he was not fatally hurt. I have seen like cases where we came so close that I would catch my breath thinking we had hit the car sure. This is nearly an everyday occurrence."

"Potential death is no sporting proposition; you are flirting with death every time you take a chance in beating a train to a crossing."

**Certainly!**

We are told that if Beveridge runs for Senator he will receive the women's votes, as if women would vote as a separate body. The fact is, women votes are divided the same as men, besides, there is no particular reason why they should ignore party traditions by voting against New at the primary. The Republican "machine" of the State is for New for a second term, probably with a little doubt as to Shanktown.—Franklin Star.

**How They Happen!**

The Linton Daily Citizen offers an explanation of some heretofore unexplained automobile accidents in the recitation of the following story:

"Two local sports were unexplainably flitting their way home from Terre Haute. "Bill," said Henry, "I wan't to be very careful. Firs' thing 'y know you'll have us in the ditch." "Me," said Bill, in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was drivin'."

# THIMBLE! THIMBLE!

By CONSTANCE CORNWALL

Editor's Note—Jewels of almost priceless value, buried in England by Lady Banister, following the death of her husband, are involved in this story of intrigue. Lady Banister, formerly Miss Diana Richmond, is accused of secretly taking the jewels out of England, when she had no right to do so. She confessed her act to Lawrence Tilton, a successful lawyer and her former guardian, who advised her to return to him, finally contented, and left him in a fit to retain them. A struggle for possession ensued, interwoven with romance. Start with the first chapter and read the entire story.

**CHAPTER I.**

Lawrence Tilton, called the whitewidow, was but no means satisfied with his own achievements. In fact, he considered himself insufficient. All through his professional career he had striven for one thing, and though money and clients had come aplenty his heart's desire had eluded him.

At first when the object of his hopes and fears seemed a possibility, Tilton worked like a Trojan to gain his ends, and made more money than he would be able to spend, at his present moderate rate of living, in a hundred years. Five years before when he believed the purpose for all his efforts passed out of his life forever, the lawyer ceased to figure in his earnings and just worked to obliterate thought.

But after all, if such a thing as good coming out of evil is possible, he was wondering if he might, not at least attain the coveted prize.

He sat in a cushioned swivel chair at his carefully dusted and neatly arranged desk. Every minute or two he consulted his watch, always keeping an eye on the door as he did so. He had nervously tapped his pencil point into a perfectly

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear Mr. K. C. B.—Won't you please write something about the girl elevator operators who are holding the positions that the men held before the war. Now that there are so many men out of work I wouldn't let them have their jobs back?

And wouldn't it be well if all the women who really don't have to work and who hold jobs that men could fill would give them up? I know of a married woman in Brooklyn who doesn't need the money and whose husband has a good income and who is user in a theater. Please write something about it.

S. L. M.

IT'S A terrible mess.

THAT THINGS are in.

AND WHATEVER there is.

THAT WE can do.

I HAVE no idea.

UNLESS IT would be.

WE'LL APPOINT a day.

WHEN EVERY girl.

WHO HOLDS a job.

THAT A man might fill.

SHOULD GIVE it up.

AND FORCE the boss.

TO HIRE men.

AND THEN appoint.

ANOTHER DAY.

WHEN SINGLE men.

WHO TAKE these jobs.

SHOULD MARRY girls.

WHO HAD resign.

THEY'D HAVE to do that.

ON SOME of the girls.

WOULD STARVE to death.

BUT ANYWAY.

WHEN MEN complain.

THAT WOMANKIND.

ARE FORCING them out.

ON THEIR lawful work.

THEY SHOULDN'T forget.

IT WAS man's greed.

THAT TOOK the man.

FROM OUT of homes.

AND LET them work.

AND IT wasn't long.

TILL WOMANKIND.

GREW to resent.

THE IMPLICATION.

THEY WERE dependent.

UPON MANKIND.

AND STRANGE it is.

THAT HUMANKIND.

IS GENTLEST.

TO DEPENDENT things.

AND SO it is.

THEY HAVE our jobs.

AND NOT so much.

OF OUR tenderness.

BY GOLLY—THESE GAITERS ARE SO TIGHT I'VE GOT TO UNBUTTON THEM—

THURSTON.

On Monday night, Feb. 27, Thurston, a magician, will open a week's engagement at English's. Mr. Thurston is one of the very few magicians who can appear successfully year after year with a "magic" show which takes an entire evening to present.

BRINGING UP FATHER.

BY GOLLY—THESE GAITERS ARE SO TIGHT I'VE GOT TO UNBUTTON THEM—

THURSTON.

YOU MAKE ME SICK—WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WALKING AROUND WITH YOUR GAITERS LIKE THAT? YOU SEEM TO ENJOY BEING SLOPPY—

BUT MAGGIE—

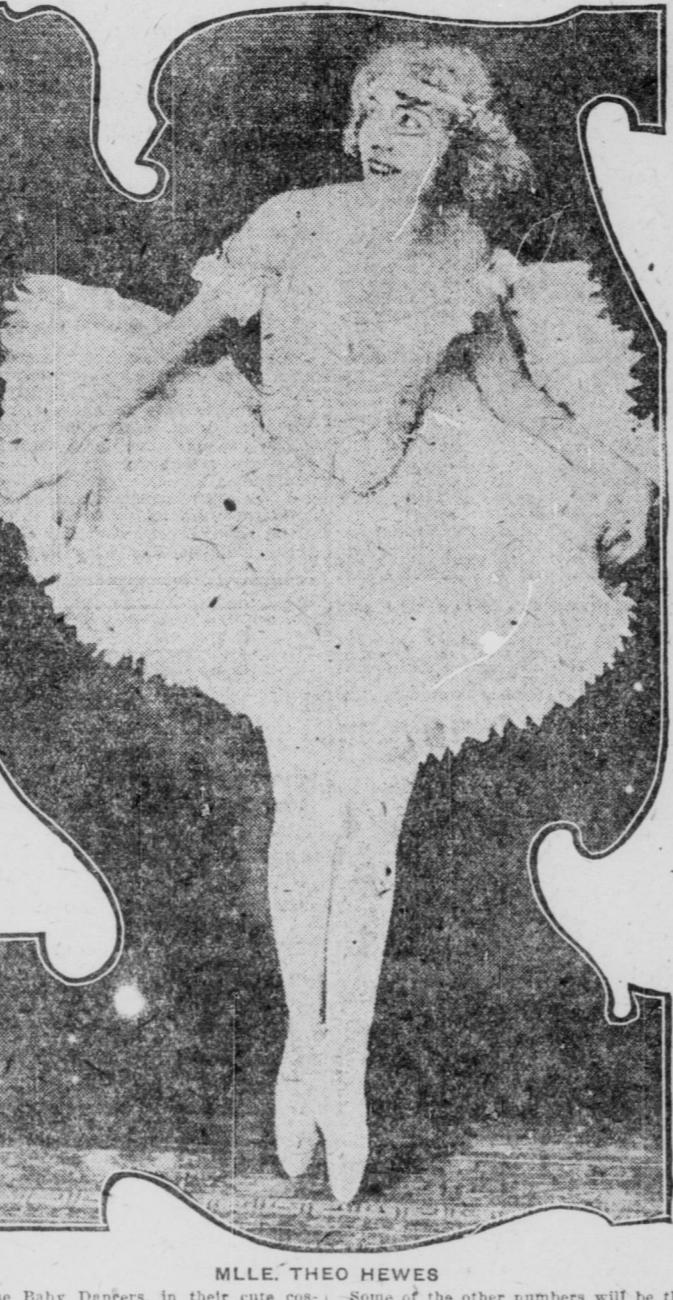
YOU ARE ALWAYS UNTIDY—WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO BE NEAT—YOU BIG BUM—

OH! SHUT UP—I'LL BUTTON EM—

I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE IF ANY ONE CALLS—

CONGRATULATIONS.

2-18

**SIXTH ANNIVERSARY PERFORMANCE DUE**

## CONVENTION OF PSI IOTA XI IN SESSION HERE

Grand Officers and Delegates Plan for Anniversary Celebration.

Grand officers and official chapter delegates of Psi Iota Xi gathered at the Clappool Hotel today for the mid-year convention. The officers include Mrs. Edgar O'Hair of Bloomington, president; Mrs. Fred Arbuckle of Rushville, vice president; Miss Kathryn Hall of Bloomington, secretary; Miss Marian Hanna, treasurer; Miss Marjorie Blinford of Greenfield, conductress; and Beatrice Crowe of Columbus, inspector.

A luncheon in parlor B opened the session when reports from officers and chapters were read. The table was attractively arranged with French basket doilies, the centerpiece, candy boutonnieres marking the places. This afternoon a business meeting was held, plans for the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the organization to be held in Muncie in June, being discussed.

Delegates present included Miss Alta Gilmore, Mrs. Joyce Easton, Gilmore; Miss Ethel Rous, Alice Rous; Mrs. Estelle Ladd, Miss Gladys Tittsworth, Indianapolis; Miss Florence Wachsteter, Miss Gladys Becker, Miss Clara Melting, Wayne; Mrs. Claude Wyant, Greenburg; Miss Harriet Marion, Greenfield; Miss Josephine Kirby, Miss Luebie Morrison and Miss Katherine Morrison, Munice; Miss Mabel Burdin, Lebanon; Miss Barbara Motter, Bloomington; Mrs. Earl W. Hayes, Indianapolis; Miss Berthe Wynn, Miss Lillian McMurray, Miss Martha Gettle, Miss Ruth Helen Sheerin, Miss Dorothy Anne Mueller, Miss Charlotte Gates and Miss Louise Metzger, all of Indianapolis.

## PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

By DAVID CORY.

There was a great clapping of hands as Puss Junior finished his story about his adventure with Cinderella. The old man said he would like to have seen the little glass slipper, and the little yellow hen said she would like to have seen the blue bird.

And then Tom Thumb looked up at Puss Junior and said: "My dear, dear Puss, you certainly had a wonderful adventure. You have always wanted to meet Cinderella, and I love all the Mother Goose characters, but Cinderella always pleased me most."

"Well, some day you shall meet her," said Puss Junior. "Some day, after we have met all the dear people in Mother Goose, you and I will retrace our steps, and I'll take you to my old home. Yes, back to my old garret where I saw the porcupine, the cat, the fat old man, and the old woman who had a drowsy cat."

"I'll just think the neighbors might think it's a good idea if we went to see the old people again," said Tom Thumb.

"Early to bed and early to rise will make us all healthy and wealthy and wise."

"Very well, Grandfather," said the little yellow hen, and she got out the candle. And when they were all lighted, she showed Puss and Tom to their room at the head of a crooked little flight of stairs. It had two small windows shaped like stars, and the moonlight made little gold stars all over the carpet. Puss set his candle down on the little pierce table, and said:

"Little Nanny Ettigot is a white porcupine, and red, and she has a long, long tail. The longer she grows, the shorter she stands."

"Then my good Sir Cat," said the little yellow hen with a bow, "you had better blow out Little Nanny Ettigot and undress yourself by the light of the little gold stars on the carpet."

Well, it didn't take Puss and Tom long to get into bed, and they were so tired that they fell asleep without even a chance to say good-night. The stars were still out, and the moonlight chased them back into the sky again.—Copyright, 1921.

**To Be Continued.**

## Constable Will Be Justice Candidate

George B. Davis, 2160 Belvoirton street, who has been a constable for twenty years in Center Township, today announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for justice of the peace of Center Township. Mr. Davis, who is the son of George Davis, a constable, served in the court of Justice under the Peace Conrad Keller for several years. He formerly was employed by the Indianapolis Street Railway Company.

## FIFTY-FIRST WEEK.

### WEEKLY STATEMENT FROM MRS. HOOVER'S ACCOUNT BOOK.

Received Henry's salary.....

Budget.....