

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 excuses 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 heeded 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 in control 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 an 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 to 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 councils 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 unceremoniously flivvering their way home from Terre Haute. 'Bill,' said Henry, 'I yancha to be very careful. First 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, brought from 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 confesses her act to Lawrence Tilton, a successful lawyer and her former guardian, who advised her to return the jewels, but finally consented to aid her in a fight to retain them. A struggle for possession ensues, interwoven with romance. Start with the first chapter and read the entire story.

CHAPTER I.

Lawrence Tilton, called "the whirlwind of success," was by 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 to his heart's desire he eluded him.

At first when the object of his hopes and fears seemed a possibility Tilton worked like a Trojan and earned his nickname of "Whirlwind," 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 came to figure up his earnings and just worked to obliterate thought.

But now, after all, if such a thing as good coming out of evil is possible, he was wondering if he might, not at last, 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 straight line.

DEAR 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 resigned. . . .

THEY'D HAVE to do that. . . .

OR SOME of the girls. . . .

WOULD STARVE to death. . . .

BUT ANYWAY. . . .

WHEN MEN complain. . . .

THAT WOMANKIND. . . .

ARE FORCING them out. . . .

OF THEIR lawful work. . . .

THEY SHOULDN'T forget. . . .

IT WAS man's greed. . . .

THAT TOOK the women. . . .

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. . . .

clean blotter until it looked like a dotted map of topography.

The drawers of his desk were literally bulging with work, and he had rung several times for his secretary, but each time he had sent the girl away, knowing that he could think of only one case and that was not yet ripe for action.

He picked up a letter from his desk and read its closing lines: "If you think I would stoop to petty theft, do not make an appointment; we shall only be wasting time."

Then he glanced at a big front page story in a morning paper: "My God," he muttered under his breath, "does she call that 'petty theft'? That's grand larceny."

He started to pace up and down the room. People who knew him best would never have recognized the cool, prominent lawyer, whose masterful handling of difficult cases that had brought him lucrative fame, in the anxious man stalking up and down, counting minutes as hours, and the morning a lifetime.

Besides being a lawyer of uncommon ability, Tilton was a shrewd politician, in the good sense of the word. At first his best friends or rather the best of his friends, deplored his entry into what they termed a corrupt profession, but the lawyer stoutly maintained his scrupulous integrity. "All inside information," he explained, "from whatever source, is just to a lawyer's mill." He believed that one could study corruption without contamination.

Time proved that he was right, for although Tilton's name frequently appeared in his heavy headlines in evening papers, and he figured in great undertakings backed by political parties, his keenest opponents had to admit that he played a fair game.

At 40, a bachelor, he had the wholesome appearance that work, success, and a decent life gives to the plainest man.

In the outer room Tilton's secretary yawned, yawned her nails and finally pulled out from her desk a novel, which had heretofore failed to interest her.

"Nothing to do?" asked a stenographer passing the door.

Miss Ellis, welcoming a chat, brightened.

"I don't know what has come over Mr. Tilton, Grace," she whispered. "I believe he is getting temperamental. He has rung for me three times this morning and each time he has changed his mind."

"What do you mean, changed his mind?" queried Grace.

"Why, he just looks surprised as though he had forgotten something. A few minutes ago he was in a rage, and then directly afterward I've heard a deep groan."

"Didn't you go in to see?" asked the other girl inquisitively.

"Of course, I couldn't deliberately ask him if anything was the matter, but I made an excuse to go into his private office. I had wanted for some time to ask him when I might take my vacation. Just as I had my hand on the door I heard him talking to himself and he was saying, 'If I have to pull every string in the accused political game I'll win out.'"

"So, I guess it's an unusually hard case that is worrying him?"

"Since when did our boss have to worry about a hard case?" Grace asked confidently. "I'm not worrying for him; take it from me. What did he say about your vacation? That interests me much more."

"He said he didn't know whether he could spare me at all; he expects to be very busy. What do you think of that?"

"I think he needs a vacation himself. A vacation himself," echoed Miss Ellis. "You don't know him. A prominent lawyer, like our boss, never takes a real vacation. He comes to the office early and stays late, year in and year out."

The stenographer threw up her hands as if to be a prominent lawyer was to be cursed. No two weeks' vacation, no going home at 5 o'clock every day, with Saturday afternoons and holidays for herself, to her mind was a hard life indeed.

"Good Lord," she exclaimed, "I'd rather be a stenographer!"

The office boy who had accompanied the lady to Miss Ellis' door had also returned to his own quarters. The stranger had apparently heard none of the conversation, for she showed perfect unconcern, and the girl's cheeklets and rather tremulous voice seemed to pass unnoticed.

Miss Ellis had never before seen such a beautiful woman. She was tall and slender, her figure the perfection of grace. Her lovely neck and shoulders gleamed like ivory through a black, filmy, gauzy dress.

She was blonde of the purest type, and the black garment enhanced the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were large, clear and blue, and eyes that could smile with love, and gleam with scorn. Her mouth was alluring with dimples, but the short upper lip indicated pride and disdain. From the crown of her rich golden hair to the tips of her tiny satin shoes she was a marvel of perfection; as out of place in a musty law office as an American Beauty rose in a grain of dust.

She dropped gracefully into a chair and leisurely drew out of an exquisite head bag of Oriental design a card which she placed in Miss Ellis' outstretched hand.

"Mr. Tilton expects me," she said without looking up.

With an unaccountable forbidding the secretary started for her employer's private office. Although she had not seen the name on the card a sudden impulse to tear up the innocent bit of pasteboard seized her. She stood still for a moment, dashed and trembling, her hand upon the door. Then supposing that she was out of sight of the visitor, she withdrew a glance over her shoulder, revealed an inquiring gaze from the other end of the room; the lady had walked over to the bookcase with the evident intention of reading the titles of some of the books, but seeing the girl's hesitation had paused.

"Mr. Tilton is engaged," she said, "I can wait."

Without answering Miss Ellis dashed into her employer's room and almost thrust the card into his hand. At any other time Tilton would have noticed

her unusual manner, but he was too absorbed in contemplating the effort to think of anything so trivial as a stenographer's nerves.

"I'll see the lady at once," he said, making his voice sound as formal as possible, though he knew it was shaking miserably. "Show her in Miss Ellis."

"I didn't even get a chance to read her name after all," the secretary told Grace a few minutes later. "I never did such a thing before as not to read a card that is put in my hand. It must have been a premonition of something that is going to happen that made me so nervous. Lots of women clients call, but none of them have ever made me palpitate as that one did."

"I don't believe in premonitions," said Bert, the office boy, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation. "The reason you got flustered was because you were caught discussing the boss. I heard you long before I got to the door."

This was an exaggerated statement intended to worry the girls, and he had to make a hasty exit to avoid the book which Grace aimed at his luckless head. (To Be Continued.)

MLLE. THEO HEWES

The Baby Dancers, in their cute costumes of tulle and tinsel, will be the main attraction at the Muncie Theater next Monday evening at the sixth anniversary performance of the Mlle. Theo Hewes.

These Baby Dancers will be presented in the Dance of All Nations and it is reported that a tiny, 3-year-old tot is to have the responsibility of representing Hawaii.

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY PERFORMANCE DUE



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he in his own shoes than his. With no wife nor children, what is he going to do with his money? He isn't the kind that adopts shoeblacks or loves and marries his stenog, eh, mate?"

"Miss Ellis dashed. Her mirror had already told her that Tilton would never fall in love with his present secretary. "That's just what I'd like to know," she said quickly to cover the girl's bluntness. "I don't see how he escapes the women in his own circle. I know."

What she knew was not told just then. Miss Ellis stopped abruptly. A lady whom she had never seen before, the girl stood at the door. The girl was startled at the beautiful apparition. Only their office training prevented them from exclamations of surprise.

After one gaping stare Grace glided behind the visitor and disappeared into her own department, leaving Miss Ellis to combat her embarrassment as best she could.

The office boy who had accompanied the lady to Miss Ellis' door had also returned to his own quarters. The stranger had apparently heard none of the conversation, for she showed perfect unconcern, and the girl's cheeklets and rather tremulous voice seemed to pass unnoticed.

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Parent-Teacher Notes

The Parent-Teacher Association of Shortridge High School will hold a "Get Acquainted" meeting Tuesday evening. The parents of freshmen especially are invited. Mrs. Richard Lieber will tell of the organization she has been making as a publicwoman. There will be music by the teachers' quartette and solos by Mrs. Jenn McCormick.

Miss Elizabeth L. Cowan will speak to the parents of school No. 50 at 2:15 o'clock next Thursday. There will be a piano solo by Mildred Floyd, readings by Janet Nogle and May Edith Spens and poem numbers by Mrs. C. A. Carlisle.

The regular meeting of school No. 45 has been postponed until Wednesday, March 1.

The executive board of school No. 25 has decided to postpone its meeting until there is less danger from the epidemic of influenza. Announcement of the date will be made in this column.

The Parent-Teacher Association of school No. 19 met this week and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Lillian Whittier; vice president, Mrs. Sophronia Lewis; secretary, Mrs. May Daniels; assistant secretary, Mrs. Kate Johnson; treasurer, Mrs. Mary Wells; parliamentarian, Oliver Miller. Meetings will be held at 8 o'clock on the fourth Wednesday of each month.

CITY TO SELL JUNK.

Plans for another city junk sale are being made by the board of public works. Department heads were notified today to send lists of obsolete equipment to the board. The articles must be valued by appraisers appointed by the Circuit Court and sold at auction. The Jewett administration disposed of approximately \$10,000 worth of such equipment.

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 Claypool 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, inspectress.

A luncheon in parlor B opened the session when reports from officers and chapters were read. The table was attractively arranged with a French basket of daffodils forming 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 Rows, Miss Dorothea Shaw, Eaton, Ohio; Miss Gladys Titeworth, Rushville; Miss Florence Wachstetter, as Gladys Becker, Miss Clara Meising, as Wayne; Mrs. Claude Wyant, Greensburg; Miss Harriet Moffat, Greenfield; Miss Josephine Kirby, Miss Luella Morrison and Miss Katherine Morrison, Muncie; Miss Mabel Burzlin, Lebanon; Miss Barbara Mottier, Bloomington; Miss Jane Alkire, Brookston; Mrs. Earl W. Hayes, Columbus; Miss Berilee Winn, Miss Lilian McMurray, Miss Martha Gettle, Miss Ruth Sheerin, Miss 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 old man, Puss, you certainly have had wonderful adventures. I have always wanted to meet Cinderella. 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, Puss and I will trace our steps, and I'll take you to my old home. Yes, back to my old garret where I first saw the portrait of my illustrious father," and then Puss Junior cried his whiskers and sat up very straight, for he felt proud to think that he had gone through so many wonderful adventures.

And then the little old man got up and said: "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 of 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 pier-table and said:

"Little Nanny Etticoot And a white petticoat, And a red nose;