

The Indianapolis Times

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ERROR IN WATER FIGHT

MAYOR SHANK has committed a serious tactical blunder in attempting to solicit the assistance of the Republican State organization in his fight against increased water rates. He and the people of Indianapolis will be fortunate if his action is not a serious blow to the case.

The Times is with Shank and with the citizens of Indianapolis in their insistence that there be no rate increase. But we do not believe any circumstances would justify the making of a water case a political issue.

Shank has been insistent that the case, if it must be heard, be placed before an impartial court of justice. That is the proper attitude. But he spoils it all by attempting to bring political influence to bear on that very court.

The mayor has condemned water company officials for alleged use of influence and in almost the same breath he attempted to do the same thing.

The granting of increased water rates may mean the defeat of the Republican party. Shank may see the handwriting on the wall. But this is no basis on which to make a plea for decreased rates.

Water rates should not be increased in Indianapolis because it is not apparent that an increase is necessary and because the citizens of Indianapolis feel they can not afford an increase—not because the Republican party may not win the election.

PEACE OF WORLD AT STAKE

ENGLAND and France are at the cross roads. In recent months they have been traveling in the same general direction, though pretty far apart. Now they must either join hands or kiss each other good-by. Much depends on the next move.

"It is not too much to say," says Stanley Baldwin, British Premier, "that the recovery of the world is in danger and that the peace, for which so many sacrifices were borne, is at stake." True enough, yet the ways of France and of Britain seem to lead in absolutely opposite directions.

France is afraid of a new, mighty Germany, twice her size, which tomorrow would launch another invasion marking the end of France for all time as a first-class power. That oldest of all instincts, self-preservation, therefore, decides her every move.

Britain, still powerful, has little fear of Germany, now or in the future. Trade, however, is her very life. And trade is in the dumps. Since the armistice she has paid out \$2,000,000,000 in unemployment doles alone. A prosperous Germany, which could buy British goods and borrow British gold, would change all this.

Can France and Britain reconcile their totally different points of view and once more join company, as Premier Baldwin has suggested? Or is the alliance, which Baldwin admits "has been and continues to be the main security of European peace," to go by the boards?

Europe and the world await the answer. No such crisis has been seen since 1914. If France and Britain finally and definitely split, the dove of peace, already well plucked, bids fair, once and for all, to get the ax.

Keep your eye on London and Paris for the next few days.

C. OF C. PLEA FOR TENNIS

THE secretary of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce has issued a statement asking the public to attend the thirteenth annual tournament for the clay court tennis championship of the United States. The public has not been showing a great deal of interest in the event.

Why tennis is not more popular is hard to understand. In some way the impression has been spread that tennis is a "flossie" game, indulged in by persons who do not care for more "manly" sports. Instead of taking an interest in a tennis tournament or playing a game once in a while, those who have sufficient leisure go out and chase a tiny ball over several acres of grass.

Not that golf is not a good sport, but we would like to see some of those who play golf for exercise attempt a few sets of tennis. There are few games that require as much physical energy as tennis. Try it once.

SHOOT A MILLION IN OIL

DO you want to prospect for oil, to shoot for a million? The Harding Administration is willing to let you in on what may be a good thing. A public auction is to be held of oil and gas leases on 728 acres of public lands in Louisiana. With tremendous salvos of publicity, the Administration invites you to bid.

Here you are offered all the thrills of expectancy. The Harding Administration prepares that for you. You'd never get the thrill if you played a sure thing and the Administration protects your interests to see that you can get it.

The Administration, for instance, forgot to hold a public auction on Teapot Dome in Wyoming when the Standard Oil-Sinclair interests took over that claim at a little private conference with Secretary of the Interior Fall. But that was a sure thing. It poured oil and dollars from the start. If you'd have been invited in on that, you'd have gotten the money, but you'd never been given the thrill of prospecting.

And the Harding Administration wants to protect your rights and interest in thrills.

Attorney General U. S. Lesh has again served notice on the "trusts" that he is watching them.

The visit of General Gouraud should provide another occasion for dusting off the silk hats in storage since Marshal Foch spent a day here.

Henry Ford has purchased "the Wayside Inn." Does this mean Ford sized hotel prices?

William H. O'Brien, possible candidate for Governor, says his visit to Indianapolis was on business. Maybe he is making a business of politics.

Claypool Hotel goes to court to enjoin an obnoxious visitor from lounging around the corridor. If there's a fellow calling on your daughter and you don't want him around get the court to "bounce" him.

Prisoner asks Judge James A. Collins of Criminal Court to send him where he cannot be tempted by white male. A difficult request, what?

PROHIBITION IS MATTER OF MONEY

Booze More Plentiful and Cheaper, However, Than Year Ago.

C. A. Randa, author of the following article, is a member of the press corps of the Indianapolis Star. He was assigned several weeks ago to find out how prohibition is being enforced and to report the information to the paper. He has tried to prove anything other than to present the facts. This is the fourth of a series of six articles.

By C. A. RANDA

"SEE the baby's new shoes, Judge, those are whisky shoes."

Hardly a day goes by but Judge Addams or Chief Probation Officer Lewis of the Cleveland juvenile court are given some such evidence the elimination of the saloon has reacted to the benefit of the poor of the Ohio metropolis.

The juvenile court is allowed 50 cents per day for the families of men committed to the workhouse for neglecting their children. In 1916 the court disbursed \$14,959 in this way. For the succeeding six years the figures are: 1917, \$13,185; 1918, \$8,560; 1919, \$8,738; 1920, \$2,398; 1921, \$2,940.

Poor Out of Luck

Prohibition in Cleveland, as elsewhere, is simply a matter of money. The man with funds can buy whisky and gin with little difficulty. The poor man cannot get beer, for, as throughout Ohio, saloons are rigidly supervised and "blind pigs" are limited.

Just or unjust, prohibition, as reflected in the figures of the juvenile court, has made life better for the extremely poor. In New York City the number of alcoholic cases received at Bellevue Hospital has shown a decline as compared with pre-prohibition years.

The records of the juvenile court of Cleveland and the municipal hospital of New York are typical of the recent experiences at institutions which come very largely into contact with the poorer classes.

Sanitariums which cater to the needs of alcoholics who are able to afford "cures," show no falling off in patronage.

Keely Cures Close

Keely cures closed up shop just on the eve of "good times" as officials estimate there are today twice as many alcohol sufferers as in 1918 and 1919.

Arrests for drunkenness showed decrease in practically all of the larger cities during 1920. Instead of dropping more in the following year, the trend was upward, and in 1922 the number again mounted.

That prohibition would empty the jails and prisons of the Nation was long a claim of the drys. This prediction has not been realized. According to the latest report on "number of prisoners in penal institutions" compiled by the United States Bureau of the Census, figures show a total of 149,909 for July 1, 1922, as compared with 146,161 for July 1, 1917.

There are more prisoners in all classes of institutions—Federal, State, county, city, chain or parole—than at any previous time in the history of the Census Bureau, though the ratio of prisoners to the total population was less in 1922 than in 1917, the figures being 137.2 and 143, respectively.

Crime on Increase

It is true, however, the number of serious crimes committed in the United States is showing a steady increase.

In this article and in previous articles of this series, I have shown how prohibition enforcement is neither uniform nor effective. Instead of being more difficult to buy than one year ago, whisky is now cheaper and more readily obtainable in many parts of the United States than it was a year ago.

Nevertheless, the cost of attempted enforcement of the Volstead act is mounting each year. The Federal appropriation for enforcement is \$9,000,000 per year. This sum is ridiculously inadequate.

The direct cost to the Federal Government, however, is one of the smaller items in the general cost of enforcement. The greater part of the burden falls upon States and cities. Over \$10,000,000 for the enforcement of prohibition laws, and the increased cost of policing the cities of the country added another \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Arthur Meeks, Uncle business man, was telling a usual line fish story, including exceptional size and weight, difficulty of landing and the "gaff" that only disciples of Izaak Walton concoct. The story was interrupted by loud laughing of his father, Martin L. Meeks, who, when he subsided, explained that the fish were all weighed by a man with a famous pair of scales. Once they were used to weigh a newborn babe, he said. The scales registered twenty-eight pounds.

Brown County, famed as Indiana's most backward, is shown by figures recently compiled to have the smallest per cent of illiteracy among the group of counties in its section.

Today a switch of cypress planted by Joshua Trueblood at Salem while on a horseback trip from Virginia in 1816, is a giant tree.

A Thought

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—Prov. 12:10.

HERE is no beauties of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—Emerson.

Heard in Smoking Room

THE man from the far east was disgusted. He had been in Los Angeles on business, and, that done, he decided to take a side trip to Portland, Ore., in order that he might see Mt. Hood before returning East. After two full days on the train, he arrived in Portland only to find one of those famous "Oregon mists" prevailing and the beautiful, snow-capped mountain was invisible.

"Hard luck," said the man in the middle of the smoker's seat, "but not quite so hard as that of a man in our town. This man is an ex-prize fighter. He was very anxious to witness the Dempsey and Carpenter fight. He tried his dearest to raise money enough to cover all his expenses, including railway fare, but he failed to get more than enough to pay his admission to the fight arena and have a little left for eats. Nothing daunted, he started to beat his way to Jersey City on freight trains, riding blind baggage, etc. As I recall it, he was arrested once on the way and fined \$10 and costs for beating his way on a train, and he had other misadventures as being thrown off the cars by freight crews. He was about ten days making the 1,500 miles to Jersey City, and he arrived there the day of the fight, sore, soiled and

A Pantoum of Transportation

By BERTON BRALEY

H—Oh hum! oh hum! this train is slow,
From town to town it seems to creep,
We never will arrive, I know;
There now, my leg has gone to sleep.

From town to town we seem to creep,
I wish that baby wouldn't yell.
There now, my leg has gone to sleep,
Heavens, how those bananas smell!

I wish that baby wouldn't yell,
Gosh, there's a cinder in my eye!
Heavens, how those bananas smell!
We've stopped to let a freight go by,

go by,
I wish they'd ventilate these cars.

No, I don't want those cheap cigars,
I don't want fruit or chewing gum.
I wish they'd ventilate these cars,
The service on this line is bum.

I don't want fruit or chewing gum!
Great guns, it's only half past four!
I've got to sit here five hours more.

Great guns, it's only half past four!
Is that kid gonna yell all day?
I've got to sit here five hours more.

I'm sure my hair is growing gray.
Is that kid gonna yell all day?

We never will arrive, I know.
I'm sure my hair is getting gray.

Ho hum! oh hum! this train is slow!

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TOM SIMS SAYS:

A BOUT the only thing worse than working this hot weather is just loafing around.

...

Some day some confidence man is going to organize a company for canning condensed water.

...

Two men in Baltimore went to jail for bringing home the bacon. They stole two hogs.

...

A man escaped from the Atlanta, Ga., pen, but maybe they can catch one to take his place.

...

Just about the strangest thing we have seen lately was a good looking efficient stenographer.

...

Believing what a bootlegger says is dangerous. The sidewalk may jump up and hit you.

...

Just before a man's wife talks him into death he hopes his worst enemy is her next husband.

...

Weather is so hot during July it leaves us no time to cuss the poor street car service.

...

A race between a couple of fat men on a hot picnic is almost as funny as the human race.

...

Cincinnati man who wanted a street car to detour around his auto will recover, doctors think.

...

You don't see many pictures of girls playing tennis because they don't play in bathing suits.

...

A secret is what you tell some one not to tell because you promised not to tell it yourself.

...

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Indiana Sunshine

Arthur Meeks, Uncle business man, was telling a usual line fish story, including exceptional size and weight, difficulty of landing and the "gaff" that only disciples of Izaak Walton concoct. The story was interrupted by loud laughing of his father, Martin L. Meeks, who, when he subsided, explained that the fish were all weighed by a man with a famous pair of scales. Once they were used to weigh a newborn babe, he said. The scales registered twenty-eight