

The Indianapolis Times

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Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 25-29 S. Meridian Street, Indianapolis. Subscription Rates: Indianapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week. • • • PHONE—MAIN 8500.

JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE

(Written by Evans Woolen, President of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company at Request of the Editor.)

THE Art Association of Indianapolis has received \$95,000 from the executor of the estate of the late Mr. James E. Roberts. This is in payment of the largest bequest the association has received since the bequest of John Herron.

This benefaction, together with bequests by Mr. Delavan Smith, Mrs. James V. Sweetzer and Miss Alice Finch, all coming this year, clearly indicates an enlarging interest in the John Herron Art Institute, which is conducted by the Art Association of Indianapolis. This interest comes opportunely at a time when the new director, Mr. J. Arthur MacLean, is entering upon a program of enlarged activity.

The citizens of Indianapolis, and indeed of the State, should understand that a museum of excellent quality and an admirable art school are being conducted in their behalf. Admission to the museum is free and in the school much free instruction is being given both to public school pupils of this city and to selected pupils over the State.

It is to be hoped that the bequests are the beginning of an increasing support for this public institution.

VACATIONING IN INDIANA

THE Times vacation guide published Saturday may have come as a revelation to many Hoosiers who have been in the habit of taking long journeys in search of vacation pleasures.

Indiana has a lake district unexcelled by any other State. Within the confines of Hoosierdom can be found places for swimming, boating and fishing to suit the fancy of any one. The State, considered by many as being flat and uninteresting, really has many places of real scenic beauty. The conservation department has turned many of these places into State parks for the benefit of the public.

TO AND FROM YOUR WORK

HOW many miles a day do you travel, to and from work? How many miles a year? Figure it up. It may surprise you. But would you trade places with John C. Emmons? He lives on a Maine farm and rides by train ninety-six miles every morning, to work in Boston, then ninety-six miles home again every night.

To accomplish this he has to leave home at 5:20 in the morning. Reaches his Boston office at 9:45. Leaves the office at 3:55 in the afternoon. Gets home at 7:45.

In all, Emmons spends over eight hours daily, getting to and from work. His is an exceptional case. But the average city inhabitant devotes at least an hour to traveling back and forth between office and home.

Sometimes it makes us wonder if we shouldn't get paid for this time—like, for instance, the plumber starting out on a job.

Emmons has to be in Boston Daily. For Boston is headquarters of three corporations of which he's treasurer. He's willing to travel 192 miles a day, devoting over eight hours to the trip, in order to live at his boyhood home and sleep nightly in the room where he was born.

A lure more powerful than steel going to the magnet, is home.

Another phenomenal commuter is Joseph C. Beck, 62, of Goshen, Ind. For thirty-six years he has been a railway mail clerk on the New York Central, always on the same run—between Chicago and Cleveland.

Soon to retire on pension, Beck reminiscently gets busy with a pencil and estimates that in the thirty-six years he has traveled close to three million miles on his mail run.

How would you like to have to travel the same distance, year in and year out, repeatedly over the same territory? And still some of us think our work is monotonous.

Twenty or thirty years ago the person who planned a long railroad trip was the talk of the neighborhood. Now he shows up missing, after an absence of a few weeks, tells how many thousand miles he covered—and his listeners yawn.

We have become a nation of tramps. The auto is largely responsible for all this; also prompt and speedy train service.

At that, though, we're stay-at-homes compared with our descendants who will hop into their airplanes and take week-end journeys to the far corners of the earth. By stretching the imagination a trifle, we can picture future picnics scheduled for 1,000 or more miles away.

How long until we weary of earth travel and head our planes out in space to the other planets and the moon?

OUR OLD melting pot seems to cook up a lot of bootleggers for us, at least.

IT IS reported the French girls have lost the art of coquetry. That shows what the A. E. F. can do on occasion.

PERHAPS that Indianapolis smoke ordinance will be ready for submission by the time the smoke nuisance becomes critical again.

FRENCH APIARISTS are complaining that German bees, imparted as result of treaty, won't stay. Seems like the French got stung in this deal.

REPORT says nine out of ten men are losers in Wall Street. Also, it may be stated that the man escaping this time is sure to be among the next nine losers. Like death, the old Street gets them soon or late.

WHY ALL this bother about drinking? Prohibition officials say only poisonous liquor can be purchased in the United States, so the lawbreakers will soon be dead, and this, they likewise assert, will be a good riddance.

IN THE DAYS of the wild and woolly west "when men were men" and poker chips were poker chips, the winners used to grub-stake players who had been "cleaned out." In this more advanced age when prize fighters are financiers, only money talks.

THE WHEELS of our courts grind slowly and exceedingly fine when the thing being ground is strong and hard enough to resist. The coal commission notes that the railroad-anthraxite coal combination "has been declared illegal by the courts within the last fifteen years, although investigation of the effect of the combination began under a legislative committee appointed just one hundred years ago."

AGENTS LAX AND BOOZE EASY TO GET

Randau Visits Detroit Immediately After Officers 'Clean Up' City.

C. A. Randau, author of the following article, is a member of this paper's Washington staff. He was assigned last week to find out how prohibition is being enforced, and to report the liquor situation generally without trying to prove anything, other than to present the facts. This is the fifth of a series of six articles.

By C. A. RANDAU
ON the first page of the Detroit News of June 23 there appeared this item:

"An agent of the Federal prohibition department from up-State found Ecce and down-river wet spots dried up today. Royal E. Decker, assistant Federal prohibition director for Michigan, said he sent the out-of-town agent there to investigate the effectiveness of the dry navy's blockade, which has been in force a week.

"This man looked as thirsty as anybody you have ever seen, and he looks that way all the time," Decker said. "If anybody could get a drink, he could. The bartenders told him they had no booze, didn't know when they would have any, because the bootleggers were stalled."

I had gone to Detroit in the hope of finding a large city where liquor was hard to obtain. Only ten days earlier E. C. Yellowley, chief, general prohibition agents, and a staff of assistants had invaded the automobile capital and after a few days announced they had "cleaned up Detroit."

Haig & Haig at \$10
Though I had been in Detroit only three hours when I saw the above item regarding Ecce, I had already been offered a bottle of Haig & Haig 5-Star whisky for \$10, and had seen whisky sold openly at 50 cents a drink over a bar on Woodward Ave., Detroit's principal business street.

Walking along the street looking for the next bar I decided to make my second trial with my coat over my arm and my hat in my hand.

In the same block I came to a bar-room which had removed the typical swinging door and replaced it with a screen door.

Along the bar were seven or eight men. They were leaning over the bar to such an extent that I could not make out, without too close examination, just what was being consumed.

I went to the end of the bar, several feet from the nearest customer, and asked for a drink of Scotch, at the same time placing a half dollar on the bar.

Glass of Scotch
Without a word, the bartender took an unlabeled bottle from the cabinet behind the bar and poured out a glass and placed it before me.

"Set 'em up over here," was a command from the bar before the bottle had been replaced in the cabinet. I don't know what the other customers had been consuming, but I do know four of them bought drinks of the same kind I had obtained, and mine was whisky, poor, raw stuff, but hard liquor none the less.

I put my hat and coat on and tried still another bar. "Scotch," I requested, without further ado, and out came a bottle labeled "Vat 69." This brand is a high class Sanderson whisky, very popular in Scotland, but little known in America.

"Much stuff coming across now?" I asked the bartender.

He seemed surprised at my question, but said, "Sure, it's the same as always."

An hour after I had arrived in Ecce, an absolute stranger, I had obtained whisky in two places. The town may have been dry in the afternoon, but it wasn't dry for patrons who came in countless or with whisky breaths.

Exposes Lax Enforcement
This experience in Ecce is important for one reason only. It makes a direct exposure of the desire of the prohibition enforcement personnel to give the lawbreaker that their work is completely effective.

Perhaps the most effective method of prohibition enforcement yet discovered is that in effect in Ohio. Under the State enforcement acts, mayors of towns are given jurisdiction, insofar as prohibition cases are concerned, throughout the entire county in which their town or village is located.

This makes it possible for one mayor to arrest violators in another town or city. Where large cities are within reach this means easy "pickings."

Points Made by Poets

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and let us know
—Earl of Lytton.

One By Sister's Feller
"When I asked papa to let me marry you, he said you couldn't keep an old cat alive."

"Wasn't that a rude name for your father to call you?"—Boston Transcript.

Heard in Smoking Room

ONE BY A MISSIONARY.

THE Cape-to-Cairo Railway runs through South Africa and up to the copper fields of the Belgian Congo, in the center of the dark continent. On this railway the "smoking room" is wherever you smoke.

Everybody in our car on the south-bound train was smoking, except one of the travelers, who was down with malaria, and a doctor who had been summoned from another car to do what he could for the fever victim.

This doctor was a big, vigorous, good-natured chap. We learned he was an American on his way home from the wilds of the Congo.

"What on earth could a medical man possibly hope to do up there among those benighted blacks who believe demons are the cause of all sickness and whose only doctors are fetish priests preying on their superstition?" someone asked.

"Well," answered the doctor, "I managed to find plenty to keep me busy. The fetish men have great influence over the natives, as you say. Some of these Ngunas, as they are called, are very clever. Naturally they cannot make a white doctor, but usually it is possible to show them up."

"For instance, at one village where I hung out my shingle there was a powerful fetish man who told the natives I was no doctor. He had them convinced for a while and they kept away from me. Then his favorite wife became ill. He tried all his charms, concoctions and incantations on her, but she kept getting worse. She was in a dying condition when he brought her to me as a last resort. I found she had appendicitis and proceeded to perform an operation which saved her life. The fetish man was overjoyed until he went back to his tribe. They threw him out. A man who could not save his own wife was no fetish priest, they said."

"At once I took on great popularity, which continued to the time I went away. But I hardly knew whether to feel honored or insulted when I discovered they had elected me as successor to the disgraced fetish priest."

"That was your chance, doctor," somebody remarked. "You had them you might have made yourself king of the Congo."

The doctor smiled. "Perhaps so," he said, "but neither the fetish nor the king business is in my line. You see, I'm a missionary."

And we looked at his card and saw: Dr. R. J. Dye of the Christian Church, Los Angeles, Cal.

Beyond the Pale

By BERTON BRALEY

TRY to love my fellow man; I do in all sincerity! And it very seldom that I fail. I know that I have every need for tolerance and charity. And other folks are similarly frail. I can forgive a lot of things, from forgery to homicide; 'Most every sin that history reveals. But there's one sort of criminal who brushes all my calm aside—The bird who wields a toothpick after meals!

I can forgive some guys who live a life of deep depravity. But not the goof who probes in every tooth; Who tries to trace within his face the locus of a cavity; He drives me to insanity in truth! I know that I have faults galore—too many to be numbering—So I can not be harsh upon a sinner; But nix upon the sort of man who mixes meals with lumbering! The bird who wields a toothpick after dinner!

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TOM SIMS SAYS:

THESE scientists making lightning can sell their thunder to a presidential candidate.

Be very careful about the jokes you tell. A New Orleans man yawned and broke his jaw.

All left of a summer girl's wearing apparel is the outskirts.

One look at a pessimist and you don't blame him for being one.

Nights are getting warm enough to flee a fire scantly clad.

Being broke feels like a doughnut hole without the doughnut.

Vacation hint: Never leave fish in the water too long, especially before catching them.

Calamity howlers are more troublesome than dogs because dogs often get tired howling.

Golf is better than fishing because you don't have to wait for a golf ball to bite.

Among the evils of leaving hubby at home is returning to find the sink a sink of iniquity.

The meanest boy in our neighborhood steals milk off the porches and leaves the bottles.

One of the bathing beauties tells us she got her face wet and can't do a thing with it.

Vacationist writes us it is so hot underwear is an overcoat.

Heart Hunger

Poor Joe Burke starved to death. Not because he was penniless. Not because he was unloving. No. He starved to death for want of the food of love that comes with a fine companionship. Dan Palmer tells the pitiful story in the Toledo News-Bea.

Joe Burke lived on the third floor of a rooming house in Toledo. "Had he sought the forest instead," says Palmer, "where bird voices and the incessant fiddling of insects break the primeval silence, he need not have been lonely." But Joe did not do that. He sought the city of men where loneliness and heart hunger often are accentuated by the very presence of humans.

A night or two ago, hunger overpowered Joe and he plunged from his little bedroom window. After they had tenderly lifted his broken body, they entered his room. There they found a note that he had penciled just before he went away.

"I have been alone twenty-six years, and since my mother died I am always lonesome for some one I can call my own."

Thus he wrote. Short, but it was all the whole pitiful story.

The Hired Man's Wife
"Malach, can your wife cook as well as your mother did?"

"She cannot," replied Malach; "but my friend, I never mention it, for she can throw considerable better."—Argonaut.

One By Sister's Feller
"When I asked papa to let me marry you, he said you couldn't keep an old cat alive."

"Wasn't that a rude name for your father to call you?"—Boston Transcript.

THEORY OF EVOLUTION DEFENDED

Herbert Quick Says Bible Account of Creation Is Not Scientific.

By HERBERT QUICK
AN eastern clergyman recently said in a sermon entitled "Shall the Monkey Theory be Exploited as Truth in the Public Schools?" "If this doctrine (evolution) is true, we should have no hesitation in accepting it, for truth is a sacred thing."

Also, he said, "The strongest evidence of the monkey theory is the antics of some of its enthusiastic advocates. They display a zeal worthy of a better cause in their frantic efforts to prove their simian ancestry."

This clergyman protested against teaching of the doctrine of evolution because it is a speculation unsupported by history, science or philosophy.

Theory Is Dignified

No one acquainted with the literature which supports the belief almost universal among biologists that the theory of evolution is a true explanation of life, would charge the evolutionists have ever cut any monkey-like capers or perpetrated antics in their efforts to prove their simian ancestry. Beginning with Darwin and Wallace, the evolutionary theory has been put forth and supported on the whole with a perfect dignity and restraint. The spirit has been that of a patient search for that which we agree with the clergyman, is sacred.

They have gathered together a great mass of facts, all of which, after being carefully examined, seem to prove man is the product of evolution from a lower form of life—not necessarily from monkeys, but from a lower form of some sort.

If the facts relating to life are presented to students in schools and colleges, the pupils will necessarily be impressed with evolution as their explanation.

Race of Ignoramuses

Firing evolutionists from the teaching body will not change the status of the matter, and the suppression of the facts will only produce a race of ignoramuses.

The Scriptural account of creation is not a scientific document. It does not explain the facts. It was not intended to do so. And unless facts which have produced our race of evolutionists are otherwise explained, they will make evolutionists every day in the future, in spite of all the puppets and fundamentalists in the world. If this result is not to follow, those opposed to evolution must face the facts. For evolution is now the only explanation there is. Not to accept this challenge is to follow a doctrine of darkness.

'Safe and Sane'

(Huntington Press)

The Fourth of July has passed, but its memory lingers, and with the memory is the thought of the future. "Safe and Sane" is the slogan adopted a number of years ago for celebrations of Independence day. Each year measures are taken to cause celebrations to approach near the ideal.

The recent Fourth of July saw many interpretations of "Safe and Sane." In a number of cities some of them among the largest in the United States, the shooting of firecrackers was prohibited.

'Economy'

(Richmond Item)

Why pick out Wayne County for the brunt of government "economy" in Indiana? This county ranks eighth among the ninety odd counties of Indiana in the number of residents paying an income tax. Even more significant, Richmond ranks ninth in the 100 and odd communities of any size.

Muncie, for example, ranks below Richmond. But they didn't abolish the Muncie office—not so that anybody can notice. No, at Muncie they have no "deputy" but a real district collector, and there's no talk of "economy" there.

"At dozens of other places of far less importance and far lower standing than Richmond there's no talk of economy. Not a bit. But then they possibly haven't a national representative who is meek and submissive enough to be a political doormat, without any but the faintest yelp of protest. That might have something to do with it, wouldn't you think?"

Laughs

Not Biting
"What! Fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the minister reprovingly. "Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?"

"Huh! I guess that's right," replied the youngster disgustedly. "I couldn't a struck no worse place dan dis."—Boston Trans.

Read This to Father

Speaker: This is the glorious day when we should all assert our independence!

Voice from crowd: Jed, I think I hear yer wife callin' ye!

Sister and Her Chum

Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came around and proposed to me.

Well, he must have gotten rid of them some other way, then.—Stanford Chaparral.

Father's Blow to Mother

Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority.

Why—I when did he is dead?

Well, no; but he's married.—Tid-Bits.

What Father Didn't Raise

Teacher: Ruthie, name the different vegetables—lettuce, onions, radishes and so forth—that your father raised in the garden.

Lettuce, onions, radishes—

What else?

I—I don't think papa raised and so forth this year.—Judge.

This See-Sawing Isn't Helping Matters Much



What Editors Are Saying

In Fields

(Lafayette Journal-Courier)

Tippecanoe County is not the only county to feel acutely the farm labor shortage. Women and girls on the farms have gone to the fields here and elsewhere over the State to supply the capable and willing hands needed to handle the harvest emergency on time and with adequate speed. The spirit of other times survives splendidly in the womanhood of today. Our women and girls are just as strong and wholesome, and in a thousand ways are more efficient as workers, thanks to new knowledge, scientific instruction and modern equipment, than were the pioneer mothers and daughters.

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Why a Congress?

The precedent set by Federal Judge Knox of a New York district has been taken up by Federal Judge Bourquin of a Montana district, who decides Congress cannot dictate the number of liquor prescriptions a physician may prescribe or the quantity thereof.

Thus the arrogance of the United States Supreme oligarchy slips down to the little district judges. Will we next have the chief attorneys of the Standard Oil, United States Steel, the kept railroads of Wall St. and such telling Congress what it cannot do?

Animal Facts

Moos-wa, the moose, is not always as dignified as he appears on the trail. Lloyd Roberts tells the Boston Transcript. Sometimes he and his ungainly friends get together and have a dance—that is, they chase each other around as if playing tag, and a good time is had by all. Rudyard Kipling once wrote of the elephant dance. Rabbits cavort of a moonlight night. Ruffed grouse and prairie chickens have a "virginal reel all their own. Oh, yes, the social instinct was not left out of animals and birds, but they have not yet taken up jazz.