

# The Indianapolis Times

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## McCray, Politicians, Justice

**P**OLITICS is a necessary part of our form of Government. But sometimes politics hampers justice in such a way that the vision of the people—and politicians—is distorted.

This has been particularly true of the McCray financial tangle. Hysteria too often has taken the place of calm, cool judgment.

There is an orderly way of getting at the facts and of being just, both to Governor McCray and the people of Indiana. This way is through the courts. The process has been started in Marion County through the grand jury.

The Republican State committee was called to discuss the McCray matter. Many party leaders were insisting his resignation be demanded. When the committee met it did nothing. The politicians realized, too late to prevent them from looking ridiculous, that a court is the place to try a case.

Among those who attended the meeting was Postmaster General Harry S. New, who made a special trip from Washington. This led to the charge by a friend of McCray that President Coolidge was interested to the extent of insisting on the committee meeting.

A former Governor has charged "McCray has been guilty of actions involving the most serious consequences."

Now we have the spectacle of the President of the United States being forced to deny he is interested in a local scandal.

All of these things happened because political hysteria has taken the place of calm legal procedure.

If James P. Goodrich or any one else insists McCray is guilty of wrongdoing, the grand jury is the place to tell the story. Those who say they have knowledge of the McCray affair should be subpoenaed.

The State will not perish if the Republican party loses its control. For instance, it did very well under a number of Democratic administrations.

A few politicians and office holders, unfortunately including some in the Federal Government, are worried. The public is interested only in seeing justice done.

It is too much to ask that justice and partisan and factional politics walk hand in hand.

## A TIP TO RAILROADS

**W**HILE railroads are proesting against "unfair" competition from motor bus lines, memory flits back to the story of Michigan railroads about fifteen years ago.

In Michigan at that time railroads were permitted to charge passenger rates of 3 cents a mile, with the understanding that if the State ordered a reduction railroads might present a suit for damages.

The law had been in operation only a short time when the State fixed the passenger rate at 2 cents a mile. Railroads howled. They brought suit against the State for \$1,000,000 damages.

The suit never came to trial, as we recall. With rates reduced, passenger business for the railroads increased. Revenues and profits were much greater than under higher rates.

## AFRAID OF THE DARK

**Y**ES, we have had prohibition in Indiana for several years, but the daily press still contains accounts of bootlegger raids, blind tiger charges, foolish autoists driving while intoxicated, etc.

Now, let's turn to Dan Slacker. You'll find the moral in his plight. He tosses on a narrow bed in a Detroit hospital while a policeman keeps watch. At times, Dan laughs harshly. At others his face blanches, his lips tremble and fear writes its tell-tale lines on his face. Again, his dull eyes wander over the bed, up the walls and along the ceiling. He wonders.

"Sure, I'm blind," Dan says roughly, defiantly. Then, more softly, regretfully, wistfully, "I felt it coming. I couldn't stop drinking my own stuff."

Dan had operated a blind pig. Into his stuff he put wood alcohol and retailed the poisoned liquid to thirsty customers. He knew what he was doing. He knew he was spreading poison recklessly. He knew he was a volunteer agent of disease, of death, of hell itself. He laughed and joked coarsely about it. He grew more reckless. He began to drink the kicking stuff he mixed. He became bold. He even challenged the written law.

Came a policeman one day and Dan went to jail. He sat in his cell cursing the grip that held him. Another prisoner was eating an apple. Dan watched him hungrily. Suddenly the apple began to fade. Then the eater became shadowy—filmy—and was gone.

Dan rubbed his eyes. Sparks filled the air and searing pain shot back into his brain. He dropped back on his cot, dazed. Then he roused himself and shouted. He cried and cursed and begged and cried again. The somber, cold prison walls echoed his shrieks and gave them back to him as the laugh of demons. Then the doctors came. They thought Dan was shamming, but tests proved otherwise.

Dan had known the man-made law and trampled it under foot. He had some crude knowledge of the law of nature and he ignored it. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap"—he had heard that, and sneered. But never in all his forty-three years of life, had he heard of the law of compensation. But now all these mandates, written and Divine, gripped him. "He drank his own stuff." He took into his body the same insinuating, deadly poison he had, with ribald jest and sinful greed, fed to others.

And Dan, who "drank his own stuff," and was coarse, and reckless, an enemy to himself and others, is terribly afraid of the dark.

SPAIN AND ICELAND have concluded a trade agreement whereby they will swap wine for codfish. We've got a lot of fish in this country, Alfonso.

THERE'S a snap-shot craze in China, says a consular report. The Chinese go about snap-shooting everything in sight, except tourists. They kidnap these.

THE ARABS who "fold their tents and silently steal away" seem to have gone into the general folding business, according to Consul Raymond Davis, at Aden. He reports a big demand for folding chairs. They're getting tired of the habit of squatting on the ground and sitting cross-legged on mats. May be more comfortable, but it's hard on the poets and movie makers.

## DIVERSIFIED CROP IS AID TO FARMERS

Frenzy in Land Speculation at High Prices Cause of Downfall.

This is the second of six articles by Harold C. Place, editor of Des Moines News, on "What's the Matter With the Farmers?"

**I**T HAS been generally presumed the low price of farm products constitutes the chief reason for acute financial problem confronting the Middle West farmer today.

That is the immediate cause, but it is not basic nor fundamental. Low prices brought the crash because they formed the crowning blow of a long series of reverses. To find the real source of the farmer's difficulties you must go deeper than low prices. Probably the chief cause and the most far-reaching in effect was the frenzy in land speculation and the resulting inflated values placed on farm properties in 1919.

In those hectic months when land values in the Middle West were soaring, some farmers changed hands as many as two and three times in a day, on each occasion at a higher price. Bankers, staid business men and farmers alike were drawn into the whirlpool of speculation.

**Prices Fall With Thrud**  
Almost immediately after the crash, prices of farm products fell with a sickening thrud and those farmers who owned high-priced land unable to meet their payments or interest, were forced to the wall or, at best, have limped along, staring bankruptcy in the face.

Business men and bankers felt they were entitled to 6 per cent return on money invested in high-priced lands, so they asked unheard of rentals. The tenant, struggling against the tide of low prices on one hand and high rent on the other, found his crops did not pay production costs.

The farmer who did not speculate during the land boom or who has not been saddled down by abnormal rents is recovering much more quickly than his less fortunate brother and, at no time, has been anywhere nearly as bad off.

Farmers of the Middle West were the chief prey of "wild cat" oil stock salesmen in 1917, 1918 and 1919. They bought equally as freely in cattle loan corporations, newly organized packing companies and similar concerns.

Many farmers, counting war-time profits, became hungry for more, and bought expensive machinery, and in other ways plunged into farming on an expanded basis.

Again, there was, and still is, the farmer who put all his eggs in one basket. He is known as the one-crop man.

**Diversified Crop Is Cure**  
Go anywhere in the Middle West today and you will find the farmer who has diversified his efforts, who has not depended upon one source for his income, is the farmer who is making the most rapid recovery.

Contributing to the unrest of the farmer are working hand in hand with low prices to reduce his resources to low ebb, will be found high taxes and high railroad rates. I did not talk to a farmer who did not speak bitterly of this particular phase of his problem.

## Science

The mountains of the Pacific Coast, from Mexico to Canada, have long been noted as a deer country. But good roads, autos and high power rifles are causing deer to grow scarcer each year. The deer is one of the most interesting animals in natural history.

Perhaps the strangest process in the life of animals—and one which science has been unable to solve—is the shedding of the deer's antlers. It is done through peculiar, automatic arguments that cut off the blood supply and form a soft tissue at the base of the horns which loosens them. This dying away at the base would be disease in other animals, but in deer it is natural. A deer hardly grows a set of antlers before operations begin for shedding them.

## October

BY BERTON BRALEY  
There may be months with greater zest.

But I don't know 'em;  
October can not but suggest  
A gladsome poem.

A month that makes your senses glow,  
Your heart beat quicker,  
And all your circulation flow  
With tingling ichor.

The air is like a fizzy drink,  
All dancing bubbles;  
With such a draught how can one think  
Of cares or troubles?

Red, yellow, brown, the forests blaze  
With colors burning,  
As all along the country ways  
The leaves are turning.

Gone is the summer's lazy spell,  
Its warmth and languor;  
About our work we rush pell-mell,  
The city's clangor

Is music full of vim and pep,  
A syncopation  
To which we tread a lively step  
Of jubilation.

The baseball heroes fade from view,  
And in their places  
The pigskin warriors show anew  
Their fighting faces.

Roof gardens close, rathkellars wake  
To sudden action,  
Our appetites need chops and steak  
For satisfaction.

Cider and apples grace the board  
In generous measure,  
And apple dumplings now afford  
Our palates pleasure.

November may be dour and drear,  
With heavens sober,  
But now we make the best of cheer  
With brisk October.  
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## TOM SIMS -!- -!- Says

**H**AVE you got hay fever? Carry a handkerchief so you can stop your nose if it tries to run.

Are your feet swollen? This is not dangerous. Not half as bad as if you had the swell head.

Does dandruff bother you? Worry about it until you are bald and the dandruff will leave.

Do your trousers bag at the knees? Loan them to a bow-legged man and he will take the bag out.

Always chew tobacco while calling on a girl you do not want to kiss. It works fine.

Cry when a girl starts kissing you. Stomping on her feet is another way to make her stop it.

Damp feet are said to be one cause of bad colds. It shouldn't be so hard to give them up.

When a bad cold meets a good disposition the bad cold wins.

Put on too much speed ahead and you may meet with reverses.

The first sign of winter is when you wish it was summer.

Is your face your fortune? That is why so many men feel cheap when they need a shave.

Screens may be taken down properly by hiring a man to help you and then helping him.

A woman marries a man to mend his ways and finds he wants her to mend his clothes.

## What Editors Are Saying

### Campers

(Kokomo Dispatch)

It is a sad reflection on American carelessness to learn that communities through which motor tourists have passed in the last few months are now busy cleaning up their highways. These thoughtless, some of them scintillatingly lovely, have been littered with tin cans, boxes and other rubbish cast off by motor campers.

As is natural with any abuse of this sort, it grows worse before it grows better. Some communities report that carelessness this year has been unusually prevalent. That seems natural enough in view of the fact that motor camping, too, has shown a marked increase in the past season.

Next year many communities expect to take drastic action to keep their highways and camping grounds clean all the time. Tourists and campers will be requested to make neatness along the roads as habitual as the best camper makes it in camp. If these requests are not heeded, no doubt they will be followed by the imposition of fines or penalties.

### Danger

(Muncie Evening Press)

The cold-blooded murder of the young policeman, "Tony" Hellis, serves to call attention forcefully to the dangers to which police officers frequently are subjected, and should cause a deeper appreciation of the services that conscientious police render the public and all for a relatively small compensation.

The people often complain, and sometimes with good cause, concern the actions of the police department or its lack of action, but it is seldom that the people are equally ready to give praise where it is due.

Police men are called upon to prowl into dark places at night in search of burglars and thieves; to make raids upon gangs of criminals, some of whom think little of taking human life for small cause; to arrest men engaged in fights and rendered insanely angry, and even to take away weapons from armed and dangerous men. Hundreds of police officers over the country have been slain in the course of duty. Hardly a week passes that some policeman somewhere is not killed.

It is a common thing to jest about a policeman's duties, but how many of the jesters would be willing to assume these duties for the pay that the officers receive?

## A Thought

Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any.—Col. 3:13.

**I**F thou art of elephant-strength or lion-claw, still peace is, in my opinion, better than strife.  
—Sandi.

## Heard in the Smoking Room

**T**HE school teacher was gossiping as he inhaled his cigarette smoke. "These physical examinations that are now employed in the schools are of great benefit to the scholars," he said, "but sometimes they develop funny incidents. A teacher friend of mine sent one boy home with a note to the father in which he wrote, 'I wish to inform you that your son William shows signs of

## LIGNITE CAN BE USED AS CHEAP FUEL

Quick Declares People at Fault Paying Tribute to Anthracite Trust.

**R**Y HERBERT QUICK.  
READERS have seen in the papers accounts of the work done lately by the Bureau of Mines on making lignite coal into a good fuel.

Now that we are about to enter upon another hard winter, the fuel question is a critical one with a vast majority of American people. So long as predatory interests are allowed to coin blood money out of the blue lips, stiff fingers, aching toes and shivers of our people, it will always be an acute issue.

I have forgotten the number of tons of lignite in the United States, but it runs into the thousands of billions. Most of us have never seen lignite.

**Burns With Acid Smell**  
I happen to have seen it in process of burning. It looks like blackened and half-decayed wood, and drops to pieces after a short exposure to the air. It burns with acid, evil-smelling smoke, worse than soft coal. But it is fuel. Many a family in the Northwest has kept warm with lignite.

The study made by the Bureau of Mines was made in cooperation with the University of North Dakota. What the experimenters did was to seek a better form of carbonizing oven in which to get rid of the gases, the tar, and so far as possible, the impurities of the lignite.

They succeeded in devising an oven which can be operated intermittently without much loss and which turns out a good lignite "char" which is, they say, "a splendid free-burning fuel."

It is so fine, however, in the size of its particles, it must have a special grate in order to burn well. Such grates have been devised.

Cost \$4.85 Per Ton

The greatest interest, however, seems to exist in making this fuel into briquettes which can be used as our chief fuel. An installation capable of using 240 tons of this lignite a day, could turn it into the "splendid free-burning char" at a cost which would bring the char up to \$4.85 a ton. This char might be burned quite as well as hard coal in stoves or furnaces provided with proper grates.

The lignite char if made into briquettes under conditions given by the Bureau of Mines would cost \$5.17 a ton.

With trillions of tons of lignite available, I think it is our own fault if we continue paying tribute to the anthracite trust.

## Editor's Mail

The editor is willing to print views of Times readers on interesting subjects. Make your comment brief. Bureaus your name, as evidence of good faith. It will not be printed if you object.

### Warning to Mothers

To the Editor of The Times  
I read in The Times about the increasing number of murders of children. I believe parents of children are to blame.

When we were children our mothers would go with us to Sunday school and church and they always knew where we were. If it was a social party, the friends at night, mother and father were there with us. After we had our lessons for the next day ready, father would read to us from the Bible, and mother and father would pray. The "good nights" were said. Our parents knew where we were and we knew where they were.

### Where Are Parents?

How many children know tonight where their parents are? Ask them, see what they say:  
"Oh, mother went to the lodge or the club or maybe the show or a dance. Oh well, we don't know just where she is."

Then ask her where her children are and she says, "Oh, they are all right. They will take care of themselves."

How little they know where their girls are tonight and who they are with.  
How are many of the mothers of today dressed? With short skirts, half hose, no sleeves at all, arms and shoulders bare, rouge and lipstick and paint of the kind that bobbed hair.

**"Looked With Horror"**  
Our mothers would have looked with horror on such things. The girls of today pattern after the mothers and dress like they do. You don't see ten out of a thousand with the look in their face that nature gave them. It is a make-up.

Is it any wonder so many go wrong, and so many murders are committed? Oh, mothers! stop long enough to think where you are leading your children.

A READER.

## Anyway, Let's Do Something



## QUESTIONS Ask—The Times ANSWERS

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to the Indianapolis Times, Washington Bureau, 1322 N. Y. Avenue, Washington, D. C., enclosing 2 cents in stamps. Medical, legal, love and marriage advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken, or papers, speeches, etc., be prepared. Unsigned letters cannot be answered, but all letters are confidential, and receive personal replies.—Editor.

**No Use**  
Policeman Dugan found his friend, Murphy, shine-shocked and leaning up against a lamppost. "Shure, Alike," said Dugan, "you better be takin' a street car home."

**"Sno (hic) use,"** answered Mike. "She wouldn't have it in the house."—The Blotter.

**How far is it to the Indianapolis dog pound, and how can one get there. What does it cost to get a dog out?**

**PATSY.**  
Take Ft. Harrison bus line to 4400 Massachusetts Ave., address of dog pound. It costs \$2 for city license.

**How can grass on a garden path be killed?**  
The best way is to hoe it cut, but it may be killed with applications of salt or kerosene or with a preparation known as sodium arsenite. It takes a considerable amount of salt to kill grass—about one pound of salt to kill a square yard of grass.

**Is a son of Abraham Lincoln living?**

Yes, Robert Todd Lincoln, who was born Aug. 1, 1843. He is a lawyer by profession, and is one of the principal stockholders of the Pullman company, and was president of that company. His address is 3014 N St., Washington, D. C.

**What is the salary of the British ambassador to the United States?**  
Twenty thousand pounds, or nominally \$100,000 per year.

**Does snuff discolor the teeth? No, if taken in the usual way.**

**Is it true a building is being erected on Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C., as a residence or office for the Pope?**  
No.

**How can one pickle nasturtium seeds?**

Gather the seeds while young and tender. Place them in a double boiler, and cover with a strong cold brine. Let stand for about an hour, then place on a stove, and bring to a boil. When they boil up, take them out of the skimmer, put them into a suitable jar, and cover with boiling hot spiced pickling fluid. Another way is to have on hand a jar of sweetened spiced vinegar, and into this drop nasturtium seeds picked as they accumulate during the season before they become hard and woody. For the spiced vinegar: To every two quarts of vinegar add one-half ounce of mace, one ounce of sliced ginger, one dozen cloves, one ounce of black pepper, and one handful of salt. Boil together for not more than five minutes and pour over the pickles or vegetables scalding hot.

**What does "Conestoga" mean? This has been variously interpreted as "great maize land" and as "crooked stream."**

**Can the word "unique" be compared; for example, "most unique?"**

"Unique" means "the only one of its kind" and hence it is incomparable. Even "very unique" should be avoided.

**Where should the ladies of a box party sit?**  
The ladies of the party should always occupy the front seats, the gentlemen sitting behind them.

**What are the average heights of American, English, Irish, Scotch, German and Japanese men?**

Americans, 5 feet, 8 inches; English, 5 feet, 6 inches; Irish, 5 feet, 8 inches; Scotch, 5 feet, 8 inches; German, 5 feet, 6 inches; Japanese, 5 feet, 1 inch.

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