

The Indianapolis Times

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"FORGET-ME-NOT DAY"

EVERY man, woman and child in this city will have an opportunity to be a part of the nation-wide movement to assist wounded and disabled American veterans of the World War on "Forget-Me-Not" Day. It will be observed throughout the United States Saturday, Nov. 10.

You remember—or have you forgotten?—how all of us promised when the boys marched away to war that never, never, would we forget them.

If you wear a cloth forget-me-not flower, to be sold on the streets on the day set aside for the collection, you will show outwardly that you have not let thoughts of our heroes fade from your mind.

Proceeds of "National Forget-Me-Not Day" will be used for relief, welfare, legislative, hospitalization and rehabilitation assistance of the Nation's wounded and disabled veterans of the world struggle.

James A. McFarland, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, has received a letter from President Coolidge warmly endorsing "Forget-Me-Not Day" and lauding the veterans' organization for its constructive work.

WRONGS OF THE COURTS

JUDGE MICHAEL L. M'KINLEY of Chicago is writing a series of articles in which he dilates on "what is wrong with the criminal court." He admits many of these wrongs and seems to believe the only remedy may be found in an aroused civic consciousness and the better conscience of better judges.

These two purgatives, administered together, would go a long way toward correction, but they would not entirely cure the disease.

Justice must be divorced from party politics. That is the only cure—the only preventive—not only for the evils of the criminal court, but for the evils of all the other elective courts.

There can be no justice where the power of party affiliations and party pull rise superior to the written law. There can be no justice where the court and its officers are subjected to any pressure or are influenced by any attachment that is beyond the law and the evidence. These are facts as plain as the average nose on the human face.

Judicial and court selections and elections could, by several means, be secured outside and apart from party, if we did but seek those means. We will, in time, appeal to them. We will get better consciences and better judges then, and not until then, and justice in its true meaning will have its inning. And, furthermore, we will gain much in that the new and cleaner order of judicial administration will influence the bar, as a whole, to regard the law as something other than a trick animal. Speed the day.

THE U. S. PRESIDENT AND YOUR SON

A LITTLE ceremony will be held tonight by members of Troop No. 45 of the Boy Scouts. In honor of a friend—and such is the basis of the Scout creed—the youths of the troop will pay tribute to Warren G. Harding at the Central Universalist Church. Today is the birthday of the dead President. Scouts will worship at his shrine of patriotism.

The position of President is oddly different from the high official position of any European peer. No better illustration can be found than the fact that every President of the United States serves as honorary head of the Boy Scouts of America.

To have leadership in spirit, if not actively, over the ideals and living of 618,000 youths in one country is, indeed, a rare privilege.

"I wish every boy in our America could have the advantage and honor of being in the Boy Scout organization," Harding had said.

Woodrow Wilson, whose ideals have stood the test of political criticism and persecution, made this tribute:

"The Boy Scouts have not only demonstrated their worth to the Nation, but have also contributed to a deeper appreciation of the American people of the high conception of patriotism and citizenship."

Roosevelt thus paid homage to the movement:

"The Boy Scout movement is distinctly an asset to our country for the development of efficiency, virility and good citizenship."

To intrust in one organization the "makings" of a Nation in producing virile manhood with clean ideals and strong characters is more than an asset.

Is your son among the 1,600 Scouts in Indianapolis? Think it over.

GOOD SAMARITANS OF FOUNTAIN SQUARE

FEW stories are as old or as familiar as the one of the Samaritan. Lending a helping hand is as old as civilization itself. The giving of aid is one thing, yet society should not attempt to rely upon the wandering Samaritan for aiding the sick and the needy.

It is much better to have the "Good Samaritan" remain on the job in living his gospel of good will.

In this spirit the Family Welfare Society announces the establishment soon of a branch in the territory tributary to the Fountain Square district.

Aid will be ministered by those who are friends to the needy people—those who have a personal, neighborly interest in them.

That's much better than a commercial basis of merely giving money. It's the heart that counts. A genuine smile is worth more than a mere dole of charity.

APPLICANTS for Federal employment are advised by the civil service commission to tell the truth. Why wouldn't that be good advice for candidates for elective offices?

PROHIBITION seems to have furthered the cause of the single standard of measurement. Corn, grapes and apples are all three being estimated at so many gallons per acre.

NAVY will sell the battleships Iowa and Massachusetts and the cruisers Ranger and Constellation to the highest bidders. Purchasers must take their ships with them, either by water, on freight cars or in boxes.

"ONE of the favorable results of the coal strike last year has been the thorough investigation of the coal business in all its phases," chortles the American Chemical Society. Will they please tell us about the profits of the individual operators?

WIDOW OF CROKER TO 'CARRY ON'

Tammany Hall Will Be Guided by Voice of Dead Chief From Beyond.

By JOSEPHINE VAN DE GRIFT
NEA Service Staff Writer

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Richard Croker is dead, but Tammany Hall, the country's most powerful political machine which he helped assemble, will be guided in its campaign this fall by his voice.

Croker's voice speaks through his widow, Bula Edmondson Croker. She sits in council with Tammany chiefs. She holds out the Croker millions for Tammany to do with as it will. Behind this is a story of loyalty undying even in death—of double loyalty.

"All that I have I owe to the boys at Tammany Hall, and what I have is theirs." That is what Croker told his young wife shortly before he died.

Spirit Is Left.

"When he died a part of me died," says Mrs. Croker. "His spirit was with me after he died. It is with me now. And so now I am doing what I know he would do."

"Before my husband died," Mrs. Croker continued, "he told me that the most desirable quality in any man was gratitude. 'The boys in Tammany fought many a hard battle for me and with me,' he said to me. 'Go back to them. Tell them that they can command you as they would command me. I would rather have them think of me as loyal than to think of me as great.'"

And so Croker's widow has offered Tammany her money and her services. "I shall do anything except run for office," she says. If Al Smith, New York's governor, should gain the Democratic nomination for President, you'll probably see her as a campaign speaker throughout the country.

Croker met Bula Edmondson in September, 1914. In her veins ran the blood of the Cherokee Indians. She was studying music and public speaking. They were married in November.

"Destiny guides us," said Mrs. Croker. "Years before he met me Mr. Croker had built a shack on some land in Florida. He called it 'The Wigwam.' Little did he think that one day he would bring an Indian woman there to live."

"I do not know how much my husband's estate is worth, but that land in Florida is now valued at a million and a half. Tammany can have it, for the spirit of Richard Croker is with me still and I cannot help but be loyal to his loyalists."

Mrs. Croker, an young in years, is weeping yet the mourning she donned at her husband's death.

"I have had such happiness as few women know," she said. "I do not need the fortune that was left me. I can live under a tree if necessary. Perhaps, some day, I shall adopt a child—but I shall never marry again."

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 New York Ave., Washington, D. C., enclosing 2 cents stamp for reply. Medical, legal and marital advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unpaid requests cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

How did the expression "heaping coals of fire on his head" originate and what does it mean?

It is found in the Bible: Proverbs XX, 22. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," and again in Romans XII, 20. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." The meaning of the expression is to shame by returning good for evil, the inference being that as metal is melted by heaping hot coals upon it, the hard heart is melted in the same manner.

In what countries are chestnut trees found?

In the United States, Canada, Asia and Europe.

When was Louis Philippe of France in the United States?

From 1796 to 1800.

How many boats pass through the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal?

In 1921, 3,975 boats passed through the Suez Canal. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, 2,756 passed through the Panama Canal.

How many were rejected under the Selective Draft because of defective vision?

Approximately 20,000.

What is sandblasting?

A device for cleaning, engraving, cutting and boring glass, stone, metal, or other hard substances, by the percussive force of a rapid stream of sharp sand driven against them by artificial means. The device was invented by Gen. Benj. Tilghman of Philadelphia.

To whom is Lila Lee married?

To James Kirkwood.

How many bakers are there in the United States?

97,940.

How may lead be removed from rifle barrels?

One way is to remove powder fouling first by means of sal soda solution, and then, having closed one end of the barrel, introduce a small amount of mercury, close the other end of the barrel, and let the mercury come in contact with all parts of the inner surface of the barrel. Remove the mercury and mercury-lead alloy, and clean with a swab. Another way is to thread a piece of cloth through the cleaning rod as usual; then run a piece of copper wire through above the rag; twist the wire back over the rag and you will then have a cleaner which will take out small flakes of lead from your rifle barrel and will greatly improve its shooting qualities. This method of removing lead will not injure the rifle on account of the soft nature of the copper. To secure the best results the cleaner should be

UNUSUAL PEOPLE

She Teaches Pharmacy

By NEA Service

CLEVELAND, Nov. 2.—Is there any woman outside of Cleveland who teaches pharmacy? If Western Reserve University here doesn't get a reply soon, it will put the question to Miss Monica Minerva Allen as the only woman pharmacy teacher in the country.

Miss Allen comes from Harbor Beach, Mich., where she started her career as a pharmacist. But she also wanted to teach. So, she explains, she just combined both ambitions, went through several courses at the University of Michigan, and now she's the only woman teacher in the school of pharmacy at Western Reserve.

This is her title: Miss Monica Minerva Allen, Ph. G., B. S., M. A., Registered Pharmacist.

TOM SIMS
-! -! Says

This country will take part in a reparation conference, it being the only way to get our part.

A Canadian girl saved seventeen hunters. We think the least they could do is let her keep one of them.

News from far-off Japan. Crows are stealing golf balls. Maybe they think they are squirrels.

King of Bulgaria wants to marry a rich woman. That's easy to do, except you have to be richer.

Man-powered taxis will be used in Berlin. This is fine. Cussing the engine will do some good.

News from Paris. New serum cures hoof and mouth disease. We trust some golfers will try it.

In Sayre, Pa., \$200 in bills was burned in a stove. Even coal would have been some cheaper.

Package mailed nine years ago has arrived in Seattle. Do your Christmas mailing early.

Man in Lima, Ohio, refuses to wear any clothes at all, so perhaps he has seen the new prices.

Boston boy of 12 has insomnia. Doctors can't cure him. We can. Make him study his lessons.

Wind in Panama destroyed 350,000 banana trees. Another evil result of that no banana song.

Revenge is sweet. New York girl married a cop who arrested her.

All the world problems must be settled every day to make room for more world problems.

Many people who don't have to work do work and many people who do have to work don't.

Science

French experts have invented a way to mix aluminum and bronze for use in gold coins, thereby making a metal that cannot be duplicated by counterfeiters. Counterfeiting is the oldest of all tricks in swindling since civilization began to use coins. It is still a most fertile field for criminal adventure, and those engaged in it generally are of a high type of intelligence because of the education and technical knowledge required in the making of imitation money.

Ancient Greek coins have been unearthed recently showing cleverly molded counterfeit coins, the core of copper and the coating of silver. People used to clip or shave the irregular edges of gold coin until, about 1600, the method was invented, in England, of putting a row of dots about the rim. If the dots were trimmed off the coin was no good.

A Thought

Ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—John 16:22.

WHY, all delights are vain; but that most vain which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.—Shakespeare.

Heard in the Smoking Room

"SOMETIMES," said the fellow with the whiskers and the meerschaum pipe, "a fellow can put to use the ill winds that blow. A Pennsylvania Dutchman named Schmidt had a little garden and shanty at a curve in the Pa. main line. He did love his shanties and when they went to enforcing prohibition in his

MILLIONAIRE CRIPPLE IS CHARITABLE

Sets Up Hospital and Home for Afflicted Children—Employs Experts.

By NEA Service

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 2.—From the purse of a hopeless cripple comes a magnificent gift—a gift measuring \$1,000,000 in money but priceless in the measure of its aid to a stricken humanity.

William Henry Eustis, former mayor of Minneapolis, helplessly lame since boyhood, has saved and struggled through life in order that he might prevent other children suffering as he has suffered.

Affliction and despair have made no misanthrope of him. He is a warm-hearted old bachelor, happier now than he has been for more than three score of his seventy-eight years, in the realization that at last he has fulfilled his wish despite the terrible handicap fate imposed upon him.

Gets Noted Surgeon.

Eustis has set apart a million dollars from his savings for the erection and maintenance of a hospital and convalescent home for crippled children to be administered by the University of Minnesota.

And he also makes it possible to have the hospital placed in charge of Dr. C. F. Pinquet, world famous pediatric specialist who has resigned from the University of Vienna to come to the University of Minnesota and look after the Eustis enterprise.

Eustis hasn't always been a cripple. He, too, has known what it is to run and play.

The huskiest of twelve children, his father entertained hopes of his becoming a blacksmith.

Suddenly Stricken.

"And blacksmith I would doubtless have become," says Eustis, "had I not been struck, as though by a bolt of lightning, when I was 15."

It was not lightning, though. It was necrosis. It confined him to a couch for the better part of the next six years, leaving him permanently crippled.

Later he was able to get around on crutches, and then he went to school, although his father figured he was wasting his time. His father by that time wanted him to be a cobbler, since his affliction prevented him from following the blacksmith's trade.

But young Eustis taught school in the spring and fall terms and went to the academy in winter. Then he went to Wesleyan College in Connecticut and took a liberal arts course, selling life insurance to keep going.

After getting a diploma, and, incidentally, a Phi Beta Kappa key, he went to New York for a law course at Columbia.

One of the conditions of Eustis' endowment is that all children, regardless of race, creed or color, may have the advantages of the hospital and the home. Those who can pay will be allowed to, but the treatment for rich and poor will be the same.

Family Fun

Reasonable.
President Emeritus Elliot, of Harvard, dined recently at a New York hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats at the dining room door is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear. "How do you know that is my hat?" the collegian asked, as his silk tie was presented to him. "I don't know it, sub," said the dark doorman. "Then why do you give it to me?" Insisted President Elliot. "Because you gave it to me, sub."—Argonaut.

Willie Recognized Him.
"I represent a society for the suppression of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life, and—"

"Hey, mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our car!"—Judge.

Read to Mary Ann.
The mistress, who had engaged a new cook, made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week and found a policeman locked up in the pantry. "How did this man get here?" she asked severely.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the cool reply. "He must have been left over by the last cook."—Household.

And Still Men Marry.
"Are you going to town this morning, my dear?"

"Just as soon as I can get there. Skinnin' and Slasher advertise a bargain sale, very special, of goldfish."

"Good heavens! I believe you'd buy a hippopotamus if you thought it was a bargain!"

"Certainly not. One in the house is enough."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Inside Information



Editor's Mail

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

To the Editor of The Times
Indiana All-State Team

When you talk about your football teams and players great; But the Hoosier stars eclipse those of any other State.

If I were called to pick a team, An all-state aggregation, I believe that it could conquer A machine of any nation.

For Center, I'd have Ralston. He's not so very fast, But in the middle of the line They never could get past.

Next, I'd have the Old Guards, The Center to support; With Keating and Tom Taggart We'd have a mighty fort.

Then would come the Tackles, The sturdy guards to flank; Men that tackle anything, Beverage and Lew Shank.

Smashing ends to fill the line Would run down all the kicks; Chambers and Walb there Would get in telling ticks.

I'd have a plunging full back, To charge 'em fast and low; McCray would be the man for that, He'd knock 'em dead, you know.

As for side-stepping half backs, There is a clever pair; To dodge and work the ball across Watson and Now are there.

The captain would be quarter back, And Goodrich, full of tricks, Would execute the passes. The victory would be fixed.

OLE SMOKE.

Thirty per cent of the total population of the United States live on farms.

A Query

BY BERTON BRALEY

(Suggested by Henry W. Curran) You say your taxes are too high, But do you vote?

About extravagance you sigh, But do you vote? How long, you wail, must we endure This state of things which keeps us poor?

How long? I do not know, I'm sure; But do you vote? The lights are bad, the streets a mess; But do you vote?

Your indignation you express, But do you vote? You say the bosses rule the show, That graft is reaching high and low, And doubtless all you say is so, But—do you vote?

You growl at rotten politics, But do you vote? You howl at bosses and their tricks, But do you vote?

You say, oh Decent Citizen, (We've heard you, time and time again) "We want things run by Business men!" But—do you vote?

Unless you do (I wonder, DO you?) You've got just what is coming to you!

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Noisy

(Frankfort Evening News)

Indianapolis is either rich in candidates or lousy with them. Time alone will tell. Another has announced himself, and although a comparatively unknown figure in state politics he promises to be as noisy as Lew Shank.

In fact, the new candidate seems to be anti-Lew, and both come from the same city. The new man is Elias Dubberger. When Lew gets the center of the vaudeville stage he may take the dull out of the name of this new political antagonist. Who will be the next to toss his hat into an uncertain arena?

What Editors Are Saying

Picturesque

(Goshen Daily News-Times)

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis is the latest entry into the race for the Republican nomination for Governor next year. Being a picturesque sort of a fellow it was natural that his campaign should be based upon something a little out of the ordinary, and this touch of originality is found in his proposal to light the main public highways of the State with electricity.

This would require considerable "juice," to say nothing of necessary equipment, but the mayor is never daunted by little things like these. It is also inferred from his announcement that the Ku-Klux Klan can expect to have undisputed sway in Indiana should the mayor be elevated to the governorship.

Shank is convinced that a pillow case and a bed sheet are not essential to 100 per cent Americanism and he promises to make it uncomfortable for those who are trying to establish this standard of citizenship.

Anyway, Samuel Lewis Shank will add spice to the gubernatorial scrap and his opponents will do well not to overlook the fact that in past political battles he has won oftener than he has lost.

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