

The Indianapolis Times

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JACKSON AND EVANS

ED JACKSON, Republican candidate for Governor, is represented for religious liberty and worship according to conscience.

During his Newcastle speech the G. O. P. candidate ignored a heckler, who asked about his Klan membership, and went on with his speech.

Jackson's declaration closely followed the views as expressed by Imperial Wizard Evans of the Ku-Klux Klan, who in a speech at Kansas City, Sept. 24, also declared for religious liberty.

Evans said:

"Kluxmen do not hate Roman Catholics, Jews, negroes nor aliens. The Klan does not expect to command people to their religious beliefs. The Constitution of the United States tolerates creeds but favors none."

So Jackson can express himself as favoring religious liberty and still coincide with the expressed views of the imperial wizard of the "invisible empire."

Religious liberty, however, is not the issue in this campaign. D. C. Stephenson, former grand dragon of the Indiana Klan, is spending thousands of dollars through his political organization in behalf of Jackson. Stephenson is quoted as declaring he will claim "my pound of flesh."

The campaign issue concerns the Klan as an "invisible empire," attempting to control the government of Indiana. It is in no sense a religious controversy.

THE BUBBLE BURSTS

SOME MONTHS ago we warned against buying up old German war bonds in the hope of making a killing.

What we predicted would happen, has happened. The bubble has burst. The German government has decided against any revaluation of the old Imperial war bonds held by foreigners, and if German holders thereof—and there are many heavy losers—are given relief, it will be only through "special assistance" voted to them alone and by way of charity.

So bonds which a few weeks ago went soaring in this country from nothing at all to \$3,200 to the million marks worth, have already crashed back to under \$900, bringing heavy losses to American holders. The slump can hardly stop there, but there may be fluctuations due to the fact that some will keep on believing anyhow in the bag of gold at the rainbow's end.

The poet was right when he said hope springs eternal. And so was Barnum, who said it differently.

IN FREE AMERICA—AND IOWA

PHIL LA FOLLETTE, son of Senator Bob, went to Waterloo, Ia., to make a speech for the Progressive ticket the other day.

He was refused permission to speak at the Armory in Waterloo because his father, they said, was opposed to the national guard—which is not true.

He was refused permission to speak in the auditorium of East Waterloo High School—because the Republican bosses objected.

He was refused permission to speak in the Blackhawk County courthouse at Waterloo—also because the Republican bosses objected.

It didn't make any difference, of course, that the people own these structures, built by the money of taxpayers, and that they were public buildings, or that there was no other adequate hall in town.

These things happened in the land where we boast of our free speech and free institutions. They happened to the son of a man who is accused of having an ambition to wreck the Constitution of the United States.

So Phil went out to the ball park in the evening and talked under the stars, in the dark, to a huge and enthusiastic audience made up of the folks whose taxes built the public buildings.

THEIR ROAD IS OILED

ERRILY, they roll along, over oiled roads to party preference, those servants of the Fall-Doheny-Sinclair plunders, who stuck by the Grand Old Party when it was under fire in the Teapot Dome investigation. Here are six loyal pinch hitters who are up for reward at public expense by the G. O. P.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., ex-director and ex-vice president of the Sinclair Oil Company, who fell headlong in the Teapot Dome oil scandal, is nominated for the office of Governor of New York. He got his brother Archie a job at \$10,000 per year to "learn the oil business." Archie had the job when the leases were signed.

Charles G. Dawes, a member of the family which organized the Pure Oil Company, which in turn is closely affiliated with the Sinclair and Standard Oil companies, is nominated for the office of vice president of the United States.

Mark Requa, Sinclair director and vice president, is chosen by President Coolidge as his pre-convention campaign manager in California and is recognized as Coolidge-Dawes spokesman on the Pacific coast.

Phil Campbell, rejected by the voters of Kansas, became attorney for the Prairie Oil Company. For with the Republicans called on him to act as parliamentarian at the Cleveland convention and now call on him for expert advice on "practical" politics. He was also an active attendant at the Democratic national convention.

Holm O. Bursum, who as a member of the Senate Teapot Dome committee, voted to ask Mr. Sinclair no embarrassing questions, and who voted to close the hearings before Senator Walsh had dug up some of the essential facts, is re-nominated by the Republican State convention for Senator from New Mexico.

Rear Admiral John K. Robison, who testified he learned about oil from Doheny, and who, as the officer in command of the Bureau of Engineering of the Navy, allowed the oil reserves to be stolen, is recommended by Secretary Wilbur and ex-Assistant Secretary Roosevelt for promotion over the heads of other naval officers.

IN NEW YORK'S cider belt, the apple crop is reported as millions of barrels short. So far, sober thought has suggested no relief.

Blind, but Busy



ALTHOUGH totally blind, George Minsker, 65, sticks to his post as president of the Kanawha Woolen Mills at Charleston, W. Va., where he has been on the job for over fifty years. He knows his plant so well that he can feel his way about, and he knows what work is going on by the sound of the machinery.

PREMIER'S POWER IS TOTTERING

Writer Says British Labor Government May Fall Soon.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS, Foreign Editor, Washington Bureau.

ASSAILED both from without and from within, the labor government of Great Britain, headed by Premier Ramsay MacDonald, may fall within the next thirty days.

The Liberal faction, led by former Prime Minister David Lloyd George, is up in arms against what they term the "fake" treaty with Russia, and will wage a bitter offensive not only to prevent its ratification by Parliament, but to unseat Premier MacDonald, who engineered it.

In this grand assault against the labor cabinet certainly some of the Conservatives will join. How many remain to be seen. Added to these will be a small but powerful group of industrialists who believe the general putting into effect of the scheme to rehabilitate Germany will prove fatal to the already hard hit British industry, by flooding the markets with German products.

Party Is Split

Then, too, the labor party is split. The radical and revolutionary groups charge MacDonald with having betrayed the party by working with the Liberals and Conservatives and abandoning the Socialist program. Others within the party say he has failed materially to reduce unemployment, still the biggest problem in the country.

Lastly there is the incident of the Premier's "endowed" automobile. The proprietor of a cracker factory, seeing Premier MacDonald either foot it, riding the subway or rattling along in an American flyer, bought him a Daimler like King George's. The upkeep of a car, as every one knows, being the main expense, the biscuit king "endowed" it—that is, he set aside a block of stock in the cracker works for the upkeep of the machine.

All this happened last spring. A few weeks later the cracker maker was knighted. And the whole story came out.

The premier's worst enemies do not accuse him of even a dishonest intention, let alone selling a baronetcy for a slice of biscuit stock. But the incident is regarded as a blunder because prejudicial to his prestige, both among the Liberal and Conservative opponents and in his own party. In fact, the chief critics of the incident are Laborites, amongst whom—unlike in America—automobiles of any kind, not to mention royal ones, are mighty few.

Treaty Involved

While this incident is bound to play no little part as a sort of underplay, the fight in the open will center about the so-called Russian treaty, described by witty critics as an "agreement to agree if the parties can agree."

There are really two "treaties," one commercial, with a promise of trade credits to the Soviet Republic, the other more general. The latter, signed with British claims and debts against Russia, Russia admitting liability and agreeing to pay after determining the amount.

These treaties, initiated some weeks ago to MacDonald and the Soviet agents, are now before Parliament for ratification or rejection. The chances for rejection are at least even, whereupon the normal course would be for the premier to resign and "go to the country." That is, there would be an election.

Another big fight is expected over the so-called "corn syrup" which is 85 per cent glucose and 15 per cent sorghum.

No Doubt About Stand

No one can doubt where Emery stands regarding La Follette.

"I am a La Follette man from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet," he exclaimed fervently. "For I know the fight that La Follette has made and is making against corrupt government."

"I had hardly started as food commissioner when big business men that were being affected by the new laws came to La Follette to complain about me. He refused to listen to their complaints, but referred them all to me."

"During all the time he was Governor, not once did he interfere with my department. I know that La Follette did not seek the office because it was a good job, but because he wanted to do the people a service."

Recently Emery piloted a battle resulting in the enactment of the so-called Wisconsin filled milk law which forbids the sale of condensed skim milk to which coconut fat has been added. Emery successfully defended this law in the State Supreme Court.

Today Wisconsin leads every State in the Nation in dairying, an industry that last year brought \$247,215,000 into the pockets of its farmers and manufacturers.

He is ungrateful to insist on promised improvements. True the city took his money, but it left him life and freedom to squirm under the yoke. That's sufficient.

But he wants his boulevard. How foolish! He wants to mar the sylvan beauty of the landscape where Keystone Ave. crosses Pleasant Run.

At present he can sit at ease on his porch and view the rugged, inspiring scenery of a city dump where his boulevard will be. He can watch the mosquitoes—graceful as fawns, only larger—gambol on the trash heaps. He can be lulled to repose by the brunet waters of Pleasant Run as they purr joyfully amid the discarded cans under the bridge.

His boulevard would only replace the untamed beauty of the vicinity with a more residential district.

And yet he demands this so-called improvement, while the teeming masses of Golden Hill live in intolerable squalor.

Mr. Cooper is absurdly selfish.

He should be willing to let the mayor first brighten the pinched lives of Golden Hill.

Nature

Elephants get corns on the soles of their feet. When the big fellow is free he wears them away, but circus elephants standing still most of the time must have their's pared. They are never known to resist or resent these operations.

Out in Washington State they have coined a new word—florian, one who grows flowers for pleasure, as distinguished from florist, one who grows flowers for profit. Another definition of "florian" is: one who considers a flower catalogue as literature.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Hoosierisms BY GAYLORD NELSON

THE Indiana State Prison, State Reformatory and State Farm are something more than penal institutions.

They are State operated manufacturing enterprises—not conducted primarily for profit but for discipline and health—with a large and varied output.

Other State institutions are large users of these particular products.

So there is a law requiring other State institutions to purchase first from the prisons, before going into the open market, such goods as are prison made.

Take the money from one State pocket and put it in another State pocket. Seems logical and economical it's the way private business controlling a diversity of enterprises would operate.

But, it is charged by prison authorities, this law is ignored. Other institutions buy in the open market first. Forcing the penal institutions to dump their entire output on the outside market—to the dissatisfaction of outside manufacturers and free labor, thus compelled to compete with prison labor.

There's a screw loose somewhere. And, as usual, it appears to be the screw on the State money chest.

The motto among State institutions seems to be: Let not the right hand know what the left hand is doing.

Southern Illinois man has read the Bible forty-eight times. That's good, but he has bought any arsenic!

Contagion

NOT a new case of contagious disease has developed in Indianapolis in three days. Which in a city of this size is a fact worthy of notice.

For a large city is a lush pasture for the little microbes with the big names and the nasty bites. There they frolic and multiply with amazing energy.

And in India: gulls they were the original settlers.

The first men to move here were met at the forks of the creek by a civic reception committee composed of those irresponsible wags—chills and fever. And for twenty years afterward yellow jaundice was part of the city charter.

The city has grown since then. But even lately no citizen has had to forego his favorite contagion because of scarcity or overwork of the little bugs that introduce a friendly contagion into the bosom of the most haughty banker.

The absence of contagious disease testifies to our cleanliness and the excellence of our municipal sanitation.

There's room on our civic chest to pin more medals of this sort.

A man must have a vision of his job, said a speaker at the hardware convention. Some jobs are nightmares.

Barricades

ATRENCHE is being dug in the pavement on Washington St. between Pennsylvania and Delaware, and on S. Meridian, to the discomfort of motorists. At a dozen places downtown, building materials clutter up the streets, and barricades force sidewalk traffic to detour.

The police aren't the only restraints on traffic. The life of pedestrian and motorist, alike, is just one barricade after another.

All this happened last spring. A few weeks later the cracker maker was knighted. And the whole story came out.

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Fortunately Indianapolis isn't finished yet. We're glad our barricades are there—even when we cuss them.

Lagrange (Ind.) man complains that buffalo Government gave him cracked his fence. If he wanted a pet why didn't he get a goldfish?

Pleasant Run

FRANK COOPER, 1318 Keystone Ave., wrote to The Times: "Will you kindly fix so that we poor south siders can get our boulevard along Pleasant Run that we paid for in 1923. We want it before Mayor Shank gets his boulevard in front of his new Golden Hill home."

He is ungrateful to insist on promised improvements. True the city took his money, but it left him life and freedom to squirm under the yoke. That's sufficient.

But he wants his boulevard. How foolish! He wants to mar the sylvan beauty of the landscape where Keystone Ave. crosses Pleasant Run.

At present he can sit at ease on his porch and view the rugged, inspiring scenery of a city dump where his boulevard will be. He can watch the mosquitoes—graceful as fawns, only larger—gambol on the trash heaps. He can be lulled to repose by the brunet waters of Pleasant Run as they purr joyfully amid the discarded cans under the bridge.

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Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Johnson.

Customary

When Gus ordered soft-boiled eggs in a Minneapolis restaurant not long ago the waitress brought them in on a little tray. Before she dropped an egg.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed, horrified.

"Cackle," replied Gus.—Whiz Bang.

FOOD FIGHT IS MADE IN WISCONSIN