

# The Indianapolis Times

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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

## The Man Who Would Be King

DAVID C. STEPHENSON a year ago today was at the height of his career. He had just succeeded in placing himself in a position of more influence than any one man ever possessed in the free State of Indiana. He had won an election. Men whom he had supported had been elected to office. A Legislature over which he knew he had almost absolute control was about to convene. He had set up a kingdom and he proposed to rule.

David C. Stephenson today sits in a cell in the little jail in the public square at Noblesville. He has been found guilty of the crime of taking a human life and he faces the prospect of spending the remainder of his days behind prison walls. His influence, which continued even after he was behind iron bars, is gone.

The man who would be king is dethroned and imprisoned, as a result of his own acts.

"I am the law in Indiana," this man once said, according to the girl whose life he has been convicted of taking. He acted on the theory that a king can do no wrong. He was centuries behind his time. He attempted to set himself up as a medieval ruler and to act as one. He attempted to rule ruthlessly and according to his own desires. But he went too far.

The people of Indiana during the last few years have calmly sat by and watched strange occurrences—but in Indiana not even a king can get away with murder.

The jury had before it only the evidence surrounding the death of Madge Oberholtzer. It acted according to the views of the law and the evidence. Stephenson says he has just begun to fight and that probably is true. He will carry his case to higher tribunal, but all that court can do will be to order a new trial.

Regardless of the outcome of the fight he will make, a higher tribunal than the Supreme Court of the State, a tribunal that comprises the population of Indiana, should hold that David C. Stephenson, nor any other man, ever again will be permitted to mount a throne.

## Italy Gets off Light

IT'S a whale of a good trade Benito Mussolini has just struck with America in funding Italy's war debt to this country.

Italy agrees to pay the United States \$2,042,000,000, representing principal and interest due up to June 15, this year. For five years she will pay virtually nothing—a mere \$5,000,000 a year without interest. After that she will make annual payments ranging from \$14,000,000 at the beginning to \$80,000,000 at the finish of a sixty-two-year period.

Interest rates will be negligible. A little better than one-half of one per cent, totaling some \$365,000,000 for the entire sixty-two years. In the first five years while Italy is paying only \$5,000,000 a year, the American people will pay a total of approximately \$400,000,000 interest on the money they raised to lend to Italy. In other words, Americans will pay more interest on Italy's debt in five years than Italy herself will pay in the whole sixty-seven years.

There are at least a million and a quarter Italians in the United States. Most of them are sending money home. An average of \$100 would mean \$125,000,000 sent to Italy annually. Italy can therefore pay us with our own money and have plenty left over for macaroni and Chianti.

We are not complaining over the terms of the debt settlement. This paper from the beginning has said we should settle on a basis of capacity to pay. If Italy can't pay more than that, why that is certainly all we should demand.

But why did the American debt commission turn down a better offer from France? The two countries are nearly of a size, and while France is richer than Italy, Italy has a public debt of only 90,500,000,000 lire, while France has a similar debt of 415,000,000,000 francs, the lire and the franc normally being worth the same.

France's huge debt is largely the result of her having borne the brunt of the World War and her having had to borrow billions to rebuild her war-devastated areas.

Anyway, whatever the reasons, Italy can now go sailing, borrowing all the money she likes in New York with no heavy payments to this country due for forty years, while France, having failed to get a settlement, faces stark ruin.

France is now on the brink of financial perdition. Is it wise to push her over? If we do, we will be lucky if we get anything. It would have been wiser had we settled with France, as we have just done with Italy—on the best terms procurable.

## Necessities, Perhaps; Luxuries, Sure

AMERICANS may not demand necessities this winter, but they are expected to demand the luxuries.

Factories which produce the latter are working full time or overtime in virtually every section of the United States, according to the latest monthly report on industrial conditions of the United States Department of Labor.

And, while full employment is reported from many places in industries producing the essentials, such as steel, coal, clothing, houses, canned goods et cetera, the report shows that conditions are "spotty" throughout the country and that some sections are reporting work slack and factories closed down.

Another feature of the report is that consumers are not only demanding luxuries, but are moving from the farm to the cities to enjoy them. "Shortage of farm labor, due to labor moving to the cities," is a phrase repeated over and over again, from the department's correspondents all over the country.

Manufacture of radios and radio parts, rubber goods, silk fabrics and hose, candy, tobacco, automobiles—all these industries report full time or overtime employment in almost all sections.

Even jazz and gin are included in the optimistic outlook—from Elkhart, Ind., comes word that band-instrument factories are working overtime, and several glass-making centers report overtime activity on the part of glass-bottle blowers.

## A Little Cigar Store

THREE men Sunday night attempted to hold up a little cigar store on S. Capitol Ave.

There have been several attempts to hold up this store. To our unsophisticated mind it seems strange that robbers should take so much trouble to hold up a little cigar store on an out-of-the-way street. What could they possibly expect to find?

It is to the credit of the police that they caught the three alleged robbers. The neighborhood was swarming with policemen Sunday night.

In fact, there were almost enough policemen present to raid a gambling house. But, of course, there are no gambling houses in Indianapolis.

## The Double Standard

A PERPLEXED young woman is worried about "the double standard of morals." She can see nothing fair in a system which allows certain privileges to men and forbids them to women.

And she has plenty of company, for a good many women have spent a lot of time thinking the same thing about the same question.

Pagan and Christian civilizations have had the double standard because the men found it convenient to establish it and, having had the balance of power for centuries, were able to keep women subjected to the same idea.

The modern woman questions this injustice more openly and loudly than any of her predecessors. Having acquired new privileges she dallies with the thought that all the forbidden fruit which men have tasted and now taste should be pressed also to her lips.

And in doing so she dallies with the thought which may destroy her.

In the last analysis, we had much better have the double standard, unjust as it is, than to have women, in order to "get even," think they can tread the primrose path with impunity.

For immorality reacts chiefly upon the individual. It may not be, as many people now argue, a sin against God, but it is without doubt a sin against yourself, and no person, either man or woman, indulges in loose living without paying a price that is high.

We women have been wont to believe that the men can do this and "get by," and once they may have done so, but they can do this no more. They pay, and in precious coin, for every evil deed, for every sensual indulgence, for every indecent, unmanly act. They pay in the loss of their children's faith, in the destruction of their friends' respect, and in the bitter knowledge that they have polluted their bodies and atrophied their souls, and in the end have gained—nothing.

Decency, clean living, wholesome thinking, are worth a thousand times more than anything else in life. To women, they are of inestimable value.

Do not doubt that the pure in heart see God. For while the unclean creep about in the mud and dirt of their own viciousness, these others walk serenely with their faces toward the stars.

## Bridge Will Be Lighted

LET MR. FIXIT solve your troubles with city officials. He is The Times' representative at the city hall. Write him at 111 W. Maryland St. and he will help you.

Thorough lighting of the Thirtieth St. bridge over White River is in immediate prospect, Mr. Fixit learned today from R. Walter Jarvis, parks superintendent.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: The Thirtieth St. bridge over White River is an ideal place to work. It seems the city should take action.

CITIZEN: Jarvis and the park board members agree with you and have appropriated funds to wire the bridge. It soon will be light.

Jarvis said that a pole in Military Park is the subject of a complaint to Mr. Fixit. It indicates a path and cannot be removed.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: If your car is equipped with good springs and skid chains, would like to have you make a trip to Forty-Seventh St. and Sunset Ave., and then if you can get back to the city hall, would surely appreciate it if you would bring the matter to the attention

of the proper officials. Don't attempt to make the trip unless your car is in first class condition.

WASHINGTON TWP. TAXPAYER: That last warning prevents personal inspection, for it would take an Edison to put Fixit's car in "first class condition." However, W. P. Hargan, clerk of the street commissioner's office, will authorize an immediate investigation.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: The dirt is hiding the sidewalk at the southeast and northeast corners of Ginder and Shelby Sts. It has washed down from above.

SOUTH SIDE.

The street cleaning department will investigate.

### Do You Know?

Chances to obtain alley repairs are slim because funds are exhausted. The street commissioner's department is concentrating on streets.

## RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA

By GAYLORD NELSON

### I AM THE LAW

THE Hamilton County jury, by convicting D. C. Stephenson, Saturday, of second degree murder, with its penalty of life imprisonment, did much to settle the question whether "I am the law in Indiana." He is not, emphatically declared twelve good men, and a majority of respectable citizens applaud them.

Even Stephenson, the Hoosier Warwick before whom legislators and high State officials hastened to "bend the pregnant hinges of the knees," who dictated policies and dominated the politics of a great State—can't get away with murder.

The Constitution was not gravely on stone and handed down on Mt. Sinai by Jehovah. It is a very human document forged by human hands in the midst of hot debate and conflicting interests. Its provisions were fashioned as much by expediency as by pure principles of government.

That's some consolation.

The most amazing and depressing feature of the whole case was not the trial, just concluded, or the episode that led to it but the career of the defendant. That he could rise from obscurity to wealth and irresponsible power, shape legislation and make governors by the methods he employed is a blot on the citizenship of Indiana.

The man himself may be "the best man that ever lived," as his henchmen and co-defendant Earl Klinck says—a victim of unhappy persecution. That is debatable. Imagine Lincoln entrapping, assaulting, biting and ravishing a young woman in lustful frenzy. Such things just aren't done by the best men that ever lived.

But whatever the character of the man himself, the greatest disgrace to Indiana comes from Stephensonism, not from the last notorious outrage that caused the arrest, trial and conviction of Stephenson.

The same forces of hate and bigotry that elevated Stephenson to the imperial purple and dictatorship in the political affairs of the democratic State of Indiana are still at work, ready to be harnessed by other adventurers thirsting for power.

It will take more than the verdict of a Hamilton County jury to vindicate the fair name of the State. The dozen farmers who returned the spot on our body politic, instead of eradicating it. The spirit of "I am the law" marches on.

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