

# The Indianapolis Times

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Member of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance. \* \* \* Client of the United Press and the NEA Service. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Published daily except Sunday by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis. \* \* \* Subscription Rates: Indianapolis—Ten Cents a Week. Elsewhere—Twelve Cents a Week. \* \* \* PHONE—MA 3590.

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.

## Write the Senators

The lower house in Congress has passed a bill putting all prohibition enforcement agents under civil service.

It is a policy and a principle upon which wets and drys agree, the first time they have thought alike on any matter.

Taking enforcement of this law out of politics may not appeal to the Senators who have named the agents, but it is a necessary step unless the organization remains an adjunct to political machines.

Not the least of the undesirable conditions which came with prohibition was the political influence which has dominated the enforcement of the law.

The jobs on this bureau were given, largely, to men who are active in primaries and elections.

They were not chosen primarily either for their sympathy with the law itself or for any high regard for any law. Their training was that of practical politics with its devious evasions and subterfuges.

If the appointing power happened to be playing for the dry vote, he named men who would enforce the law strictly and impartially, or at least in a manner which would not alienate his supporters and followers.

If he lived in a wet community he saw to it that his appointees showed very great discretion, to say the least.

The result has been that there is no such thing as uniform enforcement of the law. In wet States, the agents must be blind and deaf. In dry States it is politic to show some activity.

One of the results of this condition has been a very rapid turnover among the agents.

In some of the border cities, an agent lasts about three months and retires rich. It is a rather gashly joke that many men suggest that all they want is six months in that department in cities where smuggling across the border is easy.

No one believes that naming agents under a civil service system will keep out grafters and venal mea from these jobs.

No one believes that it will be a cure for law enforcement or that it will restore respect for law.

But it is a step in the right direction and may eliminate one of the influences which are operating against all respect for law.

It will, or may, make it impossible for a candidate for re-election to the Senate to either terrorize bootleggers by a show of raids or line them up as adjuncts to his respectable supporters by lifting the lid just before the primaries.

The political power and potentialities of an enforcement machine are tremendous.

That power has been used and will be used again. It was intended to be used when the Senators, without regard to party lines, blocked former efforts to take it out of politics.

That measure is now before the Senate. It will be either shelved or delayed unless people, without regard to their opinions on the question of prohibition, make it evident that they will no longer stand for it being a football of politics, a blackmail weapon for politicians.

Unless you happen to be a bootlegger, you should be interested in the quick passage of this law.

If you resent the mixture of politics and prohibition enforcement, write today to Senators Robinson and Watson and ask them what they intend to do or will do to hurry the passage of this law.

## Secrecy in the Senate

For more than a year the United States Senate held up the confirmation of Thomas H. Woodlock, appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Coolidge. One day last week, following promises by the President to take care of Pennsylvania and certain other sections in future appointments, the opposition to Woodlock melted and was confirmed by a vote of 52 to 25.

This vote was taken in secret session of the Senate.

Under the rule adopted, apparently no Senator may even tell his constituents whether he voted for Woodlock or against him without subjecting himself to discipline by the Senate organization.

While some Senators who had helped hold up Woodlock's confirmation had no motive other than a desire to obtain appointment of some one from their own section, the chief opposition was different. This came from Senators who believe Woodlock is so closely identified with big railroad interests that he cannot make an impartial commissioner. The latter class had no desire for secrecy; their opposition had been in the open and they were willing that their votes should be publicly recorded.

The day following confirmation it was moved, in the Senate that this vote be withdrawn from its secrecy and printed in the Record. On this motion there were sixty-four Senators present and voting. The vote was 50 for and 34 against. The lid was kept on.

The thirty who were willing that the vote should be made public are: Republicans—Borah, Brookhart, Dale, Gooding, Howell, Johnson, La Follette, McMaster, McNary, Norris, Nye; Democrats—Blease, Broussard, Copeland, Dill, George, Harris, Kendrick, King, McKellar, Mayfield, Pittman, Sheppard, Simmons, Stephens, Trammell, Tyson, Walsh, Wheeler; Farm-Labor—Shipstead.

The thirty-four who voted to keep the record of the vote secret are: Republicans—Bingham, Butler, Cameron, Capper, Couzens, Curtis, Deneen, Edge, Fernald, Fess, Gillett, Goff, Hale, Harrel, Jones of Washington, Keyes, Means, Metcalf, Moses, Oddie, Phipps, Reed of Pennsylvania, Sackett, Smoot, Wadsworth, Warren, Watson, Willis; Democrats—Edwards, Glass, Jones of New Mexico, Overman, Ransdell, Swanson.

## Jim Davis Forgets

The immigration laws of the United States are being abused in that deportation proceedings are threatened against hundreds of law-abiding citizens of the United States for no reason except that they insist on a living wage and working conditions which are not destructive of health and life."

Senator Robert M. La Follette Jr., in moving for senatorial investigation of the textile workers here at Passaic, N. J., cited a number of charges made by the strikers and counter-charges

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

## Calling On Frances Kennedy Is Like Going On a Very Grand Summer Picnic

### Do You Remember Her



Here is Lady Ashburton, with her husband, Lord Ashburton. Lady Ashburton has returned to the United States—the scene of her successes when she was Frances Donnelly of the "Floradora" sextette.

### All Broke

My phonograph broke down, got the grip, spring fever or something and flatly refused to grind out another record. Package of the most interesting looking new spring records reclined unplayed in my library. And just because my phonograph had to wait until the "doctor" called, I can not tell you about the recorded music today. It probably will be a few days before Master Phonograph is cured, because the doctor had to take a lung or something to the hospital.—W. D. H.

basement, where the artists may have a good family time of it while waiting to entertain.

We reached the dressing room of this vaudeville star.

I was announced. Guess what she was doing—this grand person of the stage.

She had on her glasses and a dainty house gown, calmly sewing on a dress. Oh, yes, she was using her own needle and thread.

Miss Kennedy gave one scream of recognition, removed her glasses and calmly asked: "You hunk of humanity, where have you been all these days?"

I politely reminded the star that she had been in the city thirty-two hours and I thought that I was working very fast to make her a call.

She screamed and laughed as only this great personality can.

And then—

A most terrible secret: She kissed me. "Oh, you poor thing, you have rung out your poor right cheek."

Now don't call this an affair, because it's a private life. Miss Kennedy is the wife of Mr. Thomas Johnson, noted Chicago attorney.

As I have been kissed by the late Sarah Bernhardt and others equally great, and as French generals have that method of polite greeting—I ask you what is in a kiss?

Miss Kennedy flatly refused to remove her feet from a comfortable position.

"This is home and just now my rest period," she told me as she looked very much at home in the clean, modern and comfortable dressing-rooms at the Lyric.

Frances Kennedy is always an artist, and she is a wife and a mother of boy. She has a farm near Gary, Ind., which is one of the joy spots of the northern part of the State.

She has been trouping for years, and she looks younger today than she did twelve years ago when I met her in Terre Haute.

And, being young, she has her very own version of the Charleston. Yes indeed.

Frances Kennedy has been on the stage for years. She has seen many of the greatest fall by the wayside, but Frances keeps going on.

The reason is—She firmly believes that people want to be happy. She has made thousands laugh, and she intends to keep on carrying her program of cheer.

You just can't stop Frances Kennedy. She is a great artist. She knows how to reach her public. I guess that she has been a star on all of the legitimate stages of her career in this city.

This artist is before the public when many others are home and nearly forgotten.

And that is Frances Kennedy, a wonderful artist, a grand wife and a charming mother.

Miss Kennedy is keeping house, meaning entertaining the public, at the Lyric all week.

She is another grand success.

She was driving her new auto for the first time and couldn't understand how the cop could accuse her of going forty miles an hour, when she'd only been out fifteen minutes.

SEZ THE WIFE: "Sure! I'll call you at 6 in the morning—but I know dern well ya won't get up."

DOCTOR—My gosh, man! That's what I'm trying to save you from.

• • •

There's a heap more satisfaction getting by on push than on pull.

• • •

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DOCTOR—My gosh, man! That's what I'm trying to save you from.

• • •

At least, he couldn't kick.

• • •

Some young men, on leaving college, have a hard time deciding whether to go to work or get a job in their father's office.

• • •

A fella seldom has too much on one glass—unless he keeps filling it up.

• • •

The original flat failure is the heating system in a lot of apartment houses.

• • •

SEZ THE WIFE: "I thought you said you were down to the office last night."

• • •

Her mother told her that if her sweetie ever started to get sentimental she should immediately sit on him. He did—and she did.

• • •

She could not tell her husband From Adam, so they say.

Twas at a masquerade and lots Of fellows dressed that way.

• • •

NOW, HONESTLY—

As soon as people grow out of that age themselves, they delight in arguing that a young man caller should go home earlier.

Matter of fact, the gay lotharios are staying a heap later these days than they did when girls really did go on buggy rides. Or, I should say, these nights.

Maybe it's because parents aren't home to send the young man home.

Anyway, if I had to take sides in the argument, I believe I'd have to be in favor of young men bidding the fond, goodby earlier.

In the morning.

• • •

Maybe things used to come out of a clear sky, but Prof. Ofergosh Sakes has announced that, what with the radio, there is no such a thing as a clear sky in the present age.

• • •

If it weren't for the palms in classy restaurants waiters wouldn't make near as much money.

• • •

She—Wonder why so-and-so never minds her own business?

He—She—Lemme tell you of either.

## RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA By GAYLORD NELSON

### JUST ANOTHER EMPTY' GUN

"This is the way you shoot it," explained a 10-year-old Indianapolis lad to his playmate Monday afternoon, as he pointed an "unloadable" revolver, owned by a room-mate in his home, at his companion. And Andrew McNabney, the little playmate, is in the city hospital badly wounded.

Just another didn't-know-it-was-loaded episode. Of course it was purely accidental and regrettable. Probably the little boy who held the weapon feels as badly over the affair as the lad that was wounded. He almost slew his playmate.

However, the boy is more deserving of sympathy than blame for his part in the incident.

Firearms have an irresistible attraction for small boys. They will inevitably get hold of any gun within reach and use it in their play as tragedy after tragedy proves. With a gun in hand an imaginative boy, without leaving his own yard, can sail the seven seas, traverse trackless forests, and roam Western plains in search of high adventure.

A lively lad can no more resist the lure of a gun than a Charles-toner can resist the sobbing blandishments of the saxophone.

All of which is well-known and tragically demonstrated. Consequently when a 10-year-old boy plays with a weapon, loaded or unloaded, a careless adult is responsible.

Elders who leave weapons around in reach of eager children hands might just as well get a nest of rattlesnakes or a covey of typhoid germs and let the children play with them.

QUACK! QUACK!  
QUACK!

### MALT TONIC ALMOST LIKE BEER

Two large breweries have been granted permission by Federal prohibition authorities to manufacture a malt liquor containing 3.76 percent alcohol. It is classed as a "tonic" and is to be sold through drug stores without prescription.

The liquor is not suitable for beverage purposes, assert the manufacturers. It contains 25 percent malt solids, because of which it cannot be drunk in sufficient quantities to be intoxicating. But it looks and tastes like beer.

That ought to make some Hoosiers smack their lips. Here is something they have been longing for—a drink that looks and tastes like beer, contains alcohol 'never-thing,' and can be purchased legally without sneaking up an alley and trafficking with bootleggers.

It will be interesting to see how the "tonic" will be received by the light wine and beer enthusiasts. These vociferous gentlemen argue that people don't like hard liquor, but drink it because prohibition makes it difficult to obtain the milder beverages of low alcoholic content. Give 'em beer and wine and drunkenness will disappear.

That's just the out and out fake practitioners. The estimate does not include the sums spent in treatment by aerotherapists, astral healers, bio-dynamo—chromatic therapists and the rest of the innumerable healing cults and isms that have sprung up in recent years and at which orthodox physicians look askance.

The unscrupulous quacks pose as doctors and pretend to treat diseases from consumption to cancer. Unlicensed and unqualified they prey on ignorant and trusting patients. A wart these fake practitioners can, a pimple they magnify into a dreaded blood disease, and charge accordingly for treatment.

A person who is ailing, of course, is privileged to try any healing system he desires. It's his disease. If he wants to treat it by fasting, prayer, faith, cracking his finger joints or by wearing a red bandanna handkerchief around his neck, that's his business.

But he should have assurance that, whatever system of therapy he chooses, he be treated, not swindled, by a medical knave. Quackery is a sorry business.

