

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.

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 dries 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 wets, 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 appointee 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 ghastly 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 men from these jobs.

No one believes that it will be a cure for lax 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. Woodcock, 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 Woodcock melted and he 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 Woodcock or against him without subjecting himself to discipline by the Senate organization.

While some Senators who had helped hold up Woodcock'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 Woodcock 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, Harrell, 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

"9. 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' strike at Passaic, N. J., cited a number of charges made by the strikers and counter-charges

made by the employers. The paragraph quoted is No. 9 in the list of charges.

It is cited here, not for its bearing on that particular strike, but in connection with the alien registration bill which Secretary of Labor Davis is endeavoring to put through Congress. One reason Davis' idea has met with so much resistance in Congress is that the average member can see the abuses that naturally would follow his proposed plan of registration. He can see how ignorant foreign-born citizens, or men who hope to become citizens, might be hounded and harassed by persons wishing to take advantage of them, if they were compelled to carry cards and generally place themselves under the thumbs of local officials wherever they might settle down to live and work.

If the charge made at Passaic is true, how much more unhappy would the life of these new Americans be made under the proposed system of registration.

Secretary Davis was an immigrant boy from Wales himself. He loves to voice his views on America, the land of opportunity, as it has proved itself in his case. In his early days as a tinplate worker, Davis participated in a strike or two. Had conditions and laws of that day permitted advantage to be taken of his foreign birth, such as his registration bill now would permit, it is possible that his interesting progress from puddler to President's aid would never have occurred. He might be back in Wales recalling with a bit of bitterness a few years spent in America, ended by deportation proceedings and a steamer ride home.

A Jap Base in Mexico?

Washington is said to be considerably perturbed over the report that the Mexican government has granted huge land concessions to a Japanese syndicate—one of a million acres on the Pacific coast near the American border and another, twice as big, on Magdalena Bay, close to the southern tip of Lower California.

This is important—and serious—if true. But let's try to keep cool until the news is confirmed.

The new Mexican Constitution of 1917 expressly and unconditionally prohibits any alien from either acquiring direct ownership in lands and waters within 100 kilometers (approximately 63 miles) of the international boundaries and 50 kilometers of the seacoasts, or being a shareholder in a Mexican company acquiring or owning such concessions.

Furthermore it so happens that the United States and Mexico at this moment are at loggerheads regarding laws based on this very provision—laws which on their face appear almost confiscatory. It is difficult to believe President Calles could be so inconsistent as to require the sale of previously acquired foreign concessions within the prohibited zones described above then turn right around and make identical grants to other foreigners.

Lastly, American foreign policy may be, and for the most part generally is, vague, but on this particular subject it happens to be quite clear.

"When any harbor or other place in the American continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States"—reads a resolution adopted by Congress upon a former occasion when it appeared the Japanese were on the point of getting a foothold in the same region—"the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern" its falling into any foreign hands not American.

Mexico may or may not choose to shape its course to conform to our policy—that's for us to worry about—but she has her own Constitution which directly forbids the granting of any such concession. Confirmation of the reports, therefore, would not only reduce that document to a worthless scrap of paper but spell trouble with this country as well.

Which is why the news is difficult to believe.

Tom Sims Says

Almost time for the spring poet to see his shadow.

Stay away from bad company and you won't know enough cuss words to call your auto when it won't start.

The hard thing about making money last is making it first.

A wooden leg isn't as great a handicap as a wooden head.

Boys of 15 Can Join British Navy

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Bureau, 1329 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. Enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply. Medical, legal and marital advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Limited space cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

How old must a boy be to enlist in the British Navy and what is the pay on enlistment? Enlistment age is from 15 to 17 years and the pay is 18 pounds 5 shillings per year.

Has Great Salt Lake in Utah ever been larger than it is now?

It is all that is left of Lake Bonneville, which in geologic ages covered about 20,000 square miles and was approximately ten times larger than the existing body of water.

What is the "Big Brother and Big Sister Federation"?

It is an international organization with headquarters at 1775 Broadway, New York City, whose purposes are to promote the welfare of children and to save boys and girls from delinquency by individual and personal effort and through special volunteer organizations and cooperation with other agencies in the United States and Canada. It acts in an advisory capacity to such volunteer organizations as are now in existence and cooperates with them wherever and whenever possible to secure united effort in a common cause.

Didn't the American Indians have some method of lessening suffering when they treated wounds and injuries?

The anesthetic potency of certain plants was known to Indians. The Zunis and some other tribes used a substance obtained from the jimson weed as an anesthetic during surgical operations.

What is the botanical name for the cottonwood tree?

Populus.

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

By Walter D. Hickman

If I should tell you that I called upon a "grand old lady" of the stage, the person so addressed would remark in plain English that she might be "grand" but "not old." The other evening I asked the house manager of the Lyric to take me back to Miss Frances Kennedy, that gay funmaker on the bill. I was ushered through the spacious restrooms of the Lyric in the

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 recline 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 graph 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 roused on your right cheek."

Now don't call this an affair, because in 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 general 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 a boy. She has a farm near Gary, Ind., which is one of the loy spots of the northern part of the State.

She has been tramping 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.

Other theaters today offer: Dr. Rockwell at Keith's, Frances Kennedy at the Lyric, Townsend Boldt and company at the Palace, "Dance Madness" at the Ohio, "Sea Horses" at the Apollo, "The Still Alarm" at the Colonial, "The Blackbird" at the Circle, "Under Western Skies" at the Isis and burlesque at the Broadway.

BID OPENING APRIL 27

Highway Commission to Look at Figures on Paving.

Bids will be opened by the State highway commission April 27 on approximately sixty-five miles of paving. Projects in the new letting: State Rd. 1, Columbus to Edinburg, 14 miles; Rd. 2, Valparaiso to Hamlet, 16 miles; Rd. 10, Lake Village to Dyer, 3.5 miles; Rd. 17, Waterloo to Butler, 7 miles; and Rd. 12, Mooresville to Marion County line, 5 miles.

RYAN FOR FARM AID

Toga Seeker Pledges Support to Indiana Agriculture.

By United Press SEYMOUR, Ind., March 31.—Oswald Ryan of Anderson, Republican candidate for the short term senatorial nomination, last night pledged his support to the farmers of Indiana in their fight for "a place in the sun." Ryan declared the farmers' demands are justifiable and should be granted.

FREDRICK TO DEBATE

Will Take Part in World Court Discussion.

By United Press KOKOMO, Ind., March 31.—John E. Fredrick, Democratic candidate for the long term senatorial nomination, will take part in a debate here Thursday on the World Court, it was announced today. The debate is being staged under the auspices of a local Bible class.

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 "Florodora" sextette.

THE VERY IDEA

By Hal Cochran

MOM'S JOB

A man hies homeward, every day when working hours are done. His mind is turned to loaf and play and things that make up fun. He longs to eat a home-cooked meal that wife has prepared. He knows how good he's going to feel as supper fare is shared.

So buried in such thoughts is he, he seldom stops to think that tiredness comes with homework, and that wife is on the brink. It really looks so easy, when the supper's on the table. To realize that cooking food is work, he is not able.

Then wife takes a week-end trip, and leaves things on the shelf so glad, when he comes home at night, can cook his meals himself. The first attempt is not so bad. With actions rather crude, he rolls his sleeves and sails right in the job of cooking food.

The second, and the third night, though, begin to tell their story. Dad wonders why he ever thought that mom was in her glory. But then, when she arrives back home and tackles work again, he once more thinks her job is soft—he's like all other men.

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

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.

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

He spent his life complaining and when he was taken sick With gout, his friends were glad because 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. Obergosh 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—

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 "unloaded" revolver, owned by a roomer in his home, at his companion.

And Raymond McNabney, the lithe 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 provokes. 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 sabbings 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 childish hands might just as well get a nest of rattlesnakes or a covey of typhoid germs and let the children play with them.

MALT TONIC

ALMOST LIKE BEER

Two large breweries have been granted permission by Federal prohibition authorities, according to Washington dispatches, to manufacture a malt liquor containing 3.75 per cent alcohol. It is classed as a "tonic" and is to be sold through drug stores without prescriptions.

The liquor is not suitable for beverage purposes, assert the manufacturers. It contains 25 per cent 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 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.

All of which sounds logical. Here will be an opportunity to demonstrate that people drink beer to gratify the palate, not to light alcoholic fires. On that theory, if the new "tonic" looks and tastes like beer it should be as satisfactory as beer.

But probably as soon as the "tonic" appears on the market some enterprising thirsts will try to devise a method to extract the malt solids from it. They will try to get a real "kick" out of it. They won't be satisfied with taste alone.

THE PINCH OF ECONOMY

As a result of the last meeting of the State Legislative finance committee, it is expected that increases in salaries of sundry State employees will add \$8,000 to the State's annual pay roll. And most of the requests for fatter pay envelopes made to the committee were rejected.

Last fall the finance committee assembled, with much clashing of cymbals and beating of tom-toms,

to revise the State's salary list in accordance with the present administration's well-known and much advertised economy program. The pruning knife was sharpened and some of the fat salaries attached to State jobs were sliced to the quick. A few low salaries were boosted.

At length the committee reported. It was announced that its salary adjustments would save the State \$100,000 annually. There was economy to brag about.

But scarcely had the committee finished its deliberations before the officials and employes affected by cuts set up a howl. And started action to have their stipend restored to former figures.

And every meeting of the committee in the past three months has been marked by pleas of officials and employes for restoration to the old pay scale. Every meeting there has been a \$100 boost here and a \$200 raise there in response to the pleas.

So now the net result of the committee's much heralded salary trimming foray is that the \$100,000 saving has vanished. Most salaries are where they were at the start. If the committee is really going to save \$100,000 this year it will apparently have to do so by saving lead pencils and scraps of paper, not by trimming the State's pay roll.

Every official and employe of the State is heartily in favor of economy in State expenditures. But they don't want it to get too personal. When the policy of economy pinches their own pay envelopes, it hurts, and how they protest.

QUACK! QUACK!

QUACK!

"Dr." George Rockwell, M.D., liner at Keith's this week, put a quack doctor act that convinced the audience. The "doctor" is a physician. If he possesses a diploma, he obtained it by saving soap wrappers or cigar store coupons.

Aided and abetted by horn-rim spectacles, clothes of professional cut, and a quasi-medical lingo that rumbles and reverberates vindictively, he is the quackiest of quacks. As you listen to him you can feel all the ills that he is heir to crawling up on your nose and making themselves at home.

He is uproariously funny. But just how funny is the real quack doctor business in Indianapolis?

Dr. E. M. Shanklin of the Indiana board of medical registration, says that five or six quack establishments in Indianapolis defraud their victims of \$200,000 a year.

That's just the out and out fake practitioners. The estimate does not include the sums spent in treatment by acrotherpists, 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 pronounce a cancer, 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 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.

PEARL FISHING AT P. I. MANILA—Because of onerous restrictions and duties in their own country, Australian pearl fishers are turning their attention to the Philippines as a future field of operations.

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