

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.

SCORE ONE FOR JIM

At last, after thirty years of public life, an election occurs which suggests that for once Senator Watson cast a vote of which the people approve. Not the people of Indiana, of course, but some people.

No wonder that his defenders and supporters shout with joy that over in Illinois a Senator who voted to put this country into the World Court has been defeated by his own party.

Senator Watson voted against that court. True, he did not seem to know until the last minute just what he thought about it.

True, the heads of a secret organization with presumed power in Indiana had told him what they wanted.

And even more true is the fact that back home one Albert J. Beveridge had not decided whether he would enter the contest for the nomination, but could be relied upon, because of his convictions, to challenge Watson should the Senator vote to "uphold the hands of Calvin Coolidge" and vote for the court.

So, without a comment and without an argument, in fear rather than through faith, Watson voted and his closest friends knew for the first time just what he would do.

But the vote offers opportunity for those who have hunted deep and vigorously for an incident that can be used to bolster up his campaign—which needs bolstering.

The reports of leading citizens in every section openly announcing that they will vote for Claris Adams and against Watson are too numerous and too general to be disregarded.

So everybody in the magnificent machine is now pointing to Illinois as proof that for once Watson was right.

Of course, they fail to mention the fact that the winner in that contest had the powerful machine of what has been termed the most questionable administration in the history of that State, the head of which has been charged with enriching himself at public expense.

But why probe too deep? The miracle has happened. At last, finally Watson's friends have found something which they believe indicates that he voted right—once.

Why shouldn't they shout and crow? They have waited thirty years for such an hour.

UNDER THE CEDARS

Fitting, indeed, was the simple ceremony with which the clay of Luther Burbank was placed beneath the cedar tree he loved so well.

The great naturalist returns to Mother Nature. A few close friends stand at the open grave, not to mourn but to pay tribute to his genius.

The truth or the falsity of his beliefs on matters of religion are no longer veiled to him, and their influence upon the minds or beliefs of others will be buried with him.

He knows. To the world at large, his life work was a denial of his spoken creed.

For under his skilled eye and hand, he demonstrated each day that life is endless and ever greater.

He took the small root of the potato plant and made it feed the world, banishing famine in many lands, adding prodigiously to the food supply for all time.

He took the humble prune and made of it a delectable luxury. The tomato became something more desirable and more wholesome as he guided and directed its destiny.

He added to the color of flowers and the perfume of the blossom.

Long after his name has been forgotten, countless generations will be better fed, will more greatly enjoy beauty, will be happier because of his genius and his talent.

Let those who wish believe that such a genius is the accidental reaction of chemical elements in the human body or an unusual vibration of atomic force in an unusual individual.

Let those who wish believe that the spirit which prompted and spurred his work dies while his work lives on.

Just as he helped these plants to become more glorious, that greater Genius which takes human lives and transforms them by its touch of love must have a happier and a greater climax than the grave beneath the cedars.

Life, all life, would be meaningless were it even thinkable that such spirits as those of Burbank, such genius as was his, such love of beauty and of all mankind must end in a quiet evening, covered by the cloak of clay above their own human habitations.

A BETTER REMEDY

There is an admission of failure in the suggestion of the head of all prohibition enforcement agents of the Federal Government that the Volstead law be modified to the extent of permitting certain grades of beer to be made and sold for consumption in homes and in hotels with meals.

He has a nation-wide view of the prohibition question. His is the will of experience and close observation.

He must know that there is a wide variation of ideas, thought, habits and beliefs among the residents of the various States.

He must know that sentiment in Chicago or New York or Indianapolis or any large city is not the sentiment of Sullivan or Osceola or some smaller city.

He knows that the conscience of Kansas and the principles of Chicago, as determined by the majority of people, are not identical and that whenever an attempt is made to enforce limitations which are not founded in conscience and principle, law must inevitably fail.

His appeal that the law be modified in order to permit the sale of beer is in effect an appeal to satisfy the demands of large numbers who want temperance, but who see neither sin nor crime in partaking of a beverage to which they were accustomed from childhood.

Just how little headway the Government has made in the enforcement of prohibition is shown by the estimate of this same official that there are 172,000 stills now in operation in this country.

That figure is startling when he adds that the

capacity of these stills averages forty gallons a day. Running at full blast, not probable, it would mean that the country could be drenched with more than sixty millions of gallons of raw, crude alcohol. All poisonous as well as intoxicating, every day.

That explains some of the brutal crimes, the madness of the new type of drunkard, his lack of mercy, his boldness in crime and his cruelty in method.

It suggests that the Nation is rapidly changing its appetite, as far as it has an appetite for alcohol, from milder beverages to hard liquors, and these poisonous in the extreme.

A man charged with the responsibility of suppressing these stills might well ask for some change that would lighten his labors or stem the current of lawlessness by meeting the demands of those who might not be tempted to patronize the illicit still if given satisfactions to their former appetites.

It is conceivable that the demand for beers may not apply to all parts of the country.

It is more than probable that there are large sections of the Nation which look upon beer and similar beverages with smaller alcoholic content as vicious and thoroughly bad.

It is possible that the majority sentiment in many sections would and will object to the introduction into their communities of this or any other form of alcoholic drink.

The Anti-Saloon League, in the days when it was winning confidence and before it became an arrogant and autocratic political oligarchy, ruled by its officers and not its contributors or members, stood upon the principle that the people should govern conditions in their own communities.

It demanded, in those days, the thoroughly American principle that the people should govern themselves and should determine the environments of their own neighborhoods.

It pleaded then, not now, for a government by the people. It stood for local option as in thorough accord with real Americanism. It especially was bitter against the national prohibition party and its principle of legal control of habits.

That organization has changed its character. But the principle under which it gained power has not changed.

Prohibition has failed largely because it violates this principle. Legalizing beer on a nation-wide basis will not solve the whole problem.

It may help in some communities to reduce the amount of liquor being poured out from these 172,000 illegal stills.

The better remedy is the repeal of the Volstead act, which would leave the enforcement of the Eighteenth amendment in the hands of State legislatures.

Certainly no advocate of prohibition in Indiana could object, for the Wright law is much more strict than the Volstead act.

But it would end the division of responsibility, decrease the widespread corruption and check the growing lack of respect for law which comes from the futile effort of Federal officers to enforce the national law.

Some mechanics think the car was sent to the garage to have the contents of its tool box removed.

Sympathy is best taken in very small doses.

A bootlegger tells us that what's sauce for the goose is easy pickings for a smart duck.

Children are a great handicap when one wishes to be unhappy.

It never rains but it stops.

HERE'S DEFINITION OF POLITICAL BOSS

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1223 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply. Medical, legal and other questions cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Unsigned replies cannot be answered. All letters are confidential.—Editor.

What is a political or party boss? A "boss" in politics is a professional politician who has succeeded in gaining control of a party or organization and who uses his power to dominate legislatures, executive officers and courts either from motives of love of power or from a desire to enrich himself or favor friends. The boss secures and maintains his power through organizations, donations to charity, bribery, colonization and other frauds; appeals to class prejudice and the denunciation of the interests which are privately accommodated by him. In many cases he has very close relations with the machine of the opposite party.

How and when did the U. S. S. Cyclops disappear? The U. S. S. Cyclops disappeared in March, 1918. Loaded with a cargo of manganese and with fifty-seven passengers, twenty officers and a crew of 213 aboard, the collier was due in port March 13. On March 4, the Cyclops reported at Barbadoes, British West Indies, where she put in for bunker coal. After she departed from that port all trace of the vessel was lost, and a long continued and vigilant search of the entire region proved utterly futile. Not a vestige of wreckage was discovered. After months of search and waiting the Cyclops was finally given up as lost and her name stricken from the Navy register.

Can you tell me something concerning the baseball career of Stanley Harris, the manager of the Washington baseball team?

Stanley Raymond Harris, manager and second baseman of the Washington team, was born at Port Jervis, N. J., Nov. 8, 1896. He bats and throws right-handed, is 5 feet 9½ inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. He was with the Detroit Tigers in 1916, was released to Muskegon of the Central League, April, 1917; released to Reading, June, 1917; Buffalo, 1918; 1919; sold to Washington Aug. 5, 1919. He was appointed manager of the Washington club in February, 1924, and proceeded to win both American League pennant and the World Series of 1924. Under his leadership the Washington team again won the American League pennant in 1925, but lost the World Series to Pittsburgh.

Can a man buy his way out of the Marine Corps? No.

For what is the instrument called the "theodolite" used?

It is an instrument for measuring horizontal and vertical angles. It comprises a small telescope turning on a vertical axis through the center of a horizontal graduated circle, and also on a horizontal axis by which it may be pointed at any elevation.

What city in the United States is the largest gold mining town?

Lead, South Dakota, is said to hold this distinction.

Colonial to Present 'Sandy,' Times Big Continued Story, on Screen Next Week



MR. FIXIT

City Will Improve Small Parks for Summer.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials. He is the Times' representative at the city hall. Write him at The Times.

Park board employees are improving a number of small parks for the summer season. Mr. Fixit learned today. This includes Miniature Park, between Belle View and Mount St., on W. New York St.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: This is to advise you and also to thank you for a favor which brought results last summer. I read The Times every evening and your column is the first thing I look for when I get it. I would like to know if they are going to do anything with a plot of ground that they cleaned up last summer. It is Miniature Park, between Belle View and Mount Sts. They were supposed to put in shrubbery and lawns this spring.

MICHAEL J. HEALEY, 2424 W. New York St. R. Walter Jarvis, parks superintendent, said the park would be improved.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I would like your aid in finding out the reason we have not heard about a petition for the improvement of an alley from Wyoming St. to Ray St. and between South and West and Chadwick Sts., which we turned in on March 1. MICHAEL KENNEY.

Wayne Emmelman, board of works secretary, said the matter is now under consideration and that you will be notified soon for further action.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: A bottle yard on Bradshaw St. keeps the alley between Bradshaw and Buchanan Sts. strewn with broken bottles so that it is a nuisance to automobile owners who must use this alley. Why can't something be done? A RESIDENT.

Something can and will be done. The police will investigate at once.

THE VERY IDEA

By Hal Cochran

HAPPINESS

What are you looking for—happiness? Sure! Men who are shy of it, really are poor. Show me the soul who can say he cares not as to the things that are born in his lot.

Living is one thing we all hate to lose. Long days, and happy ones, all of us choose. Brightness that seeps in to last on for aye, only can seep if you make it that way.

Wise is the man who knows right things from wrong. Playing them safely, he travels along, never to wonder what life is about. Doing your best, make the best side come out.

Age makes you learn that to give is to get. Always, returns come to givers—and yet, soon you will learn that the happiest plan, is GIVE, quite regardless, as much as you can.

Do just a little bit more than your share. Show all the world that you really DO care. Make others happy—that's getting the hang of spreading the thing that's a real boom—erang.

You can't always tell, from a Senator's speech, what he really thinks about the thing he's talking on.

Some people think the best protection against fire is to have a place insured for twice what it's worth.

The laugh is on the man who bought his wife some lipstick 'cause he thought it would make them do it.

Just make the best of what you've got.

The thought may loudly ring, But just what can a fellow do Who hasn't got a thing?

We'd like to hear all the hooes get together and sing the famous song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

The stingiest man we know of is the fellow who was always late to his meals but wouldn't even give an excuse.

WANTS TROOPS TO STAY

Herrin Anxious to Keep Peace Enforced.

By United Press HERRIN, Ill., April 15.—Herrin today is quiet.

But in an effort to maintain that quiet, local city officials have asked that the militia, which so far has been the only medium of bringing an abrupt end to the hate guns, remain on duty at least until after Tuesday's aldermanic election.

No action has been taken thus far.



Upper Left—Bardson Bard as Ben Murillo and Madge Bellamy as Sandy in "Sandy," a movie made from The Indianapolis Times serial of the same name, to be presented at the Colonial next week, starting Sunday. Upper Right—Leslie Fenton as Douglas Keith, Madge Bellamy as Sandy and Gloria Hope as Judith Moore in "Sandy." Lower—Harrison Ford as Ramon Worth and Miss Bellamy as Sandy. It is a production.

NEW SHOW OPENS AT PALACE THEATER

A transcontinental tour will be conducted by six versatile guides for theatergoers who "See America First." Milton Hocky's and Howard Green's geographical musical fantasy, which opens today at the Palace Theater for the remainder of the week. These entertainers will lead their audiences north, south, east and west, pointing out the main places of interest and offering a bit of characteristic amusement at each stop. There are five stops and each one has fitting scenes, humor, steps and melody. Four girls are in the numbers.

Harry Coleman, former musical comedy star, is starred with Gladys Hart in "Love As Is," a sketch written by William Wells. The vehicle is a comedy with music. Miss Hart was formerly with "Irene." Burt Payne assists in the number.

Winifred Morgan and her Boys stage their elaborate musical and dance frolic, "A Night on a Roof Garden." Several scenes are offered in this number.

"An Incomparable Surprise" is booked for Paul Sydel's act in which he presents his trick dog.

\$10,000 JEWELRY LOSS

William A. Atkins, in Italy, Loses Gems.

Jewelry valued at \$10,000 was stolen from the Milan, Italy, Grand Hotel suite of William A. Atkins, 1320 N. Meridian St., touring Europe with his bride, according to cablegrams to local relatives today. Atkins, vice president of the E. C. Atkins and Company, saw manufacturing firm, was married in Greenwich, Conn., March 10 and sailed for Europe the following day.

DOCTORS REAPPOINTED

Governor Jackson's office announced the reappointment today of Drs. W. A. Spurgeon of Muncie and J. W. Bowers of Ft. Wayne, as members of the State board of medical registration. Terms are for four years.

RIGHT HERE IN INDIANA NELSON

ANOTHER SITE FOR SHORTRIDGE

The Indianapolis school board, at its last meeting, rescinded previous actions to buy a tract at Forty-Sixth St. for the new Shortridge High School site and sell the site at Thirty-Fourth St.

That disposes of the injunction proceedings brought by opponents of the Forty-Sixth St. location. And leaves the whole Shortridge project just where it was three months ago.

The board now has another site under consideration. It is reported a seven-acre tract between Hill and Meridian at Fortieth St. Members of the majority faction, it is said, look upon this site with favor.

The ordinary citizen, who is not in the real estate business and is not an aggressive partisan of majority or minority school board faction, probably is not deeply interested in which site is finally selected for the school. He wants a school, not a site, so that his children will not be compelled to go to the present dilapidated, overcrowded, ramshackle fire trap that is now Shortridge High School.

Perhaps the proposed Fortieth St. site has merits and advantages over either the Thirty-Fourth St. or Forty-Sixth St. tracts. Perhaps the Thirty-Fourth St. tract already possessed by the board is as suitable location for the school as can be found.

But one thing the board should not overlook. The present site of Shortridge is the worst possible. No location could be worse for school purposes than that fronting Pennsylvania between Michigan and North Sts. And there is definitely while the board discusses new sites and delays construction of the new Shortridge.

NOW FOR FLYING

The airport committee of the chamber of commerce has secured the use of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway for a commercial airport. The owners have more than done their part in granting use of their property for a landing field.

Apparently after the idea had simmered for several months, Indianapolis will do something to encourage commercial aviation.

We now have a convenient, accessible landing field, and with the plans now under way, soon to be equipped for the proper accommodation and growing of airplanes. We have everything necessary to make this city a flying center.

But only a start has been made on that ambitious enterprise. At the moment in a commercial aviation way we are all dressed up and no place to go. We have the airport, but no air lines.

The proposed air mail line passing through Indianapolis has not yet definitely materialized. Other cities are already linked by private lines carrying express and passengers. The Ford aerial express between Detroit and Chicago completed yesterday its first year of successful operation.

There is still plenty of work for our enthusiastic civic boosters to do before Indianapolis is on the air map. Air lines must be attracted and encouraged. We have the airport; now for the flap of wings.

A STOCK SWINDLE

The State securities commission, following an investigation of his activities, secured the arrest of an Indianapolis man yesterday on charges of fraud and misrepresentation in the sale of securities. He had traded worthless stock to Jennings County farmers for gilded securities.

That's the sort of thing the securities commission is doing every

day—running down and putting out of business the glib blue sky artists who swindle innocent investors with fake stock. But the job is never completed.

Here is a blue sky artist, who is not a registered dealer or agent, whose securities had not been approved by the State commission as required by law. Yet he flourished and did business with trusting investors. His victims made no effort to investigate him or his securities before they invested. They just bit.

A few weeks ago another fake stock enterprise, by which a number of Henry County investors were swindled, was exposed by the securities commission. In that case also worthless, unregistered stock was peddled successfully by unlicensed dealers. The investors just bit without knowing, or apparently caring, whether the securities or the salesmen had complied with Indiana blue sky law.

The last Legislature passed a blue sky law with teeth, designed to protect investors from stock frauds and drive the fake stock gentry out of the State.

The law means well. But we have the stick swindler still with us. A blue sky law can't protect investors against themselves. As long as careless investors grab wildcat stock without investigation they will get hooked, law or no law.

HERRIN AT IT AGAIN

Guns barked again Tuesday at Herrin, Ill. Six more men died with their boots on in the bitter, bloody feud between Klan and anti-Klan that has divided the town into warring factions. And militiamen again patrol the streets of Herrin.

Bloody Herrin. No other community in the country is in such evil repute. The nation is shocked at the black record of murder, assassination and violence that has been written by this southern Illinois mining center in the past three years. Is there to be no end to the bloodshed and hate?

But let's not denounce Herrin too vigorously as a murder center where killing and being killed is the principal business. There are other communities where life is as short, tempestuous and punctuated with homicides.

In the last two years there have been only twenty-eight murders in the county in which Herrin is located. Twenty-eight murders and the county is regarded as the country's premier murder center. In Indianapolis, a city where commerce, culture, art, music, literature and friendliness abound, there were thirty-nine homicides last year. In the last two years there were 114 murders in the Hoosier metropolis. Four times the Herrin score in the same length of time.

Yet Indianapolis is rated a quiet, orderly, peace-loving community, with an intelligent citizenship, the birthplace of the "Home complete," a city of model homes and domesticity. While Herrin is advertised as the home of the smoking six-shooter, where they say it with lead.

The cold statistics scarcely justify us in pointing the finger of scorn at Herrin. Our murder industry goes along steadily week after week, while in Herrin they kill 'em sporadically and in bunches. Our homicide industry isn't properly exploited.

SCHOOL REMONSTRATED

Hearing on McCordsville Bond Issue Next Week.

State tax commissioners next week will hear a remonstrance against construction of a new \$93,000 high school building at McCordsville to replace one destroyed by fire Feb. 7. Nail Blue, principal, presented plans and specifications to the State board of health for approval.

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