

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.

KNOW YOUR STATE

INDIANA spends approximately \$2.50 for new construction against a single dollar for the maintenance of her splendid system of highways. The policy of the highway commission is to maintain a high standard of repair on State roads, regarding this as more economical than permitting rapid deterioration, which would necessitate early rebuilding.

WILL THE DRY'S PROBE?

If there be any sincere believers in prohibition who in the past have had some misgivings as to the propriety of turning over their votes to Senator James E. Watson, they certainly should demand a thorough showdown on the facts concerning the petition to release a conspirator from the Federal Penitentiary.

The merits of the case no longer matter. The Jones Brothers may be the worst traitors to the country or they may have been framed.

But the big question in the matter is whether or not Senator Watson signed a petition for their release.

The Times has the word of Dr. Shumaker, head of the Anti-Saloon League of this State that Watson, replying to an inquiry which Shumaker made over the telephone, told him that he knew nothing of such a case and had never signed any such appeal.

That puts any defense in the future that Watson might make that he wanted to correct an injunction out of court.

For Watson evidently believed that a signature to such a petition would affront the dry forces and took pains to deny that he had signed.

Did Watson rely on the rules of the Federal prison which forbid an official to divulge the names of signers to petitions for mercy?

The denial of Watson to Shumaker was contradicted by the statement sent out over wires of two big press associations which are considered reliable and many Washington correspondents for newspapers.

The accuracy of these reporters is their chief asset. Their reliability is their first claim to distinction.

It is significant that Watson has not received a denial from any newspaper correspondent or any press association.

He did deny it to the man who has always endorsed Watson to the voters of the State as a friend of prohibition to whom he should give their votes.

He did think the matter important enough and perhaps dangerous enough to his "dry" record to tell the Reverend Shumaker that he had signed no such appeal.

Denial, of course, is the easy way, especially when the rules of the prison board are such as can be invoked to prevent an inquiry or disclose the signature, if it be there.

Perhaps the dry forces, if they believe that Watson should have proof of his assertion to Shumaker, will give them a release from this rule and join them in a petition to the prison authorities to show the petition and the papers on file?

For clearly the issue is no longer one of the Jones case but whether Watson tried to deceive the dry voters of this State.

If the press associations and the newspaper correspondents all lied concerning Watson and his signature, it might seem that he would have, before this demanded a retraction.

Either these associations and newspapers made misstatements concerning Watson or the Senator deliberately tried to deceive the dry forces of this State.

What will Shumaker and the dry forces say if they should find that Watson had made at least an inaccurate statement to them?

AN ECHO FROM '96

Bryan is dead and stagnant water reflects the moon in more than one mine shaft in the West.

But some veteran silver-haired silver miners still believe the value of their ore should be fixed by law, sixteen ounces to the ounce of gold.

The highly interesting thing is that this tenuous theory is not nearly so decayed as it sounds.

There is pending in Congress right now a measure, which, to some extent, proposes just what the great Commoner professed when he attempted in 1896 to seize the presidency shouting "Sixteen to One."

Silver is selling today on the open market for about 61 cents an ounce. This measure, introduced by Senator Pittman of Nevada would compel the United States Treasury to purchase 14,598,000 ounces of silver at \$1 an ounce.

Silver is selling, as compared with gold, at about 33 to 1. The treasury would be forced to pay about 20 to 1. And the bill already has passed the Senate.

This "twenty-to-one" silver theory started in 1918 when Congress passed an earlier Pittman bill ordering the treasury to purchase 200,000,000 ounces at \$1 per.

The treasury, under this bill, has already paid the silver mines a bonus above market prices of \$58,169,000, according to Gerrard B. Winston, under secretary.

Only twice in the last fifteen years has silver been worth \$1 or more an ounce on the open market. In 1918 the price reached \$1.12 and in 1919, \$1.02.

THE PLACE TO TALK

Words, words, words. They have been spilled by millions on the subject of the recent Pennsylvania tangle.

It remains for Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska to spill a few where they will do the most damage in Pennsylvania.

He who was re-elected last time at a cost of a stamp—if that is a fair statement of

the fact that the only letter he wrote was one in which he said he didn't wish to be a candidate—is going into Pennsylvania to oppose the election of William S. Vare.

Vare spent something like a million to obtain the nomination on the Republican ticket. He proposes to make his opposition as effective as possible by advocating the election of a Democrat—William B. Wilson.

It happens that William B. Wilson is a first-class man; that is what makes it possible for Norris to support him. If Wilson goes to the Senate it will be with only one idea—that of serving the whole public as intelligently as he can. This is Norris' own platform and program as a Senator and he would welcome Wilson as a colleague, since there are none to many statesmen of that broad calibre for the Senate.

Norris' example might well be followed by other Senators. At the coming short session, if Vare is elected, the Senate will respond with the voices of outraged orators protesting against the pollution of William S. Vare's presence.

Days doubtless will be spent on the subject. Then at the session of the following Congress when Vare, if elected, will appear to be sworn in, there will be more days of this. Several Senators, as committee members, will have to give up a good deal of their time to consideration of the charges against Vare. When their report is brought in, many more days will be consumed in angry eloquence. Eventually, it seems certain, Vare will be voted out.

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What will Shumaker and the dry forces say if they should find that Watson had made at least an inaccurate statement to them?

Would that convince them of what many believe, that Watson has not been a sincere friend of either wets or drys but has cast every vote on the ground of expediency and then lend no aid through naming friends of enforcement when he had the chance?

If he tried to bunk them on this matter, would they believe that he has tried it, successfully, before on other matters?

The drys should demand a probe—quick in the name of justice to Jim or themselves.

PUSSYFOOT'S PROPOSAL

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

A vast number of interested citizens can not understand why Uncle Sam does not utilize the magnificent powers of Pussyfoot Johnson in prohibition enforcement work.

In a recent magazine article Mr. Johnson asserts that it would be the easiest thing in the world for him to get rid of the booze menace once and forever. Just turn the entire business over to him, he says, and he would shortly have all the bootleggers, on the rock pile and America as dry as the proverbial bone.

And his methods, as explained by himself, are so simple, so lucid, so easy of accomplishment, that the mystery is somebody has not thought of them before.

Mr. Johnson would depurate a great number of helpers over the country, all ardent souls dedicated to the work of reforming; then he would arm them to the teeth and issue one short order, "Shoot to kill."

It seems wondrous strange that some of us have not hit upon this excellent method long before this.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Andrews had followed this superb plan of killing off all the citizens who were caught drinking or peddling beverages.

The country would now be in a plous and quiet condition with over half the population peacefully stowed away in the tomb and Mr. Johnson and the Anti-Saloon League enjoying themselves hugely.

Our dear Pussyfoot, according to himself, is such an eager, swashbuckling soul, so anxious to make everybody good and dry like himself that it seems a shame he is not allowed to do something in an official capacity.

He is certainly imbued with the zeal of the inquisitors, and with his one eye—companion to that orb which gave its light for the cause—can spy intoxicating liquors farther than the keenest nose of the most belligious soul can scent it.

We have got to start some drastic measures about this matter sooner or later, so why not turn the whole thing over to Mr. Johnson and his gunmen? He comes to us with the highest recommendations from himself.

Most of our wine bibbers would just as soon be shot and have done with the arid existence, anyway.

Tracy

Mussolini Indulges in a Little Piece of Ballyhoo.

By M. E. Tracy

What does Mussolini care about bombs. Nothing, absolutely nothing, the darling of fate—but his work must go on.

It may be written in the stars that a bomb shall hit its mark. Meanwhile, if one misses, why not make capital of it. No glory in being the target of a marble cutter, but the target of a nation—that is different.

The great brain of Mussolini functions without a hitch as his driver steps on the gas and speeds away from the belated explosion. People are dying back there, but no matter. "France," cries Mussolini, as soon as he can get his breath and an audience, "France."

And the Fascisti have a new cause for remaining solid and obsequious. No mere attempt of a lone lunatic to kill the duce this, but the sinister denouement of plots which a foreign government permitted to hatch.

It is the time-honored ballyhoo of dictators, but seldom fails to work. "Fear not," said the great Julius to a scared boatman, "Thou bearest Caesar."

The father dies and the son, in a quest of vengeance, joins the pirate band and kills the leader. To bring himself up further in the estimation of his crew he does the impossible, to them, he captures a ship alone and unaided. On this ship is the girl whom the "Black Pirate," as he has been chosen to call himself, falls in love with. Romance enters the picture at this point and is handled throughout the picture from then on.

In the final capture of the pirate ship, engineered by the "Black Pirate," there is some fine work.

The pirates are captured by the opposing forces by means of the attackers swimming under water to the ship and catching her unawares. It is a beautiful sight seeing a body of men swimming in military formation under water.

It would do to tell you all of the picture, however, as it might take just a bit out of your enjoyment as you see it. Know I am safe while enjoying this one and not feel somewhat tired after the excitement is all over. Mady Christians and Willi克斯 have the principal roles.

Included on the program is a special musical interpretation arranged by Mikhail Stolaresky, Comedy and news events.

At the Circle all week.

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Two Victims

Mussolini and the marble-cutter who tried to kill him are blood brothers in one respect. Both have become victims of an overpowering idea, but while one would scale mountains, the other would push him off a precipice.

You can forgive a Napoleon his peculiar slant of mind for the things he tried to do, but not a John Wilkes Booth.

Of all the odd passions that ever gain control of the human mind that relief through assassination is the most devilish and futile. Brutus stabbed to save the republic and Rome became an empire.

Booth shot to save the South and brought on reconstruction.

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Soul Rot

It is amazing how men can hope for good in the destruction of their fellows, yet the thought persists—a crimson, ugly threat marring the warp of life.

Some are born with it, some acquire it from others and some toy with it until it rots their souls.

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Fear is Evil's Parent

Take this case of Clyde Rees Bachelor, the Alabama youth who had a negro to kill his father-in-law so that his wife could inherit her share of the estate and thus save him from financial difficulties.

If some one had told him a year ago that he would be facing a murderer's doom today, he would have laughed. He was decent then, and remained decent until he got to playing with an evil thought.

Fear drove him to it at the start, fear of not being able to meet his bills, fear of losing his property, fear of being scored as an unsuccessful man, fear of having his family and friends turn against him.

It was fear, too, that caused him to bribe a Negro to do the shooting, fear of committing a crime so repugnant to his better self, as well as of the consequences.

Fear, when you come to size it all up, is the parent of most evil thoughts.

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Childishness

The Nebraska bread and water case is just ridiculous enough to become renowned—a piece of unutterable childishness such as might be excused in an old maid, or an old-fashioned reform school, but wholly out of keeping with the twentieth century.

If the guns and killings of an army of dry agents can't hold bootleggers down, what is to be expected from a forty-day dose of unbalanced diet?

Even the brother of the judge who imposed the sentence is disgusted and has employed lawyers to see if it cannot be set aside.

Such things do more to bring the law into disrepute than its violators.

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Invention the Savior

The Berlin police are in a quandary.

A young railway auditor has been caught \$10,000 short in his accounts, and it is their business to arrest him, but first they must serve a warrant.

They cannot do this because he is asleep and has been sleep for nine months—the victim of a peculiar disease.

Meanwhile, Irene Dupont says that we may find drugs that will keep us awake all the time, and if that is possible, why not drugs that will keep us asleep indefinitely?

Such drugs were to be discovered, why couldn't criminals evade the law by putting themselves to sleep, or would the law surmount such a difficulty by compelling everybody to take wakeful drugs so that it could be sure the police would always be in a position to serve warrants?

"It's a wonderful thing, chiefly because about every invention gets us into some kind of a scrape that calls for more inventions to get us out of it.

One man invents an auto and another invents a gasoline monopoly. Just