



The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way."—Dante.

"Higher Office" for Ed Jackson

All limits appear to have been cast to the winds in the matter of political buffoonery in Indiana. The latest and most atrocious jest is the word emanating from the vicinity of the Statehouse that Ed Jackson may come before the people again, "aspiring to higher office."

By a violent convulsion of the frontal lobes of the cerebrum, one might imagine Moran and Mack playing Hamlet in original Black Crow dialect. But by nothing short of an explosion of the mental faculties could one conceive of the people of Indiana voting that Ed Jackson should grace a "higher office."

If you can, just visualize Ed Jackson as a United States Senator, the Vice President or the President of the United States—the only higher offices that come to mind, at first thought.

Look at the man, our Governor. Four days out of the prisoner's dock, escaping conviction of conspiracy to bribe Warren T. McCray by clutching at a legal technicality. He stood silent in the face of a torrent of damning evidence, content to go free by any means available rather than to rise, face his accusers, and controvert the testimony they presented—if he could.

Guiltless legally, but condemned utterly by the court of public opinion, a thunderous chorus of "resign" ringing in his ears—yet his henchmen talk of higher office. And he has not denied it.

It is infinitely ludicrous, so ludicrous as to be pathetic.

But a joke in worse taste would be difficult to imagine. This is no time for joking, when a State's name is becoming a scoffing and a by-word. Ed Jackson's court jesters can lay aside their motley and be silent. Ed Jackson is through. His gang is through. The Klu-Klux Klan is through.

Do these sorry comedians ever think of anything save their petty political machinations? Do they ever pause for a moment to consider the plight of Indiana, the harm that is being done to the State's business and industry by the political turmoil and the corruption in government?

Before their eyes, as an object lesson, is the Indianapolis situation—due solely to politics of the rankest sort. No city employee knows from pay day to pay day, with the certainty that other workers know, when and how he will get his salary checks. Bond buyers look askance at city bond issues, fearing to purchase because of possible litigation over validity of the issues. Public improvements are held up—all because politics comes first and the city's welfare second with those who have voice in municipal rule.

And is the situation in the State likely to be one to inspire confidence in business and industry contemplating entrance to the State? Give that a thought and then talk of Ed Jackson seeking higher office, his gang seeking to control State machinery for another term, and present conditions continuing.

It would be a sad commentary on the intelligence of Indiana could even a dozen be found who would view such a ghastly jest in serious light.

There is just one thing to which Ed Jackson should aspire. That is, that the news of his resignation be broadcast to every section of the State before nightfall.

An Official Killing

If the right to resort to capital punishment is to be exercised by Federal prohibition officers, that right should be defined by Federal law, so that citizens may know just when and how they shall be subjected to official and legal murder.

A recent case in Maryland is illuminating. It gives us a line on what is happening to the Bill of Rights and how our supposedly sacred constitutional liberties gradually are fading out.

A Federal dry agent shot and killed a Maryland farmer. He was tried in Federal Court with a Federal judge sitting on the bench and a Federal district attorney acting as attorney for the defense. The county attorney from the county of the murdered farmer acted as prosecutor.

You might think that the killer would be tried in a court of the State where the murder was committed. But you would think wrong. It may seem queer that murder by a Federal official should be tried in a Federal instead of a State court, but it is legal no matter whether it is right or wrong otherwise.

That is because the Federal Courts have said that when Federal agents commit murder they must be tried in a Federal Court; and what the Federal Courts say goes.

So when a Federal dry agent killed a Maryland farmer he enjoyed the special privilege of being tried in a Federal Court and defended by a Federal district attorney, who by virtue of his office is an officer and a part of the court.

Ordinarily he would act as prosecutor in cases against the Government, like violating the Volstead act, counterfeiting, smuggling or selling forbidden narcotics, but when an agent of the Government kills a citizen it is something different.

Presumably the theory is that his act isn't a crime against the Government, but rather an act of the Government through one of its agents.

Anyhow, this agent was acquitted. He killed the farmer all right enough. That wasn't disputed. He went to the farmer's home to search for a still reoperating in that vicinity.

He went without a search warrant. The farmer

BRIDGE ME ANOTHER

(Copyright, 1928, by The Ready Reference Publishing Company)

BY W. W. WENTWORTH

(Abbreviations: A—ace; K—king; Q—queen; J—jack; X—any card lower than 10.)

1—Partner having bid no-trump, what does two of a minor by you indicate?

2—When you hold Q and three or more others in a suit, what do you lead against bid?

3—When you hold Q X of a suit, what do you lead against bid?

THE ANSWERS

1—Weakness.

2—Fourth from top.

3—Q.

Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author must accompany every contribution, but on request will not be published. Letters not exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

To the Editor:

An article in your Feb. 1, issue on the question of married women working, expresses my sentiments exactly, only I want to add some to it.

The question was asked a few weeks ago, over the radio from the Circle Theatres, as to what different people's ways were on the cause of the crime wave over the country.

Several blamed the newspapers for their publicity and Extra! Extra! screams all over the country. I believe that makes it worse myself.

But I believe the mothers of this country have had more to do with it than anything else in the world.

Just stop and ask yourself what age these criminals were ten years ago when the war came on? Nine out of ten, they are the ones that were turned loose on the streets at that time, that are in the criminal courts, for all kinds of offences today.

If the women had to go out to work at that time, we'll say very well, but why didn't they go back to their homes, and let the men have the jobs at better salary, when the war was over. But no, they must keep their places, and if the men got work they had to take jobs at about half what they should have had.

They sent their children to school, yes, but how? They came home at noon to lunch, house cold, work half done up, probably table full of dirty dishes, got them a few bites, maybe a sandwich, or handful of crackers and a piece of cheese, and went back down the street to eat it.

Same thing when school was out, or not go home at all till dark, play in the streets and alleys, and see and learn many, many things they should not have known, and would not if mother had been home doing her duty. People who are in their homes working and planning to educate their children, then when they get that done, and the boy or girl start out to get work, they soon find a large per cent of places are filled with married women. These youngsters are going to have money now days, and you see how they are getting it every day.

The mothers have the biggest job in the world to do and they have to be on the job every minute, day and night, and then they will miss some of their hopes and expectations. I am a mother of a family and I know things are not as I want them to be, but I shudder to think what they might have been if I had been gone from my home every day all these years. An interested reader.

MRS. Z. W. FEAR.
914 N. Olney St.

To the Editor:

How comes the farmer wants help? Does the city fellow, that has to work, get any help?

Stop in some of the soft drink places, or pool rooms, and see how many ask for 10 or 15 cents with which to get something to eat.

CHARLES M. GRAMMER,
2435 N. New Jersey St.

What is heat lightning, and what causes it?

It is more or less vivid and extensive flashes of electric light seen near the horizon, especially at the close of a hot day. It is ascribed to far-off lightning flashes reflected from the higher strata of clouds.

Was Edgar Guest born in England or Detroit?

Edgar Guest was born in Birmingham, England, Aug. 20, 1881.

The annual meeting of the American Forestry Association in St. Louis this month, will be worth watching.

A great many people believe that one of the chief causes of floods in the Mississippi Valley is the deforestation of the land in that part of the country. At the forestry convention will be men who have devoted their lives to studying this question. It will be interesting to await their reports.

Alphabetical Breakfasts

The fact that five Republican and nine Democratic senators attended a recent breakfast at the White House evidently has no political significance, and doesn't indicate that President Coolidge is going to do anything save their petty political machinations?

Certainly Senator Willis will gain nothing for himself by setting himself up as a political boss and trying to ram his self-selected candidacy down the throats of Ohio Republicans who exercise their right to think somebody else would be a better candidate for the party nationally.

Looking over the names of the Senators invited, a proper inference would be that these White House breakfasts are alphabetical rather than political.

Here are the fourteen pancake immortals: Heflin, Shepherd, Smith, Steck, Stephens, Thomas, Trammel, Tydings and Tyson, Democrats, and Sackett, Shipstead, Shortridge, Smoot and Steiner, Republicans. The S's seem to have it.

And the fact that Senator Heflin headed the list would seem to indicate that President Coolidge is entirely impartial as well as non-partisan, and isn't particular in picking his company, so long as the guests are senators. What they may be otherwise doesn't seem to matter.

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It is true that we seem far more interested in baseball, criminal trials, airplane flights and new fashions than in our governmental leaders and their problems. But this may not be our fault so much as the fault of our leaders.

It is hard to blame the Senator for being pessimistic. He courageously made war on corruption in high places, and was rewarded by being indicted on trumped-up charges; nor was there any great outcry of popular indignation over the treatment he received.

Yet it is possible to disagree with him.

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As a matter of fact, there is no country on the earth where the average man looks so longingly for a capable leader as in America. Our trouble is that too often, of recent years, we have learned that our idols had feet of clay. We have grown somewhat suspicious; we have become clever at detecting shams. But let a really great man arise, or even a half-great man, and we are ready to go wherever he asks.

This explains, undoubtedly, our tendency to idolize our industrial captains. We look up to men like Ford, Sloan, Farrell and du Pont because we recognize that here, for all their shortcomings, are men who are in their own way genuinely big.

They may move in narrow fields, but in those fields they loom large. We are hungry for leaders, and since our politicians so often have failed us we are turning to the business man.

The American does not readily lose his capacity for giving himself to great leaders. There is grounded in every heart an inarticulate idealism, shy but ardent, eager to take command if only there will arise a captain capable of leading the right appear.

On every battlefield from Lexington to Chateau Thierry there are American bodies to testify to this.

Let a man arise again—a man of genuine greatness, with a call to real service on his lips—and there will be a response to shake the world. America is waiting, now as always. Let every politician remember it.

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Why Girls Leave Home



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Mohammed, the Prophet, Is Born

Written for The Times by Will Durant

MANWHILE, in the East, another religion was being born. Look at Arabia on the map: It is the great head of a rhinoceros, with its lower jaw at Aden and its nasal tusk at Maskat.

A vast irregular triangle, three-quarters desert and one-eighth stone, with here and there, on the western coast near the Red Sea, cities struggling to maintain themselves against the sand; towards the north Aleppo and Damascus; towards the south Median, where Mohammed won his first battles, and still farther south Mecca, center and goal of the Mohammedan world.

Which of us would think that the length of this peninsula is almost fifteen hundred miles, and its greatest breadth—facing the Indian Ocean—almost a thousand; that all the area of Germany and France might be doubled and yet not equal the size of this Arabia Deserta, this Arabia Felix—this happy Arabia of the fertile south?

Over this inhospitable expanse Semitic nomads have wandered for ten thousand years of history, and for countless years lost now from human memory.

You may see them today, these Bedouins and these merchants, these handsome sheiks and flying arabs, all mounted on horses as swift as Arab love.

They clothe themselves, you think, too warmly for their torrid clime; fold after fold of flowing robes envelops them, covering their heads, and almost hiding faces darkened to protect themselves against the sun and dirt, playing hide-and-seek with the world.

Death had no terrors worse than desert life.

NOT even their religion could give them unity. Every tribe had its idols and fetishes; and they move in and out of their camel-hair

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