



The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co. 214-220 W. Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County, 2 cents—10 cents a week; elsewhere, 3 cents—12 cents a week.

BOYD GURLEY, Editor.

ROY W. HOWARD, President.

FRANK G. MORRISON, Business Manager.

PHONE—MAIN 3500.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1928.

Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

Robinson Must Go

A duty came-like in clarity faces Indiana Republicans at the May 8 primary. They must vote to retire Senator Arthur Robinson from the ranks of public officials.

If they do not, they are putting the stamp of approval on Stephensonism, Jacksonism and all that has contributed to trailing Indiana's name in the mire.

Arthur Robinson, appointee of Ed Jackson, rose to his present office because of all these things. In him the men who have betrayed the Republican party in this State saw a tool shaped to fit their hands. No one can say he has disappointed them.

The time has come for campaign managers for both James E. Watson and Herbert Hoover to take a definite stand in the matter of Robinson's candidacy for re-election to the United States Senate.

They must declare against him or accept as parts of their platforms the continuance of conditions of misgovernment which have been a blot on the State's reputation for more than four years.

It is certain that the Hoover forces will turn thumbs down on Robinson. There can be no link between a man of Hoover's caliber and a man of Robinson's stripe.

There is no blemish to be found on Hoover's record. But a blind man, tinkling his pennies in his cup, could sense the taint on Robinson's record—sense it easily and smell it much more easily.

He is smeared with Klan tar, steeped in Anti-Saloon bigotry and intolerance. A State which has sent such men as Beveridge and Marshall and Ralston to Washington cannot afford to fall so far in the scale as to return Arthur Robinson there. He must be defeated or all the shouting from the house tops of a "new deal" in the Republican party is only the emptiest of ballyhoo.

That is what the Hoover forces must consider.

And now what of Jim Watson? Has Watson drawn his support from such far different sources? No. He is the beneficiary of the same system—the system of D. C. Stephenson, the Klan, and the Anti-Saloon League—the arch-politician whose machine has ruled the State for years.

This, then, places not a single, but a double, duty on Indiana Republicans at the May 8 primary. Not only the "isms" of Stephenson, Jackson and Robinson must go, but Watsonism with them.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Our Job in Nicaragua

Nicaragua is acting up again.

The State Department, we are told, views the situation as one of extreme gravity, and unless there is a quick change of tactics on the part of conservative obstructionists at Managua, certain steps may have to be taken. Minister Eberhardt, it is understood, has been instructed to talk to President Diaz in this vein.

Which brings us to still another turn in the fast revolving Nicaraguan wheel. Nor would this new side be without its element of humor were the whole adventure less of a tragedy. For the very people whom the State Department about a year ago was depouncing as Bolsheviks, today are our real friends and unqualified supporters, while those whom it then described as our friends now are stirring up trouble.

To make it a bit more understandable, a year ago the Liberals, under General Jose Moncada, were waging a successful war against the conservative president, Adolfo Diaz, who previously had been maneuvered into power by the State Department at Washington.

Moncada and his men, the State Department charged, were reds, bent upon setting up a Bolshevik hegemony between the United States and the Panama Canal. Furthermore, they aimed to kill our project for an ocean-to-ocean canal across Nicaragua.

Not a jot of which was true, of course, as this newspaper pointed out at the time, after sending an investigator to Central America to study the question on the spot. Nevertheless, we intervened against the liberals in behalf of our puppet Diaz, hamstringing the one and aiding the other militarily in every way we could, with warships and marines.

And still the liberals went from victory to victory until they reached the very gates of the capital, whereupon events took another of their sudden turns. President Coolidge sent Col. Henry L. Stimson to see what could be done to save the situation. A fair election was decided on, under marine supervision, to remedy the situation.

Now, the conservatives aren't very anxious for a fair election. They are in a minority, as a party, and they know it. A fair election will spell their defeat. What they want is to supervise the elections themselves.

Being in power, and therefore in control of the belly boxes, they could and would win, hands down.

as usual, if let alone. So for weeks they have been trying to defeat the new election law pending in the national congress, to throw a monkey wrench into the American plans.

Obviously, the Heflin resolution, calling for the immediate withdrawal of the marines, would have played into the hands of the small coterie of conservatives now running the show at Managua. Its defeat was imperative.

Arthur Robinson, appointee of Ed Jackson, rose to his present office because of all these things. In him the men who have betrayed the Republican party in this State saw a tool shaped to fit their hands. No one can say he has disappointed them.

The time has come for campaign managers for both James E. Watson and Herbert Hoover to take a definite stand in the matter of Robinson's candidacy for re-election to the United States Senate.

They must declare against him or accept as parts of their platforms the continuance of conditions of misgovernment which have been a blot on the State's reputation for more than four years.

It is certain that the Hoover forces will turn thumbs down on Robinson. There can be no link between a man of Hoover's caliber and a man of Robinson's stripe.

There is no blemish to be found on Hoover's record. But a blind man, tinkling his pennies in his cup, could sense the taint on Robinson's record—sense it easily and smell it much more easily.

He is smeared with Klan tar, steeped in Anti-Saloon bigotry and intolerance. A State which has sent such men as Beveridge and Marshall and Ralston to Washington cannot afford to fall so far in the scale as to return Arthur Robinson there. He must be defeated or all the shouting from the house tops of a "new deal" in the Republican party is only the emptiest of ballyhoo.

That is what the Hoover forces must consider.

And now what of Jim Watson? Has Watson drawn his support from such far different sources? No. He is the beneficiary of the same system—the system of D. C. Stephenson, the Klan, and the Anti-Saloon League—the arch-politician whose machine has ruled the State for years.

This, then, places not a single, but a double, duty on Indiana Republicans at the May 8 primary. Not only the "isms" of Stephenson, Jackson and Robinson must go, but Watsonism with them.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with the brazen clang of polluted politics—James E. Watson.

And they can throw out Arthur Robinson, a stuffed-shirt legislator, wrapped in the mantle sheet of the Ku-Klux Klan, wearing the badge of intolerance which is the emblem of the Anti-Saloon League.

The voters can do these two things, or they can hide their heads in shame and forever hold their peace when the subject of a "new deal" comes up.

Hoosier voters have their chance. They can swing to a man who has been tested in every branch of governmental endeavor and who has rung true in every test—Herbert Hoover. Or they can stay with a man who forever rings false, with