



## The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)  
Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co.,  
214-239 W. Maryland Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion County  
2 cents—10 cents a week; elsewhere, 3 cents—12 cents a week.

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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."

### Just Another Reason

It is something more than coincidence that whenever any scandal in Indiana comes to the surface, somewhere along the line appears a photograph or a record of D. C. Stephenson.

When the vender of hate and prejudice seized control of government and misled thousands of decent citizens into trusting him with their consciences, their intelligence and their votes, he did something more than create a political dictatorship.

The entire basis of operation was that those who belonged to his crowd, who accepted his favors, were above the rules of law and government. They were to be given favors and protection.

The theory was opposed to the very basis of our government. It created special classes. It discriminated not only against race and creeds but against the citizen who was too busy or too indifferent to oppose the coming of this super government.

Stephenson is at the bottom of most of the trouble and most of the scandals in the State—political and otherwise.

Its influence still exists and continues, even though the man who brought it to Indiana is behind prison walls and no longer leads. His theory of government and much of the machine he created is still active and still influential.

Each day, with dramatic revelations from all sorts and conditions of life, brings a new reason for cleaning out to the last remnant every person from political life who ever dealt with Stephenson, whoever yielded to his importunities, his threats and his blandishments.

The time has come for a real cleanup in the State which will turn back the government to those who have as a pledge and platform common honesty and common decency, as proclaimed by Frank Dailey.

This State needs some White Wings for its political avenues and streets, who will sweep them of the offal, the foul smelling garbage of public life.

Somewhere in this State some Republican, probably a young man of high ideals, will find his magnificent opportunity for public service by organizing this sanitary squad.

No one likes to do disagreeable jobs. It is much easier to find generals than privates for any army. It is much easier and pleasanter to raise roses than to pick thistles.

But this State does need a White Wings squad—now and at once, to educate the thousands of decent Republicans who want to vote for Herbert Hoover for President, in the ways and methods of also electing Frank Dailey as Governor.

### Philadelphia Out to Clean Up

The Philadelphia crime inquiry soon may afford an adequate comparison with the Chicago situation.

The investigation directed by District Attorney Monaghan, operating with a special grand jury, already has divulged that the city of Brotherly Love is in no position to paint the kettle black.

The speed with which Monaghan has pushed his city into an unsavory place on page one of a thousand newspapers is, it is to be hoped, a token that the present inquiry will get results; that it will not be as abortive as have several in Chicago during the last few years.

The post-war era has seen such advances in the mechanics of crime, and in its spheres of influence, that the problem is no longer a local one. Whatever success this fighting Philadelphia prosecutor achieves will serve not only his own city, but the Nation.

### Eureka, Says Diogenes

When H. L. Mencken and Henry Garrison Villard agree that a man in political life is honest, and—more astonishing—likely to stay honest, it is time to inquire whom they are talking about.

Mencken is reviewing a book by Villard entitled "Prophets True and False" and George W. Norris, Senator from Nebraska, is the one of the twenty-seven prominent men and women whose characters are drawn in Villard's book who alone is given this distinction.

"Revaluations," says Mencken, "are the sad and principal concern of all liberal historians. Their heroes forever are turning out to be politicians, and hence open to reason behind the door. Even since 'Prophets True and False' went to the printer, Frank O. Lowden has fitted into the shadows, more baffled than ever."

"But a couple of sturdier souls remain, and when I say a couple I probably mean one, to-wit, George W. Norris. Mr. Villard's chapter on him is an eloquent tribute to the one liberal in our politics who has stood fast through thick and thin, and I am inclined to think that it will not have to be changed, no matter what many editions the book runs through."

"Norris at least is safe. There is something archaic and romantic about his steadfastness, and Villard gets him upon paper with great skill."

Medical students at Johns Hopkins are taught cooking during their final year. Well, isn't a doctor's wife entitled to good meals, too?

The headline, "Robinson Hits Whispers," reminds us that whisper and speakeasy sound alike, but are two different things.

George Bernard Shaw says he is going to rent an island with one house on it where steamers do not stop. "A little publicity," he might have added, "doesn't hurt a bit."

What this country needs is more automobiles for the pupils to drive to school and more gyms for them to exercise in.

The theory of a picknicker seems to be that every little bit helps.

Wall Street is lining up behind Hoover or Smith this year, making politics a burning issue on the Stock Exchange.

## M. E. TRACY

SAYS:  
"The Anti-War Treaty  
Should Not Be Made a  
Partisan Issue. Partisanship Can Ruin Anything. It Ruined the  
League of Nations and  
Sent Woodrow Wilson to  
an Early Grave."

EXPLAINING that "if there were no drinkers, there would be no bootleggers," Mayor Mackey calls on the citizens of Philadelphia to "help the law by self-denial."

A good suggestion, except that no one will act on it. We do not give up much of anything these days, unless we have to, and sometimes not even then.

The notion that a certain amount of self-denial is essential to peace and prosperity has gone out of date. Though perfectly willing to recognize the "wisdom of the fathers" with regard to State right, entangling alliances and some other matters which make good political hokey, without meaning much, we balk at this idea of sacrifice.

It is a foregone conclusion that if some of us would steal less, lie less, drink less and flirt with each other's wives less, a lot of trouble could be avoided, but who wants to start a game like that?

It is far more thrilling to be "self-expressive," to satisfy one's appetite, no matter how glutinous or perverted, to defy all restraint, whether legally imposed or otherwise, and go it wild.

### Another Act

If Al Capone, or any one else wants to organize a gang and force Chicago to pay tribute, why is that just one more feature of the show—an illustration of this God-given right to raise hell—and if an innocent bystander happens to get in the way, why is that his hard luck?

Now that Tony Lombardo, one of Capone's chief lieutenants, has been "bumped off," the Chicago police astutely informs us that the said Lombardo may have been responsible for some fifty murders.

"Had it coming to him," they say, "but the mystery is, who did it?" That is becoming the mystery in too many cases.

By and by another gunman will be put to sleep, and the Chicago police will discover that he, also, might have been responsible for many killings, that of Tony Lombardo among others.

Gangs, gang war and gang murder have come to be regarded too much in the nature of a show. "Let 'em keep at it," is the prevailing idea, "and they'll all get what is coming to them in the end."

### Cure-All

The little chap can not talk. Mother weeps and father worries. They consult one doctor after another, but to no purpose. They try all sorts of remedies, but without results. Eventually they decide that the doctors do not know, and when they discover one who admits as much, have great faith in him. When he tells them there is nothing organically wrong with their son, that he could talk if he only thought so, and that some kind of a shock is needed, they fall in with the idea.

Shock, to be sure—the kind that will scare the daylight out of the little chap—make him talk before he realizes what he is doing—most logical thing—why didn't some one think of that before? And where could you find a better instrument with which to administer such a shock than an airplane driven by a daredevil pilot?

Up to go, the little chap, the pilot and a boy comrade. Father faces the ordeal with a forced smile; mother weeps; but death is pitiless. The plane comes crashing to the ground, snuffing out three lives, just like that.

Some remedies are worse than the disease. Flying stunts to make dumb boys talk through fear is one.

### Too Big for Party

Secretary Kellogg is right. The anti-war treaty should not be made a partisan issue. Partisanship can ruin anything. It ruined the League of Nations and sent Woodrow Wilson to an early grave.

Partisanship is a fine means with which to put one set of men out of office and another set in, but it is a poor means of solving great national problems.

As Kellogg says, this treaty is not the "invention of any one man, or party. It was developed as a world-wide hope and by virtue of world-wide wisdom."

Let it stand on that basis. Let it belong to humanity. Let it not fall into the clutches of politicians and become a football for those who do not care what happens so long as they connect with the public pie counter.

### Horizons Expand

We broach stupendous ideas. The world court represents one of them. It stands as a vivid illustration of how horizons have expanded during the last half century.

Fifty years ago, such a thing was not conceived possible, much less practical. People talked of international justice as a beautiful, but hopeless dream. Diplomatic intrigue seemed to stand as the last word that could be said.

The first effort confined itself to the establishment of a tribunal and a code to "humanize War." Even that was laughed at as preposterously idealistic. When the late war broke out, the laughers were sure they had been right.

We have gone far since that crude beginning. Neither Bolshevism nor Mussolini nor the half dozen dictators that keep them company appear quite so discouraging when one remembers the League of Nations, the Locarno pact, the Dawes plan, the anti-war treaty and the world court.

Various mystic cults seem to have sprung from the occult doctrines of Paracelsus.

But let us not be too harsh with him, for he accomplished as much as one man reasonably might be expected to accomplish.

## Bringing It Home to Her



### DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

## Fresh Air Has Helpful Effect on Body

This is the concluding article of a series of three on tuberculosis.

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine.

IN an exceedingly valuable and up-to-date manual for the tuberculous called "Rules for Recovery From Tuberculosis," Dr. Lawson Brown considers the various questions related to climate and fresh air.

The fresh air treatment for tuberculosis was developed in the last half of the nineteenth century. It is now being realized that the fresh air is taken not primarily for the lungs, but for its general effect on the whole body.

Dr. Brown is not convinced that sleeping outdoors materially hastens recovery, provided eight to ten hours a day, preferably during the daylight, are spent in the open air, and the night passed in a well-ventilated room.

On the other hand, when a person works all days indoors, sleeping outdoors at night may be considered as a necessity. A man outdoors gets 100 times more fresh air than he could get in the best ventilated room in any given period of time.

During the summer windows are kept open, fresh air is everywhere and patients with all sorts of dis-

eases do well. With the first breath of autumn, houses are closed, except for brief daily airings.

The patients do fairly well until about Christmas, when confinement indoors begins to tell. By the following spring patients with tuberculosis particularly begin to break down.

All sorts of window tents, sleep-

ing porches, verandas, sleeping chairs and similar apparatus have been devised to enable the person who requires much fresh air to get it easily.

Because of the associated climatic condition, the fresh air treatment, like any other, is best taken under the advice of some one who has given special study to the matter.

## Times Readers Voice Views

The name and address of the author of the article will not be published on request will not be published. Letters not exceeding 200 words will receive preference.

Editor Times—I notice that W. C. Durant is offering \$25,000 for the best method to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

Of course this is quite a problem.

Prohibition seems to be one of the paramount issues of the day, and is being discussed from many angles, which makes it very confusing. I believe that the Volstead law as it stands is a hindrance to enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Volstead law was made so drastic that pure liquor could not be obtained for medicine or other legitimate purposes, even doctors' prescriptions for whisky for medical purposes being ignored. Hence the bootlegger grasped the idea of substituting poisonous moonshine whisky. And thus the evil spread, as there were millions of people ready to buy this liquor, and even to use it for medical purposes (to their regret).

And boys and girls in their teens could procure this stuff and get drunk on it, like of never was known to exist before adoption of the Volstead law. The prohibition laws are violated so flagrantly, and by officials high in authority, that strict enforcement seems impossible.

When a Governor and an attorney general of State and two circuit judges openly and admittedly violate the law by procuring whisky from bootleggers to be used (as they say), for medical purposes, and never have been brought to account for this violation of the law, how may the general public be expected to view the prohibition laws?

But if some poor fellow should be found by prohibition snoops to have a half-pint of whisky in his home, he would be "pinched" and sent to prison, and if he dare call for justice, have the penalty doubled.

The wave of crime in this country seems to be on the increase, and a great majority of these crimes are committed under influence of moonshine whisky. When arraigned, the culprits plead drunkenness, not knowing what they are doing.

I believe that if a referendum vote of all the electorate of the several States were taken, that a great majority would favor amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment and repeal the Volstead law.

Then have the several States devise laws to govern the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, defining its purpose and not allowing it to be drunk upon the premises where manufactured and sold, and not allowed to be sold or drunk in hotels, or other public places, and controlled by State authority.

In your recent picture, the elephant, due to his training in feigning, could see no evidence of miasma coming from the front while the donkey sees a copious spray of "honey-dew" failing to freshen his herbage and make it more palatable.

The smoke over the mountain still seen suggests that the extreme anti-evolutionists in the South continue to get their usual supply of "mountain dew." They, no doubt, are as much interested in continued law enforcement, as are some of the extreme moralists of the North who patronize bootleggers while feigning to be for prohibition.

Observe that the word "state" above refers to mental state as well as to the Commonwealth. The writer knew that all creation is charged with wisdom, and that any individual easily could "tune into" the right wavelength.

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