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

Clean Up, Don't Cover Up

Every speech and campaign activity in behalf of the Leslie ticket should impress the fair and decent citizen of the state that the plain duty this year is to clean up the state house and the Marion county gangs.

The campaign against Frank C. Daily has been unfair, malicious and vicious in its whispers and suggestions.

The spirit of Stephenson and the poison squads direct the Leslie activities.

The endorsements for Leslie are dubious and doubtful in both sincerity and source.

Whenever Senator Watson and former Governor Goodrich plead for the same ticket in this state, the cautious citizen will place his hand somewhere near his treasures. At least he has a right to be inquisitive as to which one is being merely "a good sport" and which one intends to run away with the perquisites.

The utility activities of Goodrich and the political manners of Watson should be a double warning to the voters of the state. The truth is that the gang is covering up and intends to cover up the same practices and activities which have shamed this state and brought it into disrepute.

Senator Watson says that the indictment of five men prominent in the machine means nothing. Perhaps not. It may be mere accident that the political morals of the machine produces with startling regularity the sort of officials who attract grand jury attention and who plead the statute of limitations after they have succeeded in dodging prosecution and investigation.

The plain truth is that the Republican party in this state has been ravaged, outraged and kidnaped by experts who know how to play on prejudice and passion and who have no conscience about creating hates in every neighborhood, bad feeling between friends, quarrels between neighbors if they can retain the places of power.

The Leslie candidacy came from this source. It is of small moment whether the letter written by Stephenson that he had pledged himself to Leslie for Speaker in 1925 was genuine or not. It has not been denied. The truth is that the same gang which came into power with Stephenson dictated the nomination of Leslie. That is important.

The plain duty of the voters is to clean up. It can be done by electing Dailey and with him state officials who will sweep out the hidden disgraces in every state office where they exist, and, with the exception of the attorney general's office, there have been suspicions in most quarters.

It is time in Marion county to destroy the power of Coffin and his hordes.

It is a duty that is higher than partisanship. The best compliment that could be paid to Herbert Hoover is to relieve him of any responsibility of having carried into office those for whom he would later feel shame.

Every admirer of Hoover has every reason to vote against those who are using his name to cover up and hide their own defects and shortcomings. The gang which fought him in the spring so viciously has nothing in common with his purposes or his principles.

The best advertisement for Indiana would be the defeat of every man who trafficked with the old forces of hate or who owes his nomination to Boss Coffin.

Tragic Interference

From time to time aviation develops new hazards that demand attention from public authorities. Flying never can become casual, like motoring, but always must be governed by rigid safeguards and regulations. Among them must be strict rules concerning those allowed to sit at the dual controls in passenger planes.

Four deaths already have occurred this month which have been charged to interference with dual controls. Two women passengers and a pilot plunged to death in Denver a short time ago because, according to the deathbed explanation of the aviator, one of the passengers "froze" to the duplicate apparatus.

Last Thursday a large commercial monoplane crashed at Atlantic City, killing one passenger and injuring the pilot and six other passengers. The pilot claims in a signed statement that the man who was killed "interfered" with the dual operating mechanism and prevented his righting the ship.

Atlantic City police have criticised the pilot for permitting the passenger to sit in the cockpit and occupy a place where, whether from ignorance, carelessness or fright, he could bring disaster to the plane and its entire personnel.

There is no definite or conclusive evidence that the passenger caused the accident. But that the practice of permitting passengers to sit at the sensitive dual controls in airplanes is rank folly can not be disputed. One inadvertent move may result in wholesale tragedy.

The cockpit should be reserved for experienced pilots or else the second steering system should be locked against interference and made completely fool-proof.

Nine guests whose wealth totaled more than ten billions of dollars dined at the same table in New York the other night. Maybe this was a serious conference—do you suppose their wives had asked for new coats?

In a middle-western city at an anti-Smith meeting "They Knew the Pig in the Parlor" was suggested as a camp song. Governor Smith denies it's a blind pig.

M. E. TRACY SAYS:

"Our Grandfathers . . .
Were No Pikers When
It Came to Taking
Chances . . . If They
Were Alive Today They
Would Not Let Europe
Run Away With Aviation."

NOTHING does more to give life than a mysterious, uncanny flavor than freak ideas and strange coincidences. Sometimes they merely make us laugh; sometimes they shock us beyond expression, and sometimes they lead to beliefs and fancies which shake civilization.

Who started the notion that old women could create thunder storms by pulling off their stockings? It sounds harmless enough in these days, but it sent 10,000 grandmothers and more to their deaths on the gallows or at the stake. The human mind is a reservoir of curious whims and unreasoned imaginings, which would be enough if life were not a compound of chance meetings and hair-trigger impulses.

More often than not the combination tempts us to be fools or devils, but once every so often it reveals us in a better light.

Love or Murder?

Elfrieda Knaak is discovered leaning against a pipe beside the furnace of the police station at Lake Bluff, Ill., her clothing burned and her nude body horribly scarred.

Authorities jump to the conclusion that murder has been attempted and go forth to find the culprit. So would you had you been in their place.

Meanwhile, Miss Knaak is taken to the hospital, where, in moments of consciousness, she explains that she did it herself to test her love for a man who says he did not even suspect that she had "a crush" on him.

If this 33-year-old woman were an idiot, or moron, the case would be easier to understand, but she is not. She is not even simple, or uneducated. She has not only been a school teacher, but has attended two universities.

A Chance for Genius

Bert Ferguson, a New Yorker, 32 years old, has a cataract on his one good eye and faces the prospect of inevitable blindness. At the same time, Charles E. Greenblatt, also a New Yorker, 32 years old, finds it necessary to have his right eye removed because of a tumor.

A brilliant doctor, noting the two cases, believes he can take the sound cornea from Greenblatt's diseased eye which must be removed and graft it on Ferguson's blind eye. This requires two delicate and almost unprecedented operations, but the doctor is unafraid. Ten days will prove whether he has been successful. If he has been, everyone will agree that the result represents another triumph for ophthalmic surgery.

Still, it would not have been possible but for the coincidence which caused two young men living in the same city, of the same age and with eyes of the same color, to be stricken with their respective troubles at the same time.

Not as Old as Old

The Graf Zeppelin completes her journey: not only the first dirigible, but the first airship of any kind to make a round trip from Europe to the United States.

Still, there is no money in the United States for experimenting with dirigibles. We prefer to loan it at 5 per cent, or bet it in Wall Street. That is our privilege, to be sure, but it is not in line with our grandfathers' viewpoint. They were gamblers right. They were no pikers when it came to taking chances.

They put their savings into ships when the hazard was so great that insurance could not be obtained for love or money. They bet on the railroad when most people regarded it as a doubtful experiment. They bought Bell telephone stock when the majority considered it not worth the paper on which it was printed.

Half-Forgotten Hero

Robert Lansing dies. Ten years ago few Americans would have had to think twice to recall who he was.

Then he ranked next to Woodrow Wilson in popular favor. A veritable tower of strength when it came to pitting our case against the central powers.

How glad we were to see him take Bryan's place as secretary of state. An expert at last we told each other.

He was a man who could swap diplomatic thrusts with the best of them, who understood international law, as well as the tricks of the trade, and who was recognized as an authority throughout the world.

Party Ignored Him

Robert Lansing, like several other leaders who helped Wilson steer this country through one of the most critical periods in its history, should have ranked high in Democratic councils during the last eight years. He had contributed substantially to the success of a Democratic administration and deserved a better fate than to be so completely ignored by his party.

That, however, is one of his party's outstanding weaknesses. It is forever turning its back on somebody, or something. Its record stands for nothing more distinctly than a continuous abandonment of leaders and policies. Just now it is glad enough to recall the greatness of Grover Cleveland, who went to the White House from Albany, but in 1896, and while he was yet President, it was just as glad to denounce him and all he stood for.

"Anesthesia in 1846 and 1847 had robbed operations of the terror of agonizing pain. Quicks, 'slap-dash surgery'—a necessity before the days of anesthesia—then gave way to delicate, painstaking, artistic surgery.

"Surgery is in its mechanical and manipulative processes, in its art in fact, is approaching, if it has not already attained to, something like finality of perfection.

"Anesthesia thirty years later relieved the patients from the terrors of death and gave to the surgeon restful nights and joyous days.

"Hence when I received the kind invitation to address you, it seemed to me that I could possibly render you some service by describing the state of surgery 'Before and After Lister,' since my testimony would be that of an eyewitness.

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