

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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THIEVES took a tank full of gasoline from an automobile on Churchman avenue and passed up the machine. Time may come when gas is worth more than car.

FROM THE STANDPOINT of the headline writer, C-O-X has a decided advantage over H-A-R-D-I-N-G; four letters to be exact.

What Is to Be Done?

"What is to be done?" County Commissioner Joseph G. Hayes inquires plaintively concerning the jail situation.

Judging from the past performances, or rather lack of performance, the answer is—nothing.

The county council was "invited" to meet yesterday to take up the jail situation which under the circumstances could certainly be considered an emergency.

The council didn't show up.

County commissioners and council have been warned repeatedly of conditions at the jail growing from bad to worse.

Some time ago they employed an expert to go through all the county institutions and make recommendations.

Concerning the jail this expert made some reasonable suggestions, not the least of which contemplates quarters for women in a building other than that in which the men are housed.

Now that these and other important recommendations have been made, what can the county be expected to do about them?

Nothing, if the past is any indication.

Twenty-four prisoners have walked out of the jail, overpowering the lone watchman.

Now the county officials do not seem even to be in a mood to lock the cage to keep in the remaining birds.

In fact they appear to treat the escape of twenty-four prisoners as an every day occurrence of no particular consequence.

Probably the only thing that would bring about action would be a kick from the sheriff that he is losing his fees because of a scarcity of prisoners.

William Jennings Bryan

A man may be the most loved and popular man in the hearts of the members of his party and millions of others, yet be a political failure.

Proof of this statement was demonstrated in the wonderful ovation given William Jennings Bryan at the democratic national convention, when he proposed several planks or changes in the platform by the resolutions committee. That he is loved by the people was evident to every person at the convention, and so evident to Bryan himself that he stood on the platform and cried. While Bryan has been wrong on many questions and always has been considered a theorist and not wholly practical political yet he lives in the hearts of the people of this country as no other man since the days of Lincoln and McKinley.

Like Roosevelt, Bryan always has been fearless in fighting on the moral side of every question. Up to the last few years the democratic party had been considered the wet party of the United States, but he fearlessly took the side of prohibition and fought until he won, and will go down in history as the father of prohibition in the United States, revered and loved by more people for the good that he has done than any other man who ever lived in America, possibly in the world.

To have been elected President of the United States would not have added one bit to his glory, although it might have satisfied his personal ambitions. The mistakes he might have made as president would only have detracted from his place in history. He has been a savior to the women and children of America and has followed the teaching of Jesus Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

This is possibly the last national convention in which Bryan will play a very active part, but the moral principles for which he has stood and succeeded in forcing his party to adopt will live forever.

Should They?

In view of the fact that the Indians, who are really of the first families in the United States, adorn themselves with paint—lavishly and a bit crudely to be sure—why should not the young woman of the present day paint; or, on the contrary, why should she?

Paint, in the feminine sense, herein means the gentle and artistic application of rouge—not the violent swabbing on of more red color like perchance the early efforts of an apprentice scene painter.

Some defend the practice, which really seems to be rather general as far as one's wife can discern, while others have entered upon a campaign against the use of such cosmetics.

The utter futility and lack of taste in painting the lily has been referred to at times; but would the average woman want a face like a lily?

Possibly she would prefer a complexion such as has frequently been referred to as "peaches and cream"—a sort of delicate blending of the pink blush of health and a pale clearness where there should be no color, such as the tip of one's nose.

Some take the position that it is merely a matter of attire or adornment, like the rose in the hat and the rose in the cheek, even though both are artificial.

Some contend that not all the girls who use rouge do their work well. But would this same contention still hold good as to the man who persists in wearing his hat when he works?

Also seems as though it might be deprived of all standing if the rouge were so applied that there was no chance of its slipping.

And who can say that it is not an addition to the beauty of many women, when properly applied, though possibly this does not apply to one's wife?

But anyway it's a feminine question, to be settled in a feminine way, without the intervention of mere man who probably doesn't know the rouge's there anyway.

Risky

It is a happy scheme, in theory, which has been hit upon by the farmer near Kokomo, who is getting wives for single farmhands, because he wants farmhands but doesn't want single ones.

He's been doing it by advertising, it is explained, and now has a list of a thousand prospects, of feminine sex, but if he has worked out any scheme for keeping the fair ones from his farm when it is found that he doesn't need a thousand farmhands, it has not yet been disclosed.

Nor have any explanations been forthcoming as to what qualifications are required.

It appears that the wishes of the single man are consulted as to his matrimonial preferences; but that seems rather a weak, futile method.

Take, for example, the simple matter of the color of the feminine locks desired—some folk might call that same head of hair, gold, or bronze, or brown tinged with gold where touched by a ray of sunshine—or just plain sorrel.

Just possibly after all it's a safer plan that is being employed by farmers near Petersburg, Ind., where schoolboys are being employed in the harvest fields, and the peril of tramping around in Cupid's domain is avoided.

Sugar-Coated Morals

"And then the Prince bravely entered the castle to fight the ogre and rescue the Princess—"

Follows a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs."

Do you remember them—the fairy tales of childhood days? You can't forget them!

Nothing is more dear to the heart of the youngster than the little illusions in the form of stories told at bedtime. Strictly speaking, these stories may not exactly accord with the truth, but they have easily as much power for good as some of the weightiest—and dryest—truths.

For instance, a child is told that "honesty is the best policy." He nods his head sleepily. He doesn't understand it.

But put it in the form of a fairy tale. Tell him a story of princes and fairies and dragons and knights with the moral that honesty is the best policy. He'll remember the lesson much longer, will grasp it much better, will follow it much more faithfully.

Proving that all of us—young and old—like our morals sugar-coated!

DOLLING UP THE DONKEY

By W. D. BOYCE, in the Saturday Blade, Chicago.

SOLOMON said that there is nothing new under the sun, but it would have a tendency to make him turn over in his grave and think that possibly he had made a mistake in one thing at least if he could but see the democratic donkey ridden by a woman who is bringing home the moosemeat.

That is exactly the situation. The women of the United States give the democratic administration credit for getting the sun up and they showed up at the democratic convention. That the democratic is properly dolled up when he is ridden by Diana of the Chase and has a close alliance with the bull mooseers, or progressives, in the United States, is evident from the appointment as secretary of state

of Bainbridge Colby, who until four years ago was a progressive republican, also by the progressive plank in their platform.

Let's not think the donkey is properly dolled up when he is ridden by Diana of the Chase and has a combination head of the wise old head of the moose and the stubborn reliable head of the donkey?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What is she? This department of The Times tells you. If you have a question to ask, send it with a 2-cent stamp to The Indiana Daily Times Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., and the answer will be mailed direct to you.

GREEK. Q. What is greece? D. V. H.

A. This is a kind of clarified butter used in India and other eastern countries. It is prepared from milk of buffaloes or cows, and after a certain process, put into closed pots, where it is said to keep for years.

FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTIONS. Q. When were the first national conventions of the republican and democratic parties held? J. E. B.

A. The first democratic national convention was held in Baltimore, May 21, 1832. The first republican national convention met in Philadelphia, June 17, 1836.

REMOVING FISHHOOK. Q. How should a fishhook be removed that has been caught in the flesh? F. S. A.

A. When the barbed end of a fishhook has entered the flesh, do not attempt to remove it by pulling it directly out. Depress the shank of the hook, push the point forward and onward.

WEIGHT OF DOLLARS. Q. What is the weight of one million silver dollars? W. A. T.

A. A million dollars weighs 58,920 pounds, or 20 tons, 920 pounds.

ATTRACTION OF SUN. Q. How far does the attraction of the sun extend beyond our solar system? J. H. B.

A. Theoretically, there is no limit to the distance over which the attraction of the sun extends. By the law of gravitation the attraction of two bodies for each other is directly as their mass and inversely as the square of their distance, the attraction becoming nothing only when the masses are zero, the distance infinite.

FOR HOLY ORDERS. Q. What is the length of time required in college to qualify for holy orders in the Roman Catholic church? G. E.

A. A five-year preliminary college course, two years of philosophy and four years of theology is required; in all, eleven years of preparation for holy orders.

OLEOPSYDRA. Q. What is a oleopsydra? C. C. J.

A. This is the name of the ancient Greek water clock. It was usually an earthen bowl or globe pierced with holes of a certain size, through which the water stole away. Time was measured by the flow of the water.

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND. Q. Is the thistle the flower of Scotland? If so, why was it adopted?

N. H. R. A. The thistle is the national flower of Scotland. It was adopted during the reign of Malcolm in 1005. At that time the country was invaded by the Danes, who attempted to storm one of the largest and most powerful fortresses. The enemy advanced stealthily at night and upon reaching the castle removed their shoes and plunged into the moat, expecting to swim across. The moat was dry, however, and filled with a growth of thistles. The cries of the enemy aroused the inmates of the castle, so Scotland was saved.

The young lady across the way says salt's about the only thing that hasn't gone up in price, though of course you'd get a smaller sack for the money.—Copy-right, 1920.

BRINGING UP FATHER.**A Comparative Statement**

Which Tells a Story of Our Healthy Development During the Past Twelve Months

RESOURCES

June 30, 1919,	June 30, 1920,
\$1,223,454.56	\$1,775,071.89
271,016.35	250,194.62
27,000.00	25,000.00
39,336.01	10,797.92
19,096.27	13,011.37
13,252.17	4,904.59
407,246.22	447,651.20
55,457.81	89,637.90
\$2,055,859.39	\$2,616,269.49

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$200,000.00
Undivided Profits	46,467.97
Trust Investments	55,457.81
Deposits	1,753,933.61
\$2,055,859.39	\$2,616,269.49

COMPARATIVE RESOURCES

June 30th, 1920	\$2,616,269.49
June 30th, 1919	2,055,859.39
Net Gain	\$560,410.10

SECURITY TRUST COMPANY

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With flour for the giant's wife had just put in a loaf of dough to bake into bread.

"What do you want?" said the boy, and when Puss told him that his mother was worried about him, Jack said, "I'll go home tonight. That is, if I can take the little yellow hen with me." And when the giant woke up and when he found out that the hen was missing, he gave a dreadful roar, and, Oh dear, it sounded just like a thunder storm, and the great big castle shook and another brick fell off the chimney and broke the head off the lovely sunflower girl, the giant's flower girl. And in the next story you shall hear how Jack took the little yellow hen home to his mother.—Copyright, 1920.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

"Five dollars and sixty-five cents! Five dollars and sixty-five cents! That was no one else to whom one dollar meant the difference between misery and happiness."

Suddenly, out of that mass of indifferent, unknown, mask-like faces, one detached and became real. Sheldon Blakes eyes caught mine, as he leaned forward from a distant table and lifted his goblet of water in greeting.

A plain leaped into my mind. I expected to see