

Indiana Daily Times

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CHEER UP! Judge Colling might make up his mind what to do in the case of Dr. Burris any day now.

HAS ANYONE HEARD about those municipal swimming pools that Jewett promised us before his election?

IT IS GRATIFYING to learn that Gov. Goodrich's tax board did not succeed in interfering with the building of schoolhouses for the kiddies even though it has created a doubt as to whether they will have teachers.

SENATOR ELSNER'S RESOLUTION to ascertain why no special elections were held to fill vacancies in the legislature was defeated, either because the senators all knew or Goodrich didn't want them to know. It makes no difference which.

Pretty Soft, Isn't It?

Members of Indiana's general assembly certainly have no occasion to complain that Gov. Goodrich has not done his best to free them from any onerous tasks in this session of the legislature.

All they have been called on to do so far is appear in person and cast their votes in support of the various bills which the governor in his foresight and courtesy caused to be drafted and printed preliminary to the issuance of the call for the special session.

It was, of course, unfortunate that the gentlemen from the border counties were compelled to make a pilgrimage to Indianapolis to ratify the work that had been done for them, but as yet no method has been worked out by which a member of the assembly can stay at home and cast his vote by mail or over the telephone.

Perhaps this added convenience may be obtained by the time the assembly is called in its fourth session. Certainly there is no reason why it should not be attempted.

There was in Indiana when members of the legislature were consulted before laws were drafted and put upon their passage. In those days assemblymen were put to the annoyance of doing much work in the capitol during legislative sessions. They had to attend caucuses, write bills, hold committee hearings and otherwise earn their pay.

Under the Goodrich centralization plan of government all this has been changed.

Now a busy legislator has only to turn his affairs over to his wife for a few days, hurry to Indianapolis and register his vote in ratification of what his party leader has proposed.

On his desk he finds the bills for the session neatly printed and ready for him. In the chair he finds a speaker already selected. At the door are the doorkeepers and in the aisles and at the desks the clerks for the session.

In fact, Gov. Goodrich has prepared the work of the legislative session with such close attention to detail that about all that remains for the assemblymen to do is to give him a vote of thanks, cash their vouchers and go home.

Certainly this is the least that can be asked of men who accepted an obligation to concern themselves in the welfare of the state as a whole.

Men Ought to Be Ashamed

The male voters of the United States are about to cease a useless struggle and extend to the women the right to participate wholly in political affairs.

Whether they do so before or after this national election is a matter of small import. Particularly is it of little importance in Indiana, where the right to vote for presidential electors has already been granted.

The friendship or good will of a man who deliberately invites a susceptible subject into a house of pestilence would be vigorously questioned by a sanitarian.

The fellowship of a man who asks his associates to participate with him in a crooked poker game is never appreciated by the losers.

Yet there are those who can not visualize the comparison between the pestilence ridden house and the abode of present day politics. There are those who are still unsophisticated enough to think that the political game is not played with marked decks.

Admittance to full suffrage, desirable as it may appear to the women, is not going to be an induction into a promised land or devoid of its disappointments and illusions.

In fact, the long hard fight of the women for the ballot will not end until certain selfish male interests are convinced that their pet measures of control will not be menaced by capitulation.

The truth about the political situation in regard to suffrage is that men have failed to keep the political house clean. It has become a house of pestilence. There is therein all the corruption and the filth of dirty practices and unclean habits.

It is into the midst of this Augean stable that the women of the country are invited.

The women may prove equal to the task of cleansing it.

But the men ought to be ashamed of themselves for shirking the task.

Appreciation

The state of Missouri has struck a medal commemorating the services of her sons in the world war.

Every Missourian who saw service—whether in the army, navy or marine corps, on this side or "over there"—receives one when his record is filed with the adjutant general of the state.

It is a plain, simple, yet withal dignified bronze medal, one side bearing the state seal surmounted by the inscription "War With Germany" and below the dates "1917-1918."

The obverse side reads "State of Missouri, United States Forces." In a laurel wreath appear the words "For Service."

The medal is suspended on a ribbon of dark blue striped with red and white.

Its intrinsic value is not great.

But it is tangible evidence of great state's appreciation of the sacrifices her sons made that the world might endure for civilization, a token that will increase in value as the years pass and one that will endure long after the memories of a "bonus" or other "reward" have faded from the mind.

Adapted to His Needs

The county school commissioner at Valparaiso, Ind., who says that hereafter he will carry his office in his hat, might well consider the purchase of one of those extraordinary headgears worn by exponents of the art of sleight-of-hand—one of the kind from which the performer can produce at will almost anything ranging from a hard-boiled egg to a live duck, and including such incongruous articles as yards and yards of ticker tape and jewelry.

Not that he would have any use for ticker tape or live ducks or eggs or jewelry in the active pursuit of his duties as school commissioner, but the hat might be so adapted as to produce instead, teachers, school supplies and other essentials to the well-being of the county's schools.

Even a policeman's helmet might serve with a fair degree of success, for it has a wondrous capacity for articles of utility, comfort or legal significance.

But the ordinary hat some way seems weak and inefficient for such purpose.

A Peroxide Opinion

It seems that the matter of being a blonde by heritage or by acquisition are two distinct matters that have their place in the feminine mind.

In the masculine mind, sans the deadly intuition that picks out the acquired from the real, there is likely to be considerable confusion as to which is real and which false, as to feminine tresses.

But now a New York judge has fearlessly gone on record, to some extent, by declaring not guilty a woman who had charged another with being a "peroxide blonde" and had been haled into court in consequence of charge of disorderly conduct.

THE VILLAGE VAMPIRE FAILED TO LAND HENRY
Because Henry Put His Trust in a Star and a Good Girl

The audience tried in vain to bring Mr. Merwin in front of the curtain.

Mr. Walker appeared for the author and thanked the audience for the enthusiastic reception of "Temperamental Henry."

The writer is of the opinion that it was an actor's victory last night and a fine victory for the big three.

At the Murat all week. W. D. H.

LAST OF SUMMER VAUD NOW ON VIEW AT KEITH'S.

Versatility is the keynote at Keith's this week.

"Lots 'o Pep" is peppy because it has a peppery comedian.

The three Weber Girls, comedians, tumblers, dancers and what not, wind up the bill.

The three Weber girls are graceful and charming, agile and clever. What more is needed to make up a real worth while act.

The usual run of Kinnograms and Topics of the Day round-out the bill.

OLGA'S LEOPARDS ARE FINE ACTORS.

We had a thrill yesterday afternoon just before the supper hour when a little woman slipped into a cage containing five big, beautiful leopards.

Princess Olga, as the program gives her name, smiled at the audience and then at her pets and began putting them through their paces.

The "cats," as she calls them, jumped through hoops, played teeter-totter on a big board, attended a little dinner party where meat was served and did many other stunts.

"What fact is not spoiled by a cracking of a whip or the noise of a revolver because this spindly trainer is master of the situation?

It is our opinion that the Lyricle has never housed a better trained animal act.

Another act we liked was Rappi, a violinist and a very clever entertainer at that.

The audience took kindly to Aloha and Girly, who offer Hawaiian music and the feminine member of the team tops off the act with some wiggles that appear to be a mixture of Hawaiian and the American can-can.

This act was big and the more the audience watched, the boozed up and down, the louder the applause.

The bill includes Bartlette, Smith and Sherry, the Leona Trio; Del Vecchio and company in a sketch.

We nearly forgot about Bobby Harris and company—the company probably has reference to a very large person who does not appear to be built for hot weather.

This act has some clever lines, some splendid melody and a beautiful wardrobe.

We liked this one, too.

At the Lyric all week.

AT THE RIALTO.

Krayona and company in "The U. S. Indians in Action," a spectacular act, is the headline attraction at the Rialto.

The remainder of the bill includes Harris and Holloway, musical entertainers; Classic Four, singers; Morris and Adelaide, singers, and Ray and Courtney, in "The Wops' Busy Day."

The movie feature of the bill is George Walsh in "Sink or Swim," a story of a woman's experiences abroad.

Everything from grand opera to acrobatics is included in the closing bill.

Williams and Berne open the program with what they term a "festive comedy," but it was anything but festive.

Thrills galore are provided by a couple of clever aerial performers, as well as comedy of the better kind.

Clegg and company and Marion Finlay, in "The Instructor," is one of the bright spots on the bill.

Gates has several catchy songs that go well with the audience and Miss Flahy is charming and witty.

A rather novel act is presented by Gladys Buckridge and Billy Casey, as assisted by Arthur DeSalvo at the piano. The pair are finished singers.

A few more of the offering is J. C. Lewis, and company, a comedy playlet entitled "Billy," Sam Chisolm, C. Appling, to be 9 years old and his sister probably a year or two younger.

The pair are finished performers and are especially noticeable for the lack of artificiality that usually characterizes a juvenile act.

There is one splendid scene built around the comparison of the good girl and the very young "bad" girl—but both are one by nature, they both individually need Henry alone in a room where there is a...

Cleely is the good girl, played by Lael Davis, who meets Henry in a room where she fled after her parents forbade her to meet Henry because of small town gossip.

Cleely has a pure heart and is mighty sweet in a little love scene but soon causes her to run home, scared but a little more in love with Henry.

The Corinne Dong, played by Christabel Hunter, enters the room where Henry is during the midnight hour.

Corinne is one of those small town vampires who attempts to strut like Theda Bara and who raves over the smart clothes of Henry and his young but ambitious mustache.

To our way of thinking, Miss Hunter is the best actress in the play, as far as work which has been seen for many months.

Judging by the applause, Miss Hunter rang up the great big individual hit of the evening as the small town girl against whom careful mothers point their fingers as the glowing example of a wicked creature.

Fine, mighty fine work, Miss Hunter, and we would not care to see "Temperamental Henry" without you.

It is a new idea to introduce a small town vamp, Mr. Merwin, and it is a bully good idea.

Now this small town vamp, this Corinne, would be called "chicken" in the slang of the street and it is to this character that Mr. Merwin's genius has been best applied.

In fact, Corinne is immense as just a printed page character, but she is many times more interesting as acted by Miss Hunter.

You may know many Henrys in your list of promising juveniles, but the writer is not so fortunate.

We believe that Elliott Nugent has created a new star as the author intended and his performance is always interesting and at times is very fine.

In fact, Mr. Walker, the splendid work of your three players, Nugent, Miss Hunter and Miss Davis, caused a great part of the demonstration of approval on the part of the audience.

The audience liked the work of the three principal players and they showed it many, many times.

Others in the cast include Aldrich Bowker, John Wray, McKay Morris, George Somes and many others.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By DAVID CORY.

One morning as Puss Junior proceeded on his journey of adventure, he came to a blacksmith shop where a small boy stood astride of his hobbyhorse. It was a very pretty hobbyhorse, for at the end of the pole were fastened red and yellow wands, and as one of them had come off, the little rider was at a loss to know what to do. So he said to the kind blacksmith, "Please, sir, I am a poor boy, and I have lost my hobbyhorse."

"What's the use of a hobbyhorse?" said the blacksmith, "I am a poor boy, and I have lost my hobbyhorse."

"I am a poor boy, and I have lost my hobbyhorse," said the little boy.

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