

Indiana Daily Times

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CHEER UP! Judge Collins 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.

Time 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 "1917-1919."

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 a 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 headgear 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 on charge of disorderly conduct.

THE VILLAGE VAMPIRE FAILED TO LAND HENRY

Because Henry Put His Trust in a Star and a Good Girl



Introducer Elliott Nugent as the 21-year-old Henry in the new play, "Temperamental Henry," the "brain child" of Samuel Merwin.

"Temperamental Henry" has the makings of a good comedy.

That appeared to be the verdict of the initial performance of "Temperamental Henry" by Samuel Merwin at the Murat last night.

There are some sure fire scenes in the comedy and some that lack action, especially the first thirty minutes.

It remains to be decided if an adult audience is keenly interested in a boy who thinks he is a genius and whose love affairs appear to be the compelling motive of his high accomplishments in the art of short story writing.

Mr. Merwin's "Henry" is the sort of a lad who is probably called "strange" in the community in which he lives.

He grows a little half-inch mustache, carries a little cane, runs up a \$36 and then some candy and soda bill at a small town drug store.

The Henry of the play is a rare specimen, but he admits that he isn't just the sort of a lad who is bordering on to twenty-one and yet some of his emotions are natural.

There is one splendid scene built around the comparison of the good girl and the very young "bad" girl—both have one bad quality, they both individually meet Henry alone in a room where there is a cot.

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

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

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

Corinne is one of those small town vampiress 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 in the second act does some work which is as fine, honest and as powerful as we have seen for many moons.

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 this second scene, in our humble opinion, which will save the comedy, as both the first and third acts are stretched out and a bit too talky.

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 Henry just 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 Sommes and many others.

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 actors' 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 Kinograms and Topics of the Day round-out the bill.

OLGA'S LEOPARDS ARE FIVE 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 wine was served and did many other stunts.

This act is not spoiled by a cracking of a whip or the noise of a revolver because this splendid trainer is master of the situation.

It is our opinion that the Lyric 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 Girty, 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 went big and the more the shredded wheat dress bobbed up and down, the louder the applause.

The bill includes Bartlette, Smith and Sherry, the Leone 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. S. Indiana 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 westerner's experiences abroad.

AT THE BROADWAY.

The feature act at the Broadway is the Gaffney Rialto in a musical comedy of ferries.

The remainder of the bill includes Bob White, known as the whistling doughtboy; Russell and Hayes, singers; Reynolds, for a traveling comedy; dancers; Austin and Delaney in "The New Bell Hop," and Barnard's dogs.

The movie offering of the bill is Mutt and Jeff in "Shaking the Shimlins."

THE MOVIES.

The movies you may see today are: "Why Change Your Wife" at Engle's; "The Call Me Jim" at the Regent; "The White Dove" at the Ohio, Mary Miss Minter in "Jennie Be Good" at the Coliseum; Jack Pickford in "The Double Dye" at the Regent; "The Heart of the Sunset" at the Regent, and Bill Hart in "Sand" at the Regent.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By DAVID CORY.

One morning as Puss Junior proceeded on his journey of adventures, 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 wheels, 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:

Robert Barnes, my fellow fine, can you shoe this horse of mine?

And then the blacksmith answered: Yes, good sir, that I can.

The young lady across the way

Across the way

Across the way

Across the way

Across the way

Across the way

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

When does the fiscal year of the United States government end? This department of The Times tells you. If you have a question to ask, send it with a two-cent stamp to The Indiana Daily Times, Department of Questions and Answers, 223-7 Kentucky Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., and the answer will be mailed direct to you.

FISCAL YEAR.

Q. When does the fiscal year end? A. A fiscal year is the time between one annual time of settlement or balancing of accounts, and another. Unless otherwise specified the fiscal year regularly ends on Dec. 31st. The government's fiscal year in Great Britain and in Germany ends March 31st, in the United States June 30th, and in France Dec. 31st.

REDS' OLD BAT.

Q. Where is the large bat that was presented to the Cincinnati Reds in 1900? A. E. D.

Q. The manager of the Cincinnati club states that this bat is in the possession of Charles C. Madlock, chief clerk of the Hotel Metropole, Cincinnati.

GEORGIA HAS NO STATE.

Q. Has Georgia a statue in the Statuary Hall in Washington? A. D. D.

Q. The secretary of the Statuary hall in the capitol says that there is no representation of Georgia in the hall.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

At breakfast the next morning I asked Jim how Virginia had liked the flowers.

"What flowers?" asked Jim. "Why, your sweet little girl, I believe you sent her some. They must have come after I left, but 'unsaid, unseen, I'll hug you for doing just that."

"It's really Neal you should hug—the idea was his, and so was the money that paid for the posies—he wouldn't let me do anything but select them and write the card," I replied.

"What a dear little Shylock! I'm so exact in his accounting!" cried Jim in high good humor. "Well, I'll have to bang on the bathroom door before I leave and tell the swimmer within what a decent young fellow I think him. I'm getting downright fond of our Neal."

I twisted this into an omen that Jim's beautiful sister would soon be down-right fond of me, and hurried myself at the phone as soon after Jim's departure as I decently could. Eighty-three seemed the ideal hour to call the Rochembeau—early enough to be friendly and to catch the girls in; early enough also to give Neal a chance to speak to Phoebe, and still not early enough to have an alarm clock qualify.

But I was wrong. Phoebe's whispers told me how wrong and told me also that "Vee" was sleeping after a bad night. She thanked me for the posies with none of the animation I should have expected from her, and young Neal had to go off without a word to Phoebe.

"That's all right," he insisted consolingly. "What's the use of speaking to the 'stinking lady' if you can't convince her out? And I'm down to lunch meier, as you know. Nixie! You don't lend me a cent, Anne. This is where friend Neal shows how saving he can be."

Then my second "boy" trotted off in high good spirits that sent me whirling through the day's occupations with such vim and vigor that the little home and I were in order by 10; and by quarter past the elevator at the Rochembeau deposited me on the seventh floor.

When I had called Phoebe, almost two hours before, I heard the telephone operator at the Rochembeau say "TIS." So I made a mental note of that and with a pleasant, sisterly feeling of sociability I went up without being announced.

But it seemed to be as bad a blunder as phoning at 8:30 had been. Virginia was in a graceful pignol of amber silk and soft lace, and though she looked lovely enough for all the world to behold, she actually seemed to feel that there was something too terribly informal about appearing before me at breakfast and in breakfast negligee.

From the moment of my first faux pas everything that could manage to go wrong proceeded to do so. Next in order of the "horror" that took the sunshine out of the day was a sudden glimpse I caught of a vase full of wilted flowers. Before I could turn my startled eyes away from that dejected-looking mass on the tea table Virginia began thanking me for my gift.

"Those dreadful things?" I cried.

"They're not what we selected at all. I'm going right over and give that florist a piece of my mind."

"Oh—I wouldn't do that!" replied Virginia, coldly.

Then Phoebe broke in with a little explanation that did everything except set me at ease, as she intended.

"You see, it was after midnight when they got here—so perhaps they went to the wrong place by mistake and got spoiled there."

"After midnight!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Virginia, I suppose that accounts for your bad night—you were wakened from your first sleep. Can you ever forgive me? I'm so sorry!"—Copyright, 1920.

How Much is a Million?

The moment you mention a million dollars to some people, they are antagonistic.

They imagine that a million dollars represents a tremendous part of the national wealth.

Instead it represents only one penny for each inhabitant of our country.

Swift & Company last year had an output of 5,500,000,000 pounds. A profit of one cent per pound would have resulted in \$55,000,000.

The actual net profit was \$14,000,000 or one-fourth of what we would have made had the profit been at the rate of 1 cent a pound.

An average profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound indicates a highly competitive condition in the industry and also proves our assertion that packer profits have practically no effect on prices.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Indianapolis Local Branch
223-7 Kentucky Avenue
C. E. Reynolds, Manager

BRINGING UP FATHER.



FATHER CAN'T GET SOCIETY'S SWING.

