

Indiana Daily Times

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EVIDENTLY the "faithful" are going to get the Republican spoils in Indiana!

PERHAPS, as one political writer says, no one can tell who is going to be nominated for mayor, but there are nevertheless a lot of people who think they know.

PERHAPS President Harding has merely delayed that matter of a separate peace for the purpose of allowing Doctor Sawyer to get his commission!

AN EXCHANGE wants to know why a woman cannot be an administrator instead of an administratrix, thereby demonstrating that there are a few unsophisticated people left in this world!

ANYHOW, the school board majority has demonstrated that it does not propose to be prevented from building school buildings for children in order to please those few persons who prefer log cabins.

THE AMERICAN ISSUE advises us now that "the success or failure of prohibition during the next four years depends almost entirely upon the type of men elected to fill the offices of mayor and city judges." Only a few months ago it was certain the success of prohibition for the next four years depended on the election of Harding and Jim Watson!

Trying for Place

That interesting process which might be termed "trying for place" continues to hold full sway among the politicians of Indianapolis who are now drawing attention to the city primary.

Individuals who are presumed to carry greater or lesser weight with them are beginning to line up with the several candidates and the result is sometimes considerable difficulty in reconciling their positions with what is generally known about them.

Leonard Quill, who once aspired to be the Republican nominee for mayor, is announced as a recent acquisition to the camp of Mr. Thomas C. Howe. In view of the fact that Mike Jefferson, township assessor, and Quill's close political associate, has indicated a preference for Ed J. Robison, this announcement caused some comment.

Reports that Mr. Howe has not determined to rely on Claris Adams to manage his campaign as Adams managed the J. W. Fessler campaign and is seeking a real manager have led to considerable speculation.

Professional campaign managers are not hard to find in Indianapolis and so far as is known neither Edward Schmidt nor Schuyler Haas has been attached to any camp as yet.

It is customary with professionals to await the best offer from the various candidates and then govern themselves accordingly. The "best offer" is usually a promise of appointment to some political job that carries with it no onerous duties. In the matter of promises, however, Mr. Howe is said to be under somewhat of a handicap, the News-Jewett-Lemcke crowd being generally reputed to have bound him to a contract by which they are to make the appointments for him. Considerable "trading" is going along in the Robison camp, and Robison is conceded to be making headway among the negroes whose support he will divide with Mr. Howe.

In the meanwhile, Samuel Lewis Shank continues to perfect his organization in a manner that worries the other two contenders. He is gaining some negro support, which is support that the administration kept from him in the last campaign.

However, the alignment of individuals at this time of the campaign is not a matter of much moment. Those who are now seeking the limelight as "supporters" of one candidate or the other are almost all of the type that usually "tries for place" and attempts to create the impression that they carry great strength with them when, as a matter of fact, they cannot, of themselves, control a dozen votes apiece.

Astray Again

None of those dry leaders who so vehemently insisted last fall on the necessity of supporting the Republican ticket "to save prohibition" has as yet arisen to explain the administration's willingness to allow the manufacture of full strength beer "for medicinal purposes."

Their silence in the face of an interpretation of the Volstead act that promises to flood the country with beer is difficult to interpret, especially in remembrance of their desperate pre-election tirades against Governor Cox as a "wet."

It would almost appear that by their indorsement of the Republican national ticket they have become liable to the real prohibitionists for an obligation which their principal has no intention of fulfilling and which they are in no position to fulfill.

The manufacture of beer for "medicinal purposes" is, of course, a farce and a mere subterfuge for its manufacture as a beverage. It is very doubtful if beer has any medicinal value, whatsoever. It is well established that whatever medicinal accomplishment might result from its use can be attained as easily through other agencies.

Likewise, it is certain that medical regulation of intoxicants is a failure. Indianapolis has had some sad experiences as a result of attempting to allow the sale of intoxicants under medical supervision. It has been disclosed time and time again that the medical profession cannot safely be entrusted with the prescription of intoxicants.

Fortunately, we have in Indiana a statute that forbids the manufacture or sale of beer for any purposes. This statute will serve to guard the breach in the wall against the liquor traffic that has been made by the Federal interpretation of the Volstead act in favor of the brewers. This interpretation will have no other effect than to increase bootlegging in Indiana and discredit some of Indiana's dry leaders who led their supporters into the Republican camp under false pretenses.

There are increasing indications that the calf which followed the steer is considering how best to get home before dinner time.

Stop This Waste

Much might be forgiven the Jewett administration which foisted more than a one hundred per cent increase in the cost of garbage disposal on this community if the administration were doing anything to relieve the public pocketbook of this unnecessary drain.

But the present policy of the sanitary board in seeking to hide the outgo of an exorbitant amount of the taxpayers' money while continuing it without any effort to check the waste is more than reprehensible.

There are no business enterprises in Marion County with a capital investment of \$175,000 whose managers would long permit operation at an annual rate of deficit of \$33,000. Private enterprises could not stand such a drain and business judgment would demand either the abandonment of the enterprise or immediate change in policy.

The collection and disposal of garbage is, of course, a public necessity. But there is no need of a great expense attaching to the necessity. Before the Jewett administration engaged in the garbage business the total cost of its disposal to the citizens of Indianapolis was less than \$50,000 a year. Now the city spends approximately \$75,000 in garbage collection, \$33,000 in garbage disposal and pays interest on bonds amounting to \$175,000 which were exchanged for a junk pile that represents practically no asset.

Indianapolis taxpayers would be better off if the Goodrich garbage plant were abandoned, \$175,000 charged off as a loss and a contract made with some corporation to care for the city's garbage, even at a greater cost per year than the last proposals received by the city, which proposals were cheaper approximately \$25,000 a year than garbage disposal is now costing.

The Jewett administration might as well admit that its purchase of the Goodrich garbage plant junk pile was the biggest single mistake it has ever made. There is no one in Indianapolis who does not realize that fact.

And having admitted that it blundered to the extent of giving away \$175,000 of the people's money it ought to take steps to stop the loss of the difference between a reasonable sum for garbage disposal and the \$116,000 it is now spending.

Covering up the garbage plant deal has proved to be an impossible undertaking. Every day that the Jewett administration allows to elapse without action toward stopping the enormous deficit of the defunct plant adds to the amount of money the taxpayers are being assessed because of the purchase of the junk pile.

Fijians in Their Native Haunts



Above, Left to Right—Fijian warriors. Another Fiji warrior from the bush districts. Native damsels of Fiji. Below—Fiji dandy.

By W. D. BOYCE.

It has been the history of most places where the white man has come in and taken charge that he lorded it over the natives. This is not true so far as native Fijians are concerned. Under the treaty by which the British took over the islands certain rights were always to belong to the native and the Fijian is very quick to maintain them. He is kept in order by police of his own race and a white man who undertook to chastise a Fijian would quickly discover that the natives themselves would resent it and that British law and justice could not uphold the white man who tried to take the law into his own hands.

Fijian women are not the slaves that women of other savage races usually prove to be. As a matter of fact, there isn't much work to be done around a Fijian village. Neither men nor women do any more than is absolutely necessary to sustain life. Fish, bananas, coconuts, and a few other vegetables or fruits that grow wild afford plenty of food. Clothing consists at most of a few yards of cloth draped around the body. Thatched huts are homes enough. So why work for things that are not necessary? That is the Fijian's life motto.

The Fijian warrior hasn't much to do these days in his particular line, for the British keep for any other offense. Many of the natives still live as did their forefathers and the Christian clothing adopted by their brothers in the city is considered unessential. In their villages the word of the chief, or bull, is law and more Fijians get into trouble for "boobying the bull," or disobeying his orders, than for any other offense.

In other days the wicked looking clubs carried by the warriors in the accompanying pictures would have been used to crush the skulls of enemies or others

who might be the principal item of the evening's meal. Today, with cannibalism abolished, the clubs are more ornamental than useful, but are formidable looking weapons when wielded in the "moke," or native dances.

(W. D. Boyce, owner of the Times, is leading a West by Southwest expedition to the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia. Other interesting articles and pictures sent back by Mr. Boyce will be reproduced by the Times.)

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the average are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

TUESDAY.

Hanging over the tubs in her laundry, Mrs. Hooper kept a card upon which Roger had typewritten the directions for removing common stains from clothes, such as those from grass, rust, coffee or grease, as solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

As it was still very cold out of doors, she put a handful of salt in the rinsing water to keep the clothes from freezing when they were hung out on the line to dry. When she had her blue water added just a little common salt to it as it helps to distribute the color more evenly and prevents the clothes from looking streaky or patchy. One of the secrets of Mrs. Hooper's economy in the matter of clothes is that she impresses upon her family that it is absolutely necessary, except in the case of a possible accident, for them to prevent any of their garments from becoming very dirty, and that frequent changes are more economical than to wear them until they are over soiled.

She lengthened the life of her own stockings, by rinsing them out in warm water every night and hanging them in the morning. By stuffing a little wad of newspaper into the feet she found that the water was absorbed quickly, and assured the certainty of their being dry enough to wear when she needed them. She never had quantities of extra clothes on hand.

Her method was rather to keep things properly replaced by the few reserve garments that she purchased at bargain sales, and which when put into service were replaced in her emergency chest by just the things she had removed. This check on the supply and condition of the greater part of the clothes of the family was made on washday, when something was always being tubbed for the last time.

As Mrs. Hooper had planned an Irish stew for dinner she prepared it immediately after luncheon. It was made from

two pounds of the scrag breast of mutton, cut into small pieces with the bones cracked. She covered it with cold water, which was brought to a boil and simmered for three-quarters of an hour without adding anything else and keeping the kettle closely covered. She then added a quarter of a pound of salt pork cut in dice, a bay leaf, salt, and large cubes of turnips. The kettle was covered again and allowed to simmer until the meat and vegetables were tender.

She then set it on the back of the stove and when she began to prepare dinner in the evening she added a cupful of cooked potato cubes and thickened the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour blended with a little milk, and when the gravy was boiled at the very last moment before serving she added two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley.

Before going to bed Mrs. Hooper made the corn meal mush and prepared it for trying for breakfast.

Her menu for tomorrow is:
BREAKFAST: Halved Grape Fruit, Omelet, Coffee, Fried Corn Meal.
LUNCHEON: Meat Curry With Rice (meat left from Irish stew), Bread and Butter, Apple Sauce, Cocoa, Cookies.
DINNER: Baked Haddock with Bread Stuffing, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Brussels sprouts, Fruit Salad.
—Copyright, 1921.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory.

Now you remember in the last story we left little Puss Junior in Midgetville, or "Tintown," as some people called it. Well, as soon as the clock stopped striking thirteen o'clock the little dwarf said to Puss, "Get out of the wagon and come with me." And then he unharnessed the good horse and took off his bridle and put him in a field close by to eat the fresh green grass. And after that he and Puss went into the village. But, oh, dear me, Puss was much taller than the highest church.

"This is not the place for me, little comrade," said Puss with a grin. "I will have to sleep under a tree, for there isn't a house that I can even squeeze into." "About a mile from here is a poor laborer's cottage," said the little dwarf. So Puss started off again, and after a

while he tapped on the door of the poor laborer's cottage.

"Can you give a traveler a place to rest his tired limbs?" asked Puss when the laborer opened the door.

"Come in, Sir Cat," he answered. "I have a humble cot, but such as I have you are welcome to it." So Puss stepped inside and after supper he went to bed in a little room at the head of the stairs. And when the town hall clock in Tintown struck midnight, a little fairy flew in the window of Puss Junior's room and said:

"Wake up, little Puss, the moon is so bright. It hangs from the sky like a lantern all white. Ho, ho, and ha, ha, by the moon and the star, You must come to the dance where the wood fairies are."

So Puss rubbed his eyes, and after that he pulled on his red-topped boots and crept down the stairs so as not to waken the tired laborer, and by and by the little fairy led him to the dell.

Well, pretty soon the King of the Fairies stepped off his throne and came to where Puss stood.

"Nearly in this wood lives a wicked ogre who has cast a charm over the son of the Queen. Now I have no charm which will set him free, for the ogre and I are great enemies and his charms are as strong as mine. Have you a magic charm, Sir Cat, that will subdue this wicked ogre?"

"I have a flaming feather," answered Puss, and in the next story you shall hear of a great deed that Puss Junior performed.—Copyright, 1921.

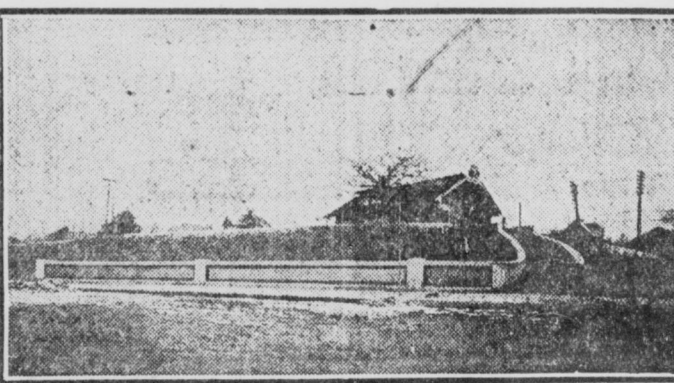
(To be continued)

Library Notes

Charles E. Rush, librarian, announces that many contributions are coming in response to the appeal now being made for books and money to help the Indianapolis Public Library in its present book shortage. In cash donations the following individuals and clubs have liberally contributed: Chester Browne, Home Economics Club, L. R. Serenys, Alice Granger, Herman P. Lieber, Proctor Club, Carl B. Lieber, C. H. Crowder, Julia H. Chapman, C. W. Brackett and the Inter-Alia Club. An anonymous gift of \$100 also has been received. As this is but the beginning of the drive, many other donations will be received, as different clubs have promised to help financially in the present book shortage.

L. S. Ayres' book shop, as well as W. K. Stewart's has agreed to make a 15 per cent discount on all books purchased for the library the week of March 13-19.

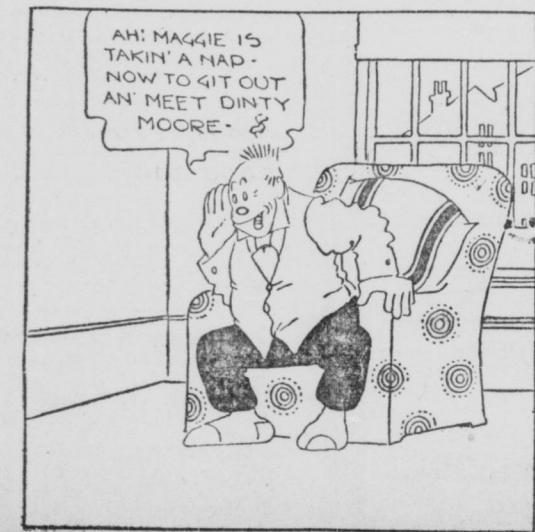
Do You Know Indianapolis?



This picture was taken in your home city. Are you familiar enough with it to locate the scene?

Yesterday's picture was of Crooked Creek bridge in Spades Park.

BRINGING UP FATHER.



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXL.
"I'm not getting much chance for a quiet walk alone with you," murmured Pat toward the end of the dinner. "You wouldn't let me walk home with you, would you?"

"Why not?" I replied, wondering as I spoke just where this very subdued Pat came from.

Evidently Carlotta also wondered, for suddenly she broke out on the hysterical note that was to me the most gratifying thing in her whole vivid personality.

"Patsy, why the saintly air? Are you having a dress rehearsal of the bone-dry situation you'll soon have to meet?" Pat's face crimsoned and his blue eyes darkened to sombre black. I could see that Carlotta had attacked a vulnerable spot, and I wondered if his reply would be seasoned with wrath. But when he came it had the lilt of his Irish cheer for all its undercurrent of bitterness.

It came to me as I spoke that I didn't want to hurt Pat. In spite of my affection for Virginia, Mrs. Jimmie, some of my own friends, and the fact that I had a great deal of unhappiness, in spite of my fear that there was much of weakness in Pat Dalton, I found myself unwilling to cause him any hurt. I wanted to "mother" him. There are men like that I've known—men whom women instinctively try to protect even from themselves. I wonder if that quality can have a contributing cause in the drifting apart of Pat and Virginia.

"You asked her?" Pat repeated—and laughed a bit unsteadily, "then that's all right. I'm glad Jeanie doesn't want to cut me off your list, Mrs. Jimmie. Some how I want you to be my friend, but not at the price of her friendship. If it ever comes to choosing between us, take her."

"I won't come to—I began, but Pat interrupted.

"Still, if ever you must drop one of us, make it Pat Dalton. Promise! Promise you'll stick to Jeanie as long as she'll let you." "Promise."

"I promise," replied, trying to laugh off lightly even while I wondered uneasily if ever it would come to a choice.

"All right—that's understood, and if you ever cut me dead, I won't have the law on you for it." Now, I'd like your permission to butt right into the midst of Harrisonia, Mrs. Jimmie."

"You may be when ready, Gidley," I replied lightly, but with heavy heart getting ready, for it knew not what revelations "It's about Phoebe," said Pat—and my heart took an inexpressible upward leap.

"Phoebe?" I said, curiously. "I don't like the folk she's traveling around with. She's hitting it up on high, that nice little Phoebe-kind, and I'd like to see you—slow her down."

"What do you mean—that sounds pretty serious, Mr. Dalton."

"It is pretty serious when a youngster like Phoebe travels around with a man like Richard West, night after night, said Pat earnestly.

"Dick West?" I cried, "surely you don't mean that?"

"I do. He's not the right sort for Phoebe to know. I've been a mining man out West myself, Mrs. Jimmie—and I know West's dance-hall reputation. He won't do for little Phoebe."

hark near the smell of opium and words." "What can we do?" I asked. "Stop it. Get Phoebe away from the bunch she's traveling with—West said that little cat, Evvy Mason and Sheldon Blake, A dangerous crowd for Phoebe, Mrs. Jimmie, and a dangerous pack they're hitting." "But what can we do?" I said, taking Pat right into partnership with me. "Jim likes Evvy and Sheldon—and Dick West is his partner." "His partner?" repeated Pat—Copy-right, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing THE INDIANA DAILY TIMES INFORMATION BUREAU, FREDERIC J. HASKIN, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your questions plainly and briefly. Give full name and address on legal matter in stamp for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

VOLCANIC POWER.

Q. Has the Italian nation succeeded in harnessing volcanic power? J. C. R. A. The Italians have not as yet succeeded in harnessing the power of the greatest of their volcanoes. At Lardello, in Tuscany, however, where the country is of volcanic formation, this power is being used to turn factory wheels by day and to illuminate the streets by night. The work was originated by Prince Gion-Conti. The central plant is capable of 16,000 horse power.

WAR REDUCTION OF BIRTH RATE. Q. How much has the birth rate of the world been reduced by the World War? F. H. N.

A. A committee of college professors of some of the various countries involved in the war, have estimated that the world has lost 20,000,000 in probable births as a result of the conflict.

RADIO SPEED.

Q. At what rate are messages sent from the Arlington radio station? E. W. K. A. The rate of transmission at Arlington at present is fifteen words a minute.

LARGEST RESEARCH BUREAU. Q. Where is the largest research bureau in the world? B. V. A. The Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., is the largest research bureau in the world.

WASHINGTON'S CHOICE. Q. Did Washington wish the city of Washington named for himself? F. H. N.

A. General Washington advocated the name "The Federal City."

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE. Q. Why does the international date line run in a zigzag way, north and south, instead of straight? D. D.

A. The theoretical date line coincides with the 180 degree meridian, but for the reasons of convenience an arbitrary irregular line has been adopted. This was done by correspondence with all the various settlements in this vicinity.

for the purpose of discovering whether the date in public use was the American or the Asiatic one. These dates were tabulated and the line drawn accordingly. This line is in use, but has never been made the subject of international action or agreement.

COMMONPLACE POETS. Q. Who was called "The Poet of the commonplace?" F. B. P.

A. This title was first given to Longfellow. James Whitcomb Riley was also called this, and there seems a fair chance that it may be applied to Edgar Guest.

GLASS KNOWN TO EGYPTIANS. Q. How long has glass been known? A. C.

A. Glass was known to the ancient Egyptians at a very early date. The tombs of the fourth and fifth dynasties, about 4000 B. C., show glass-blowers at work. It was also known to the people of Phoenicia, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, China, India, Greece and Rome.

DUTCH LIFE IN HOLLAND. Q. Can you tell me to whom the word, "Dutchman" refers, whether Germans or Hollanders? E. W. E.

A. The term "Dutchman" correctly speaking, refers only to the citizens of the Netherlands or Holland. In the United States the word is frequently applied to the Germans, probably due to confusion with the word, "Deutsch," which is German word for German.

NO BASIS FOR SUPERSTITION. Q. I have heard that if a rope is laid in a circle around a camp, a snake will not cross it. Is this true? H. B. R.

A. The Bureau of Biological Survey says there is no basis in fact for the superstition, that a rope placed in a circle around a camp will prevent snakes from coming into it.

DEMOCRATIC STATES. Q. How many States did the Democrats carry in the last presidential election? S. H. B.

A. In the recent election the Democrats carried ten States—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia.

ARREST OF CHILDREN. Q. How many children are arrested each year in the United States? S. H. B.

A. The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor estimates that 175,000 children were brought before courts in a year. Of these 50,000 came before courts not adapted to handling children's cases.

READ OUR ADS WITH CONFIDENCE

THE INDIANA

Washington and Alabama Streets—Just East of Courthouse

59c to 75c Brassieres and Corset Covers 49c Brassieres and muslin corset covers, up to 75c qualities.	59c to 75c Children's Muslim Underwear 49c Children's slipover gowns, drawers, bloomers and princess slips.	59c to 75c Infants' White Dresses 49c Infants' long or short white dresses, up to 2 years.
59c to 75c Booties or Mittens 49c Infants' knit booties, in white, or white with blue or light blue.	59c to 75c Bandeaux, Special 49c Mesh bandeaux, in white or pink.	25c Diapers, 3 for 49c White outing flannel diapers, 27x27 inches.
59c Footed Jelly or Bonbon Dish 49c Light floral cutting.	15c Talcum Powder, 5 for 49c Jap Rose and Sylvan talcum powder.	25c Talcum Powder, 3 for 49c Palmolive or As the Petals talcum powder.
15c Jergens' Soap, 6 for 49c Jergens' violet transparent soap. (Limit 12.)	10c Kirkolive Soap, 9 for 49c Kirkolive toilet soap. (Limit 18.)	12 1/2c Toilet Paper, 5 for 49c Indiana or Waldorf toilet paper. (Limit 10.)
59c Salt and Pepper Shakers 49c Round and square shape, light cutting.	2 Yards Crepe 49c In pink, blue, lavender and gold, for women's and children's lineries.	Silk Pongee 49c Yard wide, plain shades, for waists, dresses, linings and draperies.
25c Men's Handkerchiefs, 3 for 49c Men's soft finish cambric handkerchiefs, quarter-inch hem, full size, neatly hemstitched.	3 Yards Cheviot Shirting 49c Best quality, assorted stripe and check, for shirts, rompers and play suits.	2 Pairs Children's Pony Hose 49c Medium and heavy weights, broken sizes like, irregulars of 65c to 90c grades.
4 Yards Muslin 49c Yard wide, fine weave, for sheets, pillowcases and general use.	3 Yards Toweling 49c Part linen, unbleached, blue border, for hand or roller towels.	3 Yards Outing Flannel 49c Extra heavy quality twilled, double faced, for women's and infants' wear.

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