

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.
Telephones—Main 3500, New 28-351

MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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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." 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 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 that 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. Fesler 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 lime-light 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 \$16,000 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—Fiji 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 natives 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 the Fijians was soon told that the natives themselves would resent it and that British law and justice would 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, they don'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, coco-

nuts, 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 things so thoroughly under control that fighting is scarcely ever heard of. Back in the bush, however, the Fijians still live as did their forefathers, and their Christian clothing adopted by their brothers in the city is considered unnecessary. In these villages the word of the chief, or bull, is law and more Fijians get into trouble for "boiling 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 "moeke," 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.)

"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 Jeannie as long as she'll let you."

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

"All right—that's understood," 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."

"I may fare well when ready, Gridley," I replied lightly, but with heavy heart getting ready, for it knew what revelations.

"It's about Phoebe," said Pat—and my heart took an inexplicable upward leap.

"Phoebe?" I said curiously.

"I don't like the folk she's traveling around with. I don't like the places they take her. She's hitting it up on high, that little Phoebe-kid; and I'd like to see you do the same."

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

"It's 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 take her."

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

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." So Puss stepped inside and after supper he went to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs. And when the town hall clock in Tinytown struck midnight, a little fairy flew in the window of Puss Junior's room 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 salt to the water and then she added the gray with a tablespoonful of flour blended with a little milk, and when the gray was boiled at the very last moment before serving she added two table-spoonfuls of chopped parsley.

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

Her menu for tomorrow is:

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

(To be continued)

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory.

Now you remember in the last story we left Little Puss Junior in Midgewater, or "Hillytown," as some people called it. Well, as soon as the clock stopped striking thirteen o'clock the little dwarf said to the tattered old woman who had been absorbing the clothes of the family that it is 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 very necessary accident, that their garments are of the same color from becoming very dirty, and that frequent changes are more economical than to wear them until they are soiled.

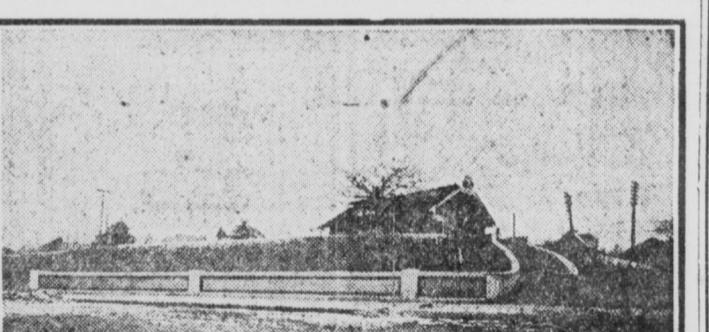
She lengthened the life of her own stockings, by rinsing them out in warm water every night and hanging them where they would be quite dry in the morning. By stretching and stretching the gray with a tablespoonful of flour blended with a little milk, and when the gray was absorbed quickly, and assured the certainty of their being dry enough to wear when she needed them.

Her method was rather to keep things properly replaced by the few reserve garments that she purchased at bargain sales, and which were not suitable for the use she intended. In her emergency chest lay 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 tubed for the last wash.

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

Do You Know Indianapolis?

"The stars incline, but do not compel!"



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 word 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 with the most grating thing in her whole vivacious personality:

"Patay, 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 the girl was indeed a good target. But when it came 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, in spite of my suspicion that he caused her 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 pain, to "mother" him. There are men that I know I've known—men whom women instinctively protect even from themselves. I wonder if that quality can have a contributing cause to the drifting apart of Pat and Virginia.

"You asked her?" Pat repeated—and laughed off in good humor, "then all right. I'm glad Jeanie doesn't want to meet me out there, Mrs. Jimmie. Some how I want to be my friend, but not at the price of her friendship. If it 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 Jeannie as long as she'll let you."

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(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing the INDIANA DAILY TIMES INFORMATION DIRECTOR, P. O. Box 100, Indianapolis, Indiana, and enclosing 2 cents in postage.

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