

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.

Advertising offices { Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne Co.
New York, Boston, Payne, Burns & Smith, Inc.

ANYHOW, Mr. Shank is decidedly candid in accepting the mayor's designation as "undesirable!"

MR. BRYAN says forty years in politics have made him an optimist. A great many less years have had the opposite effect on a great many men.

IT WOULD BE CHEAPER for this community to pay Shiner Middaugh to leave it than to waste so much money in futile efforts to convict him in our courts.

"WE WANT to repair streets legitimately instead of politically this year," says Mr. Lemaux of the board of works and one wonders why the change of heart!

THE TROUBLE with that argument that we are now to pay for the cut in the price of gas some years ago is that the cut was only 5 cents and we are now asked to pay an increase of 30 cents!

JACK HENLEY is reported to be "looking over" the Republican mayor-ality scrap for Will Hays. This promises to be one Republican fight in which the astute Mr. Hays will not cut much ice!

WHETHER Mayor Jewett's hogs get the garbage or the \$175,000 garbage plant gets it, the fact remains that it costs Indianapolis taxpayers twice as much to get rid of it as it used to cost!

The Mayor Denies It!

The denial of Mayor Jewett that garbage which the administration needs in its operation of the municipal plant is being diverted to his hog farm is belated, but nevertheless welcome.

No one should be permitted to accuse the mayor of things that are not true merely because he happens to be mayor. It may be that his almost total blindness to the opinions that have been formed of him by the tremendous number of citizens of Indianapolis whom he habitually ignores and seems to think beneath his attention has resulted in erroneous impressions of him becoming well-grounded in belief whether they are well-grounded in fact or not.

In the matter of the collection of garbage there is no dispute that cannot easily be settled.

Samuel Lewis Shank, candidate to succeed Mayor Jewett, declares publicly that garbage is being collected in Indianapolis and transported to the mayor's hog farm. The mayor declares that private collectors of garbage are making it impossible for the city collectors to obtain enough garbage to make the operation of the city plant profitable.

Whether the mayor wishes it so or not, it is a fact that Mr. Shank's public assertions carry just as much weight in this community as Mayor Jewett's statements. The time has long since past when the mayor, with a wave of his hand, can dismiss criticism of his administration with the statement that it comes from "sinister sources." That convenient method of disposing of unpleasant affairs has lost its effectiveness through overuse and the repeated discovery by the public that behind it has been cloaked truths that dared not be challenged in any other way.

Whether Mr. Shank or Mr. Jewett is correct in reference to the garbage is a matter of no concern to the Times. The statement of one is no more worthy of credence than that of the other. Mr. Shank can hardly be presumed to have spoken without some basis for his remarks and Mayor Jewett could hardly be expected to admit the truth of Shank's statements if they are true—not as long, at least, as he finds it possible to deny them.

This much, however, must be admitted: The affairs of the garbage plant have been cloaked in such secrecy ever since Mayor Jewett approved the purchase of the \$15,000 plant for \$175,000 that the general public of Indianapolis is ready to believe almost anything that may be said of them.

It is exceedingly unlikely that any public statements reflecting in any way on the mayor would ever have been made relative to the garbage were they not either justified by facts or founded on erroneous impressions created by the administration's policy of trying to conceal from the public its miserable failure in this project and the tremendous waste of public money that follows its failure.

Why Be Downhearted?

We sincerely trust that the gloomy pictures of the business future of Indianapolis that are being painted before the public service commission in the gas company's rate hearing will not be accepted at face value by the citizens of the community, even though they may influence the commissioners.

It should not be forgotten that these pessimistic presentations of prosperity's possibilities are assembled before the commission for the sole purpose of prevailing on the commission to grant an emergency rate increase to a utility which admits having enjoyed the greatest prosperity of its history the first ten months of last year.

We wish we might cheer up the gas company's financiers and impart to them some of the boundless faith we possess not only in the country, but in the community.

Of course, it is a fact that there is and has been a depression in business in Indianapolis the last few months. It would be foolish to argue to the contrary. Of the future there are no doubt divergent views, just as there are divergent views as to the cause of the present depression. Just now it seems that the object is to present the gloomy views of the future—for a purpose.

No doubt those bankers of Indianapolis who have expressed their forebodings as to the future before the commission are honest in their opinion. We only mean to challenge them to the extent of saying that for every Indianapolis business man who sees no rift in the clouds another can be found who recognizes the silver lining and is staking his future on the eventual dissipation of the clouds.

This country of ours has endured a great deal of travail. This community itself has gone through some periods of far greater stress than it is enduring today.

And just as surely as it endures until the tomorrow, the tomorrow will dawn brighter than the yesterdays.

It does not pay to be pessimistic over the future of Indianapolis, even in an effort to increase gas rates.

For if the financial affairs of the community are to be as bad as some of the gas company's witnesses seem to think they will be, the consumers of gas will not need it but have enough to pay the increased rates that the gas company says it must have!

Giving of Grain

The giving of grain in Indiana to the Near East and Chinese charities seems almost Scriptural, for did not Joseph fill his brothers' sacks with corn, when they saw him in Egypt? Corn is such a broad term that possibly Indian corn or maize was not used; however, if it is a symbol of good will and true charity it is all the same and will do much toward saving human life.

The life of the Armenian or the Chinese is just as dear to the individual as is that of the American. The instincts are the same and the golden future is just as alluring—ever beckoning one to cling to the narrow thread with the same tenacity of purpose, be he American, Armenian or Chinese.

It is a beautiful benefaction for Indiana to pour out its strengthening corn, so bountifully bestowed by nature, in aid of starving humanity. To be a hero and be the means of saving a life is the dream of every boy and girl, pictured in war or in peace, but it requires more intellect and a keener imagination to carry the food to the relief of a far off sufferer. Yet those few grains may be the means of nourishing little children through famine to a place where they can assist themselves.

The donation is sent to Armenia in the form of flour and corn products, while the Chinese are given the money and this purchases supplies nearer to them and affords a quicker relief. Each shares equally in the donations of Indiana.

How little a rich State like Indiana misses the corn, yet how great is the good it will do, cannot be grasped by the mind. It is not easy to realize that the food for the animals here may be the wonderful gift that keeps soul and body together elsewhere. A little measure of meal may extend the time for some soul to work out its development, its problems of joy and sorrow, of gratitude and worship.

THE MEMENTO

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1929, by Doubleday, Page & Co., Inc. Published by special arrangement with the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

(Continued From Page One.)

comes the smell of ham and red cabbage, and the crash of dishes on the American plate. The indeterminate hum of life in the Thalia is enlivened by the discreet popping of beer-bottle corks. Thus punctuated, life in the genial hotel seems easily—the comma being the favorite mark, semi-colons frowned upon, and periods barred.

Miss D'Armande's room was a small one. There was room for her rocker between the dresser and the washstand if you were placed longitudinally. On the dresser were its usual accoutrements, plus the ex-lauding lady's collected souvenirs of real engagements and photographs of her dearest and best professional friends.

At one of these photographs she looked twice or thrice as she darned, and smiled friendly.

If you had been privileged to view the photograph thus darning you would have thought at the first glance that you saw the picture of a many-petalled white flower, blown through the air by a storm. But the floral kingdom was not responsible for that swirl of petal-whiteness.

You saw the filmy, brief skirt of Miss Rosalie Ray as she made a complete heels-over-head turn in her waltz-like, swirled, swirled from the stage high above the heads of the audience. You saw the camera's inadequate reproduction of the strong, strong kick with which she, at this exciting moment, sent flying, high and far, the yellow silk garter that each evening spun from her agile limb and descended upon the delighted audience below.

You saw, too, amid the black-clothed, mostly masculine patrons of select vaudeville a hundred hands raised with the hope of staying the flight of the brilliant aerial foot.

Twenty weeks of the best elements this act had brought Miss Rosalie Ray for, and for two years. She did other things during her twelve minutes—a song and dance, imitations of two or three actors who are but imitations of themselves, and a hundred hands raised with the hope of staying the flight of the brilliant aerial foot.

At the end of the two years Miss Ray suddenly announced to her dear friend, Miss D'Armande, that she was going to the north shore of Long Island, and that the stage would see her no more.

Seventeen minutes after Miss Lynette D'Armande had expressed her wish to the flies, and Miss Rosalie sprang smiling into the seat, with the golden circlet conspicuous in the place whence it was supposed to have been taken, and a sword-cloaked guard—then it was that the audience rose in its seat as a single man of presumption can the hypodermic needle, the specialty that made Miss Ray's name a favorite in the booking-offices.

At the end of the two years Miss Ray suddenly announced to her dear friend, Miss D'Armande, that she was going to the north shore of Long Island, and that the stage would see her no more.

When she threw off her veil and hat, you saw a pretty enough face, not flushed and disturbed by some unusual emotion, and restless, large eyes with disconcerting marring their brightness. A heavy pile of dull, worn-out, battle-torn, and curling, small locks from the confining coils of the hairdresser.

The meeting of the two was not marked by the effusive vocal, gymnastical, or acrobatic flourish that the two girls had learned the greetings of their unprofessional friends.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXV.
"It wasn't a jealous cat who told you all those cruel bits of gossip about Phoebe?" cried Virginia, interrupting me with sudden force. "You mean it wasn't a woman?"

"It was Pat!" I said quietly, hurling my hand grenade with the grim certainty that the time use wasn't lost, and that the explosion wouldn't take place as scheduled.

"Pat!" she said, and laughed quite unthinkingly. "He's in big business following my sister about and spying on her. I'm ashamed of you, Anne—ashamed and bitterly disappointed to think you'd listen."

"Dear me," I said, with the semblance of a composure I was far from feeling. "I'm surprised and bitterly disappointed to think you won't listen!"

"Are you trying to be humorous?" asked Virginia in a strident voice. "Humorous!" I retorted, passionately. "Humorous, indeed, when I brave the Harrison pride, knowing what a dragon it is. Virginia, I'm ashamed of Phoebe. She's so was Pat. He adores Phoebe. She's a baby-girl to him—a little girl to protect and cherish. And if you'll just be fair, you'll see I'm right."

Virginia stared at me in amazement for a moment. Something in the tremendous feeling I had and dared not express must have swayed her and moved her to recognize the truth of my feelings. For this Phoebe had been "protected" from Ned and his boyish love. For this my little dead mother's diamond circlet had been torn from Phoebe's finger, and the beauty that she had looked up through that narrow dark alleyway to a restaurant that had a bright enough front entrance. And I'm convinced that Evy's act ready to claw all the Harrisons. And that of the two young things had been ended.

"Virginia, I don't like Dick West, I Sheldon—Sheldon a flirt!" Virginia flushed and bridled.

"Oh, really, Anne, I'm not sure that all women aren't cats," she said smoothly.

"Well, let's not set out to prove it," I laughed nervously. Then, encouraged by the flicker of a smile on Virginia's lips, I rushed on.

"Sheldon is a flirt, Jeanie. He was tremendously taken with you at sight, that I know. So he just flung Evy over like that—poor Evy! And when you wouldn't encourage him—as, of course, you wouldn't, since he's not clever enough to interest you—he talked a bit

of nonsense to me, and now he's using Evy to further his flirtation with Phoebe. Am I right?"

"You put it rather cleverly," smiled Virginia, recognizing my efforts to be charmingly tactful, but not resenting them for all that.

"Of course, you wouldn't bother with him, but he might turn the head of a baby like Phoebe," I went on firmly on my appointed way.

"Then Virginia surprised me. She said, 'You don't think Pat has ever seen Shelly over with me—and is doing this to that account?' she said disbelievably, but not at all incoherently.

"Would he?" I asked boldly. Virginia sat thinking for a moment—her face was grave and white. I wondered if she could doff the Harrison pride, if she could turn her own coldness to the ardent flame of the loveless love, what then would be her answer.

"Would a big man like Pat Dalton stoop to engage himself on a little one like Sheldon?" I asked.

"You think Pat is big?" "Big and strong like a real man, with big, strong faults; and weak and helpless like the boy he has never quite outgrown—he's Ireland itself," I replied.

"Yes," said Virginia, staring ahead and sitting so still that I was afraid to breathe lest I break the spell.

"Then she turned and caught my eyes fixed on her. And her pride took flame. I could see her struggling to retrieve her cold dignity, and the flash that came into her eyes when she had found her way, warned me that the ice around Virginia's heart hadn't melted—might indeed never melt.

"He's Ireland, indeed. And I'm English. So now you understand the situation," she said with elaborate lightness of touch. "And now about Phoebe—"

"Yes," I said hopefully, "you'll talk to her after all!"

"There's nothing I can say or do, Anne. Nothing. She won't listen to me. She and I don't speak the same language. She resents me—I've told you that. And under the circumstances I don't want to make myself utterly ridiculous. Have you spoken to Jim?"

"He won't listen—poor poohs it! Dick West is his partner, you know. And he believes in Evy's baby story."

"So that's well, then there's only one thing to be done, Anne. You speak to Phoebe. That's quite simple, isn't it?" But, remember that the ice around Virginia's heart hadn't melted—might indeed never melt.

(To be continued.)

BRINGING UP FATHER.

BUT MAGGIE!

YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID—YOU ARE GOING TO CALL ON THE COUNT DE LERIOUS TONIGHT AND DON'T YOU DARE LEAVE HIS HOUSE I'LL PHONE LATER TO BE SURE YOU ARE THERE

YOUR WIFE JUST PHONED SIR—AND SAID YOU SHOULD COME HOME NOW.

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME SHE PHONED.

WELL, THANK GOODNESS—THIS NIGHT IS OVER.

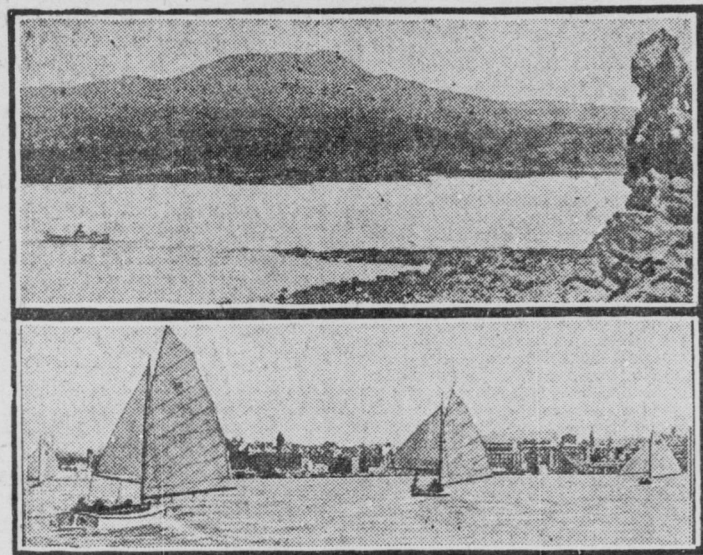
TELL ME WHAT THE COUNT SAID?

HE'S OUT OF TOWN—I'VE BEEN SITTING THERE ALL EVENING WAITING FOR YOU TO PHONE.

3 HOURS LATER

© 1921 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE, INC. 3-19

Auckland's Beautiful Harbor



Above—A close view of Hanganui Channel, Auckland, New Zealand, showing a portion of its rugged coastline. It is thirty miles from the open sea to the inner harbor of the city of Auckland. Your ship steams along through the Hanganui Channel between towering headlands and sheer forbidding cliffs, which do not reveal that concealed in them are huge sun-calcinated to sweep an enemy fleet from the waters. Then the ship and denly rounds North Head into the harbor proper and Auckland comes into view.

Below—Auckland's great inner harbor, the city in the distance. Auckland is built upon hills, rising in a long and graceful slope to the base of Mt. Eden, an old volcano. Land is being reclaimed to add to the small area of level ground in the city.

These pictures were sent from Auckland by W. D. Boyce, owner of the Times, who is heading a west by northwest expedition to the South Pacific lands. Mr. Boyce's articles are of unusual interest from what you expect 'em to be. "I opened the drawer, and there was the rosewood casket about the size of a hen's collar box. I found the little key in the bunch that fitted it, and unlocked it and raised the lid."

"I took one look at that memento, and then I went to my room and packed my trunk. I threw a few things into my grip, gave my hair a flirt or two with a side-comb, put on my hat, and went in and gave the old lady's foot a kick. I'd tried awfully hard to use proper and correct language while I was there for Arthur's sake, and I had the habit down pat; but it left me then."

"Stop saving goods," says I, "and sit up and take notice. The ghost's about to walk. I'm going away from here, and I owe you eight dollars. The express-man will call for my trunk."

"Handed her the money."

"Dear me, Miss Crosby," says she. "Is anything wrong? I thought you were pleased here. Dear me, young women are so hard to understand, and so different from what you expect 'em to be."

"You're damn right," says I. "Some of 'em are. But you can't say that about me. You know 'em better than you know 'em all." That settles the human race question.

"And now we must wait until the next story to hear how he helped rescue Puss Junior and his friends from the cruel King—Copyright.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF ATLANTIC.

Q. Why was the Atlantic Ocean so named? T. T. G.

A. The ocean was named from Atlas, probably because it was the sea beyond Mount Atlas. Suddenly the rock opened in the form of the word resembles the plural for "Atlas," this being "Atlantes."

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family, live in a small town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how domestic troubles, not to undertake exhaustive research on any subject, briefly. Give full name and address and enclose 2 cents in stamps for return of material. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

FINANCIAL PARLANCE.

Q. In financial parlance, what is meant by the word "embarrassment"? I. M. C.

A. This signifies temporary inability to pay debts.

TOUR OF WILKIE COLLINS.

Q. When did Wilkie Collins tour the United States giving readings? C. C. H.

A. William Wilkie Collins, the English novelist, toured the United States in 1873-74. During this time he gave readings from "The Frozen Deep" and other of his stories.

ARMIES COMPARED.

Q. How does the strength of our army compare with that of Abyssinia? K. N.

A. The peace strength of the army of Abyssinia is 250,000 men. Under the reorganization of the United States Army our peace strength is 175,000 men.

THIRD WEEK.

Weekly Statement from Mrs. Hooper's Account Book. Received—Henry's Salary \$50

Budget. Shelter \$6.00 Meat \$3.45 Pair Out Balance \$6.00

Food 20.00 Fish 1.00 Nothing

Operating Expenses 9.00 Stamps .30 .29 8.01

Advancement 3.00 Helen's dancing lesson .50

Savings 5.00 Druggist's Supplies .55 1.15 1.85

\$50.00 \$22.29 \$27.01 \$50

Copyright, 1921.

cooking stove. She never let the top of the range get red hot nor pried the coal above the firebox for fear the top of it might become warped. She kept the oven clean by brushing it out every day when she swept the kitchen floor. Whenever a baking mixture ran over she scraped it out with a knife just as soon as the dish was removed from the oven. She also washed the potatoes in the oven as carefully as she did those in the refrigerator.

Taking this kind of care of her cooking stove every day, made a Saturday cleaning of the range, not a very long or tedious job, but once a week she scraped and brushed out the flues with a long wire handled wire brush so that none of her fuel for the following week would be wasted. It also received a thorough blacking, which kept it bright and shining with a daily wiping until Saturday came around again. After some consideration, Mrs. Hooper decided to have a

If one cared to pay the price in daily care.

A weekly shampoo and careful brushing every day was what she insisted on for Helen's hair, and it always looked clean and glossy and gave the little girl a well-groomed appearance that would not have been possible even with the wearing of many expensive garments.

The menu for Sunday is:

BREAKFAST. Stewed evaporated peaches. Cereal.

Popovers. Broiled bacon. Coffee.

DINNER. Chicken pie. Corn fritters. Stewed potatoes. Nut and raisin salad.

COFFEE. Coffee jelly. Flipped cream.

SUPPER. Sandwiches. Cookies.

Marmalade. Cocoa.

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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 Riverside Park dam, viewed from southwest end.

© 1921 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE, INC. 3-19