Indiana Daily Times

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THE FELLOW who jumped to earth 24,000 feet below, using a parachute, need not ask any newspaper men to take a drop with him.

SINCE eight tons of soap were sent to Russia from Chicago, there is some hope for the government of that country now in distress.

EVEN with the population of 35.5 for each square mile, the United States has an eighty-acre farm for every five people—just the proper sized family.

INDIANA and California motion picture owners refuse to show pictures of Clara Smith Hamon, the Oklahoma slayer of Jake L. Hamon. Yet some wanted a State commission to censor pictures!

HAD the professor who says that the Dakota "bad lands" harbored camels, rhinoceroses, tigers, giant pigs, crocodiles and countless thousands of turtles, years ago, taken anything recently for his digestion?

WHEN a great and good man leaves the world, the entire sphere shares in the loss. So with the departure of Cardinal Gibbons. There was never any doubt as to his attitude for righeousness nor as to his readiness to speak for it. His influence was broad indeed.

Shameful Disclosures

The trial of Carl Bernauer at Shelbyville for a murder committed in Indianapolis when Bernauer would have been in the penitentiary had Judge James A. Collins done his duty, is revealing much of the corruption and inefficiency that exists undisturbed by the authorities of Indianapolis and Marion County.

Bernauer, a drug fiend, who has been repeatedly arrested in Indianapolis, apparently always had sufficient of a pull with the authorities to escape the penalties prescribed by the authorities. Convicted of a felony, he was treated as a misdemeanant by Judge Collins and this fact made it possible for him to be at liberty when a Syrian was brutally murdered for $30 by a man whose description tallies closely with that of Bernauer.

Bernauer has stated that he received and used drugs while confined in the county jail and his father testified that he pleaded uselessly with Judge Collins to prevent his son from obtaining the drugs while in the jail.

Leslie Scott, another witness, testified that he had been cell boss at the jail and had seen Bernauer use a drug in the jail several times a day. He also testified that the drugs were given to Bernauer by Herman Shapiro and two other Federal prisoners.

Lee Ensley, another witness, testified that he had operated a house of assignation in Indianapolis, at 13 West Ohio street, up to Jan. 15, when he sold the place.

The most peculiar thing about all these disclosures is that while they point to open law violations in Indianapolis, violations of which the authorities were cognizant, not a single movement has at yet been made by any of the authorities to punish those persons who were guilty of them.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the local authorities would refrain from attempts to punish the violators of law whose violations were made possible only through their own neglect of duty, but it is very strange that there is not among the officials of Marion County, the city of Indianapolis, or any other jurisdiction, any officer who is bold enough ta take up the evidence disclosed at Shelbyville and make the most of it.

We have a Federal department that is presumed to be interested in the distribution of narcotics, to which the use of narcotics in the county jail ought to be interesting.

We have a grand jury in Indianapolis that ought to be concerned about admissions of open assignation houses.

We also have a police force that is expected to take care of such places.

But it appears now that unless Judge Anderson personally takes up the cudgel for better government, we will continue to look placidly on disclosures that ought to be sufficient to oust officials for neglect.

The Bernauer trial is remarkable in disclosing how many things are wrong with Marion County's government.

But the most remarkable thing about the whole episode is the indifference with which the community learns of the hypocrisy, neglect and general inefficiency of the officers to whom they have intrusted their government.

Jewett Cost $10,000,000 a Year

Gradually, the public of Indianapolis is learning the truth about the "economical, business-like" administration of Charles W. Jewett as mayor.

And the truth is so completely at variance with what the public has been led to believe through the deliberate efforts of a controlled press that it is slow to comprehend the full extent of the propaganda by which it has been deceived.

When the Times printed the report of Controller Bryson as to the expenditures of the administration in 1920, a futile effort was made to make it appear that publication of the truth was intended to belittle the credit of the city. By this means the controlled press sought to distract attention from the fact that the Jewett administration spent $8,622,718.83 of the taxpayers' money merely in sustaining itself.

When criticism was made of the expenditure of this tremendous sum, efforts were made to show that it was spent in "improving our streets, which had deteriorated during the war."

Now comes the report of the city engineer and discloses that the street improvements which we completed in 1920 were obtained at an additional cost to the taxpayers of $1,877,322.37.

Thus the grand total of the year's disbursements of taxpayers' money is shown to be $10,500,040.70.

In other words, the "economical and business-like" administration of the city of Indianapolis by Mayor Jewett cost the taxpayers more than $10,000,000 in 1920.

This sum is approximately half that spent in the entire four years preceding the Jewett administration.

The records speak for themselves and are borne home to the taxpayers every May and November.

All the adroit propaganda conceived by the scheming newspaper friends of the mayor, cannot alter in a single way the fact that the Jewett administration with nine months more to go, is already the most expensive administration Indianapolis has ever had or is likely to have for many years.

A Good Will Gift

The gift of the Rockefeller foundation of forty-three million francs to the University of Brussels, part of which is to be used for a nurse's training school in memory of Edith Cavell is an evidence of good will, which few can doubt. It is also to be a memorial to Mme. Depage, who headed the Belgium Red Cross early in the war and lost her life on the Lusitania.

If one cannot possess the wealth of a Rockefeller, the next best thing is to have some share in the satisfaction which arises upon giving it away. There is no objection to any one joining in the general feeling of happiness which the magnificent gift to the University of Brussels is sure to awaken in all lovers of education, and indeed in all who admire generosity and good will to all men.

The desire to accumulate riches fills the human mind and rightfully so. It is almost impossible for the average man to think of the state of mind where the desire is to divest one's self of his possessions. The many questions arising from giving are said to be as complex as those coming up in acquiring. Happy is the person who has the ability to acquire and who is not disappointed and soured when the goal of the dream of riches is reached.

Carnegie gave his libraries; Rockefeller endows schools; the Sage foundation; the Morgan works of art; the great estates are daily blessing mankind. Those who do not acquire wealth may thus share in the effects of those who have that strange ability. It is well to appreciate the blessings arising from that wealth and the usefulness of it. The giving of it to the Belgium University blesses the giver, the receiver and indirectly all people, for the receiving nation is made richer; the nation really gives and posterity is the gainer.

Past One at Rooney's

By O. HENRY

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(Continued From Page One.)

of the electrics, leaving the combat to be waged by the light of gunfire alone. Dutch Mike crawled from his haven and ran into the street crying for the watch instead of for a Shakespeare to immortalize the Cimmerian shindy.

The cop came, and found a prostrate, bleeding Montagu supported by three distrait and reticent followers of the House. Faithful to the ethics of the gangs, no one knew whence the hurt came. There was no Capulet to be seen.

"Raus mit der interrogatories," said Buck Malone to the officer. "Sure I know who done it. I always manages to get a bird's eye view of any guy that comes up an' makes a show case for a hardware store out of me. No I'm not telling you his name. I'll settle with um meself. Wow—ouch! Easy, boys! Yes, I'll attend to his case meself. I'm not making any complaint."

At midnight McManus strolled around a pile of lumber near an East Side dock, and lingered in the vicinity of a certain water plug. Brick Cleary drifted casually to the trysting place ten minutes later. "He'll maybe not croak," said Brick; "and he won't tell, of course. But Dutch Mike did. He told the police he was tired of having his place shot up. It's unhandy just now, because Tim Corrigan's in Europe for a week's end with Kings. He'll be back on the Kaiser Williams next Friday. You'll have to duck out of sight till then. Tim'll fix it up all right for us when he comes back."

This goes to explain why Cork McManus went into Rooney's one night and there looked upon the bright, strange face of Romance for the first time in his precarious career.

Until Tim Corigan should return from his jaunt among Kings and Princes and hold up his big white finger in private offices, it was unsafe for Cork in any of the old haunts of his gang. So he lay perdu, in the high rear room of a Capulet, reading pink sporting sheets and cursing the slow paddle wheels of the Kaiser Wilhelm.

It was on Thursday evening that Cork's seclusion became intolerable to him. Never a hare panted for water fountain as he did for the cool touch of a drifting stein, for the firm security of a foot rail in the hollow of his shoe and the quiet, hearty challenges of friendship and repartee along and across the shining bars. But he must avoid the district where he was known. The cops were looking for him everywhere, for news was scarce, and the newspapers were harping again on the failure of the police to suppress the gangs. If they got him before Corrigan came back, the big white finger could not be uplifted; it would be too late then. But Corrigan would be home the next day, so he felt sure there would be small danger in a little excursion that night among the crass pleasures that represented life to him.

At half-past twelve McManus stood in a darkish cross-town street looking up at the name of "Rooney's" picked out by incandescent lights against a signboard over a second-story window. He had heard of the place as a tough "hangout"; with its frequenters and its locality he was unfamiliar. Guided by certain unerring indications common to all such resorts, he ascended the stairs and entered the large room over the cafe.

Here were some twenty or thirty tables, at this time about half-filled with Rooney's guests. Waiters served drinks. At one end a human pianola with drugged eyes hammered the keys with automatic and furious unprecision. At merciful intervals a waiter would roar or squeak a song—songs full of "Mr. Johnsons" and "babes" and "coons"—historical word guarantees of the genuineness of African melodies composed by red waistcoated young gentlemen, natives of the cotton fields and rice swamps of West Twenty-Eighth street.

For one brief moment you must admire Rooney with me as he receives, seats, manipulates, and chaffs his guests. He is 25. He has Wellington's nose, Dante's chin, the cheek-bones of an Iroquois, the smile of Talleyrand, Corbett's footwork, and the poise of an 11-year-old East Side Central Park Queen of the May. He is assisted by a lieutenant known as Frank, a pudgy, easy chap, swell dressed, who goes among the tables seeing that dull care does not intrude. Now, what is there about Rooney's to inspire all this pother? It is more than respectable by daylight; stout ladies with children and mittens and bundles and unpedigreed dogs drop up of afternoons for a stein and a chat. Even by gaslight the diversions are melancholy! the mouth—drink and ragtime, and an occasional surprise when the waiter swabs the suds from under your sticky glass. There is an answer. Transmigration! The soul of Sir Walter Raleigh has traveled from beneath his slashed doublet to a kindred home under Rooney's visible plaid waistcoat. Rooney's is twenty years ahead of the times. Rooney has removed the embargo. Rooney has spread his cloak upon the soggy crossing of public opinion, and any Elizabeth who treads upon it is as much a queen as another. Attend to the revelation of the secret. In Rooney's ladies may smoke!

McManus sat down at a vacant table. He paid for the glass of beer that he ordered, tilted his narrow-brimmed derby to the back of his brick-dust head, twined his feet among the rungs of his chair, and heaved a sigh of contentment from the breathing spaces of his innermost soul; for this mud honey was clarified sweetness to his taste. The sham gayety, the hectic glow of counterfeit hospitality, the self-conscious, joyless laughter, the wine-born warmth, the loud music retrieving the hour from frequent whiles of awful and corroding silence, the presence of well-clothed and frank-eyed beneficiaries of Rooney's removal of the restrictions laid upon the weed, the familiar odors of soaking lemon peel, flat beer and peau d'Espagne—all these were manna to Cork McManus, hungry for his week in the desert of the Capulet's high rear room.

A girl, alone, entered Rooney's, glanced around with leisurely swiftness, and sat opposite McManus at his table. Her eyes rested upon him for two seconds in the look with which woman reconnoitres all men whom she for the first time confronts. In that space of time she will decide upon one of two things—either to scream for the police, or that she may marry him later on.

Her brief inspection concluded, the girl laid on the table a worn red morocco shopping bag with the inevitable top-gallant sail of frayed lace handkerchief flying from a corner of it. After she had ordered a small beer from the immediate waiter she took from her bag a box of cigarettes and lighted one with slightly exaggerated ease of manner. Then she looked again in the eyes Cork McManus and smiled.

Instantly the doom of each was sealed.

The unqualified desire of a man to buy clothes and build fires for a woman for a whole lifetime at first sight of her is not uncommon among that humble portion of humanity that does not care for Bradstreet or coats-of-arms or Shaw's plays. Love at first sight has occurred a time or two in high life; but, as a rule, the extempore mania is to be found among unsophisticated creatures such as the dove, the blue-tailed dingbat, and the $10-a-week clerk. Poets, subscribers to all fiction magazines, and schatchens, take notice.

With the exchange of the mysterious magnetic current came to each of them the instant desire to lie, pretend, dazzle, and deceive, which is the worst thing about the hypocritical disorder known as love.

"Have another beer?" suggested Cork. In his circle the phrase was considered to be a card, accompanied by a letter of introduction and reference.

"No, thanks," said the girl, raising her eyebrows and choosing her conventional words carefully. "I—merely dropped in for—a slight refreshment." The cigarette between her fingers seemed to require explanation. "My aunt is a Russian lady," she concluded, "and we often had a post peranaual cigarette after dinner at home."

"Cheese it!" said Cork, whom society airs oppressed. "Your fingers are as yellow as mine."

"Say," said the girl, blazing upon him with low-voiced indignation, "what do you think I am? Say, who do you think you are talking to? What?"

She was pretty to look at. Her eyes were big, brown, intrepid and bright. Under her flat sailor hat, planted jauntily on one side, her crinkly, tawny hair parted and was drawn back, low and massy, in a thick, pendant knot behind. The roundness of girlhood still lingered in her chin and neck, but her cheeks and fingers were thinning slightly. She looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion and sullen wonder. Her smart, short tan coat was soiled and expensive. Two inches below her black dress dropped the lowest flounce of a heliotrope silk underskirt.

"Beg your pardon," said Cork, looking at her admiringly. "I didn't mean anything. Sure, it's no harm to smoke, Maudy."

"Rooney's," said the girl, softened at once by his amends, "is the only place I know where a lady can smoke. Maybe it ain't a nice habit, but aunty let us at home. And my name ain't Maudy, if you please; it's Ruby Delamere."

"That's a swell handle," said Cork approvingly. "Mine's McManus—Cor-er—Eddie McManus."

"Oh, you can't help that," laughed Ruby. "Don't apologize."

Cork looked seriously at the big clock on Rooney's wall. The girl's ubiquitous eyes took in the movement.

"I know it's late," she said, reaching for her bag; "but you know how you want a smoke when you want one. Ain't Rooney's all right? I never saw anything wrong here. This is twice I've been in. I work in a bookbindery on Third avenue. A lot of us girls have been working overtime three nights a week. They won't let you smoke there, of course. I just dropped in here on my way home for a puff. Ain't it all right in here? If it ain't, I won't come any more."

"It's a little bit late for you to be out alone anywhere," said Cork. "I'm not wise to this particular joint; but anyhow you don't want to have your picture taken in it for a present to your Sunday School teacher. Have one more beer, and then say I take you home."

"But I don't know you," said the girl, with fine scrupulosity. "I don't accept the company of gentlemen I ain't acquainted with. My aunt never would allow that."

"Why," said Cork McManus, pulling his ear, "I'm the latest thing in suitings with side vents and bell skirt when it comes to escortin' a lady. You bet you'll find me all right, Ruby. And I'll give you a tip as to who I am. My governor is one of the hottest cross-buns of the Wall street push. Morgan's cab horse casts a shoe every time the old man sticks his head out of the window. Me! Well, I'm in trainin' down the street. The old man's goin' to put a seat on the stock exchange in my stockin' my next birthday. But it all sounds like a lemon to me. What I like is golf and yachtin' and—er—well, say a corkin' fast ten-round bout between welterweights with walkin' gloves."

"I'm going to quit. There's nothing to it," said the girl. She flicked the stub of her cigarette to the floor.

"At times and places," repeated Cork. "When I call round for you of evening's we'll hunt out a dark bench in Stuyvesant Square and have a puff or two. But no more Rooney's at 1 o'clock—see?"

"Eddie, do you really like me?" The girl searched his hard but frank features eagerly with anxious eyes.

"On the dead level."

"When are you coming to see me—where I live?"

"Thursday—day after tomorrow evenin'. That suit you?"

"Fine. I'll be ready for you. Come about seven.? Walk to the door with me tonight and I'll show you where I live. Don't forget now. And don't you go to see any other girls before then, mister! I bet you will, though."

"On the dead level," said Cork. "you make 'em all look like rag dolls to me. Honest, you do. I know when I'm suited. On the dead level, I do."

Against the front door downstairs repeated heavy blows were delivered. The loud crashes resounded in the room above. Only a trip-hammer of a policeman's foot could have been the author of those sounds. Rooney jumped like a bullfrog to a corner of the room, turned off the electric lights and hurried swiftly below. The room was left utterly dark, except for the winking red glow of cigars and cigarettes. A second volley of crashes came up from the assaulted door. A little, rustling, murmuring panic moved among the besieged guests. Frank, cool, smooth, reassuring, could be seen in the rosy glow of the burning tobacco, going from table to table.

"All keep still!" was his caution. "Don't talk or make any noise. Everything will be all right. Now, don't feel the slightest alarm. We'll take care of you all."

Ruby felt across the table until Cork's firm hand closed upon hers. "Are you afraid, Eddie?" she whispered. "Are you afraid you'll get a free ride?"

"Nothin' doin' in the teeth-chatterin' line," said Cork. "I guess Rooney's been slow with his envelope. Don't you worry, girly; I'll look out for you all right."

Yet Mr. McManus' ease was only skin and muscle-deep. With the police looking everywhere for Buck Malone's assailant, and with Corrigan still on the ocean wave, he felt that to be caught in a police raid would mean an ended career for him. And just when he had met Ruby, too! He wished he had remained in the high rear room of the true Capulet reading the pink extras.

Rooney seemed to have opened the front door below and engaged the police in conference in the dark hall. The wordless low growl of their voices came up the stairway. Frank made a wireless news station of himself at the upper door, hurried to the extreme rear of the room and lighted a dim gas jet.

"This way, everybody!" he called sharply. "In a hurry; but no noise, please!"

The guests crowded in confusion to the rear. Rooney's lieutenant swung open a panel in the wall, overlooking the back yard, revealing a ladder already for the escape.

"Down and out, everybody!" he commanded. "Ladies first! Less talking, please! Don't crowd! There's no danger."

Among the last, Cork and Ruby waited their turn at the open panel. Suddenly she swept him aside and clung to his arm fiercely.

"Before we go out," she whispered in his ear—"before anything happens, tell me again, Eddie, do you l—do you really like me?"

"On the dead level," said Cork, holding her close with one arm, "when it comes to you, I'm all in."

When they turned they found they were lost and in darkness. The last of the fleeing customers had descended. Half way across the yard they bore the ladder, stumbling, giggling, hurrying to place it against an adjoining low building over the roof of which lay their only route to safety.

"We may as well sit down," said Cork grimly. "Maybe Rooney will stand the cops off, anyhow."

They sat at a table; and their hands came together again.

"A number of men then entered the dark room, feeling their way about. One of them, Rooney himself, found the switch and turned on the electric light. The other man was a cop of the old regime—a big cop, a thick cop, a fuming, abrupt cop—not a pretty cop. He went up to the pair at the table and sneered familiarly at the girl.

"What are youse doin' in here?" he asked.

"Dropped in for a smoke," said Cork mildly.

"Had anay drinks?"

"Not later than 1 o'clock."

"Get out—quick!" ordered the cop. Then, "Sit down!" he countermanded.

He took off Cork's hat roughly and scrutinized him shrewdly. "Your name's McManus."

"Bad guess," said Cork. "It's Peterson."

"Cork McManus, or something like that," said the cop. "You put a knife into a man in Dutch Mike's saloon a week ago."

"Aw, forget it!" said Cork, who perceived a shade of doubt in the officer's tones. "You've got my mug mixed with somebody's else's."

"Have I? Well, you'll come to the station with me, anyhow, and be looked over.. The description fits you all right." The cop twisted his fingers under Cork's collar. "Come on!" he ordered roughly.

Cork glanced at Ruby. She was pale, and her thin nostrils quivered. Her quick eye danced from one man's face to the other as they spoke or moved. What hard luck! Cork was thinking—Corrigan on the briny; and Ruby met and lost almost within an hour! Somebody at the police station would recognize him, without a doubt. Hard luck!

Cork suddenly the girl sprang up and hurled herself with both arms extended against the cop. His hold on Cork's collar was loosened and he stumbled back two or three paces.

"Don't go so fast, Maguire!" she cried in shrill fury. "Keep your hands off my man! You know me, and you know I'm givin' you good advice. Don't you touch him again! He's not the guy you are lookin' for—I'll stand for that."

"See here, Fanny," said the cop, red and angry, "I'll take you, too, if you don't look out! How do you know this ain't the man I want? What are you doing in here with him?"

"How do I know?" said the girl, flaming red and white by turns. "Because I've known him a year. He's mine. Oughtn't I to know? And what am I doin' here with him? That's easy."

She stooped low and reached down somewhere into a swirl of flirted draperies, heliotrope and black. An elastic snapped, she threw on the table toward Cork a folded wad of bills. The money slowly straightened itself with little leisurely jerks.

"Take that, Jimmy, and let's go," said the girl. "I'm declarin' the usual dividends, Maguire," she said to the officer. "You had your usual $5 graft at the usual corner at 10."

"A lie!" said the cop, turning purple. "You go on my beat again and I'll arrest you every time I see you."

Cork put the wad of money carefully into his pocket, and said: "Come on, Fanny; let's have some chop suey before we go home."

"Clear out, quick, both of you, or I'll—"

The cop's bluster trailed away into inconsequentiality.

At the corner of the street the two halted. Cork handed back the money without a word. The girl took it and slipped it slowly into her handbag. Her expression was the same she had worn when she entered Rooney's that night—she looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion and sullen wonder.

"I guess I might as well say goodby here," she said dully. "You won't want to see me again, of course. Will you—shake hands—Mr. McManus?"

"I mightn't have got wise if you hadn't give the snap away," said Cork. "Why did you do it?"

"You'd have been pinched if I hadn't. That's why. Ain't that reason enough? Then she began to cry. "Honest, Eddie, I was goin' to to be the best girl in the world. I hated to be what I am; I hated men; I was ready almost to die when I saw you. And you seemed different from everybody else. And when I found you liked me, too, why, I thought I'd make you believe I was good, and I was goin' to be good. When you asked to come to my house and see me, why, I'd have died rather than do anything wrong after that. But what's the use of talking about it? I'll say goodby, if you will, Mr. McManus."

Cork was pulling at his ear. "I knifed Malone," said he. "I was the one the cop wanted."

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl. "It didn't make any difference about that."

"That was all hot air about Wall street. I don't do nothin' but hang out with a tough gang on the east side."

"That was all right, too," repeated the girl. "It didn't make any difference."

Cork straightened himself, and pulled his hat down low. "I could get a job at O'Brien's," he said aloud, but to himself.

"Goodby," said the girl.

"Come on," said Cork, taking her arm. "I know a place."

Two blocks away he turned with her up the steps of a red brick house facing a little park.

"What house is this?" she asked, drawing back. "Why are you going in there?"

A street lamp shone brightly in front. There was a brass nameplate at one side of the closed front doors. Cork drew her firmly up the steps. "Read that," said he.

She looked at the name on the plate, and gave a cry between a moan and a scream. "No, no, no, Eddie! Oh, my God, no! I won't let you do that—not now! Let me go! You shan't do that! You can't—you mustn't! Not after you know! No, no! Come away quick! No, no! Come away quick! Oh, my God! Please, Eddie, come!"

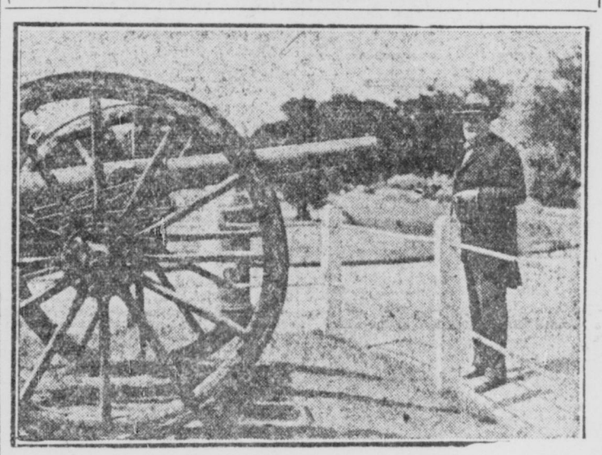
Half fainting, she reeled, and was caught in the bend of his arm. Cork's right hand felt for the electric bution and pressed it long.

Another cop—how quickly they scent trouble when trouble is on the wing!—came along, saw them, and ran up the steps. "Here! What are you doing with that girl?" he called gruffly.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Cork. "It's a straight deal."

"Reverend Jeremiah Jones," read the cop from the doorplate, with true detective cunning.

"Correct," said Cork, "on the dead level, we're goin' to get married."



W. D. Boyce, snapped in Albert Park, Auckland, New Zealand, while looking at an old field gun mounted on the spot where once other cannon were entrenched to defend the city against the raids of hostile Maoris. Albert Park, situated on top of one of the city's many hills, marks the site of what once was the barracks of several famous regiments in the days of Auckland's early history.

INSPECTS SITE OF OLD MAORI FORT

Mr. Boyce, who is in the South Pacific countries heading a west by southwest exploring expedition, sen. this picture back with a number of others to illustrate interesting articles for the readers of his paper, the Times.

A number of these articles have been published and others are on the way. There will be an unusually interesting article in the Times early next week, and every day there will be pictures.

"I guess you can walk to the door with me," said the girl hesitatingly, but with a certain pleased flutter. "Still I never heard anything extra good about Wall street brokers, or sports who go to prize fights, either. Ain't you got any other recommendations?"

"I think you're the swellest looker I've had my lamps on in little old New York," said Cork impressively.

"That will be about enough of that, now. Ain't you the kidder!" She modified her chiding words by a deep, long, beaming, smile-embellished look at her cavalier. "We'll drink our beer before we go, ha?"

A waiter sang. The tobacco smoke grew denser, drifting and rising in spirals, waves, tilted layers, cumulus clouds, cataracts and suspended fogs like some fifth element created from the ribs of the ancient bar. Laughter and chat grew louder, stimulated by Rooney's liquids and Rooney's gallant hospitality to Lady Nicotine.

One o'clock struck. Downstairs there was a sound of closing and locking doors. Frank pulled down the green shades of the front windows carefully. Rooney went below in the dark hall and stood at the front door, his cigarette cached in the hollow of his hand. Thenceforth whoever might seek admittance must present a countenance familiar to Rooney's hawk eye—the countenance of a true sport.

Cork McManus and the bookbindery girl conversed absorbedly, with their elbows on the table. Their glasses of beer were pushed to one side, scarcely touched, with the foam on them sunken to a thin white scum. Since the stroke of 1 the stale pleasures of Rooney's had become renovated and spiced; not by any additions to the list distractions, but because from that moment the sweets became stolen ones. The flattest glass of beer acquired the tang of illegality; the mildest claret punch struck a knockout blow at law and order; the harmless and genial company became outlaws, defying authority and rule. For after the stroke of 1 in such places as Rooney's, where neither bed nor board is to be had, drink may not be set before the thirsty of the city of four million. It is the law.

"Say," said Cork McManus, almost covering the table with his eloquent chest and elbows, "was that dead straight about you workin' in the bookbindery and livin' at home—and just happenin' in here—and all that spiel you gave me?"

"Sure it was," answered the girl with spirit. "Why, what do you think? Do you suppose I'd lie to you? Go down to the shop and ask 'em. I handed it to you on the level".

"On the dead level?" said Cork. "That's the way I want it; because—"

"Because what?"

"I throw up my hands," said Cork. "You've got me goin'. You're the girl I've been lookin' for. Will you keep company with me, Ruby?"

"Would you like me to—Eddy?"

"Surest thing. But I wanted a straight story about—about yourself, you know. When a fellow has a girl—a steady girl—she's got to be all right, you know. She's got to be straight goods."

"You'll find me straight goods, Eddie."

"Of course I will. I believe what you told me. But you can't blame me for wantin' to find out. You don't see many girls smokin' cigarettes in places like Rooney's after midnight that are like you."

The girl flushed a little and lowered her eyes. "I see that now," she said meekly. "I didn't know how bad it looked. But I won't do it any more. And I'll go straight home every night and stay there. And I'll give up cigarettes if you say so, Eddie—I'll cut 'em out from this minute on."

Cork's air became judicial, proprietary, condemnatory, yet sympathetic. "A lady can smoke," he decided, slowly, "at times and places. Why? Because it's being a lady that helps her to pull it off."

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 home 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.)

SATURDAY.

Before leaving for business on Saturday morning Henry was informed that he would have to spend the afternoon shopping.

"I must find some organdy for Helen's dress this afternoon, Henry, as she ought to have it next week," said Mrs. Hooper. "I'm so sorry that your afternoon with me has to be so stupid."

"My dear," answered Henry, "I shall not be able to leave the premises this afternoon. The insurance company is sending a man down to appraise the damage to our roof and I must be here when he comes. As soon as he has seen the hole it must be mended at once."

"At least that bill will be paid by the insurance company," said Mrs. Hooper in a voice of relief, "and I won't have to extract it from my little budget. Well, Baby Betty can stay at home with you then, Henry, and being alone I shall probably be able to find a much better bargain for Helen than if I were distracted by the company of you and Betty.

Roger spent part of the morning tinkering with the electric bell on the front door until it was in perfect working order again, and after luncheon he departed to earn part of his China famine fund money by sorting and filing a trunk full of papers for one of the elderly residents of the town who had let them accumulate for years and was now discouraged at undertaking the business of straightening them out himself.

Mrs. Hooper had a much more difficult time than she anticipated in finding what she wanted for Helen's dress at the price she was able to pay but finally she did come upon a remnant of organdy with a tiny pink and blue and lavender spray on a white ground that was soft and dainty and four yards of the goods at 75 cents a yard came to $3. The little trimming it would need she had in her scrap bag and the simple one-piece pattern by which it was to be cut she also had in her sewing box so that no further expenditure of money was necessary.

After dinner Mrs. Hooper said, "Helen. I wish you would come here to my desk and I will show you how I carry my balances in my budget at the end of each month. You didn't understand when I tried to explain to you that with my system, a balance in the clothing account couldn't be added to the balance in the food and shelter accounts and the entire sum used to buy household supplies or furniture.

The menu for Sunday is.

BREAKFAST.
Apple Sauce Cereal
French Toast Broiled Bacon
Coffee

DINNER.
Leg of Mutton
Green Peas and Carrots Boiled Potatoes
Lettuce Salad Apple Pie

SUPPER.
Baked Stuffed Peppers
Bread and Butter Fruit Salad

FOURTH WEEK.
WEEKLY STATEMENT FROM MRS. HOOPER'S ACCOUNT BOOK.
Received Henry's salary.....$50.00

	Budget.		Paid out.	Balance.	3 weeks' surplus.	Statement for month balance.
Shelter.....	$6.00	Plumer's bill....	$4.50	$1.50	$6.00-$6.00-$6.00	$19.50
Food	20.00	Meat .....$3.52 Dairy Supply .. 5.25 Fish ..... 1.80 Vegetables and Fruit 1.40 Groceries .. 4.45 Ice ..... 1.00 Henry's Luncheon 2.50	$19.92	.08	.24- .23- .10	.25
Clothing ...	7.00	Roger's Shoes ....$3.50 Henry's Collars .. .30 Material Helen's Dress ... 3.00	$6.80	.20	$4.90- .25-$6.05	$11.40
Operating Expenses .	9.00	Household Supplies..$4.40 Stamps .... .10	$4.50	$4.50	$4.40-$4.05-$8.01	$20.95
Advancement.	3.00	Helen's Dancing Lessons . .50 Church .... .25 Newspapers. .25	$1.00	$2.00	.50-$2.20-$1.85	$4.50
Savings	5.00		Nothing.	$5.00	$5.00-$5.00-$5.00	$20.00
	$50.00		$36.72	$13.28		$77.10

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WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXXI.

Neal leaped to his feet and stood rigid—at attention.

Fifteen minutes before I had seen Phoebe standing like this with the jade necklace lying at her feet. And now, with my heart feeling as if it were clamped to the middle of my throat, I turned, knowing what to expect.

Above a sophisticated center parting her hair was drawn from her little ears and piled high in great puffs of curls. From those ears, reddened slightly at the lobes, hung her jade earrings. Her lips and cheeks were reddened too, and her wide, wistful eyes were narrowed and hardened by the black lines drawn under them to elongate them. She had wrapped herself in my coral-colored Peignoir and over it hung her jade necklace.

She looked very beautiful and very worldly and very ridiculous, poor baby.

Neal stood staring at her, and for a second she stared back.

And Phoebe came forward, both hands swung out in a welcome that lost all savor and flavor for the words that rendered it meaningless. "Lieutenant Hyland! This is a nice surprise," she said in one of those near cordial voices that sound like a smothered yawn.

Still Neal stared at her, far too much the boy to make this out, and far too honest to pretend that he understood what was Greek to him.

Phoebe flung up her arms with an accompanying shrug of the shoulders that a motion picture director might have worked long to secure from his star "vamp."

"How embarrassing! The man has forgotten me," she cried. "Anne, do tell Lieutenant Hyland that he has met me before."

I wanted to take her by the shoulders and shake her. I wanted to cry out:

"Fine amateur theatricals! If you've been rehearsing for them for the last month, consider that you've made a triumphant hit in this new role and spare us more."

"Oh, Phoebe!" cried Neal.

It was fairly wrung from him, and the honest longing of it seemed certain to break down the barriers of Phoebe's hurt pride, if I decided to get out of the room and leave them alone to find each other again.

"Excuse me," I said; "I must go," and mumbled something about airing the beds.

In another second I would have been gone; but the phone chose that particular moment to shrill out—and never more harshly.

"I'll answer," I stammered, and rushed to the telephone.

"Hello, that you, Mrs. Jimmie?" came Dick West's voice over the telephone. "We just had a long distance from friend husband. He won't be in till late tonight. I've fixed up another little party for you.

"You and Phoebe will dine with me, then we'll meet my sister and her fiance at the theater and Jimmie'll join us in the box as soon as he gets in. And now may I speak to Phoebe?"

"I'm sorry, I can't dine with you—or go to the theater. I'm busy tonight," I cried nervously.

"Oh—plans of your own?"

The insinuations Dick West managed to get into those five words made me positively ill.

"My brother's in town—unexpectedly," I returned coldly.

"Bring him along. Show him the city," said Mr. West, with expansive cordiality.

"I'd rather—be with the family, this first night," I said, getting nearer zero every minute.

"Well—that's me, In the business family, and ready to be in the crowd all along the line. I'll fix it up with Phoebe. You're coming! Jim will be in a fine way if you're not in the box when he gets there. Now let me speak to the little girl.

All through this conversation I had been annoyingly conscious that there was no murmur of voices in the room, that Phoebe and Neal were silent, pretending politely that they wanted to avoid disturbing me.

"You can't speak to her just now," I said. Please call again in an hour."

On the words, Phoebe darted across the room to my side, intermingling her voice with the one coming over the phone:

"That's for me—I'll speak to him."

She laid her hand on mine, but I clicked the receiver back on the hook, and slipped past her into the other room.

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(To Be Continued.)

Do You Know Indianapolis?

The picture reproduced on this page in the "Do You Know Indianapolis?" series was of the Shelter house in Garfield Park.

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 and enclose 2 cents in stamps for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.)

COMPENSATION NOT LOST.

Q. If an ex-soldier refuses to have four operations performed will he lose his compensation? A. D. A.-L. L. B.

A. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance says that the fact that a disabled soldier refuses to undergo an operation would not deprive him of compensation.

CARTEL SHIP EXPLAINED.

Q. What is a cartel ship? G. G. H.

A. In international law, a cartel ship is one commissioned in time of war to sail under a safe conduct for the exchange of prisoners or conveyance of proposals between belligerents.

MORE ABOUT INCOME TAX.

Q. Does a single woman with an income of $1,500 per annum have to pay income tax? J. J. S.

A. A single person must pay income tax on all income over $1,000. This ruling applies to women as well as men.

CLIPPING PARROT'S CLAWS.

Q. My parrot's claws are too long. May the ybe clipped? M. E. R.

A. The Bureau of Biological Survey says that the bills and claws of parrots occasionally become too long, though they will not if conditions permit plenty of climbing and gnawing on wood. In case trimming becomes necessary a nail clipper may be used.

GOVERNMENT MEETS EXPENSE.

Q. Are the expenses of the interment of soliders' bodies that are brought back from France borne by the Government? I. M. C.

A. The War Department says that all expenses of the shipment of remains to the railroad station or home town designated by the legal next of kin will be borne by the War Department. Expenses incident to and of the actual burial of the body will be reimbursed up to the amount of $100 by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., upon presentation of an itemized statement of expenses or receipted bills. This will include any proper expense ordinarily incident to the handling of the body from the railroad station as well as the funeral charges and actual burial not to exceed the $100 mentioned above.

FORMER KAISER NEVER HERE.

Q. Did the former Kaiser of Germany ever visit the United States? A. E. S.

A. The former Kaiser of Germany never visited the United States. His brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, however, did make a tour of this country.

STARS ARE SUNS.

Q. What kind of stars are the North star and the ones of which the Big and Little Dippers are composed? D. F. E.

A. The naval observatory says the North star and the stars of the Big and Little Dippers are suns, resembling in a general way our own sun.

TO CLEAN WATER GLASS CROCK.

Q. What will clean a crock that was used for packing eggs in water glass? A. W. W.

A. One-half and one-half solution of v