

Indiana Daily Times

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Caught!

Disclosures at the bearing of the petition for increased rates for the Citizens Gas Company last week were certainly sufficient to justify the public service commission in refusing a higher schedule for gas and laying down some operating rules for observance by this "semi-philanthropic" utility that insists on maintaining its 10 per cent dividend rate.

The commission discovered that the alleged "emergency" by which the company was able to show "tremendous losses" in operation was created by manipulation of accounts in a manner that Mr. Forrest says any corporation may manipulate accounts if it so wishes.

The commission also disclosed that the company has tremendous stocks on hand which it holds out of the local market by the very simple process of fixing a higher retailing price for it than it values it for in-vitatory prices.

As Mr. Forrest admits, accounts may be juggled to produce almost any kind of a showing. The wonder is that the estimable gentlemen who are as directors of the gas company would permit such manipulation as takes the confidence of the general public in the company as an institution. There is reason for the belief that these directors have been deceived to the true condition of the company, for only on that theory can their report of the rate-raising propaganda be reconciled with their well-known position for fair play and public spirit.

The commission holds in its hand the power to end this manipulation accounts and this manipulation of the coke market whenever it desires.

It may refuse to allow the gas company to charge its paper "losses" to operating expenses and thereby show that it is in financial straits.

It may direct the marketing of coke or any other product of the gas company at a fixed price based on cost of production and thereby insure the people of Indianapolis fuel at reasonable costs and to the gas company a reasonable return on its actual investment.

For the Citizens Gas Company is, in reality, just as much of a public utility as any other company of its sort and there is nothing in its organization or ownership, or city contract that entitles it to any special privileges.

As a result of the hearing last week the Citizens Gas Company has been caught undervaluing its assets in order that its operating costs may be swelled so as to indicate the necessity of higher rates.

It has also been caught holding up the price of coke to Indianapolis citizens during a period when fuel was scarce and the use of coke here at and would have relieved the railroads of considerable burden in hauling away coke that could have been used here, and hauling here coal that might have been diverted elsewhere.

The public service commission must know now, as the public generally has felt for many months, that the troubles of the Citizens Gas Company center around its management rather than the low rate which Indianapolis pays for gas.

It will require a tremendous lot of nerve on the part of the commission to raise gas rates under the "emergency" plea when it has been so well established that the "emergency" is a bit of fiction created wholly for the purpose of forcing increased rates.

For Show, Alone

It is impossible for a mere man to fathom either the shallows of the depth of mind of an alleged Countess Brunette d'Usseaux, an English woman, or her friend's mind, in the light of a little news item from Monte Carlo which comments on her five daily promenades, each time in a different dress—and says that for over a month she has never worn the same dress twice.

A woman, if she can be so called, who spends her time at a gambling place, parading in an artificial array certainly is missing the essentials of life and has lapsed back almost into savagery and the early days of civilization. Life to the normal person is made up of purpose, achievement, realities and the good regard of mankind, but this person misses all of them, from this distant viewpoint.

There is an element in human nature typified by the peacock, which in the beauty of its plumage struts and poses. Only one step above this comes the useful birds, less beautiful but more respected.

The person who, in this age, produces something for the good of humanity, be he a farmer or a bench worker, a common laborer or a banker, blesses himself as well as the world. On the other hand, the nonproducer, useless, a parasite, is a curse. To have achieved nothing in life but show is to confess a dismal failure of existence. It is to acknowledge that the real things of existence are overlooked and not recognized.

No kindly regard, no blessing for good work, no sincere friendships nor love can go to one whose ideals are no higher than the clothes over a skin which is no better than the skin of any one else. Cannot Europe with all its war misery and its confusion find something better to do or some better place to put its money, than on the useless back of a purposeless woman?

Lafayette

There is absolutely no use to get nasty with your creditor, nor to abuse your banker if you owe him, but such is generally the course of events. Does not the greatest of English poets advise against being a borrower or a lender in Hamlet? And cannot a friend be lost easier than any other?

The opportunity of some rather severe flings in this connection against America arose in the French Chamber of Deputies—like our Congress, when a Senator employed a keen sarcasm characteristic of that cynical nation and said when urging that the United States was indebted to France, "A course by America such as I have suggested would honor America infinitely and would be more interesting for us than seeing from time to time pilgrims come to place flowers on the tomb of Marquis de Lafayette."

America has often blushed for some of the political horseplay it has witnessed in public. Jingoes come and go and nobody cares. However, deep in the heart of every American is written the name of that gallant Frenchman and for so long as history is read, a tribute of gratitude to him will be felt by the red pulse of America.

National gratitude is the most wonderful of intellectual movements seldom indeed is it properly and timely given. Less often is it repaid. The pilgrimage of General Pershing to Lafayette's tomb and his assurance to stricken France of "Lafayette, we are come," reassures more Americans to the sacrifices of the war than any dollars ever.

Some old country politicians may be sordid and devoid of understanding the American mind, but all the abuse and sarcasm, all the repudiation of debt and bitterness of speech will not detract from American regard for Lafayette, Rochambeau and those who assisted Washington to gain our national independence.

Correcting the Compass

So little is known of the troubles of a mariner, that Indianapolis cannot well realize the importance of the work of the Carnegie Institution at Washington in sounding with a nonmagnetic ship to determine the variations of the compass throughout the world.

Indeed, to the land locked, but little thought is given to the variation from true north by the magnetic needle. Probably not over a handful of people in the city can tell whether or not the compass really points north, or whether, for some mysterious reason, it is a few minutes or degrees east or west.

The ocean liners have experienced so much trouble and the matter is so important that at the end of each voyage a special examiner overhauls and tests the compasses. Now a chart is to be made of the whole world to determine, from all available data, the magnetic variations on all oceans. Already it is found that charts regarded as reliable heretofore were radically wrong, and this error, if followed by the mariner, might lead to wreck by striking some little island duly charted but given a wrong location by reason of failure to get the correct magnetic variation.

Kipling's poem says east is east and west is west—to which the Hooper might add north is north and south is south—and might point to Meridian street as proof, but the careful surveyor will add that his compass is either to the east or the west of the true north pole. So that north is perhaps north with a few minutes variation in some direction. However, to the average resident here without a chart there is no danger of getting lost, since prohibition is in force, and the north star, the most fixed of the planets, still is in the northern skies.

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WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CLXXII.

Only a minute after I had conveyed myself into the bedroom and safely out of the way of interfering with the hoped-for making-up between Phoebe and Neal, Neal was strutting in again.

"For pity's sake, Babette—don't desert me. I can't make out her get-up and this—this tomfoolery. She won't speak to me. Not a word that means anything," he said dejectedly.

"Neal, what did you give up like? I asked it in exasperation. "Why don't you just go and leave her to her devices? I thought she was a fighter."

"What can I do? She goes to the phone and calls up some fellow named West. I can't stand and listen, can I?" "Why did you let her? Why didn't you just grab her and make her listen?"

"Make her listen?" he said, smirking. "I couldn't get in a word. It was all: Oh, Lieutenant Hyland, how becoming your uniform is! And Lieutenant Hyland, aren't you just crazy about the army?" and Lieutenant Hyland, do excuse me while I explain things to the man, your sister cut off so oddly."

"That's just what I mean!" "Well, the little mischief!" "I'll show her all right. Not eating her heart out, or missing any old friends, or anything."

"You've never been a woman. And nothing I can say will tell you how it hurts—but how it must have hurt Phoebe," I corrected myself hastily, "to be treated indifferently. Why didn't you write and protest against the return of mother's ring? Why did you just take it and let her sit and wait and wait to hear from you?"

"H'm! That's all very fine sounding," grunted Neal, "but how dyon know she sat and waited? Looks like it—doesn't it?"

"Oh, Neal, Neal—I told you you couldn't understand! But women are educated to believe that men think of them easily. And right under Phoebe's eyes, Virginia had gone through—goodness knows what unhappiness."

"Do you mean to tell me that's why she calls me Lieutenant Hyland and telephones another chap right under my nose?" demanded Neal.

"That's just what I mean!" "Well, the little mischief!" "I'll show her all right. Not eating her heart out, or missing any old friends, or anything."

"Neal, I demanded again, "I'm going to know about that—ring, if I'm going to have you."

"Well, there's darn little to tell, Babette," said Neal, looking down and fidgeting with the buttons of his blouse. "Dad came to camp and gave it back to me. I couldn't stand hearing him preach, so I begged him to let it go at that, as he did, though he would insist on saying it was Mrs. Dalton who sent it back."

"It was," I asserted, simply.

"Yeah, Mrs. Dalton. * * * Virginia always runs Phoebe. Looks like she was doing it now," sneered Neal in tones I'd never before heard him use.

"And that's all there is to the story?" I asked, incredulously. "You didn't even know about it?"

"I couldn't. But I thought she'd write."

"Oh, I'm a man—I'll hear it!" said Neal again, but quickly, but gulping a bit on his words.

"Poor little kid!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"I mean—poor little Phoebe!" I said slowly.

Neal laughed shortly.

"Well, she seems to be taking care of

(To be Continued.)

KAURI TREES REACH GREAT SIZE



Some idea of the size of the giant kauri may be obtained from this photo of a stump with four children perched upon it and plenty of room to spare. In older days the Maoris often made war canoes a hundred feet long from a single kauri tree. This is one of the pictures W. D. Boyce, owner of the Times, has sent back from New Zealand. Mr. Boyce, heading a "west by southwest" expedition in the South Pacific, will have an article in the Times this week on Rotuma, New Zealand, the heart of Maoriland, for a visit with the Maoris, who are different from any other people in the world.

Up to this hour I never have been a Mae Murray fan. In the past I always thought she was a very nice girl, even a prima donna, but never a prima donna.

"I am ready to admit that I have surrendered and have fallen into the ranks of the Murray fans."

There are indications that the Isle can be made a "run house" for certain stars. That is a well known star or director can play more than a half week or even a whole week at the Isle. This was proven by Fatty Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions," when the picture played a profitable two weeks' engagement.

In the second place, Miss Murray has the role of a gay cabaret dancer who is the bright lights and the duff because it makes her money. She is not a bad creature if she is all painted up.

She is charming. Fatty has turned out a new sort of Mae Murray to him. It is immense.

Don't miss "The Nut," which is being shown at the Colonial all this week. W. D. H.

(To be Continued.)

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town on a limited income, now face many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the part of the wife, who is a housewife and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the challenges of the high cost of living with them.)

MONDAY.

"I don't see how you can be other having tea like this every afternoon, Mrs. Hooper," said Helen, "and I don't see how we can afford to do it."

"Mrs. Campbell, who lived across the street, had come in to make a call, and Helen was passing her a cup of tea her mother had just poured. "I make it when I have company of course, but it seems like a lot of extra work just for oneself and the children," she continued, as she slipped her tea.

"We like to have a very nice time when we have a friend come to our home this afternoon," Mrs. Campbell said. "Mrs. Hooper, smiling, "but when we are just by ourselves it is very pleasant, too. It is the only time I have to visit with Helen and Roger; we all seem to have so many things to do during the day and in the evening they have their lessons, and Helen likes to read the paper to them while I am at the department store. I believe it is a good idea."

"Not that I don't have my tea every afternoon," continued Mrs. Campbell, helping herself to another cookie that Roger passed her from the tea table. "but I usually go out into the kitchen and make myself a cup and drink it standing up at the sink. It seems such a waste to have to sit down, and I have so much to say to the children that I just can't tell them while I am around doing my work."

Mrs. Hooper smiled again, as she hastened the sleeve of Helen's new organza dress which she had cut out after lunch.

"Well, I am usually mending or sewing at the moment anyway," she said. "We all enjoy a half hour around the fireplace or out on the porch in the summer, and it gives me a chance to meet the children's friends that I could not manage any other time very well.

Roger brought that nice Compton boy yesterday. They have moved here from the city."

"I suppose we will have to call on them soon," said Mrs. Campbell, handing her cup to Helen, "though I must say I don't like those city women filling up our nice little town. They say Mrs. Compton just came here to save living expenses."

"Well, I don't see how women manage so well as they do in the city," Mrs. Campbell went on as she fitted the sleeves she had basted into place. "The Comptons have three lovely children and they are certainly better off here than if they were in the city."

"It is hard enough to make ends meet anywhere these days," sighed Mrs. Campbell, rising to go. "I'd be greatly obliged Mrs. Hooper if you would give me

the recipe for your steamed fruit brown bread."

"Bring me my recipe box from the kitchen shelf Helen, please," said Mrs. Hooper, as Helen carried the box to the table.

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HUSH! DOUG WEARS HIS B. V. D.S IN 'THE NUT'

Murray Wears a Necklace 'Round Her Ankle—Barry Catches a Greased Pig—Hart Fights

Say, folks, you are goin' to have a dandy good time at the movies this week!

There are some rip snortin' good movies on view.

You will see Doug Fairbanks in his B. V. D.s and with his garters on at the Colonial in "The Nut."

Mac Murray wears a pearl necklace 'round her right ankle in "The Gilded Lily."

William Shakespeare Hart—that's our old friend Bill—is a northwestern mounted police in "O'Malley of the Mounted," at the Alhambra.

Wesley Barry, blemish his freckles, catches a greased pig in "The County Fair."

Charlie Ray recalls memories of youth in "The Ole Swimmers' Hole," at the Circle.

Harry Carey appears in an outdoor drama, "West is West," at the Regent.

Take it from us, the movies are offering the real goods this week.