

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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ANYHOW, the ladies are being treated to an interesting campaign in celebration of their first vote at a city primary!

HOW LONESOME Mr. Denny and Mr. Bookwalter and a few thousand Democrats must feel now that "the good people of the city" are uniting to nominate Mr. Thomas C. Howe.

Howe's Only Hope

Assuming that the nomination of any other than their own choice for mayor means the plunging of Indianapolis into disgrace and worse, that all who oppose Mr. Thomas C. Howe for mayor are willing to "ruin" Indianapolis and that the most preposterous bits of falsehood may be successfully propagated in this primary, the News-Jewett organization of officeholders and paid representatives has laid down its barrage against Edward J. Robison and Samuel Lewis Shank.

The barrage seems to consist of two kinds of shells—gas to smother Robison and high explosives for Shank.

After having induced Mr. Howe into what was a primary race between Robison and Shank, the News-Jewett crowd is now desperately attempting to impugn to Robison an effort to nominate Shank by "dividing" the opposition to Shank which was aligned with Robison previously to the induction of Howe.

Realizing the impossibility of arousing sufficient support for Mr. Howe because of his personality or qualifications, the News-Jewett workers are endeavoring to nominate him on the plea that it is a sorry necessity if Shank is to be defeated.

They ignore the ever growing possibility of the election of a Democratic mayor and they whistle to sustain their faltering courage when they see the administration organization split wide open by defections to both Robison and Jewett.

In the course of their arguments against Robison and Shank they are resorting to all manner of untruths, half-truths and deliberate falsehoods. Appeals to sectionalism, race feeling and all that is undesirable in a city are frequent and come forth without any apparent regard of the harm that is being done the community.

Disregarding the fact that there has been in the last week a partial collapse of the administration machine which has placed heretofore powerful workers for Mr. Howe behind Robison as the only possible opponent of Shank, the Howe speakers continue to declare that Robison is out of the race.

Disregarding the fact that the resignation of Shank as mayor did not take place until after the street car strike was over and normal car service resumed, the speakers for Mr. Howe are attributing that strike wholly to the resignation of Shank.

Disregarding the very plain evidence that it is only the officeholding part of the Republican party that desires Mr. Howe, his speakers are desperately endeavoring to compel the party to accept him as its leader.

Yet, it cannot be denied that a great part of the Republican party desires the nomination for mayor of Mr. Shank, that another great part of the party is unalterably opposed to Shank.

In that division of the party that is opposed to Shank there are many who are equally opposed to Mr. Howe. The efforts of the News-Jewett organization in the last days of the campaign have been to convince those opponents of Shank and Howe that they must accept Howe to defeat Shank.

Such strategy as they have been able to exercise has so far failed for the reason that there appears to be in the party as pronounced a distrust of Howe as of Shank and an utter disinclination to accept Howe on any basis.

Still, the effort continues to force Howe on the party and it becomes more dictatorial as the last hours approach. Attempts are being made to mask the dictation under the guise of an altruistic effort to "save the city" from a campaign with Shank as a candidate, when in reality the effort is to save the officeholding machine from the complete wreck that awaits it with the success of Shank.

This attempt to make of the Howe campaign a "civic duty" can have but one purpose, and that is the building up of a hypocritical "justification" for the corruption of the primaries. Its purpose is to encourage election crooks to cheat and steal at the primaries by creating the idea among them that the general public will condone crookedness as being "necessary to save the city."

Whether or not this hypocrisy will prevail depends upon the success of the News-Jewett organization in ascribing to their support of Mr. Howe a civic purpose. Thus far the members of this machine have not succeeded in convincing Indianapolis that it is a "civic duty" to corrupt or condone the corruption of the primary.

But four years ago the same coterie of political hypocrites did succeed in convincing Indianapolis that it was to the best interests of the city that it ignore a defeat of the expressed will of the voters and accept corrupted primary returns.

History might repeat itself this primary.

Unless the Republicans voters of Indianapolis are willing to condone another rape of the primaries Mr. Thomas C. Howe will be defeated next Tuesday because of the character of the men who inaugurated and are conducting his campaign rather than because of anything he has done or might do as a candidate.

Progress

The fact that ex-Congressman Esch, who is now on the Interstate Commerce Commission and who is one of the authors of the Cummins-Esch railroad law, long advocated the use of steel coaches to prevent loss of life in wrecks, called to mind some railroad methods of adopting new things.

Probably the most conservative commercial institution of the country, aside from the bank, is the railroad, and it is known the managers fought Esch in his proposition to use steel coaches just as long as they could. But the steel coaches are practical and do prevent loss of life in a wreck.

After opposing them and resisting the enactment of all laws requiring them, the railroads began to use them. Now every train that undertakes any speed or long distance is composed of steel coaches. It was a case of pity, endure and then embrace, and every derailment justified the extra cost of the steel coach.

The history of the adoption of steel carriages by the railroad is a very clear despicability of human nature, and it illustrates the proposition that common sense will triumph ultimately, despite prejudice and high prices. The cost of a coach is far beyond that of the wooden carriage, but so is the life correspondingly longer. The weight is more, while the riding is easier. The danger when a wreck occurs is immensely less.

The roads refused to adopt this innovation; the public laughed and regarded it as a rich man's luxury; Congress hesitated to compel the large expenditure to obtain this aid, as it was characterized. Then one road adopted the car, and soon others followed. Every reason existed for such an action, and after a few demonstrations the steel coach became a necessity, in spite of the large initial cost.

If a thing is good and useful, the cost is a minor matter; as soon as sufficient impression is made on the conservative mind.

Impossible!

New York, which likes to be startled, got a jolt recently and had to pause in the midst of money-making and scandal publishing and gasp, when it found a stock broker living with two wives. How he could do it was the first question asked.

Had this occurred in Utah perhaps no questions would have arisen, but in New York where gunmen abound and everybody is supposed to speak at least two languages, many queries appear and remain to be answered by the once happy head of a double household.

The problem of how to find a roof large enough for two women first arises, then comes the ability to furnish a budget big enough for two wives and their respective millinery bills and finally but not least, is wisdom to umpire between them so that each is kept happy and satisfied, and neither will wear the other's clothes.

The excuse for the second marriage is that the first one was unlawful but wife number one stayed and cared for the children anyhow. She claims to be the only lawful wife, and when wife number two finally grew bothersome, number one promptly ousted her, as though she were a boarder and then brought divorce proceedings. Number two got into court to annul her marriage, then hubby was held for bigamy.

All this shows the game cannot be beaten, even by a New York stock broker and that the man was not as smart as he thought he was—otherwise he would live happily in his harem.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisie

CHAPTER CC.

The first fruits of my chat with Virginia about spending money gracefully were plucked by Tom Mason. The talk ended just as we arrived at his studio, and promptly I decided to have my bedroom done in the inland French woods and stuff tafetas I had insisted only the week before we couldn't afford.

You can afford anything here, Donna Anna, whispered Tom, while Virginia was critically considering the value of curtains or French doors between Jim's den and the bedroom.

"I've come to the conclusion that I can't afford anything but the best for my home," I replied stiffly.

"I'd give you the best, whether you ordered it or not," declared Tom. "I want everything around you to be perfect. I'm building your nest; you'll have to remember that at every turn. You'll have to remember me. My work is there in your own room with you—where I—"

With burning cheeks I darted across the room to Virginia's side. A stave of reserve had heretofore kept Tom Mason from making himself completely obnoxious to me was gone now. I realized that I had always hoped he'd turn out to be a real friend, one in whose sincerity I could trust and on whose judgment I could rely.

"Virginia—we've linens and silver and pots and kettles to buy today," I said suddenly. "Let's settle on the French door with the little curtains. And now we're through. When will you have the things in the apartment, Mr. Mason?" I added, turning to him with an air that said he must be in a hurry.

"Oh, by the end of next week. I'll telephone you," he said with no air of knowing what he was doing. "Now, may I take you ladies out for a bit of lunch?"

"No, thank you," I said coldly, so coldly that Virginia thawed the consequence with a bit of explanation. "We've such a lot to do, Mr. Mason, that lingering for a man's idea of lunch is out of the question."

This was true enough, for we hurried out to search a sandwich and some salad in a little tearoom. Then we dashed around all afternoon selecting an endless procession of things.

"What a real sister you are, Jeanette," I said in fervent tones. "Now, I'll drop at her apartment late in the afternoon. I'd have been lost without you all through this whirl of home-making. I haven't learned yet to think of things on my own, beyond the thousand a year. You'll always stand by this little needy rich."

"I think we'll always stand by each other, Anne," she said.

In my heart and made me long for some way of proving how ready I was to stand by this proud, aloof woman who had my service so freely—and herself so charily.

Jim was in the bedroom of our suite when I got in. He looked up irritably from a sea of clothes scattered all about him on beds and chairs and floor. The crowd of Virginia's friends was very noisy of itself nowadays whenever he looked at me.

"You're late," he said. "Get busy and pack up a week-end bag. We're going to the lake with the Cosbys. There's a place down on the Sound they think of buying and they want to see if there's any life down there."

"Why—I can't go off on a week-end with them on a minute's notice like this," I protested. "I haven't the right clothes. I can't."

"For mercy's sake, why don't you get yourself the right clothes, so every time I want to have a party you won't go without? I have nothing to wear? I'm darned sick of apologizing for the way you look, anyway, Anne."

"Do you do that? Do you cheapen me like that?" I cried. "Well, this time you won't have to. I can't go tonight. I'm on duty at the canteen and I have to rush right over."

"Cut it!" stormed Jim. "You're coming along. This is going to be a party of four."

"I can't—the canteen—"

"That's easily said, Jim. But who? What'll you do about the canteen?"

"Try Phoebe. Now listen, Anne, you're not going to get me in wrong with the Cosbys again, are you? I've been telephoning all afternoon. This is the latest. Get Phoebe. Then pack the best clothes you have. And when we return Monday have Jeanette select you a decent dress or two. You'll now, are you going to duck again?"

"No, Jim," I said quietly, and called Phoebe on the phone.

Luckily she was at home, and in a mood to oblige me. There was almost a breathless note in her voice as she said she'd love to go—she'd always wanted to do that sort of work. And, as I turned from the phone, I was smiling broadly and wondering—wondering if Phoebe had been so glad to go because she fancied Neil might stroll into the room.

A second later the long arm of circumstances stretched out and rang the phone again. It was Neil. A Neil still jobless and in a daze.

"Why don't you go to the canteen tonight?" I asked at the end of our chat. "The food's good—and so cheap."

"Maybe I will," answered Neil—Copy-right, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, of the kind that some will tell you the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them as they go through the review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.

FRIDAY.

Betty seemed to have entirely recovered as a result of her mother's precaution in giving her a dose of medicine and keeping her in bed, but Mrs. Hooper decided to take no chance, and so she kept her in bed, and she decided to forego the club in the afternoon and keep a watchful eye on her temperature as evening approached.

When Helen's little friends arrived for their weekly meeting and sewing she brought her down to the front porch where they were gathered and joined them. As she was nearly always at the club when they met, it had been some time since she had seen them at work. They were usually enjoying their chocolate and cookies and were nearly ready to leave every Friday when she returned. She enjoyed their chatter, as their needles clicked and their feet went to work on the slip which, when finished, would go into the box that they were filling for the Home for Crippled Children for which they sewed every week.

"Do you know what I have here?" chirped golden-haired little Sallie Comp-ton, whose family had just moved to Mayfield and who had only a few weeks ago joined the group. "Guess what it is," she cried.

"Hold it still a second so we can see," demanded Helen.

"Oh, no; that would be too easy if you could really look at it closely," objected Betty.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Miriam Snow, who had been peering at it closely. "It's buttons."

"Yes, you've guessed right," answered Sallie. "My grandmother gave them to me. She's been gathering them for ages and there are hundreds of them—all kinds and sizes—she just cuts them off of everything and as mother has all she needs, Grandma gave them to us to use on coats and hats and things."

"But if there are all kinds we can't possibly use them," objected Helen.

"You girls can't use them very well on anything you are making to put into your box," interrupted Mrs. Hooper, "but I

know Mrs. Simpson, the matron at the Crippled Home, would be delighted to have them. She is always sewing on buttons that the boys and girls have lost from their clothes."

"Well, we can just put the bag into our box this way when we send it, I suppose," said Sallie.

"I'll tell you what will be a nicer way," replied Mrs. Hooper. "I'll get three or four small empty bottles with screw covers that I have put away in the basement cupboard and next Friday you girls can sort all those buttons, putting the white ones in one bottle, the black ones in another and the colored ones in another. They will look more attractive for your box that way, and will be all ready for Mrs. Simpson to use without the bother of picking them out of that big bag, when she wants to use them."

The girls were delighted at the suggestion and pleased beyond words at the suggestion of one more new thing to put in their box.

As Mrs. Hooper was planning her menu for Saturday she remembered having promised Mrs. Campbell her recipe for Lyonnais potatoes and copied it for her before she went to work.

LYONNAIS TRIFLE.
Cut two pounds of honeycomb tripe in small pieces and place in a moderate oven so that the water may be drawn out. Cook one small minced onion and half a finely chopped green pepper, and when browned add the tripe that has been simmered about ten minutes in a little seasoned tomato juice and then carefully drained. Stir the ingredients rapidly, add salt and pepper to taste and cook for five minutes longer. Sprinkle in two tablespoons of chopped parsley and serve very hot.

The menu for Saturday is:
BREAKFAST.
Stewed Prunes with Lemon
Cereal

Fish Cakes Graham Muffins
Coffee
LUNCHEON.
Baked Beans
Fennel Butter Sandwiches
Cocoa

DINNER.
Bean Soup
Lyonnais Tripe Stuffed Potatoes
String Beans
Fruit Salad

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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 extensive 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.)

ORIGIN OF NAME.

Q. How did Coblenz get its name?

A. A. Coblenz is a corruption of Confluentes, the name given to the place by the Romans on account of its location at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers.

WAY TO PRONOUNCE "MRS."

Q. How should "Mrs." be pronounced, and how did the word originate?

A. D. G. B. A. "Mrs." is pronounced Missis, a corruption of "Mistress." This is a form made to correspond with master. Mistress was first Master, and the feminine form was sometimes written "Mistress."

MEANING OF "SCOT-FREE."

Q. What is the history of the expression, "Scot-free?"

A. The word "scot" in this sense is a part or portion of tribute or taxation. In the expression "scot-free" it means "free from payment."

SAMOAN ISLANDS.

Q. How and by whom are the Samoan Islands governed?

A. The Samoan Islands east of 171 degrees longitude have belonged to the United States since February, 1900 and are governed by the naval commander, W. J. Behne, who has his headquarters at the Naval Station, Tutuila, Samoa. The other islands of this group, which

were known as German Samoa and formerly were a German protectorate, were occupied by the New Zealand troops, Aug. 29, 1914, and are still under the government of New Zealand. The ultimate government of this island is subject to final peace conference.

SOME BIBLE FACTS.

Q. How many books, chapters, words and letters are there in the Old Testament, and in the New?

A. N. A. In the King James version there are thirty-nine books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 335,435 words, and 2,728,100 letters in the Old Testament. In the New there are twenty-seven books, 263 chapters, 7,958 verses, 181,233 words and 838,280 letters.

SPANISH WAR BENEFITS.

Q. I am a Spanish war veteran. Can I receive any benefits or insurance from the World War Insurance?

A. A veteran of the Spanish-American War is not entitled to any of the insurance issued to veterans of the World War unless he also was enrolled in service during the period of the World War.

TO DECORATE RIBBON.

Q. I wish to decorate some ribbon with a silver motif. How should this be done?

A. We suggest the following: Prepare a solution of nitrate of silver and add a small amount of gum to it, so that the liquid will not run. Then with a camel's hair pencil, or a new pen, draw the desired motif on the silk. After the drawing is dry, hold the ribbon over a vessel containing water, zinc and a little sulphuric acid. In short time the silver will be reduced and adhere quite strongly to the fabric.

HARDENING COPPER.

Q. Is there a reward offered for a process to harden copper?

A. The Bureau of Standards says that there is nothing new or mysterious in hardening copper, there being two well known methods of hardening or tempering copper.

DISCUSSES WITH PARENTS MEANS OF PUNISHMENT

Judge Lahr Causes Youngster to Sink Down in Chair With Misgivings.

A "feller" certainly needed a "friend" the other afternoon in Juvenile Court when Judge Frank Lahr turned his court into a congress for mothers and fathers for the purpose of determining whether it was best to use a switch or the bare hand in "spanking" rebellious children.

One ruffled-haired youngster of 12 years was the only representative of the recipients of the "switch" and the bare hand and an occasional slipper.

The lad in question, Judge Lahr, was an active, healthy youngster who lived in Brightwood. He had been caught "smoking" and even carrying "dope," and the evil-minded exhibitor had a tendency to keep hours beyond 9 o'clock at night.

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(To Be Continued.)

Then the court said, "I, too, will make an admission. I have a boy at home just about the same age of the boy before me. I have a strap hanging on a nail on the wall at home and I tell you that the strap isn't rusty. It is on the wall when needed."

"When the lad before the court heard that admission of the court, he scooted down in his chair and assumed a very bored expression as if the whole world was against him."

He smiled when Judge Lahr said softly, "My boy at home has a playground; the 25 frame. The dog is kept in a kennel, and the boy at home and we have put those things there for the purpose of making the home attractive to that boy. We have to keep him out of the house and fight the influences, the same as you do, to keep his interests centered on home. And yet that boy still wants to be on the street."

Seven hundred Shriners appear during the unfolding of the story of "Bagdad," which is in two parts and fourteen scenes.

In the prologue, Arthur Wagner appears as the Arabian Story Teller and his audience consists of Charles Apostol and Hebebe Davis.

Additional principal characters and the players are as follows: The Caliph, Haroun-Raschid, Edward J. Scoonover; Jaffar, Grand Weezer to the Caliph, Roltare Eggleston; The Nakeeb, Officer of the Weezer, Louis G. Buddenbaum; Abu Hassan, Wailee of Police, Otto Krauss.

Now that the days of outdoor sports are with us again and crowds of socially bent folks are motoring hither and yon in pursuit of pleasure and in acceptance of house party invitations, much bustle is seen in the various fashion factories, getting ready summer garments for such occasions.

Marvelously dainty little evening frocks are being shown, which are destined to adorn the brightest of social butterflies, and never have I seen such exquisite colors, fabrics and designs as this season.

For formal occasions I recently purchased a very stunning evening gown of black tulle crepe lavishly embroidered in gray silk floss and trimmed with deep black fringe. This is made with two deep points, one front and one back in the back giving the effect of a large Spanish shawl simply draped with elaborate carelessness. Such a novel little gown can be evolved in any of the soft gracie fabrics which are being shown in such numbers this year, and no other trimming is necessary than the fringe, the richness of which would throw any additional embellishment into the shade.

For informal occasions, the daintiest or restaurant dinners I have just had made an orchid chiffon frock which was on one side. Orchid trimming is embroidered in ribbon on the skirt and a tassel of ostrich falls from the center of each. With this I will wear an orchid

chiffon hat, the only trimming of which is a long tassel of ostrich which reaches almost to the waist. The day of contrasting hats of black or white picture

variety has passed, and to be absolutely correct this summer the hat must carry out the color scheme and design of the frock.

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, The Indiana Daily Times, Information Bureau, Washington, D. C.

I enclose herewith 2 cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of "The School Child's Health."

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THE WHEN STORE

Young Men and Style

Walk down the busy street and size up the average young man. His clothes appearance proves that he knows style to you, but he picks it successfully.

—Many young men who give thought to their clothes have learned that they can always be perfectly and tastefully dressed at the least expenditure of money, if they select "WHEN" clothes. Scores of the season's latest models offered for your selection at

\$35

Other Suits priced, \$30, \$40, \$45, \$55 and \$60

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BEARDS OF CHORUS 'GIRLS' OF 'BAGDAD' FAIL TO HIDE