Indiana Daily Times

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IT REALLY IS a shame that any preparations to prevent stealing at a Republican primary should be regarded as necessary!

THE ONLY LIVING former mayor with whom a certain newspaper is not now finding fault is a former mayor whom it used to class as the worst of the lot.

IT WOULD APPEAR from the plea of the gas company that it made a slight mistake when it refused to sell its coke at a price in competition with others!

THERE ARE some of us who will agree that Mr. Denny showed considerable courage when he undertook to "catechise" a favorite candidate of the mysteriously owned newspaper!

IT DOES NOT make a great deal of difference when Mr. Wright resigns from the State highway commission, but the taxpayers who provided the "rotary fund" will breathe easier when he is gone!

MAYOR JEWETT'S explanation of the garbage plant might mean something if he would tell how much it has cost to operate it in the last two years instead of in the first seven months!

PRESIDENT HARDING says "it little matters what flag we owe our allegiance to on the North American continent," but he also urges a peace with Germany in which our Canadian allies cannot join!

IF we are to believe our Republican brethren, one of their candidates for mayor is backed by the "king gamblers of the city," from which Mayor Charles W. Jewett solemnly assures us he has "driven out all the gamblers!"

THOSE CITIZENS who are forsaking the political campaign for the purpose of assisting in filling the community chest are also a part of the citizenship that is not good because it is not "uniting in the support of Mr. Howe."

The Responsibility!

If Samuel Lewis Shank is nominated for mayor of Indianapolis tomorrow as it is today conceded he is likely to be, the Republicans must place the responsibility wholly on the shoulders of the "thirty-five men" whom Mayor Jewett says brought Thomas C. Howe into the race.

Edward J. Robison was the only opponent of Shank and had started to build an organization including the anti-administration members of the party with the administration members. He had laid a broad foundation for his campaign, accumulated sufficient funds to finance it and had ascertained to his own satisfaction that his candidacy was in no way objectionable either to the Republicans who had stood with Mayor Jewett throughout his administration, or to those who opposed him.

Robison had every reason to believe that he could obtain the united support of that part of the Republican party which was opposed to Shank. He had not been connected with the Jewett administration and none of the resentment of Jewett's failures could be directed toward him. He had left no sore spots by participation in previous fights and he was the logical candidate to carry the standard of the part of the Republican party that would not support Shank.

And then, for no reason which has been set forth even to the last day of the campaign, Thomas C. Howe was inducted into the campaign to divide the opposition to Shank and gratify the ambitions of a newspaper to rule or ruin.

Mayor Jewett and Mr. Howe have both admitted publicly that Mr. Howe did not enter the campaign of his own volition. They concede that he was drafted to make the fight.

The answer to the question of who drafted him lies in the list of men who have supported him.

The reason he was drafted into a fight where his presence could not help split the opposition to Shank has been studiously avoided throughout the campaign.

It is either one of two things—the men who brought him into this fight wanted Shank nominated in order to enhance Democratic chances of winning, or they foresaw the collapse of their own power in the Republican camp with the nomination of Mr. Robison and they were determined to control the Republican organization or wreck it.

Indianapolis people are today well aware of the identity of the persons and institution responsible for the bringing into this fight of Mr. Howe.

Mayor Jewett says he was induced to get into the fight at a meeting of "thirty-five men." Mr. Howe says one man induced him to become a candidate. The public knows that the Indianapolis News not only brought Howe into the race, but crammed him down the throats of the organization workers of the Republican party, including the swollen throat of Mayor Jewett, who, in a moment of anger publicly declared that Howe was "not my choice."

Of the disgraceful way in which the Howe campaign has been conducted none are in ignorance. First, a lying effort was made to create the impression that Robison's followers were all flocking to Howe while the deflection was in reality from the city organization to Robison.

Finally, as a climax to the slanderous and hypocritical campaign of falsehoods and vilification an attempt was made to brand the great majority of the Republicns of Indianapolis who had refused to accept Howe as their "savior" with the mark of "indecent citizens."

For one week the people of Indianapolis who would not surrender their constitutional right to vote for whom they pleased in a primary heard themselves maligned as a group of citizens intent upon bringing on Indianapolis a "fatal calamity"—"ruin"—"defamation of the fair name of our city."

Led by the Indianapolis News, an institution that deceived the people of this community for eight years as to its ownership and pleaded that an oath taken before God was not binding because it was attested by a mere notary public, the Republican organization and the Jewett administration members have attempted to browbeat and coerce the people of this community in a manner that makes the character of Simon Legree saintly by comparison.

On this unholy combination of a newspaper and an administration in the control of a party organization rests the responsibility for what will happen tomorrow.

If it succeeds by coercion and fraud, in nominating its hand-picked candidate for mayor, it can only be at the loss of thousands of Republican votes for the nominee.

If, in its failure, Samuel Lewis Shank is nominated for mayor, that nomination will be due solely and wholly to the fact that while pretending to oppose Shank these political hypocrites insisted on defeating Robison even though they nominated Shank.

True Values

The good old times have arrived and the figures are here, too, to prove it. A recent shipment of fur from the Northwest to St. Louis paid the trapper sufficient to liquidate all but 7 cents of the freight bill, and he had all his work for nothing. This is hard on the trapper and preparer of the skins, for surely they are worthy of some reward.

The incident brings to light, for the first time in several years, the great fact of the relations of things in general to each other. In times of peace this occurs more frequently than in war, for in strife the question gives place to more urgent calls for necessities. With war over it is indeed a problem to make things sufficiently relative to provide a return of the value of commodities.

Years ago there was a period when cattle shipped to market did not pay their freight. It is a fact that in big cities some starve while only a comparatively short distance away plenty abounds, and even goes to waste. The question of coordinating things is a big one.

The school boy who is so important in his own estimation that his services are invaluable, the politician whose promises are impossible and the spendthrift all alike lack a sense of proportion. Likewise a railroad rate that absorbs the value of the thing shipped is out of all proportion.

The importance to a community and the self-estimated value of a man's services are likewise out of proportion, but happily that value is not always expressed in words nor is it insisted upon commercially. Happy is the person who sees a dollar no larger than it is, and does not hold himself higher than his true value.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By Ann Lisle

CHAPTER CCII.

At about 5 o'clock it stopped raining. I decided to forsake my lonely big chair in the lobby of the Inlet House and go out for a walk. It seemed to me that the poker players must be tired and headachy now from their long confinement in Lane Cosby's room and that Valerie or even Jim might like to go with me for a breath of air. So I hurried around to the door and tapped gently. No answer. Then I rapped smartly, and after a minute or two Lane Cosby came to the door.

His coat was off and his sleeves rolled above his elbows. The room was heavy with smoke. Every man but Jim had removed his coat. Valerie was in their midst, narrow-eyed and nonchalant, smoking a cigarette and ruffling the edges of her cards with a slim forefinger. There was a tray of sandwiches and ginger ale on a side table.

"It's cleared," I announced, with waning enthusiasm. "I thought you might not have noticed it. So I'm calling your attention to it. Who's for a walk with me?"

Before any one else could answer Jim looked up, the crease between his eyebrows folding in and the brows themselves twitching as I'd never before seen them do. His fingers beat a tattoo on the table, his shoulders hunched—his gambling posture.

"My wife doesn't know poker—or understand its charm," he explained jerkily, while I stood humiliated at having him explain me to the three strange men who were in the room. "The game's not over, Anne. . . Probably won't be—till when did we say? Oh, yes, 6:30. Run along, child, and take your walk."

When I got to my room I found that I no longer cared to take a walk.

"Of course, I can't go out," I told myself, walking over to the window and stretching my eyes wide and holding them fixed and solemn on a slim, white, spire-topped church far away. "How could I go out in the wet without rubbers? And I haven't any. So, of course, I can't go out. None of us can possibly today."

Then I flung myself down on the bed to rest for the evening. But I had no physical weariness from which to rest, and no refuge from my own thoughts.

All day long no one had paid the least attention to me. I simply had not counted. That dreadful breakfast in Valerie Cosby's stuffy, untidy room; my lunch alone; the dragging hours. How different it would have been if I'd stayed with Betty! Betty would have thought of me. Ill and suffering she would have been a kinder hostess than the spoiled beauty a few doors away.

Contrasting Terry, tall and trim and perfectly groomed, with Lane Cosby, whom his wife called a "big, brown bear," was almost funny. And there would have been Tony, too—kind, unselfish, patient, dependable Tony with his steady, ice-blue eyes under heavy brows that didn't twitch.

I brought myself back with a start. With whom was I contrasting Tony?

Then I must have dozed, for all of a sudden I heard Jim's voice crying:

"Haven't you started dressing yet? It's 7 and dinner will be in half an hour. Val left us an hour ago. Now try to look half-way decent, Anne."

So I got up and tried. But I'd only my old gray and rose dress—and a feeling of being abused because I hadn't been given enough notice to send down to Wickham's for the stunning lace and jet dress they could probably have finished up in a hurry. And when we got downstairs there was Valerie in a slim, girlish thing—white brocade draped softly over a girdle of black velvet. She was pale, but crimson-lipped, and her hair had an enormous amber comb in its black waves. She looked like a new hybrid flower—a cross between gardenia and poinsettia.

"How dear you look—like strawberry ice cream!" she cried smoothly. That made me very conscious of the contrast we presented—ice cream and flowers.

All through the dinner she was smoothly sweet to me and creamily deferential to her husband and flashingly brilliant when she turned to Jim the many-faceted nature she chose him to see.

I had a bad time of it holding my end. I was dull. I couldn't manage a gracious manner. My head ached and ideas wouldn't come. Presently that ordeal ended like a bad dream.

Then dancing. I had partners, but they didn't matter. In the foreground of my consciousness was the fact that I hadn't seen Jim and Valeria since the third or fourth dance. I kept going till midnight. Then I found Lane Cosby and told him I had a headache and was going to bed.

"Little Val was tired and went long ago," he replied, indulgently.

"Then you don't think I'm rude," I said, gratefully.

"Not a bit of it. Run along."

So I ran along. When I got upstairs it occurred to me that it might be only decent to stop at Valerie's door and see if there was anything I could do for her. I turned down the corridor, stopped at her room and knocked ever so lightly. No answer.

"Mrs. Cosby—It's Anne. Can I do anything for you?" I whispered.

Still no answer. In sort of stupor I turned the knob. It gave. The door opened and I stepped over the threshold. The room was empty.

(To Be Continued.)

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.)

CHINESE EAT LITTLE SUGAR.

Q. Do the Chinese eat much sugar? M. V. R.

A. While the average consumption of other countries is eighty-six pounds of sugar a year for each person, in China it is but three pounds.

MAIL FOR PANAMA.

Q. How should mail be addressed in order to catch a boat going through the Panama Canal? J. H. W.

A. Mails for ships passing through the Canal or touching at either of the terminal ports should be addressed to "Cristobal, Canal Zone."

STATES WITH INDIAN NAMES.

Q. How many States have Indian names? D. F. G.

A. Twenty-three of the States have names derived from the Indian tongue.

TREES AS MEMORIALS.

Q. We wish to plant some trees as memorials to our soldier dead. What kind would you advise? H. D. W.

A. The Department of Agriculture suggests that black walnut trees be used for this purpose. Demand for this wood for war purposes depleted the number of trees and this would be an appropriate way of filling their places. Black walnut was used for gunstocks and airplane propellers, the nut shells contributed carbon for gas masks, while the nut meats were used in cakes and candies for the boys in the service.

CAUSES OF MOST FIRES.

Q. What causes the most fires? C.C.

A. Electricity has been the chief cause of fire loss in the last five years, matches and smoking being second, and defective chimneys third.

SERVANTLESS HOMES.

Q. How many people in the United States keep house servants? H. S.

A. The last census on occupations showed that in 93½ per cent of American homes no servants were employed. The census that is being compiled at present probably will show an increase in servantless homes.

MILES AND KILOMETERS.

Q. Is a mile longer than a kilometer? B. N. Z.

A. An English mile is longer than a kilometer, being equal to 1.609 kilometers.

AND THIS IS FAME!

Q. Must a man be dead to be elected to the Hall of Fame? H. C. B.

A. A person must have been dead ten years to be eligible to election in the "Hall of Fame."

FIRST IN SHIPBUILDING.

Q. What American shipyard turned out the most vessels during the war? A. M. P.

A. The Hog Island shipyard stood first in shipbuilding during the war.

The Well Dressed Woman

By NORMA TALMADGE,
Star of Associated First National Pictures.

Still a seething question is the silhouette in the minds of all. Full or narrow, which is it to be? The answers seem to be that it is entirely a matter of personal choice. Which of the two suits you best? Take that one, Dame Fashion answers kindly, for once in the history of modes of the moment.

Some of the models which I was recently shown by the personal representatives of Worth, Groult and Cheruit had full skirts of regular Victorian proportions, reaching to the ground. One model from Groult might have been worn by Queen Victoria herself, and was made of black taffeta, with a high collar and tiny tight sleeves on an extremely tight fitting bodice. The skirt was very full and fell below the instep. A second glance showed that the skirt, however, was formed of a number of scallops, which reached to the knees. One large rosette of French blue crepe de chine was the only touch of color. The French are very fond of black, and all black gowns or all white, with touches of black, are the rule for the fashionable Parisienne. The American woman this summer will not be governed by this law, and models designed for wear on this side of the ocean are coming in delicate pastel shades.

Many of the gowns were cut on sack lines, with very long, bell-like sleeves reaching the knuckles of the hand, and finished at the neck with tiny collars, closed with narrow black ribbons. Dark and black frocks had bright golden embroidery on the collar, cuffs, pockets and on the part of the dress above the string girdle.

In length all these garments were either extremely long or very short, and, just as we refused last year to wear these above-the-knee French models, so we will again modify these new extremes. There is not much likelihood of the very long skirts making a long stay with us, all fashion experts agree.

The circular skirt is having a stubborn fight to make itself a place in the tailored models, but is not looked upon with favor.

Embroidery on afternoon gowns and evening frocks is making its way surely if hesitatingly. The black shadow stichery is particularly noticeable on several of the smart black and white creations. This is shown in the skirt of my Frances gown in the sketch in stripes of black floss embroidered on the white canton crepe. The upper portion of this dress is made of black charmeuse, of which the wrong side is used, giving the dull finish prominence. Vestee, collar and cuffs are of white organdie, and the girdle is of black, white and silver. A narrow band of black satin joins the collar and falls below the white organdie cuff.

With this I wear a bright green hat. Black hats with black or black and white costumes are not being worn this season, except in case of mourning.

What Do You Know About Bugs?

Nothing probably. And yet bugs are man's most deadly enemies. He has conquered all other forms of life, but the insects threaten to conquer him. No matter where you live or what you do, you are at war with insects.

One of the most elaborate, illustrated bulletins which the Department of Agriculture has ever published deals with this subject. It describes and depicts all of the insects you will find in your home garden plot. It is an excellent text-book of insect enemies, so simple and attractive that a child will like it.

You can get a copy of this bulletin free through our Washington Information Bureau. Use the attached coupon and inclose 2 cents in stamps for return postage. In filling out the coupon print name and address or be sure to write plainly.

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

I inclose herewith 2 cents in stamps for return postage on a free copy of The Garden Insect Book.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Library Notes

New fiction at the Central Library includes: "Dr. Adriaan," by L. M. A. Couperus; "Brimming Cup," by Mrs. D. V. (C.) Fisher; "The Confession," by Maxim Gorgky, pseud.; "Master Eustace," by Henry James; "Number Thirty," by E. A. Jonas; "A Village Romeo and Inlet," by Gottfried Keller; "The Boy Who Brought Christmas," by Alice Morgan; "Madam," by Ethel Sidgwick; "Bruce," by A. P. Terhune; "The Mystery of the Sycamore," by Caroline Wells.

New nonfiction at the Central Library includes: "Among the Ibos of Nigeria," by G. T. Basden; "Character Indicated by Handwriting," by Rosa Baughan; "Passing of the New Freedom," by J. M. Beck; "Heavens and Earth," by S. V. Benet; "Reference Passage Bible," New Testament. Bible N. T.; "Complete Course in Millinery," edited by Julia Bottomley; "American Impressions," by H. Y. Braddon; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by S. M. Crothers; "Hospitable England in the Seventies," by R. H. Dana; "Polite and Social Dances," edited by M. R. Hofer; "Miracle Mongers and Their Methods," by Henry Houdini; "Geography of the World War and the Peace Treaties," by F. M. McMurry; "Brazil (1913)," by J. C. Oakenful; "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," by Frederick O'Brien; "Social Letters Made Easy," by Gabrielle Rosiere; "As the Years Go By," by M. E. G. Sharp; "Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church," by A. P. Stanley; "Character Building Thought Power," by R. W. Trine; "Names, Dates and Numbers," by R. P. Walton; "Indian Beadwork," by Clark Wissler; "Christianity the Final Religion," by by S. M. Zwemer.

New technical books at the Central Library are "Armature Winding and Motor Repair," by D. H. Braymer; "Practical Physics," by H. S. Carhart; "Link Motions, Valve Gears and Valve Setting," by F. H. Colvin; "Watch Repairing, Cleaning and Adjusting," by F. J. Barnard; "Proof Reader's Marks and Table for Estimating Copy," Harvard University Press; "Pumping by Compressed Air," by E. M. Ivens; "Abrasive and Abrasive Wheels," by F. B. Jacobs; "Controllers for Electric Motors," by H. D. James; "Elements of Machine Design," by H. L. Nachman; "A B C of Aviation," by V. W. Page; "Aeronautics," by E. B. Wilson; "Text book of Applied Aeronautic Engineering," by Henry Woodhouse.

New books for the teachers' special library include: "Junior High School," by T. H. Briggs; "Folk-Dance Music," composed by Elizabeth Burchenal; "Teacher and the School," by C. B. Coleman; "School and Home Cooking," by C. C. Greer; "Danger Signals for Teachers," by E. A. Winship.

DIAMONDS WILL BURN.

Q. Are diamonds affected by the heat? E. E. W.

A. The Geological Survey says that diamonds heated in an ordinary temperature obtained in an average fire will not be affected, if only the atmosphere of the air is present. If heated in an atmosphere of oxygen, however, they will burn.

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.)

MONDAY.

Monday in the Hooper home resolved itself, for the time being, into a day of dismantling as well as cleaning and straightening up, for with the passing of winter came the necessity of putting away clothes and rearranging furniture and doing the countless small things that go so far toward transforming the home in which one lives into a "seasonable" dwelling place. Mrs. Hooper found that if she did a certain amount of this work every Monday during the spring, then, with the first summer days the house was fresh and crisp in its warm-weather garb without the confusion and annoyance of what was once termed the "annual house-cleaning." The transformation was so gradual in the Hooper household that the family scarcely realized except for the general air of "newness" that anything unusual had been going on in the way of extra housekeeping effort. This was one of the secrets of Mrs. Hooper's great success as a housekeeper—and home maker. She worked so quietly and effectively and regularly that her home was like a smoothly-oiled machine running on from day to day with no jarring or jolting or breaking down to disturb the lives of those in whose welfare she was so vitally interested.

The suggestion that her life was a monotonous one because she had made a routine business of housekeeping instead of a hectic nightmare was always refuted by Mrs. Hooper on the ground that if this were true then all the activities of life were monotonous and that men had always led monotonous existences in the business world where they ponder the finances for running a home.

She kept in touch with the outside world as much as it was possible and the reason that more trips to the city and more pleasures beyond the confines of the home and entertaining within its walls could not be managed, was due to the fact of a limited income and not to a time-consuming schedule that necessitated things being done every day with apparently monotonous regularity. Quiet and harmony of peace of mind, good health, and sufficient leisure to make use of all the diversions that could be fitted into the small margin of the budget for amusement were the rewards of Mrs. Hooper's acceptance of the fact that her housekeeping was a business and that the details of its daily activities must be directed in the same routine fashion as those of an office or a shop or a factory.

"You never have time to do anything," was the complaint of her sister-in-law, Belle, and some of her more intimate friends who were constantly urging her to run up to the city to do her shopping and to spend the day idling about with them on aimless sightseeing jaunts.

"Why I have time to do everything," was Mrs. Hooper's invariable reply. "That's the beauty of the way I work. I can do anything I like without upsetting my whole household the way you do."

As Mrs. Hooper took down the curtains in the living room to be ready for the wash tomorrow, she decided that she would not put them back on these same windows but on the corresponding ones in her bedroom up stairs and that she would buy material for fresh new ones for the living room when she went in town on Thursday. The blankets from her bed were also brought down stairs to be added to the wash on the morrow.

Roger's job on Saturday would be to put a coat of paint on the bathroom, which needed freshening up badly, and for which she would buy some white enamel paint when she went shopping.

While she was preparing luncheon from the left-overs of Sunday's dinner, and the odds and ends in the ice box, the grocery man delivered the five dozen eggs she had ordered to be "put down" for use in December, when they would be far too expensive to be bought in numbers sufficient to supply her family.

The menu for the three meals on Tuesday are:

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Cereal
Poached Egg on Cream Toast
Radishes Coffee

LUNCH
Pea Soup
Canned Pears Cookies
Cocoa

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Sliced Baked Ham Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Fruit Salad

—Copyright 1921.

MOVIE BOSS MADE NO MISTAKE IN STARRING BETTY

Constance Binney Is a Dear—Dean Remains at Isis—Colleen Moore Is 'Blind'

The movie boss knew what he was doing when he made Betty Compson a star.

This is realized after sitting for more than an hour at the Colonial watching the work of Miss Compson in "Prisoners of Love."

You recall that Miss Compson became famous nearly over night for her work as Rose in "The Miracle Man" and for a time we lost trace of her but now she blossoms out as a star in a movie which has a corking good idea back of the story.

Miss Comson possesses an unusual type of beauty, and I take it, that it will be difficult to obtain vehicles for her which will allow the fans to see as much of her natural beauty as possible. She does not rely entirely upon her good looks to win your admiration because she can put a tear into your eye and a little cry of anguish in your throat just as Nazimova can do when she wants to. In her latest movie, Miss Compson does not overact, although the opportunity is there. She appears to have decided that she will employ only legitimate means to obtain certain ends and not to rely upon the tricks of the profession to retain her position as a star.

She has earned successfully the method of producing the tear by making it appear that the only thing she can do is to cry because her dear little heart is just breaking with sadness and before the fan knows what he is doing, he is hunting for something to brush the mist away from his own eyes.

The story of "Prisoners of Love" is a corking good yarn. It concerns Blanche Davis, a rich girl, whose beauty causes men to rave over her. One evening her father takes the position that she is leading men on to such a point that her actions will result in a tragedy. Blanche decides to leave home and goes West. Her father then orders his other daughter not to mention the name of Blanche.

Blanche after landing in San Francisco becomes a stenographer for a law firm and of course James Randolph, one of the firm, falls in love with her. It is mutual, but Randolph's invalid mother asks that they do not marry during her lifetime. This Blanche promises and during the months of waiting Randolph's eyes seek other pretty faces.

Unknown to Blanche, he falls in love with Blanche's younger sister and the two are engaged. In the meantime Blanche's father suffers a stroke and Blanche returns to her father's home to learn the truth. She decides that her sister must be happy and so surrenders Randolph to her sister.

It is the sympathetic manner in which Miss Compson puts over the idea of her sufferings of heart and mind which makes the picture a rich emotional drama.

Opinion: The Colonial has every right to be proud of this picture. Miss Compson deserves to be a star. Her support in this picture is splendid.

At the Colonial all week.—W. D. H.

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MAN IS REFORMED IN "WHEN DAWN CAME."

There are two main themes in "When Dawn Came," a movie which is now in the second day of its engagement at the Park. The first theme concerns the selfish motives of a woman in aiding a young doctor to become famous, which results in the doctor making an awful mess of things. The second theme is how an unselfish blind girl raises the "has-been doctor" from the gutter and makes a man out of him.

When Dr. John Brandon is a mere doctor, doing good in the slums of a big city, he is a real man. He remains such until Norma Ashley, a rich woman, comes along and influences him to give up his work in the slums to become a doctor of rich society folk. Doc gets the society fever, hits the contents of the cellars of his rich patients and becomes a degenerate. The story causes the doctor to hit "dope," but your reviewer can see no excuse for introducing these scenes, as it adds nothing to the story. A man can go to the "dogs" without using "dope."

When the doctor is down in the gutter a kindly priest takes him to a quiet retreat and there Brandon is raised from the depths by the influences of a little blind girl, played by Colleen Moore. She causes the good to triumph in Brandon, which results in the doctor performing an operation which restores her sight.

Miss Moore, as the little blind girl, brings a delicate and a beautiful touch to the last half of the picture. Her work is of a fine nature. L. C. Shumay plays the doctor role and gets out of it all that is in such a mixed role.

"When Dawn Came," other movies and music compose the current bill at the Park.

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CONCERNING DOGS, SNOW AND FIGHTS.

"Kazan" is a strange story and makes a strange movie.

Kazan is a dog of the great north and this dog becomes a member of a wolf pack when its master is killed by McCreedy. While Kazan is a dog, his master is killed by McCreedy. Kazan hears the call of the wild and joins a wolf pack. All of Kazan's animal hatred is directed against mankind until Joan appears on the scene. She is a lovable girl of the north who is traveling with a friend. She is attacked by the wolves and Kazan drives them away. Kazan again recuses her from McCreedy and in the final scenes of the movie, Kazan jumps at the throat of McCreedy and kills him. Kazan then returns to the wolf pack and becomes wilder and happier than ever.

McCreedy.

The dog playing the Kazan "role" is a most remarkable animal. That dog has been wonderfully trained.

"Kazan" will appeal to the men as it is a movie of fights, snow storms, dogs and wolves.

At Mister Smith's all week.

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NICE BUNCH OF CROOKS SEEN IN "MAGIC CUP."

There is a lovable bunch of crooks in "The Magic Cup," which is being used the first half of the week to exploit the beauty and talent of Constance Binney at the Alhambra.

One of the lovable crooks is called "The Patrician,' and another is "Paste" Carsons, and still another is Abe Timbert, a pawnbroker.

When the story starts Constance Binney as Mary Malloy is working in a hotel kitchen. She owns a cup, which her mother gave her. Mary often finds it necessary to pawn the cup to obtain needed money. As the cup had a coat of arms, the members of the gang hanging out at the pawnshop get the idea of letting "The Patrician" become a bogus lord for the purpose of making Mary his granddaughter.

Mary's fortunes changes by the conspiracy in which "The Patrician" claims he is Lord Fitzroy. She remains the victim of the gang until a newspaper reporter lands on the scene with the real lord.

And yet the gang is such a lovable crowd that even the police cannot arrest them. Of course, Mary marries the good-looking newspaper reporter.

"The Magic Cup" is one of those clean, interesting and well-acted affairs which harms no one and gives many a delightful seventy-five minutes.

The Sherwoods are on hand to make the occasion a tuneful one.

At the Alhambra all week. W. D. H.

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CONNIE HAS A GOOD TIME IN "LESSONS IN LOVE."

Constance Talmadge becomes a parlor maid to find out if the man she is to marry really loves her.

Of course she is not really a parlor maid. Mercy, no, but Connie has a mighty good time in her little black dress, white apron and cap.

All this happens in "Lessons In Love," which is a very light affair, but it gives Constance a comedy chance as well as some pretty love scenes. She appears to have a dandy time with Kenneth Harlan, a good-looking chap, for whom Constance turns parlor maid to test his love. Harlan falls in love with the p. m., and in the end when everything gets mixed up, Constance takes off her white cap and apron and shows herself to be the rich Lelia Calthorpe, a society girl.

The movie director even burns down a perfectly fine home to give the dashing Mr. Harlan a chance to rescue Constance from the flames. It's a pity to burn down such good-looking homes when houses are so hard to rent, but the fans yesterday at the Circle liked the fire.

It is interesting to note that Flora Finch, who was one of the comedy assistants of the late John Bunny, returns to the screen in this movie. Her strange type of "beauty" serves her well as Agatha Calthorpe.

"Lessons In Love" is light entertainment, but as long as Constance Talmadge is in the cast everything is lovely, the fans decide.

The current bill at the Circle also has some movies of Mr. Stuart Walker directing a scene from "The Wolf," which opens the stock season at the Murat tonight. The news weekly shows President Harding looking over the fleet.

At the Circle all week.

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PRISCILLA DEAN REMAINS AT THE ISIS.

Priscilla Dean and Lon Chaney are now in the second day of the second week of their engagement at the Isis in the crook play, "Outside the Law." This picture has caught on in fine shape and is doing more than satisfactory business. Several times recently, the Isis has showed the local public that it can play a picture for two weeks with satisfactory results. There is lots of action and pep in this movie and some good acting.

Those who like crook stories will find all the needed elements in "Outside the Law." Lon Chaney plays two roles.

At the Isis all week, in addition to a comedy and special music.

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DOUBLE BILL AT THE REGENT.

Franklyn Farnum in "The Galloping Devil" and Clyde Cook in "The Jockey," make up the double bill which is on view at the Regent all week.

"The Galloping Devil" is the screen version of a novel by B. M. Bowers and concerns the adventures of a cowboy who seldom carries a gun. This cowboy, played by Farnum, takes delight in telling wild stories of adventure to his comrades. Of course the story teller was always the hero of his own stories. He turns out to be a real hero when circumstances make a ranch superintendent out of him. He has some exciting times.

Genevieve Berte and numerous others are in the cast.

At the Regent all week.

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"ON THE STAGE."

Tonight will be an important night at the Murat as Stuart Walker and his company will open his fifth season of stock in this city. The opening bill will be "The Wolf." George Gaul will play one of the important roles.

Mr. Gregory Kelly and his players will open the fourth week of the stock season tonight at English's with "A Tailor Made Man" as the bill. Mr. Kelly will be seen as John Paul Bart, the tailor's helper, who becomes a society sport for a few hours.

Other attractions on view today include: "Under the Apple Tree," at B. F. Keith's; "Girls Will Be Girls," at the Lyric; Elsie Ferguson in "His House in Order," at the Broadway; Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives," at the Rialto, and Anna Q. Nilsson in "Without Limit" and vaudeville at Loew's State.

WEARS PRETTY GOWNS

MISS AGNES AYRES.

Cecil DeMille had to find an actress who could wear pretty gowns like a million dollar doll for his latest movie, "Forbidden Fruit." He decided that Agnes Ayres was just the woman for the job. Those who visited the Ohio last week can testify that Miss Ayres can wear wonderful clothes. So successful has been the Ohio management with "Forbidden Fruit," that the picture is on view all of this week.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory.

"So you are the son of the famous Puss in Boots," said the great giant, whose forest Puss had begun to cut down with his Magic Axe, as I told you in the last story.

"But, tell me," asked the giant, "how could a cat kill a giant? You are making sport of me."

"Well, I'll tell you, then," said Puss. "My father's master was the youngest of three sons. And when his father died the two older brothers received the farm and money, but he was left nothing but a cat. So my father said to him, 'Do just what I tell you and I will make you rich. Give me a bag and have a pair of boots made for me, because of the brambles which scratch my legs, and then you will see what I will do for you.' Well, when the boots were made, my father put them on, and, hanging the bag about his neck, set out for a rabbit warren, where lived great numbers of rabbits.

"And when he got there, he opened his bag and stretched himself out as though he were dead, and waited until some young rabbit should poke his nose into the bag to eat the bran which was inside. And pretty soon along came a young rabbit and as soon as it crept inside the bag to eat the bran my father pulled the strings, and that was the last of the little rabbit.

"Well, after that, my father took the rabbit to the palace and gave it to the king, saying it was a present from his master, my Lord of Carabas, for this was the name he had invented for his young master.

"Well, one day," continued Puss Junior, "my father told his master to go bathing in the river and leave the rest to him.

"And while he was bathing, the king passed by, and my father, Puss in Boots, cried out, 'Help! Help! My Lord of Carabas is drowning!' And of course the king ordered his guards to the rescue and had a new suit of clothes brought for Lord Carabas, and invited him to ride in his coach with him and his beautiful daughter, and by and by they came in sight of a castle which was owned by a wicked ogre."

And in the next story you shall hear the rest of Puss Junior's story about his famous father, Puss in Boots.—Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

PASSIVE SPEECH ORGANS.

Q. Does the palate assist in talking? If so, how? O. P. S.

A. The teeth, the hard palate, and the interior walls of the cheeks merely serve as resonating surfaces in the process of language formation, and hence are sometimes termed the passive organs of speech, in contradistinction to the active organs, which properly include the tongue, the lips and the soft palate.

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