

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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FEDERAL COURT appears to be about the only thing that isn't disturbed by our primaries!

THAT ADVICE about buying coal early will doubtless be heeded if this summer weather continues!

HOW FAMILIAR are some of the names on the list of those defendants who pleaded not guilty to grand jury indictments!

THERE IS HOPE for a political party whose organization turns out as did the Democrats in an effort to prevent primary frauds!

THE IMPRESSION seems to prevail among Democrats that there are a few too many Republicans trying to run their organization.

IF the Congress has no power to regulate primaries as the court decided in the Newberry case, what becomes of the plea for a national primary law?

Tomorrow!

Nothing could be more foolish than to believe for one split second that the city of Indianapolis is going to be made or marred by the nomination or defeat of any candidate in the primaries today.

The citizens of Indianapolis take their politics seriously, but never have they permitted politics to divert them from the really serious business of keeping Indianapolis in the forefront of American cities in a business, civic and financial way.

With almost one accord the people of this community allow the frenzied exponents of one candidate or the other to shout things from the rooftops in the course of a campaign that they would not tolerate at any other time. Almost with one accord they promptly forget everything that was said and settle down to the more serious business of attending to their personal affairs when the ballots are counted.

Two days after an election, primary or otherwise, the political news which means so much to them now becomes distasteful and is forgotten until the several candidates root out their "menaces" and "view with alarm the serious situation that confronts us" and start to shouting again.

Out of this turmoil, in which neighbors make faces at each other and facts and figures are distorted according to the ability of the distorters, there comes only a set of candidates, more or less besmirched, some of whom eventually get into offices where they quickly find that their good intentions are difficult of execution and fond hopes impossible of realization.

The primary fight that we are settling today is no different from those which we have settled heretofore. Indianapolis will survive it, recover from disappointments, forget triumphs and go its serene way toward becoming a better city in which to live, regardless of the dire predictions of calamity howlers.

A year from now the citizen who remembers it at all will wonder why and how the city ever became so excited about the possibilities of nominating this man or the other.

A year from now no one will care particularly whether there is truth or fiction, facts or fancy in the pleas of those who are seeking office.

There will remain only the memory of some things said and done that should not have been said or done—memory of needless jibes and threats.

It is most unfortunate that in this campaign so much should have been done to array class against class; to impugn the motives of honest men and to traduce those who dared stand forth with positive opinions.

But there is a remedy for all that—a very simple remedy, and we sincerely believe that whoever triumphs in this primary will be more than willing to accept of the assistance of the vanquished in the struggle for existence and advancement.

Today we will settle the political differences between us for several months.

Tomorrow let us get together and fill that community chest!

Brotherhood

The influence of one of the greatest ideas in the world, and especially great if made effective, recently appeared in this city, when, in a meeting of citizens given for Minister Sze, and the aid of Armenia and China, clergymen of various denominations offered prayers that a realization might occur that all men of the earth were brothers and that every one had a common fatherhood in God.

In the history of the world, in the terrible strife since progress is recorded unto the present day, no mass consciousness has occurred, that possibly the other fellow had just as good right to live, had just as precious a jewel in life as any one else. Everybody secretly believes even now that the earth is the Lord's and we are the children of the Lord."

Universally those with red blood in their veins shudder at the condition of Armenia and of China—one the result of war and deliberate planning by Germans and Turks, the other the pitiable outcome of drought and flood with its attendant famine. It is most annoying to have all plans upset, normally, but when homes are broken and life becomes a fight for mere existence—not to do what one wants but what one must, in order to keep soul and body together, it is more the pity.

The contribution to any of these funds is a recognition of the brotherhood of man, then why limit such an acknowledgment to times of distress; why not always have it in mind, when wars and conquests are brewing and when decisions of conduct arise?

If the complete acknowledgment of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God is a manifestation of the greatest development of the world today, although occasioned by famine and death, then the converse must also be true, namely, that the failure to apply these truths in life indicates a complete falling away from civilization. The enslavement of one nation by another, as in the time of Moses, the attempting conquest of one people by another, as in recent years show equally a lapse into savagery.

A few days ago, an Armenian youth killed the author or executor of so many horrible atrocities. This occurred in Berlin and it is announced that although the dear Turk was guilty of the darkest crimes, he will be regarded by many as a hero, a patriot and almost as a saint. The Germans offered him an asylum and paid him homage. A great gulf exists between those who pray for the establishment of universal brotherhood and those who approve a life that has brought so much suffering into the world.

It is easier to realize the brotherhood of man among one's own nation than to feel it for men of another race, but to see the same life in little starving children is not so hard.

Why Not?

Now that spring has arrived and that tired feeling is so evident, both in individuals and in public matters, it may not be amiss to question the advisability of erecting several windmills in the Circle, to aid the pumping of water for the cascade of the Monument.

If some were employed, such as have made the level lands of Holland appear picturesque, surely no objections could be raised by the ultra fastidious, from the viewpoint of the beauty of the scene. With say two of these set on each side of the basin, but very little expense would equip them so that they could pump both day and night, during the summer. It would therefore be unnecessary to wait till 11 o'clock in the morning to start the water and indeed, it need not be stopped until long after all good people have gone to bed.

As it now is, a workingman who is employed all day, must go to the Circle Sunday if he wishes to see the waterfall. While several windmills might not be able to keep the flow going all time, they would be such an auxiliary to the present machinery, that at the same expense as is now incurred, the cascade would show to a greater advantage for a longer number of hours daily.

The mills themselves would be novel and worth seeing. One could be a reproduction of the kind that Don Quixote fought; a second could be a reproduction of the one which stands in Sans Souci gardens and which Frederick the Great could not have removed—because it was the means of livelihood of the miller. Then the quaint Holland type could fill in, possibly painted the color of tulips and hyacinths, and with arms covered with black and brown canvas.

Sooner or later—now or a few hundred years at most, must the waste of coal be stopped, so why not begin by installing windmills in the present generation—thereby saving fuel and taxes?

CITY WELCOMES GAUL'S RETURN TO WALKER FOLD

Kelly Players in Fine Comedy—Vane Wins Triumph at Keith's—LeClaire at Lyric

George Gaul has returned to the Stuart Walker Company.

It was accomplished last night when Stuart Walker opened his fifth season at the Murat which marked his 300th performance in this city.

The big theater was nearly packed last night when the curtain rose on the first scene of "The Wolf," a play by Eugene Walker. The curl of smoke from the pipe of Aldrich Bowker as Andrew McTavish, who hates women and everything that is not Scotch, seemed to be a good omen—the sign of success for Mr. Walker and his associates this season.

If the opening performance of each bill goes off one-third as well as the first bill of the season did last night, Mr. Walker will have his most successful season at the Murat this year. I have seen many a first night in the theater but never have I seen as a sincere tribute as was paid to Mr. Walker, Mr. Gaul, Arvid Paulson, a newcomer; Regina Wallace, another new face; John Wray, a favorite of last year; George Sonnes, who is one of the most popular and well-liked character actor, Aldrich Bowker.

The big audience of last night waded through the rain for two purposes. First, was to give Mr. Walker the glad hand and in the second place to express to George Gaul the greatest ovation ever given to any man at the Murat in the experience of the writer.

Each member of the company was royally received on their first appearance last night, but the storm broke loose the minute that George Gaul came on the stage as the hero of "The Wolf."

But Mr. Gaul did not rely just upon his name to put him over last night. He gave a really wonderful performance which showed that the months he spent away from Indianapolis has made him one of the most popular men on Broadway. He has put a "soul" in the character of Jules Beaubien and he has so shaded and blended the various elements of man and nature until the finished product is one of the finest performances I have witnessed at any playhouse since I have been giving you my humble opinions of plays. I am not a Gaul fan, meaning by that—last night was the first night I have seen Gaul as a member of the Walker company. The thing that impressed me last night was that Mr. Gaul played a man's role as a real man would play it. That is the highest compliment that any one who writes of the stage can pay to an actor.

"The Wolf" has only one female character and that is Regina Wallace who gave her first appearance last night with the Walker company. She is a beautiful woman and her beauty does not prevent her from really acting. Her voice seemed to melt away in the terrible calm of the great North. She appeared to understand the hidden longing of Hilda McTavish and when she realized that she loved Jules Beaubien (George Gaul), and that he was a real man and beautiful that a bunch of us on the moment cried or felt like we could if crying was the proper thing on the opening night. That is the highest compliment that any one who writes of the stage can pay to an actor.

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Peter Holtom as the comedian, the "boy" apprentice who predicts stripes and bars for John Pult Bart for cherishing such highbrow ideas, gives a realistic interpretation of lowbrow Peter. Angel Ogden wins many a laugh from the audience with his comedy and beauty as Tanya Husher, the true-hearted, unassuming tailor's daughter, is quite effective.

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Persons whose blithedom is may have an eventful year. They should pay special attention to business.

Children born on this day may meet many obstacles in the way of success, but they should have the power to overcome all.—Copyright, 1921.

A DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER ACTOR



MR. ALDRICH BOWKER.

As Andrew McTavish, the "mad man of the forest," and the harsh father, who sees only the bad in the face of his beautiful daughter, in the play, "The Wolf," Mr. Bowker has given what was

praised last night by his large personal following at the Murat as his finest character portrayal. His work earned

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