

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising offices (Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne Co.
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CONTINUOUS summer sunshine will meet universal approval now.

WHY NOT get busy and patch the chuckholes in our streets before the fall election?

AMONG the good things that ought to be pushed along is the reviving interest in fire protection.

WOULD ANY ONE in Indianapolis be willing to abolish our charities? They cannot live unless we support them.

CONGRESSMEN with lucrative side lines appear to be somewhat doubtful as to the justice of eliminating Judge Landis' baseball income!

Let Us Work Together!

Those citizens of Indianapolis, both Republican and Democratic, who are always actively interested in politics should not overlook the very obvious fact that there are some other things to be done in this community before taking up the question of who is to be elected mayor in November.

Politically speaking, there must be a reorganization of the machinery of both parties. Irving Lemaux, Republican city chairman, has heretofore expressed the opinion that the nomination of Mr. Shank would make it incumbent on him, in fairness to Shank, to tender his resignation from the chairmanship. Mr. Lemaux also expresses the view that it would be a gratification to him to be relieved of the chairmanship, but the wishes of the nominees should be respected, whatever they are.

Thomas Meeker, Democratic city chairman, has lost the confidence of a large part of the Democratic party, without whose active assistance no one could lead the party to victory. Whether he will step down and out remains to be seen. Certainly, if he has the welfare of his party at heart he will not stand in the way of a reorganization that will be the first essential of Democratic success next fall.

Speaking from a civic standpoint, Indianapolis would do well to forget politics for a time, at least. In the interval between the primaries and the election the energy of Indianapolis citizens should be devoted to the betterment of the civic side of the city. There is the community chest to be filled, the civic council to be organized, and a number of other real boosting measures that require unity of purpose and unselfish work.

In the movement for these betterments opportunity will come in a large measure to offset the class distinctions that were so foolishly made in this primary. Working shoulder to shoulder for a bigger and better Indianapolis, some of our opinionated citizens will come to a realization that merely because their neighbors' political views do not coincide with their own they have no real license to assert that their neighbors are "menaces" to the city.

In the months to come this attempt to belittle or stigmatize men of good character because they refuse to be led or coerced politically will be revealed as foolish, baseless and such as to cause shame.

It is greatly to be hoped that it will be forgiven and regarded as it really is—the over-zeal of a politically heated brain.

Nothing, however, will do more in Indianapolis to quench the fires of indignation and division created in the primary than united effort for the public good. Now is the time to turn the energy of Indianapolis people toward nonpolitical improvements in which all may share according to their willingness.

We have before us an election on constitutional amendments which will require the careful consideration of the voters. The leaders of both parties have before them the necessities of reorganization. Until the constitutional election is out of the way there can be no general thought given to the issues of the city campaign.

Let us unite in boosting Indianapolis, rather than divide in an effort to injure the field of candidates from which we will eventually select our next administration.

Value of Husbands

While the Southern States are furnishing examples of peonage, some men up North are asking where they get off. A recent news item tells of a San Francisco woman who divorced her husband but would not sell him, while Peggy Hopkins Joyce, an actress, announces her willingness to give up her husband for a cold million dollars. This is some value to attach to any man.

Naturally a person would rather be sold for a million than to be given away in far off California, especially if any of the million comes to him. Is not a refusal to release a person from contract and a forced detention the crime of peonage? And are not those wives who sell or give away husbands about to incur the righteous wrath of a big government for infraction of law? Rather is not the holding of the husband in servitude peonage?

Since women vote it is indeed a big question how much a good husband is really worth, or what is the value of any husband. True, he cannot legally be sold, and made to stay sold, but may be given away. If it is worth a million dollars for Peggy Hopkins Joyce to part with a husband, it follows there is some compensation in the possession of one by any woman. While he is not required to express his wife's political sentiment at the polls, as he always did in the past, he must be the head of the family, and as such is entitled to a reasonable valuation.

In days long since passed no recovery could be had in court for the causing of the death of a human being, because life was too sacred to measure in coins. Now, in Indiana, one may get as high as ten thousand dollars. While young husbands—the younger the better—are worth so much brides will put no price on them, older ones are not held so highly.

If they are to be sold or given away, let the State appoint a board to place a standard value on them, adopting possibly the limit that the law allows for a dead one, and going up to a million. At least some wives would be happy for a season, if they were immune from prosecution upon obtaining a good bargain at a husband sale.

More Hope!

The announcement that the Rockefeller Institute had preserved life in a chicken heart for nine years by maintaining uniform heat and by proper packing in most interesting.

It is not so much the heart which, of course, is the important part of the experiment to the scientific observers, but it is the treatment which appeals to the layman. It may be possible that a little of the same treatment can be applied to tired legs and a back which occasionally manifests symptoms of lumbago, to the great advantage of both the renewing of youth and the economic benefit of the nation. The joy of making a garden would be enhanced a thousandfold—in fact, more of a garden would be made if only the soreness were removed.

This thing practically solves all the problems of life excepting the rent bill and taxes. With automobiles demonstrating the ability of man to create a starter, by electricity, and with the Rockefeller Institute continuing life indefinitely, older men may take a new lease on life, buck up again and try for first base, anyhow. It is sure that if a fellow can live long enough and not weaken, he will see some remarkable things happen, even in Indianapolis.

Not Typical

William B. Leeds, son of the "Dollar Princess," whose flight to the sick bed of his mother occurred recently and who became engaged to a 17-year-old Russian princess the day after his arrival, certainly suffers some handicap in spite of his immense wealth. He has left his fiancee and gone to London to get a wedding outfit. Had he been in America he could have had the rare pleasure of a spring courtship and obtained his wedding to go by mail order—if necessary.

The spectacle of this 19-year-old boy in the gaze of the public is pathetic, though it is just what he wishes. Scarcely able to form an opinion, too immature even to have the election franchise, he rushes into the promise of matrimony one day; the next he leaves for London to purchase clothes and the little bride-to-be knows nothing of him excepting his huge fortune and two or three days' acquaintance.

The couple will live in America where divorces may be easily obtained, but it must not be thought that this young man is typical of America, for even in haste, as a rule, affairs of life are better ordered.

Expresses Good Will to U. S.



W. M. HUGHES.

William M. Hughes, prime minister of Australia, who sends a message of good will to the people of America, while he will visit shortly on his way to London, England, to attend the conference of prime ministers of all the British possessions, perhaps the most important conference of its kind ever held. Mr. Hughes is a man of many talents. Once he was an umbrella mender, later a wharf laborer in the country over which today he is the guiding hand.

When the party headed by W. D. Boyce, Chicago, and Indianapolis publisher, reached Australia on its mission of propaganda, he sent up many features of the island continent. William M. Hughes, prime minister of Australia, immediately sent Mr. Boyce a letter, welcoming him to Australia and sending through to the American people a message from the people of Australia.

The letter follows:

"Commonwealth of Australia.
"Prime Minister.
"Melbourne, March 4, 1921.
"Dear Mr. Boyce—In extending to you our hearty welcome to Australia, I desire to express the warmest regards of the people of Australia to you and your party visiting the country. We cannot ignore the fact that the bond of blood and language has been strong enough to hold the United States to the United Kingdom, despite the deliberate machinations of the letter follows:

"W. M. HUGHES, Prime Minister.
"W. D. BOYCE, ESQ.
"Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne."

KEEPING HOUSE WITH THE HOOPERS

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a small town in the Midwest, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved, the world over, but 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.)

As soon as luncheon was over and the kitchen put to rights and the fruit mold deserts made for dinner, Mrs. Hooper took Betty over to her mother's to leave for the afternoon while she did her shopping and marketing for the week.

"What are you planning to wear in the way of clothes this week, Mary?" inquired her mother. "I wish you would get a new tailored suit like the one Mrs. Briggs is wearing. Her's is so stylish, and this is the third season you've worn that street suit of yours."

"The fourth, mother," corrected Mrs. Hooper. "I bought it before the war. But you must confess that it looks well. What in the world is the matter with it?"

"Well, it just isn't new," wailed her mother. "I know the skirt has been remodeled and the jacket is up to date and those hand-made linen collar and cuffs make it look smart, but all the neighbors know it is the same old street suit."

"But, mother, I've never minded Mrs. Hooper. I really don't care if the neighbors do know. I bought the original dress four years ago, and at a bargain sale, at that—if I went to the city in it and met a stranger she would certainly think it was this season's suit."

"I know it looks wonderful," acknowledged her mother, "but I hope you are not going to wear it all this season—if only on account of what Mrs. Briggs is wearing."

"I don't know that I can find fault with Mrs. Briggs," said Mrs. Hooper despairingly, "when my own family are always insisting that I must buy new clothes instead of complimenting me on how well I manage to look in my old ones."

"Oh, I know, my dear," conceded her mother, "and that you look well dressed on the little you spend for clothes is a marvel."

"Not at all," contradicted Mrs. Hooper. "It is only a matter of keeping well supplied with fresh accessories, that are always easy to make and that cost so much when you have to buy them. Then keeping your clothes in repair and remaking them, that is up to date is essential—after course having bought good material in the first place."

"When you are not going to buy anything for yourself today?"

"No, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Hooper, as she took off Betty's dress and slipped her into a little wool kimono in which to take her nap at her grandmother's. "I've a wonderful wardrobe planned for the new house, but I'm busy now getting Roger and Helen clothed, and today I shall get Roger his new underwear, and some socks and a couple of shirts that are being sold at a bargain and on Saturday I shall buy him his new summer suit."

"Don't forget Helen's belt, Mary. She needs a little black patent leather one with that rose-colored pongee dress she has for church," reminded her mother as Mrs. Hooper came down stairs after putting Betty to sleep on the couch.

"No, I have that on my list, also," replied Mrs. Hooper. "I know where I can get a splendid one for 50 cents, the will be durable and won't crack."

"Q. How many gorillas are in captivity in the United States?—E. W. A. So far as we are able to ascertain there are no gorillas in captivity in the United States at the present time. The New York Zoo did have one for a number of months, but it died some time ago."

"Yeast CAKE INFORMATION. Q. When dissolving a yeast cake in boiling water impairs its food value? P. H.

A. The Bureau of Chemistry says that dissolving a yeast cake in boiling water will not spoil it, and that it will still retain its food value.

NUMBER MAIL CARRIERS. Q. How many city and rural carriers are there? J. T. B.

A. The Post Office Department says that for the year ending June 30, 1920, there were 36,142 city carriers and 43,332 rural carriers.

Patch House With Home-Made Stone

Possibly you do not know how to put on a stone patch when the necessity arises.

Well, our Washington Information Bureau will give you this up-to-the-minute information on the subject entitled "How to Make and Use Concrete."

It has a recipe bulletin on the subject entitled "How to Make and Use Concrete."

Anybody with this bulletin in hand can mix up a batch of fluid concrete.

It may then be poured into a mold for a doorstop or a desired foundation, a rotten gate post, a garden wall. It hardens, becomes stone, and will endure forever.

This bulletin is one of the series of practical helps to the householder that we offer for free distribution.

You should get every one of them as they are advertised and file them away against the time for need.

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

I enclose herewith 2 cents in stamp for return postage on a free copy of "How to Make and Use Concrete."

Name
Street
City
State

HOROSCOPE

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

FRIDAY, MAY 6.

Jupiter and Uranus rule in benefit aspect today, according to astrology.

Under this sway the mind should be exceedingly alert and fertile in its resourcefulness with power to carry out what is planned.

Love affairs will multiply under this planetary government, but they may be attended with jealousy and unhappiness. Persons whose birthday it is have the augury of a successful year in which money and business or professional interests will increase in value.

Children born on this day will be especially active and independent.—Copy-right, 1921.

"I'm not playing anything," I replied, "and I want to know, however, what you mean when you ask a married woman if—a bachelor is the latest?"

"A baby star certainly goes with that remark!" laughed Envy. "My dear, don't pretend that you're unconscious of the sad fact that since the charming married women monopolize the bachelors, the debutantes will be put up with the married and bachelors. Society certainly is a merry-go-round."

"Don't be cynical, Envy!" I retorted, unsheathing the claws I hadn't known I possessed. "Your role is girlie innocence. Cynicism ages wide blue eyes dreadfully."

"I was trying to be tactful," replied Envy, fixing her blue eyes at their widest on me and evidently giving up the effort. "But you want it straight and down the line. I'm a good girl, I am, and I'm not the sort of girl you're driving that dear boy when you're carrying on—well, it's time a real friend told you."

"I'm not insulting. I won't listen!" I cried, wondering if women ordered other women out of their apartments anywhere except on the stage.

Envy rose, and her voice had an injured, husky sweetness when she spoke again:

"Anne, you act as if we had to mind words. Don't I know there isn't a particle of harm in you! But you drive men

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A New Serial of Young Married Life

By ANN LISLE

CHAPTER CCV.

When Neal passed the restaurant the day I was lunching with Anthony Norris I was helpless, and I knew it. I couldn't leave out across the balcony and shout to Neal, and there went the slightest hope that Envy would call his attention to my presence, or that he'd do anything more than bow even if she did.

Later in the afternoon, when I was back with my husband, I put my pride in my pocket and telephoned Envy. I wanted news of Neal, so I was prepared to let her load over me if only she'd tell me how to get in touch with him.

Envy did neither, but early the next morning the clerk at the Walgrave announced, "Miss Mason calling."

"Send her up," I replied, with mixed emotion.

I didn't expect to enjoy Envy's visit, but I thought it might prove useful to me. I was right—and wrong.

"Is that distinguished looking man you were lunching with yesterday the latest, Anne?" I demanded.

"Oh, don't play Puritan with me!" Envy was amused, and save keeping unhappiness at bay, and he had gone back to work—I put my pride in my pocket and telephoned Envy.

Envy's voice was amused, and save getting vioch as if it were nectar. I'd come over from our country place with Neal. He was staying the weekend with us.

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"I was trying to be tactful," replied Envy, fixing her blue eyes at their widest on me and evidently giving up the effort.

"But you want it straight and down the line. I'm a good girl, I am, and I'm not the sort of girl you're driving that dear boy when you're carrying on—well, it's time a real friend told you."

"Anne, you act as if we had to mind words. Don't I know there isn't a particle of harm in you! But you drive men

to distraction with the warmth of your eyes and hair, and the coldness of your mouth and manner. Tom's mad about you—and you freeze him. And our dear, unstable, reckless, boyish Jimmie—don't you see what you're doing to him?"

"Envy!" I cried in real distress this time. "What do you mean? Sit down and tell me."

"I mean this, Anne Garrison! Jim has to have his own way, or I think he's getting it long with me."

"Oh, little Sir Cat,