

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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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 nominee 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 coin. 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 is 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 fiancée and gone to London to get a wedding outfit. Had he been in America he could have had the rare pleasures of a spring courtship and obtained his wedding togs 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, which 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 self-made man. He once 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 photographing and writing up the many varied 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 him 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 a hearty welcome to Australia, I desire to express appreciation of your object in 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 mutual enemies. Nor can we forget that we fought and bled together in the greatest war of all time. In our outpost of the Pacific, Australia has realized to the full the significance of this mutual regard.

"Not only to us—but to the whole world—continued friendship of the two great Anglo-Saxon races means peace and progress. All that makes for a closer union should be encouraged and anything that threatens it should be condemned. We in Australia look to this sister democracy of America for co-operation in problems of mutual concern. Our destiny, like the destiny of your western States, lies in the Pacific. On the shores of this vast ocean are gathered the bulk of the peoples of the earth. They differ in language, ideals and religion. The rapid modernization of many of these peoples may increase, rather than diminish, the problems which inevitably arise where peoples of different races congregate.

"So we feel that we—the white outpost in the Pacific—may look to the United States with a confidence born of mutual ideals. In our hands lies the destiny of the Pacific and in our common task lies our strongest bond of friendship.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. M. HUGHES, Prime Minister.

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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.

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 doorstep, a decayed foundation, a rotted 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 stamps 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 benefic aspect today, according to astrology.

Neptune is strongly adverse.

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 birthdate 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 quick, active and independent.—Copyright, 1921.

TINNER INJURED IN FALL.

H. C. Black, 60, a tinner, 2336 Hoyt avenue, fell from a ladder at 1505 Union street, yesterday afternoon. He was taken to the city hospital. Black suffered injuries to his head and back.

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 Norreys I was helpless, and I knew it. I couldn't look out across the balcony and shout to Neal, and there wasn't the slightest hope that Evry would call his attention to my presence, or that he'd do anything more than bow even if he did.

Later in the afternoon, when Tony and I had talked our fill about Betty's happiness and the bravery that was keeping unhappiness at bay, and he had gone back to work—I put my pride in my pocket and telephoned Evry. I wanted news of Neal, so I was prepared to let her look over me if only she'd tell me how to get in touch with him. But Evry wasn't home. I left word for her to telephone me that evening or the next morning.

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

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

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

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

"Oh, don't play Puritan with me!" Evry's voice was amused, and she gave me a fleeting glance at her eyes before she dropped again to a study of the scarf.

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

"A baby sister certainly goes with that remark!" laughed Evry. "My dear, don't pretend that you're unconscious of the sad fact that since the charming married women monopolize the bachelors, the debutantes have to put up with the neglected husbands. Society certainly is a merry-go-round."

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

"I was trying to be tactful," replied Evry, fixing her blue eyes at their widest on me and evidently giving up the effort. "But you want it straight and if you haven't any other clever friend in New York, I never forget—what I owe you and Jim. That's to save you from yourselves. If you don't see where you're driving that dear boy the way you're carrying on—well, it's time a real friend told you."

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

Evry rose, and her voice had an injured, husky sweetness when she spoke again: "Anne, you act as if we had to mince 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?"

"Evry!" 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 think he's getting it. I didn't understand that, so I broke with him long ago. I don't want to see another woman—his wife—drive him still nearer the reefs than I did. There was a hidden barb in every word, but the worst was saved for the climax. 'And I'm told that this Mrs. Cosby is warm and alluring and young. Do be careful, Anne, and if you have any trumps—play them.'"

"Are you actually trying to do me a good turn?" I asked, revealing my attitude clearly before I realized it.

"Yes I am—though you may not believe it," said Evry more convincingly than she had ever spoken before. "I'm so the dear boy when I put my pride in the Breakwater Inn Saturday night drinking vichy as if it were nectar. I'd come over from our country place with Neal."

"He was staying last week-end with us. How that nice boy did twice when he saw his sister's husband playing the devoted to a beautiful woman! Now, how do you think he'd have felt if he'd seen you yesterday with your gaunt cavalier?"

"Neal knows me!" I cried. "He wouldn't have thought any harm!"

Evry broke in with a laugh. "Neal's beginning to know the city, too, and what it does to people. He's a man now, Anne. He has a man's way of looking at things—and a man's emotions. He idealizes his 'Babbie,' and I'd be the last to wake him up—unless I had to."

"It wouldn't be loyal to Neal to tell you what he doesn't want you to know. And you must realize how loyal I am to the dear boy when I put my pride in my pocket and come here in spite of the way you always doubt me. If you weren't Neal's sister, I wouldn't have taken all the time I waste with you."

"She left me with the feeling that Neal wasn't my brother any more—merely a friend of hers. As for my friendship with Anthony Norreys, I made up my mind Evry couldn't touch that.—Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Corv.

Now you remember in the last story that Puss had gotten the better of the great giant, who was now his faithful servant. So after kissing Puss Junior's paw in token of submission, he lifted his little master on one shoulder and the six

bags of gold on the other and started off through the forest.

"Wait a minute!" said Puss, for he had forgotten his magic tools, the axe and the pickaxe, you see. So the giant picked them up and put them in his pocket, and then off he went at a tremendous rate.

Well, after awhile, they came in sight of a great castle where lived a lord who was even more wicked than the cruel Bluebeard. And as they drew nearer they heard loud screams like those of some fair lady in distress. And then, all of a sudden, they saw the wicked lord dragging a lovely lady across the courtyard by the hair.

With can stride the giant stepped over the castle wall and stood before the wicked lord.

"Shall I toss him over the moon?" asked the giant.

"No, leave him to me," replied Puss, while the wicked lord trembled and grew as pale as a white swan that swam nearly in a beautiful fountain.

So the Giant lifted the large Puss Junior down to the ground, and as soon as the lovely lady saw him she said:

"Oh, little Sir Cat, I have often heard of you. Were you not at King Arthur's Court, and did you and the good knight, Sir Lancelot, rescue a maiden in distress?"

"We did, fair lady," answered Puss with a bow. And then he turned to the wicked lord, who stood cowering by the fountain.

"My giant servant at a sign from me, will pitch you over the moon. But instead, I will give you a chance. You have the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever lived. Now we will see if you can tell the biggest story, you or I. If you lose, you shall give your castle to this fair lady and take your self off. I don't much care where, but you must never return."

So the wicked lord began to tell the biggest story he could think of.

"I have a bull so large that a man can sit on