

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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SUNDAY appears to be not only a day of rest but also a day of devastation in Indianapolis!

ANYHOW the loss of a township will not make Marion County a less desirable place in which to live!

PITY the county road superintendent! He has to ride around all day Sunday in the county commissioners' bright new automobile!

PERHAPS Mr. Ralston selected the Democratic Club for an opening campaign speech on the theory that many of its members needed conversion to the party cause!

COULD it be possible that Lew Shank and the unimpeachable Leo K. Feeler were associated in the effort to relieve Mr. Swails of his duties as county school superintendent?

THOSE DEMOCRATIC EDITORS who are to meet at Turkey Run for their summer outing evidently believe in shifting the burden of the program on other than editorial shoulders!

Save the Investment!

It is now a matter of general agreement among citizens and taxpayers that in the last two years there has been little judgment displayed in the location of hard surfaced roads throughout Indiana.

The same persons and institutions that were wholly indifferent to the truth of the statements made two years ago, are now pointing out that we have many isolated paved roads which are of little practical benefit for the reason that they are not coupled with main lines of traffic.

The complaint of these citizens is a true one, just as it was true two years or more ago when it was voiced by a few and either ignored or denounced by the very people who are now seeking to stir the community over it.

We have little sympathy with that false bid for popularity that comes from those who sit idly by and watch a defective program placed in operation in order that they may complain of it at a later date.

The time to have protested against the "skip-stop" method of building permanent highways in Indiana was before the money was sunk in these isolated sections of roads. It was when the Indiana Daily Times first told the people of the State what the highway commission under the miserable misdirection of L. H. Wright and James P. Goodrich was doing with the millions in the highway funds.

Then, as usual, those "good roads advocates" who are now railing about the heavy taxes borne by property owners were lending support to the waste of money by denouncing criticism of methods as opposition to hard roads.

We have today, in Indiana, a great many miles of paved roads. They are isolated, disconnected, useless and expensive. They start from no place and they return to no place. To make use of them the traveler must pursue a winding route, encounter almost impossible highways and waste time, fuel and effort on the stretches of poor roads to an extent that overbalances the benefits of the good roads.

This is, of course, wholly reprehensible and entirely at variance with the theory of good highways. But it is a condition that has resulted from the indifference and selfishness of the property owners themselves.

It is also a condition that must be improved before the State will reap any benefits from the millions of dollars it has invested in hard-surfaced roads.

We have invested our money in roads that can only pay a return on the investment when other roads are built to make them accessible.

It would be the poorest kind of business judgment to abandon the isolated good roads and refuse to build the connecting links.

Because of the foolishness that permitted the Wrights and the Goodriches to misdirect our earlier investments in good roads we must increase the investment to obtain any return on it.

No one with business sense will oppose the building of the connecting links that will make possible the advantageous use of those isolated highways which have cost us millions and which are not without value except to those who live along them.

Shocking!

Added to the uncertainty as to taxes that hovers like a grim specter over the residents of Marion County there seems to be a possibility that almost any low descending sun will find the government reversed and revised for better or for worse.

Driving into the city from a peaceful township not so many miles from the monument for the purpose of marketing his hogs at an uncertain price, a farmer may never be able to get back into his home township.

For out of the cloudless sky that portends no more serious a change than the natural variation of the day's temperature may come an upheaval in the government and lo, where two townships stood yesterday only one may exist today.

Yet, even in revolution there has been progress in Marion County. In days of old, when there was more attention paid to self-government and county boards were less paternalistic in their progress, the average citizen either had, or thought he had, a voice in the government. In the pristine glory of his citizenship he little reckoned that the time would come when a board might meet in the seclusion of the four walls of a courthouse that is not paid for, and there determine, without a "by your leave" or "if it pleases" to wipe from under him the very township in which he lives.

Candidly speaking, the suddenness of the abolishment of Pike Township rather gets on the nerves. Perhaps it is unnecessarily alarming, but it nevertheless tends to make one wonder if our bold and brave county commissioners will not some day decide that Marion County's interests will be best served by secession from the Union.

Indeed, it would be no more startling to the county at large to discover at the close of one of the commissioners' meetings that Marion County had annexed herself to Kentucky, than it is for the residents of what was once Pike Township to discover that between breakfast and lunch they have suddenly become residents of Wayne Township and Pike is no more.

Such rude jolts to placidity as this one, administered by a board that has long slept so quietly are disconcerting at least.

In the interest of those among us who are not used to such shocks we suggest that when the commissioners determine to abolish another township they have the courtesy to give at least twelve hours' notice to the township most interested.

A Bit Thick!

Out of the mass of unintelligible statements that are being issued by city officials relative to the street car situation it appears that the principal point of contention between the city and the company over the surrender of the company's franchise is the requirement that the company pave between street car tracks.

Heretofore the company has been compelled to place the streets between its tracks and eighteen inches on each side in the same condition as the rest of the street. In other words, the patrons of the street car company have been directly taxed to help the property owners along a paved street bear the expense of paving that street.

There has been no complaint of this tax on street car riders because it has not been appreciated. When the total cost of a street car ride, including this tax, was less than 5 cents there was no objection to the tax.

Now, however, this tax, combined with other costs, makes it impossible for the company to maintain service at the 5-cent rate.

The question then, is whether the cost of a street car ride shall remain below 5 cents and the street car patrons cease to pave streets, or whether the street car patrons shall continue to pave streets and pay more than 5 cents for street car rides.

As to the justice of street car patrons paving streets there can be a wide difference of opinion but it is difficult to understand the equity in assessing a street car rider who uses the Shelby street line for the paving of North Illinois street.

And it is not at all difficult to understand how the property owner in North Illinois street benefits by the paving of the street, especially when a large part of it is paid for by the street car riders of the whole city.

The appeal of the city administration for favor because it is insisting that the street car patrons pave part of the city streets is as fallacious as its recent appeal for the nomination of Mr. Thomas C. Howe.

And it ought to be rejected by an equally large vote of the people.

THE KELLY PLAYERS PUT THE JAZZ IN COHAN COMEDY

Drama on View at Murat—Choice Summer Vaudeville Offered

George M. Cohan has given us three things.
He has written something which he calls a comedy but I brand it satire. In writing "A Prince There Was," Cohan has written a satire—Bland, valet; Mrs. Prouty, a New York boarding house keeper, and Jack Carruthers, a magazine editor.

Gregory Kelly in casting this Cohan affair placed the three right people in the three big roles. Byron Beasley gives a polish to the role of Jack Carruthers which brightens up the whole affair. Wallis Clark as Bland, the devoted valet to the "Prince" has given us David Warfield acting. Angela Ogden as Mrs. Prouty, the boarding house keeper, appears to have stepped from the album of life, so wonderfully realistic is her work.

I was one of the few who did not relish the work of the Kelly players in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and last night I was a little afraid that Mr. Kelly would fail to grasp the rapid action and cunning satire of Mr. Cohan. That idea was wiped away and thrown in my mental ash barrel the minute the play started.

The play actually made Gregory Kelly as Charles Martin, the "Prince," who invades the Prouty boarding house to brighten the lives of the "want-to-be" by giving them an opportunity to be somebody, spend up his work in this Cohan satire. The program calls it a comedy but it is sparkling satire—a burlesque, if you please, on the Pollyanna craze. The play is a delightful footling. At the close of the first act, Mr. Kelly opens the Cohan speed lever and runs away with the Cohan idea.

It is immense to see Kelly open the speed clutch for once as it shows that he is an actor who is not fitted for just one sort of a role. Cohan has given Mr. Kelly a "bully" role.

Miss Ruth Gordon as Katherine Woods, the great satirist, is doing a pretty good job of putting over the play. Elizabeth Black as Comfort, the younger, who opens fairly to the "Prince," is charmingly effective. She does not overdo the role and that is saying a whole lot.

Another breezy bit of work is that of Wallace Ford as Short, the cheap movie actor, who thinks he is a detective. Mr. Ford grasps the Cohan idea and spends the satire along to a merry finish.

"A Prince There Was," to my way of thinking, is Cohan's idea of "adding the actor as the playwright." To me it is cunning and smart satire on the mush and mild comedy drama.

The audience last night acted beautifully and lavished their applause on Mr. Kelly.

Miss Ruth Gordon, and all the other players, Angela Ogden, Byron Beasley and Wallis Clark.

And the prettiest part of the show was the great satirist, the "Prince," who exhibited in the audience-like the work of other members of his company.

Opinion—"A Prince There Was" is a comedy and a masterpiece.

On view at English's last week.

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RECEIVED APPLAUSE



MISS ANGELA OGDEN.

A wonderful thing happened at English's last night. The audience decided to scatter some individual compliments. The big ovation of the evening went to the "Prince" who played the role of Charles Martin. Mrs. Prouty, the boarding house keeper in Cohan's "A Prince There Was," Mrs. Prouty never questioned the life of a boarding house as he paid a week in advance. Miss Ogden, with her long black silk skirt, a loud but "strict" shortwaist and her bluffing manner has grasped the truthful satire of Cohan and in the rapid work she has called into play for a role for truthful acting. The audience last night acted beautifully and lavished their applause on Mr. Kelly.

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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 found. 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.)

TUESDAY.

When Helen came into the kitchen where her mother was busy preparing dinner, long after her usual time for returning from school, Mrs. Hooper waited for her to make some excuse for her lateness without asking any questions as to where she had been or why she was so late.

But Helen said nothing as she began to gather up the dishes in the pantry and she had made several trips to the dining room before her mother said anything.

"What made you so late getting home?" asked Mrs. Hooper.

"Well, I went up to Edna Jackson's again," replied Helen.

"I thought you were not to go to Edna's again without asking me if you might do so," said her mother sternly.

"I know it, mother, and I'm very sorry," replied the child, looking up against the pantry door and looking straight at her mother. "But, you see, Edna came along when I was passing the drugstore, and she wanted so much to have me come up and see her again that I just went. I'm sorry I stayed so late."

"It isn't a question of your being late, Helen. It is your disobedience and several other things that we will have a little talk about right after dinner if you will go to your room," answered Mrs. Hooper, giving Helen no chance to go into any details about a second visit to the Jackson house on the hill where her mother knew positively that she had never been.

The washing machine had continued its satisfactory service, and Mrs. Hooper really felt that she would soon begin to enjoy Tuesday mornings in the laundry nearly as well as she did her afternoons in the school.

The dining room rug had been sent to the cleaners and would be returned on Friday in time to be put down on the freshly waxed floor, but as she had undeterred that her trusty washing machine would take care of the rugs on the bedroom floors—she had tested it out with the one in Helen's room, which was of a washable variety but too large to be handled ordinarily in the home laundry. The last time it had been washed, Mrs. Hooper tried putting it out on the grass and scrubbing it thoroughly with warm water and soap, but it had been a long time since she had done that.

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