Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.
Telephones—Main 3500, New 28-351

MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising offices { Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne Co. New York, Boston, Payne, Burns & Smith, Inc.

FORMER GOVERNOR GOODRICH'S persuasive powers failed with the farmers again.

PEGGY JOYCE'S latest experience shows what an ambitious young woman with passable looks can accomplish.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR held a revival in Wall Street, apparently thinking a missionary movement was needed.

THE CITY is planning to build a new fire engine house in West Indianapolis. Apparently disannexation talk pays.

JUST WHEN the price of wheat was getting down to Harding's idea of normal the weather bureau comes along and says the new crop has been damaged by the heat.

Easily Understood!

In the light of knowledge that the Indianapolis Humane Society has failed in its publicly made pledge to exercise a proper supervision over the animal experimentation work at the Indiana Medical College, it is not difficult to understand why President Roberts seeks refuge under a policy of impossible secrecy relative to the society's affairs.

But it is strange that a man who has no more conception of the society's relationship to the public than to imagine that it can be secretly operated should continue to be its president.

The humane society is a public institution, maintained by the public for a public purpose. Police officers are assigned to work under it and it assumes certain public duties. Not the least of these public duties is the one voluntarily assumed by the society in reference to the medical college.

No doubt the college believed, when it voluntarily agreed to inspection and supervision of its dogs by the society, that the society would stand as a buffer between it and unjust criticism of its work with dogs. The society can never be of any benefit to the college while it endeavors to suppress reports of improper treatment of the animals it is presumed to protect.

Mr. Roberts, in a public statement, assumes that The Times is unfriendly to the society and accuses it of misrepresentation of the humane officers.

He is, of course, correct in the assumption that The Times is unfriendly to any individual or society that not only shirks a public trust, but endeavors to deceive the public into believing that it is performing its public duty when, in fact, its own members are in rebellion over its betrayal of public trust.

The humane society has recently expended a percentage of the money it solicited from the public last winter in the erection of a shelter home for dumb animals. It plans, in the near future, to ask the city of Indianapolis to make a contract with it for the care of dogs now in the dog pond.

When this request is made the council will be asked to appropriate a sum of money from the public treasury to the treasury of a society whose board of directors have announced a policy of absolute secrecy as to their activities and have admittedly failed in the carrying out of a public pledge to protect dumb animals.

There will, of course, be opposition to entrusting public money or further public duties to a society whose officers fear to make public the records of their activities and whose members admit failure to keep faith with the public.

Some Logic!

Logic appears to have no part in the campaign of the opponents of decent schools in Indianapolis. They are now basing their opposition to a bond issue of $847,000 for four schools on the theory that the erection of these four schools would exhaust the ability of the school city to erect any schools in the future.

And in order that the school city may erect schools in the future they argue that it should not erect schools now.

Of course, the fact that schools are needed now does not enter into the question at all. Nor does the fact that schools will continue to be needed more each year appear to bother the remonstrators. They take the viewpoint that because the debt limit of the school city exists it never should be approached.

Carrying this theory to its logical conclusion it would justify the closing of all the schools on the theory that enough money could be saved with the schools closed for a few years to build fine schools in the future. This might be fine for the grandchildren of some of the hired opponents of good schools now, but it is a little tough on the school children of today.

However, the remonstrators against decent schools in Indianapolis are entitled to some consideration in their quest for an argument to support their obstructive tactics.

First they argued that the schools were unnecessary and lost.

Then they argued that the schools could be built for less and lost.

Now they are arguing that if we do not build schools now we will save the money that we should put into schools and later on we will have the money, even though we do not have the schools.

But bear in mind that these remonstrators are not opposed to schools at all.

They merely wish to avoid contributing their share of the cost of schools by forcing the children to go without them.

How About It?

Those citizens of Indianaplois who are desirous of having the city and the county unite with the State in the erection of a war memorial must be vitally interested in the outcome of the fight before the State tax board to obtain approval of a bond issue for school building purposes.

If this community cannot afford to build school buildings adequately to house its school children, can it afford to dedicate a plaza?

If Indianapolis is too poor to spend $870,000 for sanitary, fireproof school buildings to replace insanitary fire-traps is it not too poor to spend several million dollars on a plaza?

Do those soldiers who offered up their lives to protect the children of America from the Huns wish a war memorial erected to them with money that might otherwise be spent properly to house their children?

Indianapolis can never afford to take the position that it is too poor to build schools for its children but not too poor to dedicate a plaza to the memory of the world war veterans.

The State tax board will pass on the question of whether Indianapolis is too poor to build needed school buildings.

The qualified voters of the city will pass on the question of whether millions shall be spent for the plaza.

And if the tax board decides that this community must do without school buildings, proponents of the war memorial will find that their antagonists have been provided by that decision with the most effective argument that could be convinced for the defeat of the memorial project.

Poor Sam!

Sam Ashby, corporation counsel under Mayor Jewett, is a first-class lawyer. He is also a hard-working, sincere gentleman who possesses a tenacious spirit and dislikes to acknowledge defeat.

When the street car company sought relief from the 4-cent ticket fare, which was admittedly too low to sustain it during the war, Sam Ashby opposed the relief. He was instrumental in forcing the street car company to go to the Supreme Court of Indiana to establish its right to the relief it sought. Sam did not then shy from a defense of what he regarded as the public's rights, even though it was necessary to enter the courts to determine the issue.

More recently, the gas company obtained a rate increase from the public service commission by convincing the commission that there was a group of financiers waiting to put the company in the hands of a receiver if the rate increase was not granted.

Mr. Ashby carefully refrained from going into the courts to protect what he argued was the rights of the public.

Ashby did not refrain because he wanted to.

It might be well to remember that the corporation counsel is subject to the orders of the mayor and the mayor has never been particularly interested in defending the public rights, especially not when the defense might prove embarrassing to his political sponsors.

The Atavism of John Tom Little Bear

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1920, by Doubleday, Page & Co., Published by special arrangement with the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

(Continued From Page One.)

Little Bear, bit off the right ear of the arts of culture and education and spun the teetotum back round to where it was when Columbus was a little boy? I did not?

"John Tom Little Bear was an educated Cherokee Indian and an old friend of mine when I was in the Territories. He was a graduate of one of them eastern football colleges that have been so successful in teaching the Indian to use the gridiron instead of burning his victims at the stake. As an Anglo-Saxon, John Tom was copper-colored in spots. As an Indian, he was one of the whitest men I ever knew. As a Cherokee, he was a gentleman on the first ballot. As a ward of the Nation he was mighty hard to carry at the primaries.

"John Tom and me got together and began to make medicine—how to get up some lawful, genteel swindle which we might work in a quiet way so as not to excite the stupidity of the police or the cupidity of the larger corporations. We had close upon $500 between us and we pined to make it grow, as all respectable capitalists do.

"So we figured out a proposition which seems to be as honorable as a gold mine prospectus and as profitable as a church raffle. And inside of thirty days you find us swarming into Kansas with a pair of fluent horses and a red camping wagon on the European plan. John Tom is Chief Wish-Heap-Dough, the famous Indian medicine man and Samaritan Sachem of the Seven Tribes. Mr. Peters is business manager and half owner. We needed a third man, so we looked around and found J. Conyngham Binkly leaning against the want column of a newspaper. This Binkly has a disease for Shakespearean roles and an hallucination about a 200 nights' run on the New York stage. But he confesses that he never could earn the butter to spread on his William S. roles, so he is willing to drop to the ordinary baker's kind and be satisfied with a 200-mile run behind the medicine ponies. Besides Richard III, he could do twenty-seven coon songs and banjo specialties and was willing to cook, and curry the horses. We carried a fine line of excuses for taking money. One was a magic soap for removing grease spots and quarters from clothes. One was a Sum-wah-tah, the great Indian Remedy, made from a prairie herb revealed by the Great Spirit in a dream to his favorite medicine men, the great chiefs McGarrity and Silberstein, bottlers, Chicago. And the other was a frivolous system of pickpocketing the Kansasters that had the department stores reduced to a decimal fraction. Look ye! A pair of silk garters, a dream book, one dozen clothespins, a gold tooth and 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' all wrapped up in a genuine Japanese silkarina handkerchief and handed to the handsome lady by Mr. Peters for the trivial sum of 50 cents, while Professor Binkly entertains us in a three-minute round with the banjo.

"'Twas an eminent graft we had. We ravaged peacefully through the State, determined to remove all doubt as to why 'twas called bleeding Kansas. John Tom Little Bear, in full Indian chief's costume, drew crowds away from the parchesi sociables and Government ownership conversaziones. While at the football college in the East he had acquired quantities to rhetoric and the art of calisthenics and sophistry in his classes, and when he stood up in the red wagon and explained to the farmers, eloquent, about chilblains and hypermesthesia of the cranium; Jeff couldn't hand out the Indian Remedy fast enough for 'em.

"One night we was camped on the edge of a little town out west of Salina. We always camped near a stream, and put up a little tent. Sometimes we sold out of the Remedy unexpected, and then Chief Wish-Heap-Dough would have a dream in which the Manitou commanded him to fill up a few bottles of Sum-wah-tah at the most convenient place. 'Twas about 10 o'clock and we'd just got in from a street performance. I was in the tent with the lantern, figuring up the day's profits. John Tom hadn't taken off his Indian make-up, and was sitting by the campfire minding a fine sirloin steak in the pan for the professor till he finished his hair-raising scene with the trained horses.

"All at once out of dark bushes comes a pop like a firecracker, and John Tom gives a grunt and digs out of his bosom a little bullet that has dented itself against his collar bone. John Tom makes a dive in the direction of the fireworks, and comes back dragging by the collar a kid about 9 or 10 years young, in a velveteen suit, with a little nickel-mounted rifle in his hand about as big as a fountain pen.

"'Here, you pappoose,' says John Tom, 'what are you gunning for with that bowitzer? You might hit somebody in the eye. Come out, Jeff, and mind the steak. Don't let it burn, while I investigate this demon with the pea shooter.'

"'Cowardly redskin,' says the kid like he was quoting from a favorite author. 'Dare to burn me at the stake and the paleface will sweep you from the prairies like—like everything. Now, you lemme go, or I'll tell mamma.'

"John Tom plants the kid on a campstool, and sits down by him. 'Now, tell the big chief,' he says, 'why you try to shoot pellets into your Uncle John's eyes. Didn't you know it was loaded?'

"'Are you a Indian?' asks the kid, looking up cute as you please at John Tom's buckskin and eagle feathers. 'I am,' says John Tom. 'Well, then, that's why,' answers the boy, swinging his feet. 'I nearly let the steak burn watching the nerve of that youngster.

"'O-ho!' says John Tom. 'I see. You're the Boy Avenger. And you've sworn to rid the continent of the savage redman. Is that about the way of it, son?'

"The kid halfway nodded his head. And then he looked glum. 'Twas indecent to wring his secret from his bosom before a single brave had fallen before his parlor rifle.

"'Now, tell us where your wigwam is, pappoose,' says John Tom—'where you live? Your mamma will be worrying about you being out so late. Tell me, and I'll take you home.'

"The kid grins. 'I guess not,' he says. 'I live thousands and thousands of miles over there.' He gyrated his hand toward the horizon. 'I come on the train,' he says, 'by myself. I got off here because the conductor said my ticket had expirated.' He looks at John Tom with sudden suspicion. 'I bet you ain't a Indian,' he says. 'You don't talk like a Indian. You look like one, but all a Indian can say is 'heap good' and 'paleface die.' Say, I bet you are one of them make-believe Indians that sell medicine on the streets. I saw one once in Quincy.'

"'You never mind,' says John Tom, 'whether I'm a cigar-sign or a Tammany cartoon. The question before the council is what's to be done with you. You've run away from home. You've been reading Howells. You've disgraced the profession of boy avengers by trying to shoot a tame Indian, and never saying: 'Die, dog of a redskin!' You have crossed the path of the Boy Avenger nineteen times too often. What do you mean by it?'

"The kid thought for a minute. 'I guess I made a mistake,' he says. 'I ought to have gone farther West. They find 'em wild out there in the canons.' He holds out his hand to John Tom, the little rascal. 'Please excuse me, sir,' says he, 'for shooting at you. I hope it didn't hurt you. But you ought to be more careful. When a scout sees a Indian in his war dress his rifle must speak.' Little Bear give a big laugh with a whoop at the end of it, and swings the kid ten feet high and sets him on his shoulder, and the runaway fingers the frings and the eagle feathers and is full of joy the white man knows when he dangles his heels against an inferior face. It is plain that Little Bear and that kid are chums from that on. The little renegade has already smoked the pipe of peace with the savage; and you can see in his eye that he is figuring on a tomahawk and a pair of mocassins, children's size.

"We have supper in the tent. The youngster looks upon me and the professor as ordinary braves, only intended as a background to the camp scene. When he is seated on a box of Sum-wah-tah, with the edge of the table sawing his neck, and his mouth full of beefsteak, Little Bear calls for his name. 'Roy,' says the kid, with a sirloiny sound to it. But when the rest of it and his post-office address is referred to, he shakes his head. 'I guess not,' he says. 'You'll send me back. I want to stay with you. I like this camping out. At home, we fellows had a camp in our back yard. They called me Roy, the Red Wolf! I guess that'll do for a name. Gimme another piece of beefsteak, please.'

"We had to keep that kid. We knew there was a hullabaloo about him somewhere, and that mamma and Uncle Harry, and Aunt Jane, and the chief of police were hot after his trail, but not another word would he tell us. In two days he was the mascot of the Big Medicine outfit, and all of us had a sneaking hope that his owners wouldn't turn up. When the red wagon was doing business he was in it, and passed up the bottles to Mr. Peters as proud and satisfied as a prince that's abjured a 200-crown for a million-dollar parvenuess. Once John Tom asked him something about his papa. 'I ain't got any papa,' he says. He runned away and left us. He made my mamma cry. Aunt Lucy says he's a shape.' 'A what?' somebody asks him. 'A shape,' says the kid; 'some kind of a shape—lemme see—oh, yes, a feendenu man shape. I don't know what it means.' John Tom was for putting our brand on him, and dressing him up like a little chief, with wampum and beads, but I vetoed it. 'Somebody's lost that kid, in my view of it, and they may want him. You let me try him with a few strategems, and see if I can't get a look at his visiting card.'

"So that night I goes up to Mr. Roy Blank by the camp-fire, and looks at him contemptuous and scornful. 'Snickenwitzel!' says I, like the word made me sick; 'Snickenwitzel! Rah! Before I'd be named Snickenwitzel!'

"'What's the matter with you, Jeff?' says the kid, opening his eyes wide.

"'Snickenwitzel!' I repeats, and I spat the word out. 'I saw a man today from your town, and he told me your name. I'm not surprised you was ashamed to tell it. Snickenwitzel! Whew!'

"'Ah, here, now,' says the boy, indignant and wriggling all over, 'what's the matter with you? That ain't my name. It's Conyers. What's the matter with you?'

"'And that's not the worst of it,' I went on quick, keeping him hot and not giving him time to think. 'We thought you was from a nice, well-to-do family. Here's Mr. Little Bear, a chief of the Cherokees, entitled to wear nine otter tails on his Sunday blanket, and Professor Binkly, who plays Shakespeare and the banjo, and me, that's got hundreds of dollars in that black tin box in the wagon, and we've got to be careful about the company we keep. That man tells me your folks live 'way down in little old Hencoop Alley, where there are no sidewalks, and the goats eat off the table with you.'

"That kid was almost crying now. 'Taint so,' he splutters. 'He—he don't know what he's talking about. We live on Poplar av'noo. I don't 'sociate with goats. What's the matter with you?'

"'Popular avenue,' says I, sarcastic. 'Poplar avenue! That's a street to live on! It only runs two blocks and then falls off a bluff. You can throw a keg of nails the whole length of it. Don't talk to me about Popular avenue.'

"'It's—it's miles long,' says the kid. 'Our number's 862 and there's lots of houses after that. What's the matter with—aw, you make me tired, Jeff.'

"'Well, well, now,' says I. 'I guess that man made a mistake. Maybe it was some other boy he was talking about. If I catch him I'll teach him to go around slandering people.' And after supper I goes uptown and telegraphs to Mrs. Conyers, 862 Poplar avenue, Quincy, Ill., that the kid is safe and sassy with us, and will be held for further orders. In two hours an answer comes to hold him tight, and she'll start for him by next train.

"The next train was due at 6 p. m. the next day, and me and John Tom was at the depot with the kid. You might scour the plains in vain for the big Chief Wish-Heap-Dough. In his place is Mr. Little Bear in the human habiliments of the Anglo-Saxon sect; and the leather of his shoes is patented and the loop of his necktie is copyrighted. For these things John Tom had grafted on him at college along with metaphysics and the knockout guard for the low tackle. But for his complexion, which is some yellowish, and the black mop of his straight hair, you might have thought here was an ordinary man out of the city directory that subscribes for magazines and pushes the lawn mower in his shirt-sleeves of evnings.

"Then the train rolled in, and a little woman in a gray dress, with sort of illuminating hair, slides off and looks around quick. And the Boy Avenger sees her, and yells, 'Mamma,' and cries, 'O!' and they meet in a clinch, and now whenever he does there is heap much doing in the lodges of the palefaces, who wear blue and carry the club.

"At half past nine Professor Binkly is rolled in his quilt snoring in blank verse, and I am sitting by the fire listening to the frogs. Mr. Little Bear slides into camp and sits down against a tree. There is no symptoms of firewater.

"'Jeff,' says he, after a long time, 'a little boy came West to hunt Indians.'

"'Well, then?' says I, for I wasn't thinking as he was.

"'And he bagged one,' says John Tom, 'and 'twas not with a gun, and he never had on a velveteen suit of clothes in his life.' And then I began to catch his smoke.

"'I know it,' says I. 'And I'll bet you his pictures are on valentines and fool men are his game, red and white.

"'You win on 'the red,' says John Tom, calm. 'Jeff, for how many ponies do you think I could buy Mrs. Congers?'

"'Scandalous talk!' I replies. 'Tis not a paleface custom.' John Tom laughs loud and bites into a cigar. 'No,' he answers; 'tis the savage equivalent for the dollars of the white man's marriage settlement. Oh, I know. There's an eternal wall between the aces. If I could do it, Jeff, I'd put a torch to every white college that a redman has ever set foot inside. Why don't you leave us alone,' he says, 'to our own ghost-dances and dog-feasts, and our dingy squaws to cook our grasshopper soup and darn our moccasins?'

"'Now, you sure don't mean disrespect to the perennial blossom chitted education?' says I, scandalized, 'because I wear it in the bosom of my own intellectual shirt-waist. I've had education,' says I, 'and never took any harm from it.'

"'You lasso us,' goes on Little Bear, not noticing my prose insertions, 'and teach us what is beautiful in literature and in life, and how to appreciate what is fine in man and women. What have you done to me?' says he. 'You've made me a Cherokee Moses. You've taught me to hate the wigwams and love the white man's ways. I can't look over into the promised land and see Mrs. Conyers, but my place is—on the reservation.'

"Little Bear stands up in his chief's dress, and laughs again. 'But, white man Jeff,' he goes on, 'the paleface provides a resource. 'Tis a temporary one, but it gives a respite and the name of it is whisky.' And straight off he walks up the path to town again. 'Now,' says I, in my mind, 'may the Manitou move him to do only bailable things this night!' For, sure enough, that Tom Tom is about to avail himself of the white man's solace.

"Maybe it was 10:30, as I sat smoking, when I hear pit-a-pats on the path, and here comes Mrs. Conyers running, her hair twisted up any way, and a look on her face that says burglars and mice and the flour's all out rolled in one. 'Oh, Mr. Peters,' she calls out, as they will 'oh, oh!' I made a quick think, and I spoke the gist of it out loud. 'Now,' says I, 'we've been brothers, me and that Indian, but I'll make a good one of him in two minutes if——'

"'No, no, she says, wild and cracking her knuckles, 'I haven't seen Mr. Little Bear. 'Tis my—husband. He's stolen my boy. Oh,' she says, 'just when I had him back in my arms again! That heartless villain! Every bitterness life knows,' she says, 'he's made me drink. My poor little lamb, that ought to be warm in his bed, carried off by that fiend!'

"'How did all this happen?' I ask. 'Let's have the facts.'

"'I was fixing his bed,' she explains, and Roy was playing on the hotel porch and he drives up to the steps. I heard Roy scream, and ran out. My husband had him in the buggy then. I begged him for my child. This is what he gave me.' She turns her face to the light. There is a crimson streak running across her cheek and mouth. 'He did that with his whip,' she says.

"'Come back to the hotel,' says I, 'and we'll see what can be done.'

"On the way she tells me some of the wherefores. When he slashed her with the whip he told her he found out she was coming for the kid, and he was on the same train. Mrs. Conyers had been living with her brother, and they'd watched the boy always, as her husband had tried to steal him before. I judge that man was worse than a street railway promoter. It seems he had spent her money and slugged her and killed her canary bird, and told it around that she had cold feet.

"At the hotel we found a mass meeting of five infuriated citizens chewing tobacco and denouncing the outrage. Most of the town was asleep by 10 o'clock. I talks the lady some quiet, and tells her I will take the 1 o'clock train for the next town, forty miles east, for it is likely that the esteemed Mr. Conyers will drive there to take the cars. 'I don't know,' I tells her, 'but what he has legal rights; but if I find him I can give him an illegal left in the eye, and tie him up for a day or two, anyhow, on a disturbal of the peace proposition.'

"Mrs. Conyers goes inside and cries with the landlord's wife, who is fixing some catnip tea that will make everything all right for the poor dear. The landlord comes out on the porch, thumbing his one suspender, and says to me:

"'Ain't had so much excitements in town since Bedford Steegall's wife swallered a spring lizard. I seen him through the winder hit her with the buggy whip, and everything. What's that suit of clothes cost you you got on? 'Pears like we'd have some rain, don't it? Say, doc, that Indian of yorn's on a kind of a whizz tonight, ain't he? He comes along just before you did, and I told him about this here occurrence. He gives a cur'us kind of a hoot, and trotted off. I guess our constable'll have him in the lock-up 'fore morning.'

"I thought I'd sit on the porch and wait for the 1 o'clock train. I wasn't feeling saturated with mirth. Here was John Tom on one of his sprees, and this kidnapping business losing sleep for me. But then, I'm always having trouble with other people's troubles. Every few minutes Mrs. Conyers would come out on the porch and look down the road the way the buggy went, like she expected to see that kid coming back on a white pony with a red apple in his hand. Now, wasn't that like a woman? And that brings up cats. 'I saw a mouse go in this hole,' says Mrs. Cat; 'you can go prize up a plank over there if you like; I'll watch this hole.'

"About a quarter to 1 o'clock the lady comes out again, restless, crying easy, as females do for their own amusement, and she looks down that road again and listens. 'Now, ma'am,' says I, 'there's no use watching cold wheel tracks. By this time they're halfway to ——' 'Hush,' she says, holding up her hand. And I do hear something coming 'flip-flap' in the dark; and then there is the awfullest war-whoop ever heard outside of Madison Square Garden at a Buffalo Bill matinee. And up the steps and on to the porch jumps the disrespectable Indian. The lamp in the hall shines on him, and I fail to recognize Mr. J. T. Little Bear, alumnus of the class of '91. What I see is a Cherokee brave, and the warpath is what he has been traveling. Firewater and other things have got him going. His buckskin is hanging in strings, and his feathers are mixed up like a frizzly hen's. The dust of miles is on his moccasins, and the light in his eye is the kind the aborigines wear. But in his arms he brings that kid, his eyes half closed, with his little shoes dangling and one hand fast around the Indian's collar.

"'Pappoose!' says John Tom, and I notice that the flowers of the white man's syntax have left his tongue. He is true, original proposition in bear's claws and copper color. 'Me bring,' says he, and he lays the kid in his mother's arms. 'Run fifteen mile,' says John Tom—'Ugh! Catch white man. Bring pappoose.'

"The little woman is in extremities of gladness. She must wake up that stir-up trouble youngster and hug him and make proclamation that he is his mamma's own precious treasure. I was about to ask questions, but I looked at Mr. Little Bear, and my eye caught the sight of something in his belt. 'Now go to bed, ma'am,' says I, 'and this gadabout youngster likewise, for there's no more danger, and the kidnapping business is not what it was earlier in the night.'

"I inveigled John Tom down to camp quick, and when he tumbled off asleep I got that thing out of his belt and disposed of it where the eye of education can't see it. For even the football colleges disapprove of the art of scalp-taking in their curriculums.

"It is 10 o'clock next day when John Tom wakes up and looks around. I am glad to see the nineteenth century in his eyes again.

"'What was it, Jeff?' he asks.

"'Heap firewater,' says I.

"John Tom frowns, and thinks a little. 'Combined,' says he directly, 'with the interesting little physiological shake-up known as reversion to type. I remember now. Have they gone yet?'

"'Oh, the 7:30 train,' I answers.

"'Ugh!' says John Tom, 'better so. Paleface, bring big Chief Wish-Heap-Dough a little bromo-seltzer, and then he'll take up the redman's burden again.'"

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1921, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

HE WAS probably six.
* * *
OR THEREABOUT
* * *
AND AT a corner.
* * *
HE LOOKED at me.
* * *
AND I saw a wish.
* * *
THAT MAYBE I'd stop.
* * *
AND PICK him up.
* * *
AND GIVE him a lift.
* * *
AND SO I did.
* * *
AND WHEN I asked.
* * *
WHERE HE wanted to go.
* * *
HE SHOWED me a package.
* * *
ALL NEATLY addressed.
* * *
AND TIED securely.
* * *
AND TOLD me his mama.
* * *
HAD SENT him out.
* * *
TO MAIL the package.
* * *
BY PARCEL post.
* * *
AT THE branch postoffice.
* * *
SIX BLOCKS away.
* * *
AND HE squeezed a quarter.
* * *
IN ONE of his hands.
* * *
AND IT was clear.
* * *
HE HAD been told.
* * *
MOST EXPLICITY.
* * *
WHAT HE should do.
* * *
AND ALSO clear.
* * *
HE WAS quite excited.
* * *
HE HAD been trusted.
* * *
TO DO a thing.
* * *
OF SUCH import.
* * *
AND ANYWAY.
* * *
I DROVE him there.
* * *
TO THE postoffice place.
* * *
AND HE was so small.
* * *
AND IT was so hot.
* * *
I SAID to him.
* * *
I'D WAIT outside.
* * *
TILL HE was through.
* * *
AND TAKE him home.
* * *
AND HE went in.
* * *
AND IN a minute.
* * *
IT SEEMED to me.
* * *
HE CAME right back.
* * *
MUCH MORE excited.
* * *
THAN HE'D been before.
* * *
AND HE opened his hand.
* * *
HIS LITTLE wet hand.
* * *
AND SHOWED me the quarter.
* * *
AND SAID to me.
* * *
"IT JUST squeezed in.
* * *
"AND I got it in free."
* * *
AND I made excuse.
* * *
AND LEFT him there.
* * *
WHILE I went in.
* * *
AND GOT the package.
* * *
AND SPENT twelve cents.
* * *
AND HAD it mailed.
* * *
AND THEN we went home.
* * *
THANK YOU.

Do You Know Indianapolis?

This picture was taken in your home city. Are you familiar enough with it to locate the scene?

Yesterday's picture was taken looking north in Park avenue from Eleventh street.

MOVIELAND

By

Lillian Gish

MILLIONS LOVE HER

How It Feels to Act for You

As every one knows, acting in front of the motion picture camera is absolutely different from acting on the stage. It's a long time since I was on the stage, but, of course, I remember what it was like, having the audience out there in front, and having them applaud—or not applaud!

But in the studio your audience must be in your mind, just as your character is in your mind. You don't get direct inspiration from them, and so you have to furnish it for yourself. Your absorption in your part has to be complete, there; much more so than when you are playing on the stage, and the enthusiasm of those for whom you are playing helps you.

You walk out in front of the camra. You have rehearsed it so that you know what part of the action you are to do. Perhaps you have just finished a scene that comes in quite a different part of the story, and so have to adjust yourself, to fit your mind into what you are to do right then.

Lines are drawn on the floor, so that you won't step out of range of the camera; you must remember them. You must face the camera, but not look into it; on the stage you could play a strong emotional scene with your face turned away from the audience, because your voice and the words you said would let people know what you were experiencing and saying, but on the screen your face must tell them. For instance, in the scene in "Way Down East," where I denounce the villain, before I am driven out into the snow, I had to remember where my audience was every minute, even when I was so worked up by the feeling of the moment that it absorbed me completely. Of course, I have worked long enough in pictures, however, to do that instinctively.

It is the feeling of your part that comes first. You have to be the person you are playing. And you have to convey that person's emotions to the audience. I always try, when I am thinking over a part, to key that part up to the people who are going to see it; I mean, to make the girl I am playing feel what happens to her, just as girls everywhere would feel it. When I was getting ready to play Anna in "Way Down East," I could really see the bigness of the story until I remembered that girls everywhere, ever so many of them, have been tricked into false marriages. I had to make myself one with them, and with those whose experiences may not have been so tragic, but have been very unhappy, nevertheless.

That is what, for me, takes the place of the inspiration which an audience gives you on the stage—the feeling of responsiveness that I get from imagining the people all over the world who, perhaps from different combinations of circumstances, have felt what I must portray on the screen. That is what I mean by keying up a part to the people who are going to see it—to their emotions, really.

So, when I go before the camera to play a big scene, I have the emotions of my audience tucked away in the back of my mind. The front of it is absorbed by the character I play. When I rehearsed, everything that I did was worked out, so that each action would mean something, convey some definite impression. What I know of the technique of acting has all been worked into the part. But when I actually get to work, with the grinding of the camera and the director's voice the only sounds, I feel the part, and I feel the emotions of the audience—and that's all.

When I get through maybe some one says, "That was great." Maybe Mr. Griffith says, "We'll do that over, and try it this way." Maybe nobody says anything, and I go home wondering if you will like it. Of course, I wonder that, anyway. And that's about all I can say about how it feels to work for you.—Copyright, 1920.

HOROSCOPE

"The stars incline, but do not compel!"

SUNDAY, JULY 10.

Venus dominates this day with evil power, according to astrology. Neptune is slightly adverse.

During this sway men and women may be easily led by romance and wooings may be persistent, but Neptune is in an aspect that is believed to cloud the common sense view of life.

Women should be particularly lucky today, which is held to favor all their essentially feminine ambitions.

Persons whose birthdate it is should beware of accidents or fire. They should avoid quarrels and should make the best of every-day experiences. The subjects of Cancer are usually extremely fortunate through their own exertions.

Children born on this day are likely to be exact, thorough and industrious. They are generally affectionate and kindly in nature.

MONDAY, JULY 11.

This is not a lucky day, according to astrology. Saturn, Mercury and Mars are all in malefic aspect. Neptune is friendly early in the morning.

During this planetary government the mind is likely to be pressed and the dark side of life to be apparent.

Selfishness and arrogance are supposed to be encouraged by the position of the stars these days when special privileges are covefed and claimed, more than ever before, by the subconscious mind.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be especially careful of letters and writings in the coming year. Unexpected success seems to be foreshadowed.

Children born on this day may be rash, headstrong and very imaginative. These subjects of Cancer often meet with success in speculation or games of hazard.—Copyright, 1921.

Big Supply of Fiber for U. S. Binder Twine

GALVESTON, Texas, July 9.—According to advices received from Merida, State of Yucatan, Mexico, there will be a big movement of sisal fiber to the United States nad Canada during the next few months. Furthermore, for the first time in the history of the industry there have been accumulated surplus stocks in this country sufficiently large to insure that the wheat growers and other farmers will have an abundent supply of binder twine for some time to come, even should the supply from Yucatan be cut off for a year or two.

It is stated that importers and manufacturers now have on hand in warehouses chiefly in Galveston, more than 25,000 bales fo sisal fiber. All of this has been accumulated during the last two years.

BRINGING UP FATHER

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE