

# Indiana Daily Times

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IF the robbers would organize a union we might be able to rest easy one day a year.

INDIANA probably will continue to exist regardless of the result of the vote today.

LABOR DAY was beerless in Chicago. Thus it became the most generally observed of any of the holidays in that city!

## Belated Peace

All is peaceful in the Mingo County mine district. The fighters are burying their dead. Peace was brought about simply by the appearance of a few men in uniform with business-like rifles and machine guns. No violence was necessary to prevent violence. The majesty of the Government of the United States was recognized.

The deplorable feature of the whole incident is that there should be dead to bury. That such an outbreak could occur in the United States is unfortunate; that it should have been allowed to continue as long as it did and reach the proportions it did is a disgrace.

The question of the right or wrong of the grievances which brought about the fight is inconsequential beside the question of why such a thing was allowed to happen. For nine days the "armies" gathered and fought, veritably a small sized rebellion against law and order. During all those nine days there sat comfortably in Washington the heads of the Government of the United States protesting that it might be poor policy to send troops into West Virginia, apparently thinking such action might lose them a few votes. They thought of policy first and the name of the United States of America afterward. Not until the affair assumed such alarming proportions that it was poorer policy to let it continue than to send troops into the district was any action taken. The arrival of soldiers stopped the fighting as their arrival would have prevented in days before.

The Mingo County affair can be considered in no other way than a blot on the fair name of our Nation. Prompt action on the part of the Government would have prevented such a blot and would have saved the lives of many. Besides, it would have been a powerful influence in the future, indicating that the Government would not tolerate rebellion against law and order.

## Today's Election

Today the State of Indiana votes on amendments to its constitution and unless all signs fail to indicate the results, the constitution will emerge unscathed.

The referendum will cost the people of this State a great deal of money and will prove nothing so much as the quite obvious fact that the originators of these amendments are sadly out of step with the march of the people of today.

With possibly the exception of the first amendment, there is today nothing before the people in line with their desires. The aggregate of amendments holds no appeal to the thinking citizens of Indiana and the vote thereon will doubtless be exceedingly light.

Under the rulings of the Attorney General each amendment must have a majority of the votes cast at the election to insure its adoption. The necessity of saving the State from the vicious proposal to allow the Legislature to tax as its pleases will cause the largest number of votes to be cast for and against that amendment. Fewer votes will be cast for any of the others and it is not outside the range of possibilities that all other amendments may fall of a proper majority and the tax amendment be defeated by a large majority.

In which case the referendum will have been an expensive affair and will have accomplished nothing.

## Judge Landis

Referring to the American Bar Association's condemnation of Judge Landis for accepting private employment, the New York Times expresses general sentiment as follows:

"That is the expression of the American bar. It is not too severe, however amiable and excellent Judge Landis' character and in spite of his undoubted probity and the sincerity of his belief that he is justified in holding the two posts. Our Federal judges are disgracefully underpaid. Their compensation should be increased; but it is against public policy that a Federal judge work for private persons or associations. Judge Landis' example and his fat extra-judicial pay, modestly reduced by himself from \$50,000 to \$42,500 a year, may be a temptation and a precedent to other judges. This service to two masters is injurious to the dignity of the courts and might conceivably, and indeed easily, lead to a conflict of duties and a yielding to private interests.

"A bill introduced in the last Congress prohibited Federal judges from taking private pay. A statute for that purpose is needed and should be passed."

## Causes for Our Crime Wave

There are eleven principal causes for the crime wave which recently swept over the country, according to William B. Joyce, president of one of the leading surety companies. As Mr. Joyce lists them, their bearing on the situation is evident, and his conclusions will command respect. He lists these causes in the following order:

- Widespread disrespect for law, which is always an inevitable consequence of war.
- Enlarged opportunities for crime.
- Increased darning of war-drafted criminals.
- High living costs.
- Lowered wages.
- Unemployment.
- A mistaken and ignorant discontent and notion of injustice among many individuals.
- Excessive speculation.
- Loose accounting systems in many concerns.
- Careless investigation methods in employment.
- Lavish display and dangerous, fallacious, communistic theorizing.
- To which might be added the innate "cussedness" of man, which is primary responsible for all the others.

## The Chorus Girl

The "chorus" girls of New York who want to be known as "refrain" girls would discard a name honored before the actor was introduced upon the stage; a name dishonored nowadays because it is employed to designate women of the stage whose major function is to exhibit themselves, often in scant attire, and because the American chorus girl has permitted herself to become more famous for frivolity than for singing.

When Thelma brought the actor to the stage his plan was to hold the audience by his antics between the periods of the performance of the chorus. In those days the chorus consisted of men. The choral odes were the meat of the entertainment. The inference is that at that time a chorus was made up of voices. It has been selected offender for legs in modern times, men displaced wholly, or employed as escorts of chorus women.

The Epicurean taste of the tired business man of the Twentieth Century has been considered by the caterers of the musical comedy stage who have offered him variety, introducing the statuesque show girl, the welterweight chorus girl and the "broiler," or "squab."

If the chorus girl of the present time feels that her title is not one of respect it is merely because the purpose of the chorus in the days of Ziegfeld is not what it was in the days of Aeschylus and Sophocles. How would the standing of the chorus girl be helped by adoption of the designation "refrain girl?"

Inasmuch as her present title has fallen into disrepute by reason of her failure to refrain from accepting wages for discarding clothes which were considered essential to modesty before the scantier bathing suit of the present time was adopted generally by women, and because legend represents her as not refraining from drink or devilment of stage, in her hours of relaxation, the title suggested would lend itself to the uses of punsters and other ribald jesters. If that were not so it would not affect one way or another the attitude of the public toward the chorus girl. It is the attitude of the public which makes the self-respecting singer and dancer of the musical comedy stage sensitive under her classification.

If chorus girls were singers, primarily, if the public associated the chorus with vocal music rather than with capering, "to the lascivious pleasing of the lute" and dressing to suit the producer, who is satisfied only when the reviewers agree that the undressing is all that the publicity agent has declared it, there would be respect for the title of which the girls in New York complain.

Of course, any change in the functions of chorus girls are matters upon the knees of the gods of theaterdom, but the American chorus girl has won her reputation in a large measure by her off-stage diversions; diversions by which the many who do not indulge are known unjustly, but inevitably—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The STORY of NINETTE

By RUBY M. AYRES

### Who's Who in the Story

**NINETTE**, a tiny waif who first saw the light of day in cheap lodgings in a dull road in the worst part of Balham, is a meager earnings as a scribe on a London paper, with the friendless babe. Ninette meets.

**PETER NORTON**, an editor, who rescues her from sickness and poverty and takes her to his home.

**MARGARET DELAY**, who has a home in the country. Ninette is introduced to her.

**ARTHUR DELAY**, Margaret's husband.

**DOROTHY MANVERS**, a former sweetheart of Norton's, is a guest at Margaret's house. In a lovely old place near by lives the wealthy.

**WILLIAM FELSTED**, whose only son, DICK, frequently visits the Delays' home.

**RANALL CAVANAGH**, a wealthy man of London, who confesses that he is her father.

Cavanagh takes Ninette to live with him after Norton is convinced of Cavanagh's relation to her. Although Ninette now has everything money can buy, she is lonely and restless.

Cavanagh tells Ninette that her mother left him because she learned that he had made in money dishonestly, and he had never been able to find her.

Cavanagh contemplates a business trip to America and places Ninette under the charge of a friend.

**MRS. CHANFORD**, a friend, Ninette is surprised to learn that Mrs. Chanford is Peter Norton's aunt.

**Chapter XXXII—Continued.**

He sat down beside her on a couch near the fire and went on speaking quietly.

"And how has life been using you? I saw you the other day, driving through the park with your mother."

Ninette's dark eyes searched his face. "Did you? I never saw you. Why didn't you speak to me?"

A faint smile lit his eyes. "You wouldn't have liked it if I had run along in the gutter, like a road urchin, would you, trying to attract attention? Your car was going very fast."

"Oh, I see," she said unaccountably nervous and ill at ease; she wondered why it seemed so difficult to make conversation.

"You have not answered my question yet," Norton said, after a moment. "I asked how life had been using you since we met."

Ninette sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Mrs. Chanford," and Margaret walked into the room.

Norton made a hasty movement, then sat back in the corner of the sofa; he was very flushed and his eyes were distressed.

Ninette looked at him with challenging eyes.

"You might have told me she would be here," she said brokenly.

He answered hurriedly: "I give you my word of honor that I had not the least idea! I am as surprised to see my sister as I was to see you."

Ninette bit her trembling lip.

"Of course, she will cut me," she said. "She will do nothing of the kind."

Norton rose to his feet now; he stood for a moment staring at Ninette from the rest of the room; then he said in an undertone: "I don't know if you have heard—but, of course, you are bound to hear."

Delays left her.

He did not wait for a reply, but turned away, crossing the room to where his sister stood talking to Mrs. Chanford. He said something to her hurriedly in an undertone, and Ninette watching, saw Margaret's white, and half turned away; then she smiled and said as if contenting to something, and came across the room with her brother.

Ninette rose to her feet; she was too nervous to answer. Margaret turned to her, but she took the hand which the older girl offered.

"Such a surprise to see you here!" Margaret said, and her voice sounded tired and distant, like the voice of someone who had lost all interest in life. "I hope you are well."

"Thank you, very." There was an awkward little silence which Norton broke.

"Ninette is staying with Aunt Annie Margaret," he said gently. "It was a great surprise to meet her here this evening."

"Yes, I am sure it must have been," Margaret spoke indifferently. After a moment she took her brother's seat beside Ninette.

"I suppose I should congratulate you on having found your father," she said presently. "I hope you will have a very happy life."

Norton had moved away, and with sudden impulse Ninette laid her hand on the older girl's.

"Oh, if we could only stay friends!" she said brokenly. "I wasn't my fault—not any of it. Oh, indeed it was not!"

Margaret smiled as if she had been hurt, but she gently returned the pressure of Ninette's nervous fingers.

"I know now it is not your fault," she said faintly; and then, in a lower voice still: "Arthur—he has left me. Did you know?"

Margaret laughed harshly.

"I married for love, and this is where it has ended," she said bitterly. "Don't you ever marry, Ninette—it's a fraud, the whole thing! Far better stake everything you've got on something else, and let the man alone."

Dinner was announced at such a ridiculous fashion? There was a hint of amusement in the speaker's face, and Ninette's pale face flushed dully.

"Diamonds that a duchess might wear at court! And that absurd frock!"

They were talking about her! She turned her head slowly and looked at the handsome ring and bracelet on the hand resting on the staircase rail. Were they too much for her? She seemed to see them with new eyes and she shivered.

"I always said that the man was a blackguard," Norton said, after a moment, with great bitterness. "Look how he treated his wife! The man has never given straight. There ought to be a law to prevent such a swine from having the custody of a girl like Ninette."

"Ninette! Is that her name?" The other man sounded interested. "You know," he went on, after a moment, "he wouldn't be bad looking if some one would tell her how to dress."

Norton made some inaudible reply, and Ninette went down the last stair and stole across the hall back to the drawing-room.

She felt very cold and almost without

"I suppose it's all right," she submitted dolefully. "Father is very kind and gives me everything I want." She touched her diamonds. "He gave me these the other night; they are lovely, aren't they?"

"Yes," but he hardly glanced at them. "You don't like them?" she said quickly.

He smiled at the wounded surprise in her voice.

"Does my opinion count?" he asked. She made no answer to that; she twisted the magnificent diamond bracelet on her wrist, looking at it with discontented eye.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

News of Arthur Delay.

"Father is going to America," Ninette said suddenly.

"So I heard." He turned his head and looked at her for the first time. "I wonder you are not going with him."

"I wanted to; he wouldn't take me." Her dark brows frowned. "You know," she said after a moment, with a sort of confiding manner, "I don't seem to know how to go."

As if he had got my real place in the world. Perhaps it's because I thought I should be quite happy when I had heaps of money, and as many clothes as I wanted; but—I'm not."

"No?" The query sounded merely politely interested, and Ninette flushed back a little.

"I am boring you," she said, drawing back a little.

"Not in the least; I am very interested. How long are you staying with my aunt?"

"Till father comes home, I suppose."

"And will that be some time?"

"He said a few weeks."

Ninette leaned her chin in her hands and looked across the room to where Mrs. Chanford stood talking to her guests.

"I did not know you had an aunt," she said suddenly.

Norton smiled.

"Really! I suppose you never made inquiries. I have several aunts."

Ninette gave a sudden startled exclamation, the half rose from her seat, then sat down with a sort of helplessness as the door opened, and the maid announced:

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## LEGITIMATE AND BIG TIME VAUDEVILLE SEASON GETS UNDER WAY

'Shavings' Is a Rich Character Gem—Midgels Are a Big Show—Variety of Talent at Lyric

Remember when you were a wee kiddie and the folk gave you a rattle to play with? Well, you do. Sure, if you go to the Lyric this week and see "The Passing Show of 1921" you will be given a rattle by a pretty "babe." Oh, yes, you will, and you will prance right out on the main street after the show shaking your rattle.

How do I know? Cause I was there yesterday afternoon. And by the way, I did the rattle a marvelous instrument in getting up the "other half" of the house in the morning.

That's "The Passing Show"—a rattling good show. While in New York this summer (I promise you I will not remind you of that trip again this season), I saw the latest Winter Garden show called "The Whirl of New York," and I can say with some authority that the present act

word "Hay" instead of ball. This good old pastime word breaks up the grand opera fodder. It is indeed a choice bit of fooling.

The Howards make their home run while singing "June Moon," a tuneful little thing of the day. Willie Howard secures the knockout of the show in the magazine stand scene. Here you have the Howard band of entertainment at its broadest and best. They howled for more yesterday afternoon and the grateful Willie then impersonated Jack Norworth. Al Johnson, David Warfield and others. These impersonations again tied up the show.

You will enjoy May Boley. To me she is the "roughneck divine" of the stage. That's a compliment, Miss Boley, because you are not equalled by any one of the stage today in your particular line of entertainment. She was at her

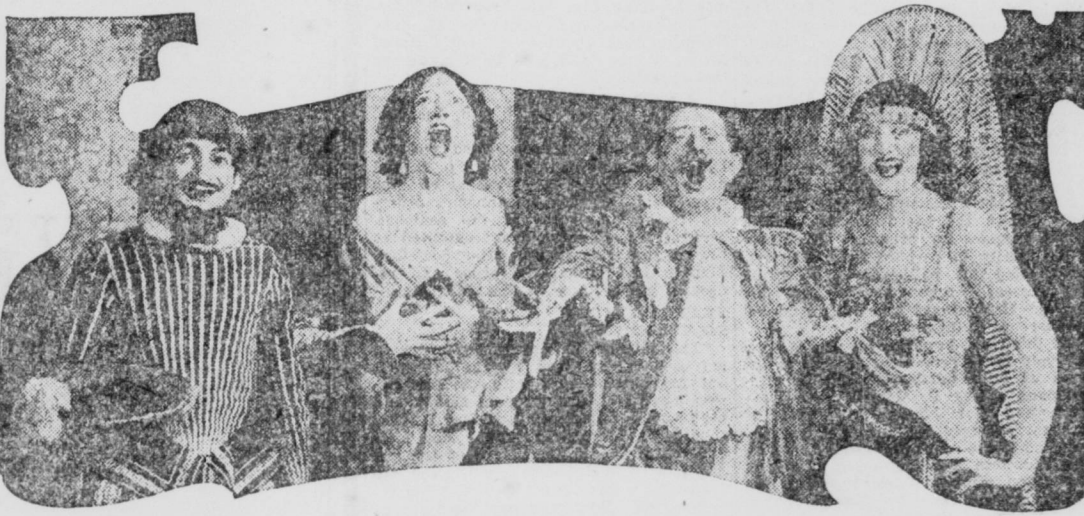
"Lightning" song and Dolly Hackett and girls while singing "You May Be a Bad Man." The girls come down into the audience and hold up your hearts with toy revolvers.

You will enjoy the costumes as well as the "costumeless" costumes which some of the girls nearly got into. It wouldn't be a Winter Garden show if all the girls wore high stockings. Oh, mercy no.

I could tell you much more about this show. It is the best "Passing Show" from a cast and scenic standpoint that I have ever seen in Indianapolis. The show is here and so are the Howards, May Boley, Sammy White, the Mellette Sisters and the others.

From the above expressions my advice to you is that it is safe to show your coin through the box office window at the Lyric. The price is more than

## IT LOOKS LIKE OPERA, BUT IT'S THE PASSING SHOW OF 1921



Reading from left to right—Willie Howard, May Boley, Eugene Howard and Ina Hayward in a "grand opera" travesty which is one of the high lights in "The Passing Show of 1921" at the Lyric this week.

travesty at the Lyric is a much smarter and a better show than the "Whirl." Yesterday afternoon Willie and Eugene Howard must have been impressed with the capacity house which greeted the first performance of the show here.

Willie Howard comes to the stage for the first time riding a stage camel. Eugene Howard escorts the camel to the center of the stage. Willie tackles the side of the camel and a secret compartment reveals a horse. The Howards decide to get around the law and sell the forbidden fruit at \$50 per gulp if they can spend a medicine stunt. The Howards obtain a permit and decide that it is legitimate to doctor a snake bite with something stronger and a half of 1 percent. The snake bites well, but the money is slow coming in.

The Howards do a clever bit of work in a travesty called "Chinese Meech." In which Willie Howard is Sing High and Eugene Howard is Sing Low. To my way of thinking one of the brightest spots of the show is a grand opera travesty in which the Howards, May Boley and Ina Hayward warble a la tin-pan. Willie insists on singing the

best in a travesty on "Spanish Love" in which she is seen as Marie del Carmen, a "rough" Spanish ramp. While she is vanquishing Willie H. Philbrick is in the audience attempting to locate his brown

travesty when he discovers that Miss Boley is using it as a cushion.

I haven't time to go into detail regarding the other good points of the show. Here are a few you will like:

"Where is the Beautiful Eve?" as done by John Quinlan, the Mellette Sisters and girls.

The Cleveland Brenner ballet—a really beautiful and artistic creation. It will be the first interest in the second act. So be in your seats.

The dancing of Sammy White, Kathleen O'Hanlon and Theo Zamboni. All are splendid. So are the dainty Mellette Sisters who dance their way all through the show.

The travesty on "The Rat" gives May Boley a chance to satisfy her craving of having a murder committed in her house. Splendid fooling.

Willie Howard as Frank Bacon in

the door for the ladies to pass out of the room.

"Presently I want to talk to you," he said in an undertone, and Ninette raised surprised eyes to his.

"You look lovely, my dear," the older woman said kindly. She patted Ninette's hand. "Would you like to go to my room? Oh, here come the men at last!"

Ninette came into the room first; he was very pale, and his eyes were straight to Ninette. She was looking at him, too, and after a moment's hesitation he came across to her.

Mrs. Cranford rose at once.

"Peter, take my chair. I am sure that you and Ninette must have a great deal to talk about. Margaret has been telling me what I did not know—that you two are old friends."

She moved away without waiting for an answer, and Peter took her vacant place.

He looked at Ninette with kindly concern.

"Have you got a headache?" he asked. "You look so pale."

Ninette made no answer for a moment. Then she turned her dark eyes to him.

"You were out in the hall just now when Edward Winslow told me that you were in the library, and I listened. I suppose I ought not to have done, but I am glad you like that I did." She paused, and her lip to steady its trembling. "Where has my father gone?" she asked.

Norton flushed crimson; he tried hard to laugh.

"Your father? How do I know? You told me yourself that he was going to America. You overheard nothing about yourself, Ninette, or about me."

"The girl's dark eyes blazed.

"That's a lie, and you know it is!" she said with quiet passion. "You hinted that he had done something disgraceful, so that he could not come back to London yet awhile. You spoke of me—I heard my name. You laughed at my frock—at my diamonds."

"Ninette!" Norton sprang to his feet; he stretched out a hand to detain her, but she turned away. After all, it was impossible to have a scene here, and he knew by the suppressed passion in the girl's eyes that she was in no mood to listen to him.

His heart was beating fast with anger at his own carelessness in ever having made it possible for her to overhear his conversation and pity for her—Copyright, 1921, by Wheeler Syndicate.

(To Be Continued.)

fair and the entertainment better than the price.

"The Passing Show of 1921" will be at the Lyric all week—W. D. H.

IF YOU LOVE GOOD ACTING DO NOT PASS UP "SHAVINGS."

In my memory box there is a little corner that