

Indiana Daily Times

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MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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WHERE was that West Virginia constabulary last week?

THOSE CITIZENS who advocated the Delaware street bridge should go a step forward and call on our omnipotent tax board for some school buildings.

TAX COMMISSIONER HOUGH says the school board has set up a straw man and knocked it down. It might be difficult to determine who the straw man is, but the public will have no trouble in finding who was knocked down by the board's ultimatum!

A Tiresome Campaign?

With the municipal campaign scheduled to start Sept. 15, or thereabouts, leaders of both parties are displaying some concern as to the lines along which it will be conducted.

As usual, the Democrats are being implored by the astute Republican propagandists to limit their campaign to discussion of those things that will not prove offensive to the Republicans, and strange as it may seem this plea continues to carry almost as much weight in the Democratic ranks as it did in the last State election. Then, Democrats were asked not to criticize the Goodrich administration and the results in the various counties disclosed that wherever the request was refused the Democrats profited. Now, Democrats are being advised that if they refrain from criticizing the Goodrich administration the Jewett Republicans will help them elect their ticket. The scheme is so old and has been played so successfully that it is a wonder any Democrat will listen to it.

The Republican ranks there is almost as much hesitation as to methods, although the hesitation is not prompted by the enemy. Samuel Lewis Shank repudiated the Jewett administration in his primary campaign and won on that repudiation. Naturally he does not see any need of continuing the attack. Nor does Mr. Shank appear to be very much impressed with the idea that support of his candidacy is support of the national administration. Eliminating these two fields, the Republican campaign managers have only the personality of their candidate on which to base a campaign and many of them are not enamored of that personality.

The truth about the situation is that neither party has been successful in framing an issue that makes any great appeal to the voters.

Efforts to make a campaign against Shank because of the unfortunate things that transpired at the end of his previous administration are losing weight because of the apparent effort to garble facts in the effort to discredit Shank. Efforts to get the Democratic candidates to make an issue out of the Jewett administration are weakened by the advice of those Democrats who believe the way to win Republican voters is to refrain from criticism of anything that bears the sacred Republican label.

Boyd M. Ralston is not vulnerable in any spot that the Republicans have been able to find and they are almost abandoned hope of making an issue of him.

All of which indicates that the campaign will resolve itself into a repetition of time-tried exploitations of such dead issues as law enforcement and such innocuous promises as a "business-like administration."

Wherefore, it is going to require a lot of red fire or mud-slinging to let the old town know there is a municipal campaign under way.

Commercial Alcohol

To the person who always wondered what the world would do for fuel when the woods were gone and who cannot profess to solve the heating problem from the electric standpoint, the announcement by an Indiana inventor of the adoption of industrial alcohol for heating is most reassuring.

The inventor asserts that by a certain device he is able to burn the alcohol, making a heat cheaper than petroleum and without odor or smoke. The invention is patented but not on the market. It is further asserted that the fuel may be made from practically all kinds of vegetable matter, saving the waste materials to be used as good advantage as first class produce.

In the warmer climates alcohol is made more extensively than farther north. Waste from sugar mills is used. This product is burnt, but the method of combustion is so crude that only a very limited heat value is developed. What is used, however, takes the place of gasoline and petroleum.

This winter there will be a superabundance of corn in some parts of the country, while no coal will be available. The low price of corn and the high cost of coal and of transportation are blamed. If this corn could be converted into denatured alcohol and properly burned, a great economy would be effected.

The use of commercial alcohol holds another inducement, besides taking the surplus crops. Should there be a failure to mature certain grains, more particularly corn, the loss need not be complete. That which grew may be distilled and utilized. The waste from canning factories, garbage plants and unsalable products and fruits can all be stopped.

It is the general impression that some of the larger oil companies will purchase all methods of producing commercial alcohol, to keep them from competing in price with gasoline. Whatever the fact may be, it seems only a matter of time until many waste products heretofore regarded as useless will be utilized to the advantage of mankind.

Courts Must Function

The conviction, by court martial, recently of the fifth slacker, at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, in a small measure begins to restore confidence in the old saying about the mills of the gods grinding slowly, but exceedingly fine, in Federal law enforcement. A continuation of such activities will eventually restore confidence in the machinery of the Government.

There was a time when the mere fact that a law was to be enforced by Federal authority was a sufficient assurance that the law would be enforced and observed.

The multiplication of Federal statutes without a corresponding increase in the legal machinery to require obedience may present some excuse for the apparent inability and slowness of the Government. The war's interruption upset many well organized institutions. Recently the United States Attorney General asked for the appointment of a score more Federal judges, so heavy was the work become.

In the punishment of slackers by military court a very tardy retribution is visited upon those who well deserve it. The American people love fair play and they resent a utter. It was so manifestly unfair to lodge military service when everyone was making such sacrifices that the public is thoroughly gratified when it sees an attempt at punishment honestly made.

The universal draft was constructed so impartially that no one could rightfully feel fault with it. It fell upon rich and poor alike. Its enforcement was in the hands of each community and almost invariably was very able and effective. Backing of Government and of courts in war measures was necessary, however, and it did not always appear.

The Federal Government and its court must function if they expect to retain the wholesome respect which was once accorded them.

Congratulations

The vicious effort to remodel the constitution of the State of Indiana so as to make it possible to tamper with our tax laws through control of each successive General Assembly has been very properly defeated.

This effort was a part of the Goodrich scheme for "centralizing" the government of Indiana in the hands of a few men whose motives were not above suspicion and whose participation in the affairs of the State during the last administration proved them unworthy of trust.

These amendments were conceived and started toward consummation during the Goodrich administration. They were overwhelmingly defeated by a citizenry that has been undeceived as to the plans and the policies of a former Governor.

Other amendments submitted to the people at the same time have suffered a like fate, although they were not nearly so deserving of rejection. It is still an open question as to whether amendment No. 1, limiting suffrage to citizens, has been accepted. Of course it should have had the support of all residents of Indiana, and the most significant thing about its course in the election is the fact that it was voted down in the city of Ft. Wayne, where a large German element controls elections.

Whether amendment No. 1 was passed or not, the people of Indiana have occasion to congratulate themselves on the results of the election. They prove that Indiana is not at all inclined to radicalism, that it has had its fill of paternalism and that it is still alive to the menaces of Goodrichism.

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 adopted by "JOSIE" WHEELER, who shared his meager earnings as a scribbler on a London paper with the "friendless babe."

PETER NOTHARD, an editor, who rescues her from sickness and poverty and takes her to his sister.

MARGARET DELAY, who has a home in the country. Ninette is introduced to ARTHUR DELAY, Margaret's husband.

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

WILLIAM WELSTED, whose only son, DICK, frequently visits the Delays' home. Ninette meets

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

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

MRS. CRAWFORD, a friend. Ninette is surprised to learn that Mrs. Crawford is Peter Nothard's aunt.

Margaret tells Ninette that her husband has left her. Ninette overhears some one telling Peter Nothard that Cavanagh has paid Mrs. Crawford to keep her in her ridiculous and extravagant dress and hint that her father had done something disgraceful and would like to see her to a while.

Much to Nothard's distress, Ninette angrily tells him that she overheard his conversation.

Upon learning that Peter Nothard is to marry Dorothy Manneys, Ninette suddenly realizes her own love for him. The awakening starts her and she wishes her father would take her to America with him. In vain she waits for him and finally hears that he is dead.

Chapter XXXVII—Continued.

"Dead!" she said again; and there was a hysterical note of fear in her voice. But there was no need for him to answer; she saw it in his eyes, and knew that he knew more she was alone in the world!

A tragic moment followed Ninette's gasping word, and the silence of the room was broken only by Mrs. Crawford's sobbing. Then the girl said again, tearfully:

"But yesterday he was quite well! There was nothing the matter with him! People don't die like that—without anything being the matter with them."

She raised her stunned eyes to Nothard's face.

"You're keeping something back," she said shrilly. "You're hiding something from me. You're afraid to tell me the truth."

It was Mrs. Crawford who again answered.

"Peter, she is bound to know this evening, when the papers are out; it kinder to tell her now."

Ninette's hand and broke the news as gently to her as she possibly could that Cavanagh had taken his own life.

"He must have been in trouble—in some great trouble that none of us knew anything about," she said tenderly. "Something that he could not even tell me, my dear. We must not judge him too harshly until we know all that there is to know."

Ninette did not move; she looked like a frozen statue. Only her eyes were dark shadowed and horrified.

Dead—and by his own hand! Peter Nothard's condemnation of the man whom she had known as her father for so short a time came back to her with sad eloquence—"The man's a blackguard," he said, "he's a blackguard in the city!"

She shivered at the thought of them. Until now she had no belief in what he had said; she had thought it just the outcome of an exaggerated dislike. Now, for the first time, she understood that there had been justice in them.

She looked again at Nothard's distressed face.

"I suppose you know why he did it?" she said faintly.

He turned away without answering, and Ninette sat down by the fire, holding her hands to the comforting warmth, and for the moment nobody spoke. Then she said mechanically:

"I wish I'd been nicer to him—I wish I'd loved him more!" And she hid her face.

Mrs. Crawford motioned to Peter to leave them, and he went quietly away, shutting the door behind him.

Then Mrs. Crawford went over to Ninette, and, sitting down beside her, put a kindly arm around the girl's quivering figure.

"Let us think the best until we know everything," she said gently. "And one thing I do know already—that he loved you. He said to me of you in terms of the great, selfless affection and concern. 'She's got to be happy, whatever happens,' he said again and again. He impressed upon me that all he cared for in life was that you should have a happy life."

Ninette laughed drearily.

"And so he did—this!" she said sadly. "As if I can ever be happy, knowing how he died!"

For a moment neither of them spoke, and then she said again:

"Oh, it's always the same! As soon as I think I have found a home, and someone one to belong to me, it all goes and I am left alone."

"You will have a home with me always," Mrs. Crawford said quickly. "And there is Peter. He is your friend—you know that."

"My friend? He is going to be married," Ninette said.

"But he can be your friend all the same," Peter's aunt urged gently.

CHAPTER XXXVII. "Nobody Wants Me!"

Ninette did not answer; nothing seemed to matter much at the moment. Even later on in the day when newsboys were shouting the latest sensation in the streets, and the name of Cavanagh was on everyone's lips, Ninette hardly cared. Her heart was like a stone.

Disgrace and suicide! They were the two terrible tragedies that had stolen in such sinister fashion into her life, and left her a blow from which she felt she would never recover.

She knew that by Peter's orders Mrs. Crawford had carefully kept the newspapers from her, but in the morning she crept out of the house and bought some for herself.

Her father's portrait was on the front

page, and two long columns were devoted to what they chose to call the "Romantic rise and fall of a great man."

There was no specific charge made against him, but there were a great many veiled suggestions, and, although Ninette did not understand their meaning, she knew in her heart that there was some terrible scandal yet to be exposed.

She was still poring over the papers when Peter Nothard came. She raised a white face and smiled faintly at him, and with a muttered exclamation of annoyance he strode forward and tore the papers from her hands.

"Leave those things alone! They always exaggerate the truth," Ninette did not answer, and he went on:

"Promise me not to read them any more, Ninette. Will you promise me?"

"If I did I should not keep the promise," she looked away from him, and asked in a hard voice:

"Do you think there is any other sort of trouble that can happen to me? I think I've had everything, surely?"

He answered gently that the sun always shone out when the clouds seemed darkest, and added, with a touch of fling for her now, close at hand. The girl shook her head.

"Happiness—when you are going to be married!" she thought bitterly; and a queer sort of hatred rose in her heart against him.

"You will stay here with my aunt," he said after a moment. "She will take care of you; she is kindness itself." He paused, and added, with a touch of constraint: "And I hope that you will not forget that, whatever happens, I am your friend."

Ninette said "Thank you" without enthusiasm, and then, by her own pain and pride, she added:

"I haven't congratulated you. I do, with all my heart."

He flushed painfully, and his eyes fell. "Thank you," he said.

Ninette went on slowly. "I don't expect Dorothy would care

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP Copyright, 1921, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

ANOTHER PLAY.

I THINK I'll write.

WILL BE in one act.

AND I'll have the scene.

IN A restaurant.

WHERE they crowd the tables.

SO YOU can't get in.

WITHOUT TEARING the hair.

FROM THE woman guests.

AND WHEN you're through.

AND YOU look at your check.

THERE'S A cover charge.

THAT'S BEEN a secret.

TILL YOU'RE ready to go.

AND I'll be there.

AT A little table.

A LITTLE too table.

FROM A child's playhouse.

AND THERE'll be a waiter.

A LARGE, fat waiter.

AND EVERY time.

HE MAKES a move.

HELL TAKE a crack.

AT THE back of my head.

AND LIKELY as not.

HELL SLIP a bean.

OR A piece of ice.

OR A nice cold olive.

OR SOME melted ice cream.

DOWN THE back of my neck.

AND ABOUT the time.

WHEN DESSERT is served.

I'LL MAKE complaint.

ABOUT BEING heated.

EVERY TIME the waiter.

CROWDS BY my chair.

AND I'll get my check.

WITH THE cover charge.

AND COMPLAIN again.

AND I'll ask the waiter.

TO SEND the proprietor.

AND WHEN he comes.

I'LL HAVE saved my pie.

NICE! BLUEBERRY pie.

AND I'll smear the stuff.

ALL OVER my hand.

AND LAY my hand.

ON THE hostess' chest.

AND SLAP his back.

AND SHAKE hands with him.

AND MESS him all up.

AND PAY my check.

AND GO on out.

I THANK you.

LIKE A PEACOCK



GLORIA SWANSON.

Here is our well-dressed friend, Gloria Swanson, all dressed up like a peacock for one of the elaborate scenes in "The Great Moment." Gloria's gown in this picture will give her admirers in other cities an opportunity to see "Decadence" and Holbrook Blinn will be among the absentees for a season or two, owing to the success scored by "The Bad Man."

Bearing in mind the boasted fifty odd first-class theaters of New York will have a rather consistent season of first nights, good, bad and middling, during the season, it would seem that at least a few of the good players might be spared to other sections of the country without complaining about it.

Indianapolis is promised all of the above shows with the stars and many others are headed this way. The road season looks like a big one.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

On next Monday night at the Murat, "The Great Moment" will open a three-day engagement. The cast includes Beatrice Maude, formerly a member of the Stuart-Walker Company. On Thursday night of next week, "Kissing Time" will open a three-day engagement. On next Monday night at English's the 1921-1922 edition of "The Martin" a musical comedy, opens a week's engagement at English's.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Oh, for a vocabulary sufficiently succinct and vitriolic to tell what one really thinks of the "hideous things" by no stretch of the imagination could they be called paintings—how part of a loan exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which have been roundly condemned in an anonymous circular signed "A committee of citizens and supporters of the museum."

They are so disgusting, hold that one half suspects the circular itself is propaganda devised in the hope of starting a controversy and, if possible, get otherwise sensible folk to go and see what some people actually will put frames around. They are so bad as paintings that once seen they could be held responsible for almost anything—a crime wave, a suicide epidemic, divorce—I will even go further—another World War.

To the point, the "condemned twenty-three" constitute a frank revelation of the inability of seven Frenchmen to paint. The names of masqueraders responsible for the "atrocities"—those are French and not German made—are Paul Cezanne, Edward de Gue, Andre Dora, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso, and Auguste Renoir. Let us pray that some of these men were born some where outside of France and reduce if possible the mortification of our sister republic.

But come along and we will do the "atrocities" together. Although there are 127 frames hanging in the "loan exhibition of impressionist and post-impressionist paintings," our quest is confined to a less number. The circular is our guide, if supplying us with the number of the branded ones.

Number 2 is called "Sorrow," which the catalogue says Cezanne used as a wall decoration for his house at Aix. It is a huge canvas upon which in blue-black the figure of what may be a man is leaning over a head, John the Baptist for all we know. It is a frightful thing and looks like nothing. Number 3, by the same author, called "The Bathing," is the rear view of a how-legged naked man without even the loin cloth. The water he is about to jump into resembles a pool of ink, and the rock upon which he stands could be any thing that does not exist. Ah, we find number 10 also is called "The Bathing," and by the same author. This one has blue, thin legs, wears the same sort of trunk that fire-fighters do when they enter the ring, and his face is a smudge. Number 11 is catalogued "Still Life—Fruit, pears in a dish with crockery and a glass of wine," also by Cezanne. It was mighty thoughtful to tell us what was in the dish, for it might have been vegetables, hen's eggs or bins so far as resemblances went. Number 23 the next to view, is called "Lechateau Noir," which was even greater foresight, as it looked more like a chicken coop than anything. The last Cezanne was number 24, called "A Sailor," a large blue, green canvas with a central figure that possibly might pass for General Grant in a thick fog without his cigar.

TO DE GAS WORKS.

Thank heavens that's over. Now for the works of De Gas. Number 31 is called "Before the Race," a harmless thing if you can make it out, supposed to be seven jockeys, but it looks like a pile of wood waiting for the saw buck. Number 32 is another "The Bathing," being the rear of a grotesque shaped woman pulling a chemise over her head. Whether it is going on or off we can take our choice. There is no water near at hand. Number 34 is called "The Bathing," a large blue, green canvas with a central figure that possibly might pass for General Grant in a thick fog without his cigar.

Dora is the next of the post-impressionists to torture our artistic senses, the four of his "creations" being in the circular. Number 40 is catalogued "Still Life: fruit and wine bottle," without the catalogue we certainly would have been lost, for there was nothing on the canvas to convince us that the lumps of color were strawberries, pears and cherries. In fact, the look of the cherries is that of the faces peering out of a monkey cage at the Bronx zoo. Number 42 is called "The Pine Tree," but it looks more like McIntyre and Heath's "Ham Tree." Number 43 was named "Woman," but a much better "moniker" would have been "The Bent-nosed Squaw."

GAUGUIN MAKES HIS ART PLAUSIBLE, MAYBE.

We have now gotten as far as Gauguin, who appears to have been more than other artists for he makes his characters definite as to location, putting them in place where he has never been. Number 47 is his "Ya Orana Maria," which is South Sea Island for "Hail Mary." We shall never go to Tahiti if the women are like Gauguin makes them. The "Mary" in the frame probably is one of the three women who wears some red string, and has a boy straddled over her shoulder, whose expression suggests "Hell Mary" rather than the title given the mess.

Matisse should have been named "What 'is' the difficulty as to where Number 66 called 'Window on the Gare' left one in doubt both as to where the window commenced and the garden left off. His "Spanish Girl" or Number 67 of the circular was simply maddening in its unlikeliness to anything human.

We shall pass on to Picasso, number 80 being "Woman Dressing Her Hair," a woman with a v-shaped grandmother face, the figure posed for by a dress up. The catalog dubs it: "It was painted about 1905 in the so-called pink manner." Well, whatever manner that may be, it gave one the giggles. Number 81, another by Picasso named "Landscape," possessed clouds that looked like a flight of airplanes, trees that resembled alligators standing on their tails and water that looked like thick soup greenish black in color. The last that we contemplated was Renoir's "Girl Arranging Her Hair," number 111. Again we must thank Mr. Bryson Burroughs for his catalogue, for that one at least is an old battle-axe, and she seemed to be arranging an escape from her clothes. It was dreadful to be among the lot, and never did we welcome the air so much as after we had seen the French Nouveau art hobgoblins. Yes, and the rich people

BROADWAY STARS TO SEE ROAD

As New Productions Open in New York

The theatrical writers for the New York papers are evidently gluttons for punishment. Either that or talented players are so scarce the said scribes must perform regret their absence, meaning the fact that players elsewhere will have an opportunity to know and enjoy the work of such artists.

With some fifty odd first-class theaters adorning or abutting on Broadway and the first night performances announced for the following week, the Evening Post and the New York Sunday Times call attention to the fact that Fay Bainter will be absent from the city for another season, as William Harris, Jr., desires the country at large shall know her as Ming Toy in "East of West," that Balthus Bates and Henry Miller will journey abroad in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," that Ethel Barrymore will give her admirers in other cities an opportunity to see "Decadence" and Holbrook Blinn will be among the absentees for a season or two, owing to the success scored by "The Bad Man."

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