

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.
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HOW would you like to be the Republican nominee for city judge?

BUT WHY should Mary Pickford be so modest as to "wear 'em medium?"

TODAY Candidate Hartman will have to share first-page honors with the pennant winners!

UPON WHAT PART of our Indiana constitution is the registration law based, Mr. Howe?

INSPECTOR FLETCHER appears to have done his best to be of service to every one in this Francis-Hartman affair.

DID NO ONE in that municipal parade notice the absence of the agent who sold the city the new fire trucks?

IN THE LIGHT of recent disclosures it becomes more difficult to understand why certain Democrats insist on making a pro-Republican campaign!

THE STREET CAR COMPANY is one step nearer the regulation of jitneys which it sought several years ago, but the city of Indianapolis does not appear to be any nearer regulation of the street car company than at the beginning of the Jewett administration.

The Shame of It All

This newspaper has no interest personal or otherwise in the furtherance of the fortunes of either the Republican candidates for municipal office nor the workers for the success of the Republican ticket. They differ with the Times on principles and in their party allegiance, they look elsewhere for their publicity and they have neither desire nor expectation of partisan support from this newspaper.

Accordingly, the desire of this newspaper in the present muddle which the Republicans are having over the character of their candidate for police judge is merely to present the facts as they are adduced and if necessary, protect the interests of the public as a whole.

For a long time there has been a great deal of regret expressed in this community that it is exceedingly difficult to induce citizens of ability and good reputation to become candidates for public offices.

When attempts are made to induce desirable citizens to aspire to political honors those persons who are sought reflect on the risks they run in subjecting themselves to the calumny and abuse of a hostile newspaper whose first measure of a candidate's fitness is the degree to which he can be controlled by that newspaper.

Few good citizens have the courage and none the inclination to lay themselves liable to unscrupulous assaults upon their character that may be presented in such plausible and libel-proofed manner as to leave them no recourse against the libelers, but a besmirched reputation that only time can cleanse.

As a result of this condition, long tolerated unnecessarily by an indifferent public, it is safe to assume that with very few exceptions, the candidates for office in Indianapolis are those who believe they have obtained immunity from these mudslingers, or those who have little to lose through such attacks.

As a natural outcome of these existing conditions, the Republican party this year presented as its candidate for police judge a police court lawyer whose practice and associates have not been among the highest class of citizens.

J. Herbert Hartman was particularly susceptible to attacks such as have for years prevented better men from seeking public office. By reason of his business and his associates, he proves an easy prey to the character assassins who seek to rule or ruin every candidate for office.

Demonstrative of the methods of these traducers are the circumstances under which Hartman was first held up to the community as a crook.

A thief is caught in a neighboring city and brought face to face with a prison sentence. He needs money with which to defend himself and an attempt is made to get that money from a candidate for office in Indianapolis under threats of an expose of that candidate.

The candidate refuses to be blackmailed and in the course of a short time an Indianapolis newspaper prints what it terms the context of a "signed statement" blasting the character of the candidate.

Immediately, there is great resentment among the other candidates and the political managers of the party. A meeting is held for the avowed purpose of demanding that the candidate retire, although it is admitted that retirement under those circumstances means confession of disgrace and criminality.

Then, it develops that there is no "signed statement;" that the excerpts from what was represented as a "confession" on which the authorities are about to base prosecutions are merely the "notes" of a conversation between a desperate prisoner and a discredited reporter in which the prisoner seeks to link his falling fortunes with the candidate, perhaps in resentment over the candidate's failure to help him, perhaps for the purpose of obtaining money to further his defense and perhaps for no other reason than to attract attention to himself.

Little or no effort is made by the political party or the newspaper to weigh the truth or falsity of these statements. The implication that the candidate is a participant in thievery and a beneficiary of theft is sensationally sprung in the candidate's home with all due care being exercised to avoid the libel laws and all due effort being made to place the candidate in the worst possible light.

It matters not whether subsequent events will prove the candidate crooked or upright. It matters not whether the source of the accusation will subsequently be proved too thoroughly contaminated to be worthy of any credence.

The determination to seize the opportunity to ruin the candidate is foremost and is generally successful, even when the publications that are depended upon for his ruin are based on as flimsy authority as that of an accused thief who talks to a discredited reporter between the bars of a jail.

And never will Indianapolis obtain the services of the high grade of citizens whom its political offices demand while candidates are subjected to condemnation by fellow candidates and party managers on the no better evidence than the fervid stories told by accused criminals to discredited character assassins.

Permanent Cotton Dyes

Dyes for cotton goods that defy sun, soap and boiling water are at last a reality. New York scientists and dye experts believe that the age-old search for colors that are ever-fast when applied to cotton fiber has reached a successful conclusion in the discoveries of Mr. John Macadam. Cotton goods dyed according to Mr. Macadam's formula in the most delicate tints and hues have been exposed to 168 hours of sunshine and then boiled in strong washing soda without losing any of their brilliancy of color.

Mr. Macadam has devoted years to his quest for cotton goods dyes that were really permanent. When it was certain that he had achieved this triumph of modern chemistry, samples of cloth dyed by his process were subjected to the most severe tests, in a testing plant at Baltimore.

The samples were covered by iron plates with a hole in each through which a part of the cloth was exposed. Each day of the test, the plates became too hot to touch but at the end of 168 hours in the sun there was no perceptible difference in color between the protected parts of the samples and the parts exposed. The colors included in this test were ponce, heliotrope, various shades of brown and tan, different shades of blue and green, gray, yellow, gold, corn, light and dark pinks and lavender.

At the conclusion of the sunshine tests the samples were thrown into boiling washing solutions far stronger than are used by any housewife or laundry. Finally they were subjected to acids. It was found that the samples were affected only by the chemicals which destroyed the cloth itself. The new dyeing process can be used for beach cloth, gingham, calicoes and other cotton goods.

The art of dyeing cloth dates back to the Phoenicians whose civilization flourished on the Mediterranean before the rise of Greece and Rome. Phoenician purple was the popular color of the classic era. For thousands of years there have been satisfactory dyes for wools and silks. Cotton, the most obstinate of all, has now been conquered.

HEART INTEREST HAS THE CALL

In Motion Pictures Since Fox Found a Hit

"Have a heart," implored a hokum-weary public.

"All right, have a heart," replied the obliging film producer. "Have a couple of hearts."

Motion picture folk today are wearing their hearts on their sleeves. Not the prime verde or puppy-love heart, nor the vampire heart, nor yet that heart-palpitator, the bathing beauty. They have chosen the heart that every one, young and old, has—the heart that beats in the most fundamental of affections for home and mother.

The genuine heart interest picture arrived with the production of "Over the Hill," the William Fox story of home and mother that ran a year in New York and is now released over the country. It offers nothing melodramatic, nor does it make one clutch the arm of the chair in suspense. It pleasantly introduces the audience to a group of every day people as much like the family next door or one's own folk as possible. Then it proceeds to take one over well-trodden footpaths, that in their familiarity have an exquisite charm.

Quaint, homely, reminiscent, tapping a spring of beloved memories, compelling the tear and the smile. The public demands bare hearts where once it demanded bare thighs.

So the producers took a tip from "Over the Hill" and are putting out dramas of the heart and home.

"Over the Hill" is now in the second week of its engagement at Loew's State.

ON VIEW TODAY.

The following attractions are on view today: "Billy B." Van and James J. Corbett at B. F. Kistner, Lottie Mayer and her diving girls at the Lyric, "Monte Carlo Girls" at the Park, "Ale Martin" at the Klatto, "Reckless Wives," a movie, and family vaudeville, at the Broadway; "Woman's Place" at the Circle, "Straight From Paris" at the Alhambra, "Over the Hill" at Loew's State, "The Affairs of Anatol" at the Ohio, "The Sign on the Door" at Mister Smith's, "The Hill Doctors" at the Isis, "A Daughter of the

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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THREE GENTLEMEN

WHOSE NAMES begin.

WITH THE letter K.

AND THE letter C.

AND THE letter B.

HAVE GONE into business.

AS THE "K. C. B. Syndicate."

AND ARE buying land.

IN OKLAHOMA.

AND THEIR circular says.

THERE MAY be oil.

UPON THE land.

AND ANYWAY.

THEY ARE selling stock.

AND INTIMATE.

I fear just now she will not harm.

A mouse in Johnny's father's barn.

IN THEIR circular.

THAT with fair success.

THERE SHOULD be profits.

OF 500 per cent.

FOR THOSE who invest.

IN THEIR enterprise.

AND THEY may be right.

BUT I have my doubts.

AND I'm writing this.

FOR I have a fear.

SOME FRIEND of mine.

MAY BE on the list.

FOR A circular.

AND SEEING the letters.

"K. C. B."

MIGHT WRONGLY assume.

THAT I'm hunting oil.

OR BUYING land.

OR SELLING stock.

OR WHATEVER it is.

THAT THE Mr. K.

AND THE Mr. C.

AND THE Mr. B.

ARE TRYING to do.

AND IF there is.

ANY FRIEND of mine.

WHO HAS any money.

HE MUST invest.

IN OIL well stock.

I WANT him to know.

THAT IN a trunk.

STORED AWAY somewhere.

I HAVE some stock.

WITH A picture on it.

OF AN oil well gusher.

AND I'll let him have it.

ONE THOUSAND shares.

FOR A dollar and a half.

IT'S WORTH that much.

JUST TO find the trunk.

I THANK you.

Legion Notes

A former soldier, jobless and with a wife and five children to support and fifty offers of employment when his case became known to Kansas City citizens. Sleeping on the floor because he had no bed, the service man was rescued early by a rush for calls from the American Legion employment bureau where he had registered only the day before.

Whether to wear brown debbies or corn-stalk shirts is a question puzzling members of the Iowa delegation to the American Legion meeting at Kansas City this month. All are agreed that they should wear something distinctive. More than 1,000 Iowans will attend the convention.

One hundred aliens, manning the Shipping Board's fleet at Camp Euclid, Va., have been discharged and their places filled by unemployed American seamen following representations of the American Legion to the State. The fleet now consists of 330 vessels in charge of skeleton crews and 300 more ships will be added soon.

An aerial express for delegates and visitors to the national convention of the American Legion at Kansas City will be operated by members of the Minneapolis (Minn.) unit. It will use their own planes for the trip.

Holding that his opportunity for service was greater in his new capacity, Clarence W. Seymour, Hartford, Conn., sold in his resignation as State Senator immediately after he had been elected commander of the local American Legion post. The legion forbids its officials to hold political elective office.

Ward A. Pennell, Navy veteran of the war, is basking from Hampton, N. J., to Pittsburgh, Pa., to get a job that is being held for him. He is drawing a two wheel cart containing coats and clothing. The local American Legion post sent his wife and five children on a train ahead of him. He had been out of work for months.

Five thousand wireless stations, forming a network from coast to coast, are receiving nightly bulletins of information concerning the forthcoming national convention of the American Legion. A flash from the Western Radio Company, most of them legion men of Army wireless experience, pick up the stories for their local newspapers.

From 8 to 10 cents a day for meals and a bed is the rate in a hotel just opened in Des Moines, Iowa, by Sheriff W. E. Robb, who does it for jobless ex-servicemen in addition to his other duties. Only cards supplied by the American Legion and trades and labor assembly of the city will admit guests.

Harold Wells, Petersburg, Va., blinded while serving his country during the World War, was not receiving enough from the government to keep him. Members of his American Legion post raised \$1,000 in a mass meeting over which the mayor presided. They sent him up in business and with their Women's Auxiliary pledged to buy only of the veteran in his tobacco and book store. Now he has paid off the \$1,000 debt and is making a comfortable living.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

Ding dong bell,
 Puss in boots well,
 Tell me quick the reason why—
 Johnny fed her apple pie?
 What a naughty boy was that
 To give rich pie to pussy cat.
 I fear just now she will not harm
 A mouse in Johnny's father's barn.

Now of course Puss Junior was very grumpy when he heard this and he inquired if there wasn't a doctor who would cure poor pussy, but there didn't seem to be any medical man in the neighborhood. You see, nobody had been ill for so long that all the doctors had moved away; and how it happened that pussy cat grew sick after eating the apple pie is a mystery to me. For the apple pie in all New Mother Goose Land was the most delicious pie I ever ate, and you would agree with me, I am sure.

Well, there is no use in talking about it any more, for pussy was certainly very ill, and she looked up at Puss Junior with such beseeching eyes that our small hero said he would go for a doctor if he had to go a thousand and one miles to get him.

So he looked around for an automobile or an airplane, and then, what do you suppose happened? Why, a few Goosy Goosy Gander and said: "Master Puss Junior, I was so lonely after leaving you that I have hunted for you ever since."

"Well, you have come just in time," cried Puss, jumping on the Gander's back. "Now take me as fast as you can to a doctor." And the Gander, who was a well behaved bird, never asked why, but flew away as fast as he could, and by and by he came to a doctor's house, for the Gander was a doctor and knew more than many people thought he did.

But the doctor was out and his wife didn't know when he'd be back, for he had gone a long way to see and old man who had the whooping cough. So Puss Junior climbed up again on the Gander's back, who flew away with him until they came to another doctor, and he happened to be at home, for his little boy was sick with the measles.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't leave," said the doctor, "but I will telephone them to do." So he called them up on the telephone and told Johnny's father to give the poor pussy cat some hot catnip tea and that she would be all right. I don't know how the doctor knew, but just as soon as she drank the tea she got perfectly well, although she said when she thought of the pie it made her feel ill again.

Then Puss Junior paid the doctor for telephoning and, again mounting his Gander, rode off in search of further adventure.—Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

Waiters, on Strike, Raid Dining Rooms

BERLIN, Oct. 5.—Disorders broke out today in the waiters' strike. Strikers invaded public dining rooms where strike-breakers were at work, smashing dishes and mirrors and pouring soup over the guests. The hotels have notified the government new quarters must be found for the allied missions, as they are without servants to attend the customers' needs.

IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

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 evolved and found practical. Follow them down a most interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.]

WEDNESDAY.

"What are we to do about washing all this linen?" inquired Mrs. Hooper, as she added another pair of single sheets and the pillow case that had just been removed from Betty's bed to the pile that had been accumulating.

"Well, I've been fumigating it as best I could," added the Bride, "by putting it into that bag closed in the hall that I've made alright by pasting strips of paper along the cracks, and burning the formaldehyde candles that the doctor brought me in last evening."

"I know," replied Mrs. Hooper, "and I believe that every germ has been destroyed, and that there couldn't possibly be any danger from contagion, but I hesitated about sending them to the laundry for fear there might be some quack in the neighborhood about my doing so, and yet we must have some clean linen. My surplus isn't so great and the doctor on it for the last few weeks has been pretty severe."

"I shall ask the doctor when he comes," said the Bride, "if it would be all right for me to take them down to the laundry while the children are at school, and wash them in the washing machine and get them out in the fresh air and sunshine."

"I think that suggestion is an excellent one," replied Mrs. Hooper, "except that I had better go down and do the washing instead of you."

"Oh, I wish you'd let me do it," urged the Bride. "I'm so anxious to really try out an electric washing machine and I've never had an opportunity to do it before."

Daily Fashion Hints



BY AGNES AYRES.

Star in Paramount Pictures.
 Capes have not gone out either as finally or as emphatically as their "run" might have led one to suspect, but they are modified and altered in the most surprising ways.

Some of the very best of the winter coats are cape coats. There are funny little shoulder capes of fur, there are collars and berthas on frocks that look like miniature capes and there are still some street dresses with capes attached.

In the sketch is one of the new cape coats—new in trimming, new in line and on the question of sleeves, and altogether interesting.

Speaking of sleeves, this coat apparently has none, not even the autumn paradox of a short one, but instead a little wrapped around cape, the length of a three-quarter sleeve, that ceases to be a cape in front and is incorporated into the coat. It starts to the left of the front, goes around and pretends that it is a real cape in back, comes back and loses itself in the opening of the coat's skirt.

The skirt wraps around, too, with a quaintly pleasing, uneven hem line at the finish.

Cape and coat all are bound with a four inch band of gray astrakhan, its startling contrast to the very dark blue of the cloth. Gray astrakhan seems to have come in on the same tide of style that has brought us so much undyed fur—especially caracul and broadtail.

The collar, too, is astrakhan, not very high, nor very tight, and put naively on backwards, with diagonally cut ends that cross and fasten directly over your spinal column.

Men You May Marry

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Sweet, not particularly neat not untidy—not natty—not batty. He is rather the idealist—tells a good story and when you laugh at it—he is a little abashed and drops his eyes. When you praise him for anything he looks beyond you and stares into space. Yet you know he likes approval. He feels he has a mission—though not in "religion" he is religious.

IN FACT,

He'd make a missionary on any subject in which he believed.

Prescription to his bride:

If you have ears begin to use them! He loves to hold forth.

Absorb This:

HAPPILY, PRACTICE MAKES IDEALS IMPOSSIBLE.

(Copyright, 1921.)

I'm thinking seriously of asking Bob to get me one, so that we can cut down our awful laundry bills, and I want to know just how it works."

But when the doctor was consulted later in the day when he came to make his call on Betty, he suggested that neither of them attempt to replenish the linen, but to send it down fumigated carefully as it had been and let Mrs. Hooper's mother sterilize it further by boiling and then put it through the washing machine, iron and air it and send it back upstairs.

"There is no danger whatever if she keeps it entirely separated from the clothes in the family wash," said the doctor, after he had given these instructions. As the family washing had been done the day before, this was an easy matter.

"Poor mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Hooper, after he had departed. "She is almost beside herself, trying to keep the accounts straight and within my budget, now if a deluge of extra washing descends upon her she will be swamped."

"How are she and Helen and Mr. Hooper managing?" inquired the Bride.

"Extremely well, under the circumstances," replied Mrs. Hooper, "but I think Henry must have lost his appetite completely from anxiety, because they cut his meat supply down to almost nothing last week, something I've never dared to do."

"Was that to economize?" questioned the Bride.

"Yes, I should say it was," smiled Mrs. Hooper. "They were fearfully charged at their deficit the first week they ran things. I expected to have them defend themselves by saying they had two extra people to feed—mother and you. But I expect we have all been eating really less than usual and by cutting down the meat last week they came through all right, but I don't know what they are doing this week."

The menu for the three meals on Thursday is:

BREAKFAST.
 Pears Cereal
 Brown Fish Hash Coffee.
 LUNCHEON.
 Boiled Rice and Milk
 Stewed Quinces with Orange.
 Gingerbread.
 DINNER.
 Cream of Corn Soup
 Roast Beef with Vegetables
 Browned Potatoes Lettuce Salad
 Rice Pudding.
 (Copyright, 1921.)

QUINCE ROLY POLY.

Stew the quinces, cool and drain. Prepare a pie crust, roll out and spread with the quince and cinnamon pieces. Dust with a little ground cinnamon and grated nutmeg and add a little grated lemon peel with sugar if the fruit isn't very sweet. Roll up like a jelly roll; pinch the ends together and lay in a greased tin. Brush over with a little milk, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in a quick oven until crisp and brown. Serve cut in thick slices with fruit syrup.

GINGERBREAD.

Mix together a half cupful of brown sugar and New Orleans molasses, and stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of ground ginger and a teaspoon of cinnamon. Set the bowl containing these ingredients in a warm oven until lukewarm; then beat with an egg beater until the batter is light and fluffy. Now stir in a cupful of sour milk and three cupfuls of sifted flour. Beat very hard, adding last of all a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in water. Beat for two minutes longer and bake in deep muffin tins, or in a shallow baking pan.

BEEF HOT POT.

Two pounds of beef ribs; one table-spoonful of dripping; two chopped onions and six tiny green peppers, four slices of toast, a little black pepper, chives, vinegar, thyme, raisins, olives, tomatoes to taste, all minced.

Heat the dripping in a saucepan. Put into it the ingredients (leave the peppers whole and mince the chives) cover closely and stew until boiled to shreds. Thicken with butter rolled in brown flour. Serve on toast.

Braised Rolled Beefsteak.

This is a good way of dealing with a homelessly tough steak. Lay upon a board and pound from end to end with a mallet. Cover with a forcement of minced salt pork, onion and seasoned crumbs, wet with a little gravy; roll up upon the stuffing and tie into shape.

teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper; fill the large spoon with vinegar, mixing salt and pepper well in this; turn into the mixing bowl; then fill the spoon three times with oil. Stir and toss until the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated. Two larger bowls should be ready at hand, one empty, the other heaped with crisp cold lettuce leaves. Pick these apart lightly with the finger tips and put into the empty bowl. When all are in pour the dressing over the lettuce, toss lightly and quickly with salad fork and spoon. Pass at once with heated crackers and fancy cheese of some kind.

Helpful Household Hints

To Clean Tea and Coffee Pots—Free the pots from the leaves and grounds, wash thoroughly with cold water, and occasionally fill pots with cold water to which one tablespoonful of borax has been added. Heat to the boiling point to remove discoloration, rinse with hot water, wipe and dry.

To Remove Stains From Furniture—Dip flannel cloth in very hot water and place over the spot. Remove quickly and rub with a dry cloth. Repeat until the spot is removed. A little alcohol may be used, but the work must be speedily done.

To Clean the Ice Chest—Use lukewarm water in which a little washing soda has been dissolved. Never with soap. A little Sapollo may be used to remove any spots. Should anything be spilled, wipe it out immediately. All things that have any odor should be put in the top of the box; milk, butter, meats and poultry in the bottom. Milk and butter should be kept closely covered.

THINGS NOT TO DO.

Never let your fresh meat remain in papers in the ice box.
 Never keep vinegar in anything but glass and earthenware.
 Never use water from hot water pipe for cooking purposes, as the water is fat.

Rotary Club Elects C. E. Hall President