

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.

AND NOW the baseball world can return to normalcy!

EXTRA! Frank Francis does not appear to have made any confession yesterday!

FEW PERSONS will worry about the name of a road if it is kept in good condition.

L. ERT SLACK says he wishes he was not in the Government service. What's holding him?

THE OWNERSHIP of a stolen car sometimes makes a great deal of difference to the police.

NOW maybe Henry Dithmer is convinced that a crime really is committed in Indianapolis occasionally.

IF a few more persons had a sense of humor there would be no more need for worry about the Ku-Klux Klan.

WHEN IN DOUBT insist that the signatures on a petition are not valid, seems to be the policy in some quarters.

THE TAX BOARD having no part, those Sunnyside buildings may eventually be completed despite delays.

WHAT PROFITS a man to be a member of the board of safety if it does not exempt him from the toll of the automobile thieves?

THE PROHIBITION enforcement department has ordered the sale of home brew ingredients stopped. Presumably they have discovered what the stuff really is made of.

THE QUESTION of whether all the applause came from boys in the front row or whether large crowds were turned away in some cases depends on policy rather than on facts.

PROBABLY Mr. Fletcher explained to the grand jury why his detective department failed to arrest Francis when it knew he was in Indianapolis. That may have accounted for the length of his examination.

INDIANAPOLIS is reverting to the day's of the wild and woolly West. One day there is a hold-up rivaling those of the James boys and the next a wolf is shot in a thickly populated neighborhood.

Anyhow, It Ends Soon!

The serious task of selecting officials who for four years will have control of the affairs of the city of Indianapolis is approaching rapidly and probably more than ever before it finds the electorate unprepared for an intelligent choice.

Partisan lines, on which such selections are usually made, have not held against the furious attacks upon them and today we have the Democratic candidate for mayor solemnly declaring that he expects to receive more Republican votes than his opponent. On the other hand, registration work discloses that thousands of Democrats of the city are supporting the Republican nominee.

At this time, it does not appear that a choice will be made along partisan lines.

The most interesting development of the campaign has been the accusation against a Republican candidate made by a confessed crook. This accusation has been sufficient to cause the Republican candidates as a body to ask the public to withhold support from one of the men on their ticket. It would seem that the choice of a city judge is to be influenced by the unsubstantiated word of a confessed burglar.

Neither of the candidates for mayor has advanced any constructive platform on which to appeal for votes. There is not an issue worthy of the name before the public, unless we are to accept Mr. Ralston's stand against better sanitation and Mr. Shank's dissatisfaction with the police department as issues.

Of course, we have the attempts of the supercilious to gain advantage through sarcastic references to the songs sung at political meetings and to belittle candidates because of their mannerisms or their businesses.

But the truth of the matter is that not a single good reason has at yet been advanced by the managers of either party as to why their candidates should be elected.

Just at present groups of trained seals are performing on the speakers' stumps for both the candidates for mayor and their performances are highly amusing, even though they do nothing toward helping the electorate to a choice. It is an open question as to which party's group is the most inconsistent, but there is no question about the futility of the efforts of either.

Of course, common sense dictates that the thing the public wants to know is why either candidate for mayor should be elected.

Perhaps it is the sheer inability of the speakers to find any such reason that compels them to resort to the drivel with which they are entertaining us.

Preserving the Past

An evidence of growth, materially and in civic matters, is manifest in the recent agitation of the National Old Trails Road Association to enlist cooperation in the perpetuation of the history of highways long ago established by early settlers. It seems in keeping with the modern spirit which is establishing monuments, erecting tablets and noting places of historic interest throughout the State.

Indiana is sufficiently wealthy now to preserve landmarks of magnitude and thus keep fresh the memory of those whose sacrifice makes living worth while today. State parks are but memorials to lovers of beauty; highways are enduring and fitting monuments to worthy enterprises, while bronze tablets abound for future guidance and reminders.

In the past there was not the spirit of appreciation manifested as now. Perhaps events were too near. It may be a statesman is a dead politician, though this is not always true. Certainly intervening years have not dimmed the luster of Washington, nor should they of thousands of unknown heroes and heroines who pioneered Indiana and sacrificed that life might be fuller for the coming generation.

Recently a compilation of the lives of Indiana artists was made by Mrs. H. B. Burnett of Indianapolis and soon it will be issued in book form. Thereby again is the wealth of historical knowledge accumulated, for in fewer years than is realized, Indiana will turn its appreciation to those early artists whose lives should not be forgotten.

The community has so grown that it may well pause a moment to do reverence to the memory of those of its sons and daughters whose efforts to brighten life were not made in vain.

More Neglect!

The reason assigned by the county government for purchasing certain portable buildings for use at Sunnyside sanitarium at a greater cost than the material for such buildings could be purchased was that time would be conserved thereby.

Months have passed since the purchase and investigation shows that less has been done toward the erection of the portable buildings than could easily have been done toward the erection of permanent structures.

In other words, the county officials spent public money to insure speed in the erection of the buildings and then promptly forgot all about speed and permitted the construction to be delayed.

The purpose of the erection of these buildings at the sanitarium was to provide more beds for tubercular patients, hundreds of whom are awaiting treatment at the sanitarium.

Delay in the treatment of the patients is particularly conducive to fatal consequences.

No one knows how many lives have been lost through the negligence of the county officials who were quick to spend county money to hurry the work, but slow to take the other simple steps necessary to complete the construction work demanded.

This community has become accustomed to inefficiency in public office, but it has not yet reached a point where it approves of neglect that costs lives.

RUMOR HAS NOT BEEN FALSE

Because Nance O'Neil Is Magnificent as Raimunda

By WALTER D. HICKMAN.

"See them. Lip to lip."

Nance O'Neil as Raimunda utters those words as her second husband, Estaban, passionately kisses the lips of his stepdaughter, Acacia. Kisses her not as a father but as a lover. Acacia nestles in his arms as a passionate lover, not as a daughter.

Raimunda shrieks the message of the false love in her home. The cry brought the law and the neighbors in the house. Estaban attempts to retain the pleasure which he had just tasted. He fires a shot.

Raimunda falls. Estaban again is in his shoulder. The soul of Raimunda goes to the great beyond, rejoicing that Estaban now is unable to harm her daughter. Acacia is saved from her stepfather by the blood of her mother.

That is the dramatic climax of Jacinto Benavente's "The Passion Flower," known in the original as "La Malquerida." The above is just a rough idea of the big scene of the play which caused a large Indianapolis audience to leave English's last night in a dazed condition. For once we have seen a play with a most unhappy ending, but one so natural and powerful, so overwhelmingly convincing, that we are forced to admit that it could not be otherwise.

After the final curtain men and women lined up in their seats to recall Nance O'Neil and the members of her company. Women of the audience with their faces still stained with tears left the theater as if in a dream. The magic of Nance O'Neil was never felt more completely than last night. I have followed closely the success of the star in this world but beautiful play of the strange love of a stepfather for his stepdaughter.

I knew that when "The Passion Flower" was presented on a speaking stage in Indianapolis that Nance O'Neil would appear as Raimunda, the wife, who by the bitterest of experiences, discovers that the husband she has married is the promised husband of her daughter—murdered him because her second husband could not bear to have his stepdaughter leave his home. I knew that Nance O'Neil would play the part of Raimunda because she is the only woman on the American stage who would dare to play the role. Nance O'Neil is the only actress on the speaking stage today who could play this part.

Miss O'Neil has brought to the very door steps of Indianapolis the kind of acting of which we have been starved for years. It is seldom that one sees such a dramatic and tragic performance as is given by her. I remembered her voice from "The Lily" and last night this golden voice was even more golden, more powerful and possessed to the fullest extent the attributes which strike at the very hearts of men and women.

After seeing "The Passion Flower" last night, I can understand why Miss O'Neil is so enthusiastic over the work of Benavente. He is world wide. He is not just Spanish. His theme is the theme of the world—love. Love, whether it be good or bad, natural or unnatural. Benavente can weave in a masterful fashion the element of an unnatural love into a torrent of hate and death, then causing the hate in a woman's heart to turn into the milk of love.

Nance O'Neil is fond of the works of Benavente because he is the one artist who is big enough to give this woman a vehicle worthy of her marvelous ability. The author is more than safe when Nance O'Neil is impersonating his characters, and Nance O'Neil is equally safe when she is putting her heart and soul into the dramatic heart beats of Benavente's weird and colorful imagination.

"The Passion Flower" will not cause you to laugh, but it will thrill and even whip you into submission as scene after scene permits Nance O'Neil to unfold her dramatic powers. She will hurt you into the stormy river of conflict—the same conflict that she endures in the play. She will cause you to suffer with her when she cries out that her own daughter, the daughter of her blood, is kissing Estaban "lip to lip"—kissing him not as a daughter, but as a passionate lover. There you will see the divine spark of Nance O'Neil's artistry. That one second is worth the entire price of admission to English's. In fact that second is priceless.

In keeping with the exceptional talents of the star, are the individual qualifications of the members of her company. I seriously doubt if there could be much improvement in the work of any. At times the work of Miss Dorothy Elin as Acacia baffled me, but in the few minutes of the play, I realized that the role should be played just as it is played by Miss Elin. It is an unsympathetic and unlovely role, but Miss Elin plays it with such a subtlety and grace that it is the solution of the tragedy in the first act.

Alfred Hickman as Estaban is magnificent when he tells his wife that even in the night when he was at her side, his thoughts were of her daughter. Equally magnificent is the suppressed anger and indicated suffering of Nance O'Neil. I have only praise for H. H. McCollum as Rubio, the tool of Estaban. The remainder of the cast was more than adequate.

Opinion—if you hesitate to face a truth, then do not see "The Passion Flower." If you are not fond of a powerful and fearless writer, then shut the pages of Benavente. If you rejoice in seeing and hearing the highest talented woman before the American public today—then go to English's either today or tomorrow and witness this impressive and powerful outburst of the sufferings of a woman's soul. If you desire value re-

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1921, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6.

DEAR K. C. B.—Every day, in the B. & O. freight yards near the place where I work, there pass, about noon, two engineers who wave to all of us and we wave back. One time we waved too long, or the head lady came in too soon, and anyway I am writing you to tell you that she caught us waving and that she don't think it is nice and now when the train passes about noon, and they wave and we do not wave back, they look meek and shy. And so, I am wondering whether you think it is nice, or at least not bad, for us to wave to the engine men.

ONE OF US.

MY DEAR ONE OF US.

YOU MAY have forgotten.

OR YOU may not have read.

A COLUMN I wrote.

OF A little girl.

WHO LIVED on a farm.

AND THE old farm house.

WAS NEAR the train performance as is given by her.

WHERE TRAINS went by.

AND EVERY day.

FROM THE very same windows.

THIS LITTLE girl.

WAVED BOTH her hands.

TO THE engineers.

AND FIREMEN.

AND THEY waved back.

AND WHEN night came.

SHE'D put a light.

ON THE window sill.

AND THE engineers.

WOULD WHISTLE past.

AND THE engineers.

FOUND OUT one day.

THAT THE little girl.

WAS AN invalid.

AND THEY made her.

THAT BOUGHT for her.

THE BEST there was.

OF DOCTOR'S skill.

AND SHE got well.

AND IT seems to me.

THAT ANYTHING.

THAT COULD bring about.

A JOY like this.

CAN'T be very bad.

AND IF I were you.

FD MISS a stitch.

ONCE EVERY day.

AND WAVE my hands.

TO THE engineers.

I THANK you.

DUE MONDAY



MR. GUY BATES POST.

After Manager Nelson Trowbridge had made repeated requests that Mr. Post leave Indianapolis on his present tour prior to leaving the country for a world tour in "The Masquerader." Richard Walton Tully, the producer, consented to book Mr. Post at the Murat for three days, beginning next Monday night. Indications are that Indiana theatergoers appreciate the efforts of the Murat management to bring Mr. Post to this city.

revels for every cent in a dollar bill, then do not hesitate in getting a ticket to admit you into the presence of Nance O'Neil and her company. This play has nearly three successful seasons back of it. "The Passion Flower" is not an experiment, it is a success.

On view at English's tonight, Saturday matinee and night.

ON VIEW TODAY.

The following attractions are on view today: "The Bird of Paradise," at the Murat; Rae Samuels, at B. F. Keith's; "Girls of 1921," at the Lyric; popular vaudeville, at the Rialto and the Broadway; "The Mischief Makers," at the Park; "The Three Musketeers," at Loew's State; "The Idle Class" and "Burn 'Em Up Barnes," at the Grand; "Rip Van Winkle," at the Ohio; "The Great Moment" at Minter Smith's; "Hickville to Broadway," at the Isis; "Kingfisher's Roost," at the Regent; "Fine Fathers," at the Colonial, and "Beyond," at the Alhambra.

BRYAN TO SPEAK AT TAYLOR U.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Oct. 14.—William Jennings Bryan will speak at Taylor University, Upland, on Nov. 6. It has been announced by the university authorities.

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 reader of the daily problems of the home as solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.]

FRIDAY.

The meeting of the Woman's Club was again marked by a large attendance of its members, as the outlining of the work for the year was to be continued. And each one was interested in what her assignment was to be in carrying out the comprehensive program that had been planned by the president and her various committees.

Mrs. Hooper's continued absence was greatly regretted as they were very anxious to begin at once the program of the department of home economics, and none of the other women could be induced to begin it until she was back to preside as chairman of the section.

It had been suggested by the president that they might continue the informal discussion of budgets that they had been carrying on during the vacation months, and it was finally resolved that if Mrs. Hoopers were not able to be with them for several weeks, that the best plan would be to go on in this way.

"It seems to me," remarked the president, "that those sample budgets on which you have been working should be finished, and that your consideration of them can go right on in your club section as it did in the small group during the summer. Then when Mrs. Hooper returns, we will have a completed set of budgets ready for a general discussion."

The last Friday in each month was designated as the day in which the club was to meet for a general discussion of the work outlined by the National Federation of Women's Clubs which met in Denver in June, and the other meetings of the month were to be devoted to the work of the various sections. The president agreed that as many of the members as possible would join the home economics department because in their small community there was no doubt that more good would come of concentrating on the business of making simple, economic units of their own homes, and of improving conditions in every individual household in Mayfield.

The larger plans for better educational governmental and Americanization projects, which were occupying the attention of women's clubs in the cities they could take up incidentally.

"The work outlined by the National Federation of Women's Clubs includes much that is beyond our field," concluded the president. "And I believe Mrs. Hooper is right in her contention that it is in the homes of each one of us in Mayfield that we can do 'reconstruction' work that will eventually be the greatest benefit not only to our own town but to the country at large."

The menu for the three meals on Saturday is:

BREAKFAST.

Granite Juice Cereal
Fish Cakes Hot Corn Bread
Coffee

LUNCHEON.
Spanish Omelet
Bread and Butter Apple Sauce

DINNER.
Vegetable Soup
Razout of Kidneys with Brown Gravy
Creamed Potatoes Stewed Cabbage
Apple Indian Pudding

APPLE INDIAN PUDDING.
Pour five cups of scalded milk slowly on a third of a cup of corn meal and cook, stirring frequently, in the double boiler for twenty minutes. Then add a cup of molasses and scalded cream of salt, three quarters of a teaspoonful of ground ginger and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a water bath for one hour. Dust with brown sugar. Bake for two hours in a very slow oven. Serve with cream or custard.

(Copyright, 1921.)

ROAST CALVES' HEARTS.
You will need one heart for a dish of moderate size. Wash them thoroughly, leaving in salt and water for an hour, to draw out the blood. Run a slender knife from the large end of each heart straight to the center, turning it around several times to make a central hole for the forcemeat stuffing. Make this of cracker crumbs highly seasoned with onion juice, salt and pepper, thyme or marjoram. Moisten with melted butter, or use hot water and a little fat pork or bacon finely chopped. Sew the opening together and thrust in several barboons of salt pork.

Pepper and flour. Fry one sliced onion in dripping in a frying pan. Put in the heart and brown it lightly all over. Pour in stock to cover it—lately—add a bay leaf, a sprig of carrot and one teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and cook in a moderate oven about two hours, or until very tender. When done remove the strings, cut the hearts upon a hot dish and thicken the gravy with browned flour. Add lemon juice and other seasonings if needed. Strain over the hearts. Garnish with Parsley potatoes alternately with small tomatoes, parsed and baked. Pour melted butter and minced parsley over potatoes and tomatoes.

STUFFED CABBAGE.
Choose a fresh, firm cabbage. Lay in cold water for half an hour and boil for salted water for ten minutes. Remove and allow it to get very cold. Meanwhile make a forcemeat of a cupful of boiled rice and the same quantity of

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Without looking twice you know he is a "first family"—the real thing. He is young, probably but 20—wears tweed coats, a style too long, soft collars, his language is correct but not so correct as to be painful. His slang always sounds so polite, yet his vocabulary has all the new jargon. He always considers those about him.

IN FACT,

Whatever he does seems polite.

Prescription to his bride:

Brush up on your own conduct. Valeting in manners and customs will help a lot.

Absorb This:

POLITENESS IS CRYSTALLIZED CONSIDERATIONS.

(Copyright, 1921.)

chopped cold chicken with a half a cupful of minced ham. Work to a paste and season. Stand the cabbage on the stem end and carefully open the leaves, beginning with the center. Fill the spaces between the layers of leaves with the forcemeat; close the cabbage upon itself, tie it up firmly in a piece of coarse netting, put it gently in a pot of boiling salted water, and cook almost two hours. Take from the fire, remove the netting very carefully, put the cabbage on a platter and pour a rich white sauce over it. If properly prepared, this is a delicious dish.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.
Beat the yolks of four eggs light, add a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of softened butter, and when these are well

mixed, four cupfuls of milk. Lastly, beat in two cups of dried crumbs and turn into a buttered pudding dish. Bake like a custard. When baked, spread over the top preserved fruit and cover the whole with the whites of eggs beaten stiff with half a cupful of sugar. Brown lightly in the oven. Sift powdered sugar over the meringue. Eat warm with sugar and cream, or very cold with the same.

CULINARY TERMS.

(Continued.)

"Chartreuse"—A mold lined with aspic, potatoes or rice, and filled in the center with meat, vegetables, nuts, etc. Chartreuse means anything conical. The dish is said to have originated with the monks of Chartreuse.

"Chateaubriand"—The thick cut from the center of a large fillet of beef, weighing about one and one-fourth pounds. It takes its name from a French nobleman with whom it was a favorite dish.

"Chaud-froid"—A gelatine sauce in which chicken, game and cutlets are marinated, and are decorated with truffles, whites of eggs, etc. The word means "hot-cold."

"Chiffonade"—Shredded very fine, cut in ribbons.

"Chervil"—The leaf of a European plant used as a salad.

"Chailles"—Red peppers.

"Chives"—A small green herb allied to the onion family.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

One bright morning as Puss Junior was traveling along a broad highway, for Goosy Goosey Gander had been on an account of the sickness of his mother, our little traveler came to a field where a Boy Scout stood beating on his drum.

One little Boy Scout beating a tattoo! A little comrade heard the call—then there was two.

Two little Boy Scouts climbing up a tree, Along came another one—then there were three.

Three little Boy Scouts standing by the door; Running out they met a Scout—then there were four.

Four little Boy Scouts in the water dive! Another one swam up to them—then there were five.

Five little Boy Scouts doing lots of tricks; Their captain shouted "Shoulder arms!" Then there were six.

Six little Boy Scouts looking up to heaven; An airship brought another down—then there were seven.

Seven little Boy Scouts got to school quite late; They found a scholar in the room—then there were eight.

Eight little Boy Scouts dressed up very fine; They caught a little colored one—then there were nine.

Nine little Boy Scouts chased a speckled hen; They bumped into another Scout—then there were ten.

Ten little Boy Scouts yelling "Hip, hurrah!" This is all there is to tell—these are all there are!

"Come on, boys!" cried Puss. "Follow me!" And he waved his sword and all the little boys marched after him until they came to the village, where there was a recruiting station. And when the general saw Puss Junior at the head of the ten little Boy Scouts, he said: "You shall be a major, my dear Puss Junior."

"My father, the famous Puss in Boots, he Major Domo to my Lord of Carabas," replied our little hero, saluting the general. "And he will be delighted to learn that I am a major also!"

He made the general laugh, for, of course, it wasn't the same thing at all, you know. But what's the difference, anyway? And who cares? For in New Mother Goose Land everybody is as happy as can be unless they do some-

thing wrong, when, of course, they are not.

But very few boys and girls do wrong, which makes it a lovely place to live in, and I suppose when you little boys and girls who read this story are grown up you will tell your children, just as I am telling you, about this New Mother Goose Land which little Puss Junior has discovered.—Copyright, 1921.

(To be continued.)

Washington Briefs