

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.

Telephone—Main 3500, New 28-351.

MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

SOME UNIONS talk first and perhaps strike afterward, while others strike first and talk afterward.

PRESIDENT HARDING has proclaimed Nov. 24 as Thanksgiving day, much to the surprise of every one.

THOSE PERSONS who advocated the purchase of coal in the summer are now in a position to say, "I told you so."

VIENNA BOOTBLACKS are reported to be earning 3,000 kronas a day. How do the customers carry their pocket money over there?

SECRETARY MELLON does not appear to have improved his popularity since he became a member of President Harding's official family.

BE PATIENT, voters! After the election you may find out just how many mistakes the Republican party made in the last primary.

NO ONE envies the job of those newly elected officials in North Dakota in straightening out the financial tangle of the Nonpartisan League.

TOM GARVIN may not be an "enthusiastic lawyer," but he continues to be the best qualified candidate for police judge regardless of all changes!

THOSE COAL MINERS who are striking because of the latest Federal injunction are giving evidence that the injunction was founded on sound theories.

What Nominated Shank?

It must afford considerable amusement to the outsider to hear the various explanations offered for the success of Samuel Lewis Shank in the primaries. They are so entertaining and varied that they leave one gasping for breath as they are offered up from the stump and in the press. Mr. John Holtzman declares that Shank was nominated on the Republican ticket by the votes of Democrats who were "coerced" into voting for him. Also, he declares that Shank was nominated by stolen votes and votes "bought with stolen whisky."

The Indianapolis News declares that Shank was nominated by a combination of the "hosts of darkness," who overcame the "united efforts of all the good people" to nominate Mr. Thomas Carr Howe.

Previously to the primary Mayor Jewett declared that the nomination of Mr. Shank would be a "reputation" of his administration.

Mr. Shank himself has declared that he owed the nomination to Democrats, who combined with Republicans to help him break control of the ring that was bossing Indianapolis.

Now we are informed that Republicans are so incensed over the action of their party in nominating Mr. Shank that they are combining with the Democrats to defeat him at the polls!

Out of this mass of misinformation the voter is welcome to select his own theory and reflect on whether or not it is sufficient to influence his vote.

But the real truth about the nomination of Mr. Shank is that it was brought about through a combination of dissatisfaction with the present Republican administration and the drawing power of Mr. Shank's personality. These two influences are yet the most powerful in the campaign. Supporters of Mr. Shank cannot conceive of his administration resembling that of Mayor Jewett. They cannot be taken out of the sphere of influence of his own peculiar personality.

And it is indeed unfortunate that these two influences have not received greater consideration from those who have conducted the campaign to prevent the election of the Republican ticket.

Schools or No Schools?

Neither Mr. Barry, Marie Haslep, Adolph Emhardt, Charles R. Yoke or Fred Bates Johnson has as yet taken the trouble to inform the people of this community how they propose to provide "a seat for every pupil in a modern fireproof building" without selling school bonds bearing 5 per cent interest for less than par in the remote contingency that they should ever constitute the Indianapolis school board.

They have, however, definitely pledged themselves not to sell a single school bond for less than par, even though they well know that no bonds of this type can be sold at par.

As a matter of fact, these candidates, who constitute a slate named by reactionaries who are even today standing in the way of new school buildings, are running on a platform that is contradictory and impossible of achievement. Either they propose to abandon the platform if elected or they propose that no more school buildings shall be built in Indianapolis.

If they do not intend to be bound by their platform, then they are unsafe candidates for the board. If they do intend to be bound by their platform then they represent the sentiments of only a few citizens of Indianapolis who are so enamored of their dollars that they would willingly see the children of the city deprived of educational facilities.

The appeal of this slate for the support of the citizens of Indianapolis is so fraudulent and so thoroughly hypocritical that it ought to fall of its own weight.

Every vote given this slate will be a vote to deprive the school children of Indianapolis of the school facilities that are willingly offered them in other cities, and are essential to the making of the citizens of tomorrow.

Every ballot cast for them will be an admission of the indifference of Indianapolis citizens to the future of Indianapolis, of the willingness to tolerate insanitary and dangerous portable buildings and half-day sessions of schools.

These candidates for the school board are pledged to a course that means no more good school buildings for Indianapolis.

And this community must have sanitary, fireproof school houses for its children.

Which?

Quite regardless of all the attempts to inject extraneous matter into the campaign, the real issue is which type of man the people of Indianapolis wish for mayor.

Mr. Shank is the experienced politician with a broad knowledge of how to make his appeal to the public, how to arouse enthusiasm in his behalf and what to promise that will attract the greatest attention.

Mr. Ralston is a novice in politics, unwilling to be a demagogue and too sincere to promise anything that he is not sure of delivering.

Arrayed with Mr. Shank are hundreds of politicians who have been successful, year after year, in influencing the community in their favor.

Lined up with Mr. Ralston are politicians who have not been so successful and a host of others who are not politicians but earnest advocates of better government.

The voters of Indianapolis must determine which of these men they will select to fill a four year job. Recommendations in plenty have been offered by both applicants and ample time has been allowed for consideration of their qualifications.

The final vote will disclose whether the people of this community prefer a politician or a business man for their mayor.

It has been argued that the business of being mayor of Indianapolis is essentially political, but not partisan. It has also been declared that only a thorough business man can be expected to give the city a business-like administration.

Whether the public wishes a clean-cut business administration or desires its administration politically tempered is a question.

It is certain that Mr. Ralston would have far less reason to consider politics from the mayor's office than Mr. Shank.

It is also certain that if politics is to play the same part in the administration of Indianapolis in the future that it has in the last four years, then Mr. Shank is better qualified to deal with the business than his opponent.

Literally, Indianapolis is today standing at the crossroads. If the community desires an entirely different type of executive than it has ever tried before, it will elect Mr. Ralston. If it is content with the methods of government that it has had for many years, it will find Mr. Shank more proficient in this particular line than several of the mayors we have had.

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 daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.]

THURSDAY.

As the bride had promised to come into tea Mrs. Hooper went in town to do her shopping immediately after lunch. Her market was a simple matter, as she had found by going over the vegetable garden with Roger that there were some late things that needed cleaning up—such as pumpkins and cabbage and beets and yellow turnips. By using all that it was possible to consume this week and storing the remainder in the basement, it would enable Henry and Roger to put the garden in shape for the winter when they were both at leisure on Saturday afternoon. The last of the grapes, which seemed to be a small second crop, would also be finished up and help to cut down the fruit bill, and she found a real bargain in some apples that would make sauce and a pie and baked apples for three or four meals. She was still keeping her meat allowance low with the idea that if Henry should return to his old demands for more than she had been giving him lately she would gradually return to her former supply, as the weather began to be colder. Betty was beginning to need delicacies that were a bit expensive to prepare, as well as an extra amount of milk and eggs, and so much was necessary for dairy supplies that she could keep within her food allowance now only by planning very carefully about her other expenditures. She ordered some fish for Friday, a roast for Sunday, and having no shopping that she intended to do until after Helen's coat was finished she reached home early and had tea ready to serve when the bride came in.

"Now, my dear," she began as she gave the bride her tea, "I want you to go on from where you left off the other day about it is decision of yours to leave your husband and go South because he had deceived you as to where he had spent the two weeks that you thought he was West on a business trip."

"You see I haven't been busy," observed the bride, "I didn't pick up and have home last Saturday just because I was so busy."

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Ye TOWNE GOSSIP Copyright, 1921, by Star Company. By K. C. B.

Monday, in bed. Dear K. C. B.—I am just a little girl and I have been in bed in a hospital for several years. I have no mother and my father is far away, and my brothers haven't sent me a card for a year. And dear K. C. B., maybe you have been sick in bed. If you have you know how cheerful it feels to know that folks remember you. So Mr. Beaton, write your friends and let them know you are well. If they only knew what it means I'm sure they would. Thank you very much for your time, Mr. Beaton.

Yours respectfully,
Your little friend,
ROSIE.

MY DEAR ROSIE.

AND ALL the little girls.

IN ALL the hospitals.

EVERYWHERE.

THIS is a letter.

JUST for you.

AND I'm writing.

ON THE very day.

THAT a friend.

A LITTLE girl.

HAS BEEN put away.

IN A plaster cast.

AND THE doctor says.

WHEN they take it off.

SHE'LL WALK again.

AND SHE hasn't walked.

IN FIVE long years.

AND I have a letter.

FROM HER dad.

AND IN the letter.

A MESSAGE comes.

"TELL UNCLE KEN."

"TO WRITE to me."

AND SO for you.

WHEREVER YOU are.

I'LL TAKE the message.

OF MY little friend.

AND SEND it on.

"TELL SOME one, please."

"TO WRITE to me."

AND SO they will.

IF THEY can know.

HOW GOOD it is.

TO FEEL the thrill.

THE MESSAGE brings.

"TELL UNCLE KEN."

"TO WRITE to me."

I THANK YOU.

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: He thinks he's some guy. Awfully slick dresser, but his hair comes down longish over his "Standee" collar. With all his smoothness he never seems really well put together. It's his hair! You wish he'd follow the ladies and "bob" it. He is clean but never looks it; he's the kind that carries a cane, but always grips it in the middle. He thinks he is just right and he likes you—he never forgets his own likes.

IN FACT,

He never forgets anything.

Prescription to his bride:

Give him no cause to store up memories. A few doses of tincture of callousness weekly will help.

Absorb This:

FORGETTING ONE'S SELF IS OFTEN AN ART.

(Copyright, 1921.)

was furiously angry. I've taken plenty of time to think about it and I've let Bob make all the explanations that he has to make. Now I'm all packed up and I'm ready to go.

"Why are you going—really?" inquired Mrs. Hooper quietly. "Don't you love him any more?"

"Oh, yes, I love him quite as well as I ever did," replied the bride, feeling about for her handkerchief. "That's the reason it is so hard to leave him; but you must see, and I think he ought to understand, that I couldn't go on living with a man who had deceived me like that."

"Who told you that he had been in the city all the time?" inquired Mrs. Hooper as she refilled her teacup. "How did you find it out?"

"He told me himself," replied the bride, beginning to weep.

"Read your husband," exclaimed Mrs. Hooper. "How very curious. If he were trying to deceive you I should think he would have kept it from you as long as possible—at least until you found it out from some other clue."

"But he insists that he had no intention of deceiving me," whispered the bride, and Mrs. Hooper remained her. "I understand that and I wouldn't mind at all. You see when he found out that I was here and that I had closed the house and was going to stay in quarantine here for a couple of weeks he just decided to go and stay in the city and that it wouldn't make any difference to me whether he was there or in the West, as I supposed he was, as long as he was absorbed in nursing Betty."

"Which I suppose was in a sense true," observed Mrs. Hooper. "You didn't worry about not hearing from him because you supposed he was taken up with his business and you didn't write to him either. I don't approve of what he did, but I really think you are very foolish to take it seriously enough to leave him."

"But he should have let me know," insisted the bride.

"But you didn't ask him or let him know that you were coming here to nurse Betty," Mrs. Hooper reminded her.

"No, but that was vastly different," was the bride's rejoinder.

"Not so very much different when you come to think of it," smiled Mrs. Hooper. "and I think you are really doing a very wrong thing to even think of leaving your husband because of the first thing he has done that you disapprove of."

"Well, I don't really want to leave him," sobbed the bride, "in spite of all I've said."

"And you are not going to," whispered Mrs. Hooper, as she patted her on the shoulder and started her toward home. The menu for the three meals on Friday is:

BREAKFAST.
Apple Sauce Cereal
Flaked Fish Cakes Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON.
Parsley Omelet Stewed Fruit
Lettuce Sandwiches Cookies
Milk

DINNER.
Broiled Chicken Stuffed Potatoes
With border of Mashed Potatoes
String Beans Tomato Jelly Salad
Apple Fritters
(Copyright, 1921.)

PARSLEY OMELET.
Beat the yolks and whites of six eggs separately and stir three tablespoonsful of milk into the yolks. Make a table-spoonful of butter in a frying pan. Stir the yolks and whites very lightly together; pepper and salt them, and turn the frothed mass into the frying pan. Before it forms, mix in some chopped parsley. Keep the omelet from sticking to the bottom and sides of the pan by frequently slipping a knife or cake-turner around the sides and under the eggs mixture. When the omelet is set place a turner in broiler of oven for a moment to brown top. Slip it off onto a hot platter, and as you do so fold it over quickly and lightly.

STUFFED EGGPLANT.
Cook eggplant in boiling salted water to cover for ten or twelve minutes. Remove from water and cut a slice from top, and with a spoon remove the pulp. Leave a wall thick enough so that it will hold the stuffing. Slip it off onto a platter and add one cupful bread crumbs. Melt in frying pan two tablespoonsful of butter, add one of finely chopped onion, cook for a few moments and add all the pulp. Season all with salt and pepper, and moisten with half a cupful of strained tomato. Mix all well and return to frying pan; cook for five minutes, cool, and add one egg well beaten. Refill the eggplant and cover with buttered crumbs, and bake for thirty minutes in an oven not too hot.

APPLE FRITTERS.
Beat the yolks and whites of five eggs separately. Into the yolks stir three generous cupfuls of sweet milk, a pinch of salt and three scant cupfuls of flour, sifted with a pinch of baking powder. Beat for a minute, add the stiffened whites and, when these are bleached, a cupful of peeled and thinly sliced apples. When the fritters are done add them to a hot dish, sprinkle them liberally with powdered sugar to which a little cinnamon has been added.

ROAST BEEF WITH SPANISH SAUCE.
Make sauce with two tablespoonsful of butter, two tablespoonsful of tomato, two sweet-peppers, and one onion, all cut fine. Cook onions and peppers in butter, add flour, then one and a half cupfuls of to-

matos, (without being strained) one tablespoonful sugar, salt and pepper. Cook all for about five minutes, then add roast beef cut very thin. Let it get hot and serve at once.

SNOW PUDDING.
One and a quarter tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine; one-third cupful cold water; whites of eggs beaten stiff and dry. Continue beating until it will hold its shape. Mold or pile on a glass serving-dish. Set where it will be very cold. Serve with cold boiled custard made from yolks of eggs. This pudding can be divided, and part tinted pink and part violet, which makes it very attractive.

BOILED CUSTARD.
Scald a quart of milk in a double boiler, and stir into it a bit of soda the size of a pea. Beat five eggs light with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Pour the scalding milk upon this mixture, return it to the fire in a double boiler, and cook, stirring constantly until it thickens and coats the spoon. Remove from the fire and flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla.

CHEESE SALAD.
Arrange a fine head of lettuce in salad-bowl in shape it was before washing, and sprinkle thickly with Edam or pine-apple, cheese and some chopped nuts. Pour over all a French dressing, with plenty of oil and lemon juice.

Helpful Household Hints

Vinegar and lemon juice are invaluable aids in the business of "tendering" tough meats. Beefsteak covered for some hours with vinegar or lemon juice and olive oil is made eatable by the action of the acid upon the fibers of the meat, which are further "supplied" by the oil.

Soda should be measured as accurately as if it were a potent drug, and never used except in combination with an acid. One even teaspoonful of soda to two rounded teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one even teaspoonful of soda to two cupfuls of buttermilk, or clabber, one even teaspoonful of soda to one cupful (one half pint) of molasses, cause what may be considered an equitable effervescence. Liberating gases that lighten dough and better without making them unwholesome. The "groovy-yellow" streaks in farmhouse quick biscuits are poisonous, but the alkali is not at fault. Soda should never be driven in single horses.

Vinegar put into the water in which a fowl or mutton is boiled will serve to make the meat tender, and a dash of vinegar in boiling wash removes the strong odor from the wool otherwise cling to it.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

You remember in the last story that Puss and his good gray horse had camped in a grove of trees for the night. Well, just as Puss was about to curl up and take a little nap to dreamland he heard a voice singing:

Little Boy Blue,
Come leave your toys
It's time to wash hands
For little boys.

Supper is ready,
You must not wait;
Tuck in your napkin
And don't tip your plate.

Oh, where is Boy Blue?
Let's all take a peep—
He's there on the sofa
Fast asleep.

Puss looked around and saw a little light twinkling through the trees. So he got up and went toward it to find that it shone from a window in a small cottage. And then he knocked on the door, for he thought, I may be asked to spend the night and the stars are so much more comfortable than sleeping beneath the trees. And the pretty woman who opened the door asked him in, saying softly, "Puss, my dear, come in, for Boy Blue has just gone to sleep." And you know how softly a cat can tiptoe. But, of course, he slipped off his red-topped boots when he came in.

Over the mantelpiece hung a silver horn, and as Puss looked up at it he remembered long ago in Old Mother Goose Land a little Boy Blue who blew his horn to call the cows from the fields of green, so he turned to the pretty woman and said:

"Does your little Boy Blue go to sleep in a haystack?"

"No, my dear," laughingly replied his mother. "But his mother says that the horn he used to blow in the early morn to call the cows and the woolly sheep when under the haycock fell asleep."

"I met him once, a long time ago," said little Puss Junior. "I remember the place quite well. He carried me on his shoulder to see little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuft, and she gave me some curds of whey till a horrid spider came and sat down beside her and frightened her so that she jumped up and ran far away."

"And so you were the little cat who was with him once, yes?" And little Boy Blue's mother, but Puss didn't answer, for he had fallen fast asleep, and was dreaming that he was once more with his father, the famous Puss in Boots. (Copyright, 1921.)

© (To Be Continued.)

\$12.50 PER KISS ON TRAIN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Joseph Gwinn became unduly hilarious on a subway train, and Mrs. Frazee, a woman of 50, was fined \$25, or \$12.50 per kiss.

Washington Briefs

Special to Indiana Daily Times and Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—President Harding has signed the commissions of Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge and Oscar W. Underwood as the American delegates at the conference of the League of Nations.

They are clothed, as usual, with plenipotentiary powers, and in accordance with international custom and tradition, are assigned the rank of "Ambassadors Extraordinary." Our delegates in Washington will have precisely the status of delegates sent by other governments. One round table just as our delegates at the two Hague peace conferences received their instructions from the President of the United States, so on the forthcoming occasion will America's representatives obtain their directions. At Paris, the President being present, orders were forthcoming on the spot. Occasion was taken by the State Department to reaffirm that "agreements, treaties or conventions entered into by the United States at the conference will require ratification by the Senate." That, of course, would apply to any covenant for limitation of armament.

One of the brainiest young women in Great Britain is coming to the conference—Miss Frances Stevenson, private secretary to David Lloyd George. She has been at his elbow in Downing Street incessantly since the outbreak of the war, and achieved the premiership five years ago, and everywhere throughout the British realm is recognized as one of the powers-that-be. Miss Stevenson, a beauty just approaching 30, was a member of the Prime Minister's staff throughout the Paris peace conference, so the schemes and stratagems that await her in Washington will confound no terror for her. She is the French by ancestry, her grandfather having fought with the first Napoleon more than a century ago.

The vanguard of the French press which will be prominently represented at the armament conference has arrived in the person of Capt. Philippe Millet, foreign editor of the Petit Parisien. A typical man of the world, fluent speaker of English and famous international authority, Captain Millet is the star of a newspaper which claims the largest circulation on earth—an edition of 1,750,000. The captain's traveling kit supplies evidence that all conquering golf has gripped the Gaul's imagination. In his bag of clubs accompanied him to America. Captain Millet's visiting card suggests an American environment in which he lives at "16 Rue Christophe Colomb." Mr. Stephen Leacock, editor of Le Matin and comrade of Rene Viviani, is also here. On Tuesday another brilliant French journalist is due—"Perrinax" (M. Courau) of Echo de Paris.

Rear Admiral C. T. Grayson, who still attends Woodrow Wilson as his personal physician, says that if the former President goes to Arlington Armistice day it "will be a great day for the world." The impression grows that between them Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson will ordain the distinguished invalid shall not risk the rigors of a November day in the climate. A tribute to the "unknown dead," as the unidentified soldier to be laid to rest at the National cemetery now is called, is sure to be paid by Admiral. But, instead of a spoken word or exemplifying it by his presence, the American commander-in-chief in the World War may inscribe his sentiments for "Stars and Stripes" in the A. E. F. newspaper, which still enjoys a flourishing existence.

Major General Tanaka, the chief Japanese military representative at the conference, paid his respects to General Pershing. Their acquaintance dates from the summer of 1912, when General Tanaka was special aide to General Pershing in Tokyo. The American generalissimo, then conducting military operations in the Philippines, had been assigned as military aide to Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, who represented the United States at the funeral of the late Emperor Mutsuhito of Japan.

Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, appeared before a subcommittee of the Senate Manufacturers Committee in report of the Hotten-Ladd bill to fix the metric system as the standard of weights and measures in this country. The contention that to change from the English system to the metric system would be very costly Mr. Vauclain characterized as a "bugaboo." The people of the country, he added, probably would never fully appreciate the advantages of the metric system until it had been put into vogue.

While supporting the metric system, Mr. Vauclain urged that the initiative in making this the basis for weights and measurements in this country should be taken by the Government.—Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company.

STAGE AND SCREEN

Next week at B. F. Keith's the headliner will be Belle Baker, who is famous for the way she puts over a song.

The feature at the Lyric this week is an act called "Different."

"The French Frolic" is the current attraction at the Park.

The movie theaters today are offering: "Two Minutes to Go," with Charles Ray at the Circle; "The Son of Wallingford," at the Ohio; "The Queen of Sheba," with Betty Byrne at the State; "Never Weaken," with Harold Lloyd at the Alhambra; "Everything For Sale" at the Ambassador; "What Women Will Do" at the Isis; "Clay Dollars" at the Colonial; "Death of a Triller" at the Rialto; and "Some Wild Oats" at the Keystone.

The current offering at the Murat is a movie, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." English on next Saturday night "The Birth of a Nation" will terminate a two weeks' engagement.

JOBS INCREASE IN INDIANAPOLIS

Free Employment Bureau Shows Gratifying Improvement in Situation.