

Indiana Daily Times

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BETTING is to be legalized in Germany. They must not be as hard up as they try to appear.

WILL the disarmament conference take up the problem of stopping the manufacture of bricks in Ireland?

ANOTHER FOOL looked in his gas tank by the light of a match. The saddest part of the whole affair is that only the flapper was damaged.

INDIANAPOLIS fishermen may not catch anything, as Mr. Spillane says, but he must give them credit for being on the job should any fish appear.

IT IS NOT a crime for a wife to take money from her husband's pockets, a court has ruled. The difficulty nowadays is to find anything in hubby's pockets.

THE GOVERNMENT reports the Indiana corn crop the poorest in years and the price the lowest. What has become of the law of supply and demand?

THOSE WHO WATCHED the funeral procession of the Unknown Soldier demonstrated that Woodrow Wilson is not last in their admiration, if he was last in the procession.

And Still They Knock!

The outstanding feature of the appointments to city jobs which Mayor-elect Shank is making is the completeness with which he is ousting the adherents of the Charles W. Jewett administration.

It appears that when Mr. Jewett leaves the mayor's office a whole lot of his associates will be in a position to give their undivided assistance to him in organizing some of the boycotts and alliances that he fondly believes he can formulate for the purpose of aiding him in staging a political "come-back."

The people of Indianapolis will take some pride in the fact that Mr. Shank is ruthlessly cutting into the army of officeholders who originated the idea that whatever they did was above criticism and whatever criticism was voiced of them was traitorous to Indianapolis.

For many months, Mr. Jewett and his publicity organ have imagined that they constituted the only element in Indianapolis that was entitled to any consideration whatever. Having full possession of the municipal affairs and a close working alliance with a great deal of the county government, they imagined themselves beyond the reach of public opinion.

The manner in which they tried to cram Mr. Thomas C. Howe's candidacy down the throats of the Republicans was illustrative of their egotism and determination to rule or ruin. Even the lesson they got in the primaries failed to give them an adequate idea of their political disrepute and there is now some question as to whether or not the mayor has learned that he is everlastingly dead in local politics.

When an arrogant political machine is smashed as was the Jewett machine, both in the primaries and at the election, the various cogs therein lose their ability to function. Sometimes the parts of the machine can be incorporated in another, and not infrequently the machine as a whole is returned to operation after a few replacements.

But in the present situation, Mayor-elect Shank learned early in the campaign that the Jewett machine parts could not be depended upon to function again in any capacity except to his detriment. He formulated a new organization of his own and he has made it apparent in the last few days that he proposes to run city affairs without the assistance of those Jewett adherents who took advantage of their official positions to aid in a political effort to throttle him.

Mayor-elect Shank will receive the congratulations of a great part of Indianapolis for his insistence on clearing away the obstructionists to his success. Impossible as it may appear to Mayor Jewett and his associates, Indianapolis can have a successful administration not only without them, but in spite of them.

Efforts that are now being made by the remnants of this old political oligarchy to prejudice the community against the Shank administration before it is begun will prove as futile in the long run as the efforts previously made by the same persons to make the community feel that it had to be "saved" by the election of one of the "saviors" choice.

This is a very poor time for any one, especially a disgruntled and repudiated office holder, to boast of how he expects to be revenged for the defeat he has suffered at the hands of an enlightened public.

The People Should Know

William Jennings Bryan has just added his demand to that of numerous other Americans for publicity for the deliberations of the conference on the limitation of armaments opening in Washington today. Mr. Bryan holds that secret diplomacy will be the greatest obstacle in the pathway of success of the conference, and he is absolutely right.

If the delegates to the conference are true representatives of the people who named them they will not object to publicity. If they are not, they should be removed and persons who will consent to publicity should replace them.

There is only one way to feel the pulse of a people and that is through publicity. If no publicity is given proposals before the conference there will be no way of telling how the people of a country affected react to that proposal and the delegates will be working in the dark. The conference should reflect the wills of the many people represented and if it does not it will be futile.

Many times in the past when great wars have overwhelmed a nation the people of that nation have suddenly learned that they have been bound by agreements, the existence of which they had no knowledge. This fact has been responsible for more international difficulties than any one thing. After all, it is the people who are affected by whatever the conference does and the people should dictate its action.

The people have a right to know!

Values Are Only Relative

The State employment bureau complains that working people are still demanding wartime wages and with them are expecting to do as little work as possible. It registers a kick, possibly justified, that the people with whom it deals do not wish to get back to "normalcy."

Perhaps this is the trouble with a great many things. Perhaps the reason that so many people believe times are hard, and perhaps the reason that times are hard, is that we are still thinking silk shirts while living in a cotton period of business and wages.

The most difficult condition to readjust has been the manner of living of those who raised their standards above their ordinary means during the period of the war and that just succeeding the war and are loath to change them.

Perhaps a little lower profits, a little lower wages and a little less discontent would be the quickest way to prosperity. Values are only relative. When we reach a state of mind in which we can forget the inflated values of the war and accept the deflated values of peace we can progress again.

As Tom Marshall put it, let's get back to the 5-cent cigar manner of living.

IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Keeping House With the Hoopers

The Hoopers, an average American family of four, 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 proper. 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.

SATURDAY.

Mrs. Chapin had telephoned before luncheon to ask if she might come over and make a little call on Mrs. Hooper, even if it were Saturday afternoon, as there was a little matter which she wanted to discuss with her.

Mrs. Hooper had asked her to run in, at the tea hour and bring her sewing if she liked, so that the two women now sat cozily beside the tea table, both occupied with the contents of their work baskets.

"I hated to take you away from your husband, whom I know is home Saturday afternoon, or possibly from your baking that you might be doing for Sunday," began Mrs. Chapin, "but I was very anxious indeed, to see you."

"Mr. Hooper and Roger are busy in the vegetable garden, giving it its last clearing up before winter really sets in, and I am always free from the kitchen at this hour, no matter what extra cooking I may have planned."

"I forgot for the moment that you run your house on a time schedule that really works," laughed Mrs. Chapin, "and that if you have an hour in the afternoon for relaxation and to meet your friends that nothing intrudes on it."

"Nothing unless it be some unforeseen calamity like Betty's bang and serious illness," said Mrs. Hooper, speaking soberly as she always did when she recalled the danger that had so nearly befallen them of their baby.

After a moment's silence, which was more expressive of Mrs. Chapin's sympathy than if she had spoken it, she went on to the subject of the reason for her call.

"You will remember, Mrs. Hooper, that just before the summer vacation began, a number of us talked over the condition of affairs existing in the children's dancing class and decided that something ought to be done to correct the methods of which we didn't approve."

"Yes, of course, I remember our talk," said Mrs. Hooper, "but it seemed to me that the problem was solved when the dancing teacher decided to give up the class entirely and not come to Mayfield at all this winter. I think she resented my taking Helen out of the class after I had visited it once, but my cutting off Helen's dancing teacher really did give me a great deal of trouble, and I was not at all sure that I was meeting out to the child for discipline and had really not very much to do with my disapproval of the way the dancing class was conducted."

"The manner in which they tried to cram Mr. Thomas C. Howe's candidacy down the throats of the Republicans was illustrative of their egotism and determination to rule or ruin. Even the lesson they got in the primaries failed to give them an adequate idea of their political disrepute and there is now some question as to whether or not the mayor has learned that he is everlastingly dead in local politics."

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Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: About 46 years. A little seedy-looking, but not very. Clothes are good but need pressing. He is slender with grayish moustache. Talks as if there was nothing in politics or United States Government that he hasn't had a hand in. Yet you feel none of his great experience (that he often has gotten him anywhere. He still sits up stairs in the theater and smokes cheap cigars, and keeps the butts about.

IN FACT,

The chap is fine—but all but—

Prescription to his bride:

Love him only for himself, not for his experience or success. Don't think of success in world terms.

Absorb This:
 OFFICES ONE MIGHT HAVE HAD MUST NOT BLIGHT THE ONES YOU HOLD.

(Copyright, 1921.)

over burdened but I certainly hope you can manage it because I very much want your cooperation."

The menu for the three meals on Sunday is:

BREAKFAST
 Grape Fruit Cereal
 Roast Lamb
 Crisped Salt Pork in Cream Gravy
 Popovers Coffee

DINNER
 Roast Lamb
 Apple Mint Jelly
 Cauliflower
 Browned Potatoes Green Salad
 Stuffer

SUPPER
 Apple and Celery and Nut Salad
 Mixed Sandwiches
 Cocoa with Whipped Cream
 (Copyright, 1921.)

CREAM OF PEA SOUP.
 Open a can of peas, turn off the liquor and pour over them enough cold water to cover them. At the end of half an hour drain the peas, put them into a saucepan with a pint of water and boil until they are reduced to a pulp. Rub through a colander and add a teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Thicken a pint of rich milk with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed into one of butter, and stir the pea purée into this. Cook for a minute, season to taste, and turn into a heated tureen. Have ready a dish of fried bread to throw into the tureen just before it is sent to the table.

ROAST SHOULDER OF LAMB.
 Have the bone extracted neatly, and fill the cavity with a stuffing of a cup of bread crumbs, a dozen raw oysters, chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of onion juice, one-half teaspoonful of paprika. Roast in a quick oven, baste with milk, and when done, rub with two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, mix one tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, onion and lemon juice, and kitchen bouquet. Draw meat, when done, and rub with the butter mixture, and then season with the prepared sauce, and return it to the oven for four minutes. Garnish with small round, fried potatoes.

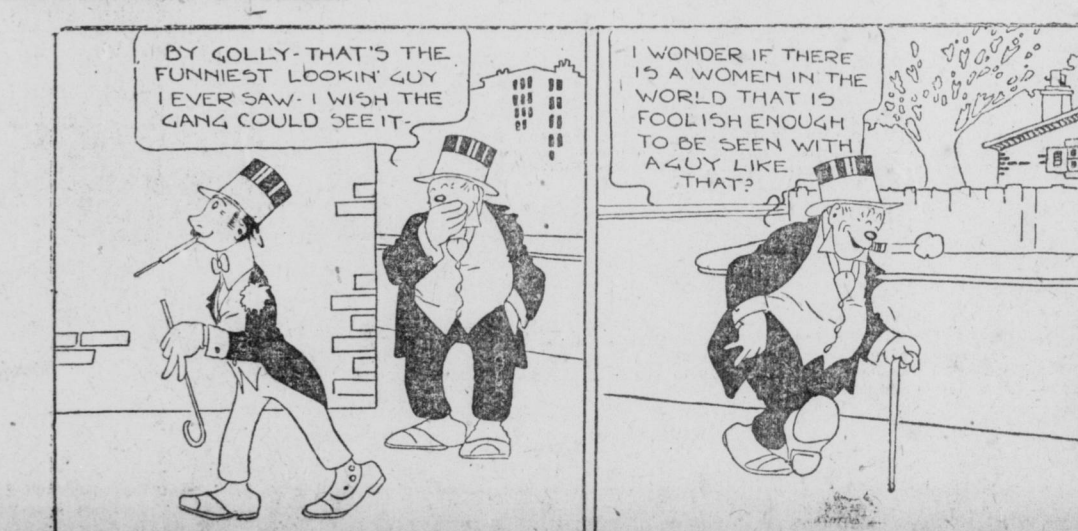
CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.
 Cut a large cauliflower into eight pieces and boil tender in salted water. Drain, lay in a deep pudding dish, stems down, and pour over it a pint of white sauce into which two hard-boiled eggs have been chopped. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake to a light brown.

WATER CRESS SALAD.
 Tear the cress apart, wash, pile in a bowl, and pour a French dressing over it. Some like to dip it in salt, as cress is eaten, without other dressing.

BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.
 Into a quart of scalding milk stir five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate wet with cold milk, and for one minute. Have the yolks of seven eggs and the whites of five beaten light with a cupful of sugar. Pour the scalding milk and chocolate gradually on the eggs and sugar, and pour into a buttered pudding

WEEKLY STATEMENT FROM MRS. HOOPER'S NOTEBOOK.			
Received Henry's salary			
Budget	\$6.00	Paid out	\$6.00
Shelter	20.00	Meat	\$3.75
Food		Dairy supplies	5.25
		Fruit	75
		Fruit and vegetables	2.25
		Groceries	2.50
		Ice	1.00
		Henry's luncheons	1.50
			\$19.75
			25
Clothing	\$7.00	Material for Betty's dress	\$2.00
		Elderflower for Betty's bathrobe	1.75
		Dye for Betty's coat	25
		Henry's hat	3.00
			\$7.00
			Nothing
Operating expenses	\$9.00	25th pay, wash, machine	\$2.50
		Household supplies	4.00
			\$6.50
			\$2.50
Advancement	\$3.00	Newspapers	25
		Church	25
		Sickroom necessities	1.50
			\$2.00
			\$1.00
Savings	\$5.00		Nothing
			\$5.25
			\$14.75
			—Copyright, 1921.

BRINGING UP FATHER.



WASHINGTON BRIEFS

Special to Indiana Daily Times
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—From the outset of the conference on limitation of armaments the damper is to be put on all speculation and all oratorical fireworks. Secretary Hughes has announced that the foreign delegations are a unit in desiring a minimum of talk and a maximum of work at the conference. To that end they refrained from arranging for any perfunctory "responses" to the President's address.

Indiana cherished a special pride and interest, unapproached by other States, in the events that stirred American hearts yesterday. It was Gresham of Indiana who was the first American soldier to be killed in action in France. It was Arch of Indiana, who, at 6:45 a. m. on Oct. 22, 1917, fired the first American shot of the World War. It is Woodhill of Indiana who was selected by General Pershing as "the hero of heroes," entitled to the honor of acting as pallbearer for the Unknown Dead. Arch, who was a sergeant of Battery C, 6th Field Artillery, was designated by the Governor

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory
 Well, Puss Junior didn't stay long with the miller, for our little traveler was anxious to see his father, Puss in Boots. So he bade the miller good-day and trotted off on his good gray horse, and by and by he came across Peter, the Pumpkin Eater.

Now, you must remember, Puss Junior was still traveling in New Mother Goose Land, so that if I write you a Mother Goose Melody it will be some thing different, although something like the old Mother Goose Rhymes. Well, as he rode along he heard that same little bird, who had so often sung before, singing this song:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.
 Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
 And that's because when he was a boy
 He never would let his time employ.

And just then Peter came in sight. He was quite an elderly man, with gray whiskers and kind, blue eyes. But, oh, dear me! He walked with a limp, and his hands dangled at his sides as if they couldn't take hold of anything with a good, hard grip, all of which showed that Peter wasn't of much account, you know, and a man who can't provide for his wife is a poor sort of a human being, for men must work, although women don't have to weep unless they want to, although the old saying is that they must.

"Good morning, Peter," cried Puss Junior, kindly, for our little traveler felt very for him. "How's everything?"

"Very bad, my good Sir Cat," replied Peter, taking off his hat and rubbing his big head with his hair. "My good wife is living with her mother, and, of course, she took the baby with her, and I'm none some; yes, I'm very lonesome," and Peter rubbed his nose and winked his blue eyes. I think there was a tear in them, but he didn't want Puss Junior to see it.

"Why don't you get work?" asked Puss. "The man at the Wind Mill squire is very busy. He might give you a job."

Well, after a few minutes' talk Puss turned his horse about and took Peter back to the mill. And in a short time he had persuaded the miller to hire Peter. Wasn't that kind of Puss Junior?

So all day Peter worked at the mill, grinding the corn and filling the sacks, and that night he went to see his wife and baby, for the miller had told him if he would work well he would let him have a little hut near the mill.

And Peter's wife was so happy when she heard what Peter had done that she picked the baby up in her arms and followed Peter to the little hut, and pretty soon she had a fire going in the stove. And while she was doing this, kind, generous little Puss Junior went to the grocery store and bought a lot of things to eat, and then he brought them home.

And then they all had supper and Puss spent the night in Peter's new house. And in the next story I will tell you what happened after that, if any little boy who is inclined to be lazy will promise his mother to try to grow up to be a useful man. (Copyright, 1921.)

(To Be Continued.)

Diplomat's Wife in Love Tragedy Inquiry

NAPLES, Nov. 12.—Official investigation is to clear the mystery surrounding the suicide of Captain Piri, the attaché who figured in a "love triangle" at the Italian legation in Peking. Marchioness Durazzo, wife of the Italian minister to China, has returned to Italy, as has also Signorina Maria Cioel, the Captain's fiancée. Signorina Cioel has accused the marchioness of attacking her and selling letters which the captain had written to her.

Devoted Wife Saves ex-Empress' Brother

ROME, Nov. 12.—Details of an attack by a mob of peasants upon Prince Xavier of Bourbon Parma, brother of ex-Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary, have reached here from Viareggio. The Prince discharged his steward, a favorite of the peasants, and the ex-empress summoned his friends. They stormed the castle, smashed the furniture and were beating the Prince when his wife arrived and risked her own life in beating off the mob with a steel cane.

Badger in Bedroom

EVERSLEY, England, Nov. 12.—Awakened by a noise in her room, Miss Emily Winter saw two fierce eyes staring at her in the darkness. Lying in terror until dawn, she discovered that her visitor was a badger. He fled through an open window when she called for help.

SEEKS HOME OF THE KEE

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 12.—When the steamer Dana arrives here next spring the world probably will learn when the keel brood. The vessel was sent out by the Danish government to ascertain this one fact.

PARTOT THAT KILLS SHEEP

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, Nov. 9.—Thousands of keas have been killed this year owing to the government's offer of \$1.25 for every kea brought in. The kea is a green parrot which kills sheep to prey on their kidney fat.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1921, by Star Company.
 By K. C. B.

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

I WENT into a shoe store.

AND A salesman.

CAME up and said.

"GOOD AFTERNOON."

WON'T YOU sit down?

WHAT CAN I show you?

AND I said: "Thank you."

A PAIR of shoes.

AND SAT down.

AND HE took the shoe.

OFF MY right foot.

AND WENT over to the shelf.

AND GOT a box.

AND TOOK out the right shoe.

AND HID the box.

AND CAME over to me.

WITH THE shoe.

AND FORCED it on.

AND LACED it up.

AND I looked at it.

AND SAID.

"I DON'T like it."

AND BESIDES that.

IT'S TOO tight.

AND I thought for a minute.

HE WAS going to cry.

HE SEEMED so pained.

AND HE said.

"IT CAN'T be too small."

IT'S THE same size.

AS THE shoes you were wearing."

AND AT that.

I ROSE right up.

AND SAID.

"LISTEN, FELLOW."

ALL MY life.

I'VE BEEN searching.

FOR A shoe salesman.

WHOLL LET me buy.

THE SHOES I want.

INSTEAD of the shoes.