

Indiana Daily Times

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MR. CROKER appears determined to prove the fallacy of his name.

AS they line up at the tape, the Jewett machine appears to be in need of overhauling.

HAVING INCREASED the size of a chicken's heart, that scientist might try growing a few extra legs.

"JAPAN handicapped in arms conference"—News item. The Japanese language contains no profanity.

ONE REASON why the whisky breath is less conspicuous than formerly is too obvious to mention.

IF the Arbuckle jury again fails to agree, the attorneys might settle his fate with a game of put and take.

IF THE CITY must have a smoke inspector he might be required to wind the courthouse clock once each week.

HAND-PICKED eyebrows originated in China, according to a feminine writer, but the blame for floppy galoshes is yet to be fixed.

FIGURING front page publicity at \$5 per column-inch, the movies seem, already, to have gotten their money's worth from Will Hays.

AN INDIANA editor, unable to express his contempt for a political foe, has hit upon the plan of setting his enemy's name in "lower case" type whenever forced to use it.

Harding and the Farmer

Accepting President Harding's declarations at full face value it would appear that the difficulties of the present day farmer are soon to be relieved. The President says that the Government must do everything possible to ameliorate the critical condition of agriculture and its action must be immediate. "If we fail him, we will precipitate a disaster that will affect every industrial and commercial activity of the Nation," he says.

There will be a general questioning as to just what steps the Government expects to take immediately to ameliorate the critical existing conditions. There is already a general feeling that the Government has failed the farmer and a fairly widespread feeling that "every industrial and commercial activity of the Nation" is affected by that failure, whether it is conceded that "disaster" has been precipitated or not.

Would it not be more fitting for the President to have asserted that if the Government continues to fail the farmer in the future as it has so far under the present Administration, the result will be a "disaster" of even greater proportions than is now upon us and the "industrial and commercial activity of the Nation" will be brought into the same chaos as now exists in agriculture?

In other words, this may be the "hour of distress" for the farmer, but, as surely as this distress is not immediately relieved it will extend to the industrial and commercial activities and the distress of all three will be a "disaster" greater than any that the Woodrow Wilson administration was ever accused of having brought on the country.

But This Is Different!

In less than a week after Robert Springsteen was removed from his position as postmaster because, among other things, he was said to have been unduly active in politics, Robert Bryson, his successor, sat in at a gathering in the city hall as a chosen representative of a faction of the Republican party in Marion County.

Mr. Bryson, as postmaster, thus lent official dignity to a group of Republicans who are generally regarded as holding the destiny of the local party in their hands. The purpose of the meeting was to find, if possible, some common grounds on which the two wings of the party could unite. The meeting was wholly partisan and the postmaster, as such, had no business there.

Naturally, the question arises as to what degree of participation in politics is regarded as improper for a postmaster under the Republican administration. If any more evidence were needed that the civil service presumed to protect Government officials is a joke, the happenings of the last few weeks in the Indianapolis postoffice have furnished it.

Apparently postoffice employees are subjected to the same hazards as members of our police force and the only trouble with those employees who have been eliminated is that in their political activities they "guessed wrong."

Jitneys or Street Cars?

Contrary to the viewpoint that was adopted by a great many persons the purpose of the ordinance regulating jitneys was to enable Indianapolis to have street car service rather than to do away with jitneys.

And, as the preservation of street car service was the object, so it has been the result of the ordinance that eliminates jitney competition.

Now that there is a movement on foot to repeal that ordinance it is fitting that the advocates of repeal be interrogated as to how they hope to accomplish the repeal and the object of the ordinance at one and the same time.

We must have street car service in Indianapolis. Jitney service is none the less desirable because it is less essential. But if there must be a choice between the two, and it appears that there must, then the great majority will continue to favor street cars as against busses.

No movement to eliminate the close regulation of jitneys that now exists should be successful unless and until it provides a method by which jitneys will not interfere with street car service.

Our New School Foremen

The removal of employees of the Indianapolis school board and the appointment to their places of men who have the recommendations of Charles L. Barry and such other prominent citizens as Patrick and Michael Glenn is no surprise to Indianapolis. There were some among us who might have wondered just how far the new school board would go in its efforts to reward those who helped elect it, but none believed George Rickes when he announced that the foremen of his various trades had been "laid-off" because of a lack of activities in the school work.

Nor is any one particularly surprised at the qualifications which would appointments for the new foreman. It was not expected that they would be men who were not acceptable to Mr. Barry, nor was it anticipated that he would recommend any out of that vast number of citizens who opposed his efforts to capture control of the public schools for himself and the element that elected him.

Judging from the predominant qualification of those who have already been appointed by the tractable Mr. Rickes, J. P. O'Mahoney ought not have any trouble obtaining a job as foreman of something or other if he wants it.

Be Not Disturbed

The Seventh District Federation of Women's Clubs has seen fit to adopt a resolution against the activities of the so-called Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. The purpose of the women's organization is to be approved, but it is questionable whether it is necessary to dignify a movement of this kind with a resolution opposing it.

There is very little real sentiment in opposition to the eighteenth amendment as an amendment, and not much more opposition to the prohibition law, even though some persons favor the return of the less high powered beverages.

Such an organization, made up largely of persons with selfish interests, can do little toward influencing a community one way or another. It is just a method of letting loose a lot of comparatively harmless propaganda. The less said about it the better.

HOMESWEET HOME ARE SWEETEST WORDS IN WORLD

Elida Morris Proves She Knows Show Business—Dancers at Lyric

"Home, Sweet Home."
There is a whole lot of meaning in those words.

You feel the great meaning of those words when you see Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in James Forbes' four-act play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

If any one fails to get the message of those homespun words after seeing this play, then go to a doctor and find out what is the matter with "home."

Somewhat or other that message will get into your heart and blood as you witness one of the few all-around real shows of several seasons. Sure, I went to English's last night to be entertained. I was more than entertained—I actually received some honest to goodness convictions on certain phases of life.

Isn't it strange to leave the theater with a real idea? It will take me several days to get over that unusual experience, but it falls in line with a little after spending two and a half entertaining but thoughtful hours.

Don't get excited—it isn't a sermon, but real entertainment in its best and truest sense.

Let me see if this is real entertainment?

Mrs. Nancy Fair returns from four years' war work in Europe. She has been made a major, decorated and all of that. She comes to her magnificent home and meets her daughter who is blooming into real womanhood. Her son was a fighter and learned to think. So she tells him that she falls in love with a little stenographer—a real person. Mrs. Angelica Brice, a neighbor woman, had been so "kind" to Mr. Fair, and his daughter.

Alan Fair, the son, is glad that his mother is back home—but he fears. He sees that Sylvia, his sister, needs her mother.

But the Famous Mrs. Famous goes on a wild-goose chase to tell the natives how she won the war.

She failed to see that she had reconstruction work to do in her own home.

She refuses to listen to the warning and to the demand of her husband that she should not go on the lecture tour.

Alan realizes that his mother is too busy talking "democracy" on the platform to appreciate his love affair with Peggy Gibbs, the little stenographer. He tells his father and his mother fails to understand why she wasn't told of the engagement. Father understands and approves.

The Famous Mrs. Fair goes on her tour, lasting for months. She is a great "success" on the platform.

But when she returns "home" she begins to realize that there is no home. Her husband and daughter had moved to an ultra-fashionable New York hotel. The awakening comes in the third big act when she discovers that her "little" Sylvia, the stenographer, has been married in her town, now Lucy, her hats which the chorus girls buy 'em. She pants and struts. She is no longer a little girl—she is a "baby vamp."

The Famous Mrs. Fair discovers that her own lecture material is responsible for the "awful" change in sweet Sylvia. Sylvia tells her mother where to "head" when mother attempts to command her daughter.

In a splendidly acted scene Mrs. Fair tells her husband that she will not make another tour and for him to settle in a few days the \$15,000 that he owes her.

The Famous Mrs. Fair goes on Sylvia to elope with him to Canada because her father and Mrs. Brice were being talked about, that Mrs. Fair would divorce her husband. And where would Sylvia go? The doctrine works and Sylvia attempts to elope with the second manager and nearly succeeds, but the police and Alan Fair prevent it.

Sylvia is being rescued from Mrs. Fair and her husband face the real facts. Here is the real "meat" of the play and the finest acting of an evening filled with fine acting.

Sylvia is returned "home" and she wants to know why?

Whose business is it. Her father is being connected in scandalous talk with a woman and her mother was always a woman.

"Mother, are you going to leave father?" the daughter asks.

"No, Sylvia," softly answers her mother. "Sylvia, to the side of his wife and tenderly takes her hand."

That was all Sylvia wanted—a real home, a real mother, not a public agent, and a good father.

Those who regarded in one brief second, but where was the lecture manager? Brother Alan had dispatched him to a hospital in an ambulance.

Isn't all of this enough to make a theater-going public think?

I have tried to give you some real thoughts on a real play.

It is impossible for me to go into detail regarding the really marvelous acting of Blanche Bates as Mrs. Fair; Mr. Henry Miller as the husband; Marjory Williams as Sylvia; Bert Leight as Alan; and what a real brother he makes; Lynn Starling as the lecture manager; Marie Louise Walker (I can't praise her too much), and Angela Brice, the "friend" of the family. Florence, Carpenter as Peggy, the honest to goodness little stenographer and real wife to Alan, and numerous others in the cast.

Kindly let me impress this one fact in my humble way—"The Famous Mrs. Fair" is an intellectual treat and above all, real entertainment.

If an opinion carries any weight—indorse this play from beginning to end.

I had my most enjoyable evening in the theater this season in witnessing this play and company at English's last night.

At English's tonight, Wednesday matinee and night.

W. D. H.

YOU MAY LIKE 'EM ALL.

THE current bill at B. F. Keith's runs to quantity rather than quality. Where you least expect talent on this bill that is where you find it.

Charles Irwin and his company in "On Fifth Avenue," a sort of a revue, has the prominence in the billing. It is a difficult thing to put a revue on the vaudeville stage. There have been so many half-baked revues on the legitimate stage that we know after much experience where to look for the weaknesses in this sort of entertainment.

Mr. Irwin and his associates start the proceedings

cleverly enough but the big "smash" falls to comedy.

The act opens on a big sight seeing bus used by the "sightseers" in New York. The comedy is well handled but the scene is too long when compared with what is to come. The high lights of this revue are the bus scene, the Chinese number in the scene at Huyler's and a dance number in the last scene. Most of the show is on the part of Mr. Irwin covers too much time and better results could be obtained if the act was speeded up.

That is my idea about this act, but probably I will not agree. That's your great and glorious right. The girls of the comedy are good looking. The act has been cleverly mounted and the show is a real showman's show.

When Elida Morris, a singer, appeared after this lengthy act, she found what might be determined an "exhausted audience." Evidently this clever woman read the sign and she decided that if she was going to "go" the audience she had to work fast. She pushed her act into the high speed, downed a great deal and won the applause of the show.

The way Miss Morris adapted herself to the audience yesterday afternoon shows that she is a real showman. She understands her audiences and that is a marvelous thing. And she even had to make a little "curtain" talk during which she continued her more than ever that she knows the show business. Her "Poor Flo" number is cleverly done.

Joe Towles is just Joe Towles. He charmed to the point and plays the piano while seated on an empty "beer" keg. They seemed to like his "peculiar" act.

Princess Simon and Arthur Conrad in "Musical Melodies" present some old material in a new way. Miss Simon uses the old transparent curtain drop while changing her clothes. This couple should dance.

Sandy Shaw is a Scotch comedian. Thank goodness he doesn't announce a Harry Lauder impersonation. He has some well chosen songs—his sailor number is a real gem.

Rather than think you will like him. He is not another Harry Lauder, nor does he pretend to be. That's the reason I like him.

The Reaters open the show with some strong man stunts—should any strong man stunts—which will make you hold your breath. One member of the team hangs by his right foot from the "arch" of the stage while supporting his companion by his teeth. The bill is closed by Ed M. Gordon and Elida Day in "Mirthful Nonsense."

At B. F. Keith's all week—W. D. H.

HERE IS A FINE VAUDEVILLE BILL.

One of the classiest bills from the standpoint of beauty and refinement is the current offering at the Lyric. It is a pleasure to tell you about this bill.

Heading the bill is Mile. Rhea in a dance revue. She is assisted by two versatile young men. The pianist is also a dancer and a clever violinist. The singer plays a saxophone and is a jazz drummer. Mile. Rhea is an accomplished dancer and has arranged an excellent program. Her costumes and special stage settings are stunning. A splendid dance offering.

Henry Cahanova is an act called "Along Broadway," deserves much praise for his refinement and beauty. Cahanova has a pleasing voice and sings well several well known musical comedy numbers. His last number is done in a French costume while singing "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over." He is assisted by Stanley Murray, who is a clever pianist and two girls who dance well in magnificent costumes.

Barrett and Harris dance, sing and whistle, laugh and cry and do everything else to entertain which they succeed in doing.

Roberts and Farlow have a lot of "showmanship" to put over this sort of act, but this team succeeds. Don Valerio and company is a high-class variety act. Their offering is a comedy nothing in stage settings and costumes.

Mack and Dale, billed as "musical comedy favorites," hold up their end of a clever bill. Ernest Dupille has a very clever line of patter which wins great favor. Willie Brothers open the show with a balancing offering.

This exceptionally entertaining bill remains on view all week at the Lyric.

COMEDIANS HEAD SHOW AT PARK.

Max Kolb and Frank "Rags" Murphy lead the fun-makers of "The Jazz Tables" at the Park this week. Kolb, besides do-

A PEN DRAWING OF CHARACTERS IN REAL PLAY



These pen sketches will introduce you to a few of the characters in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" now being presented at English's and deserving of large patronage.

cleverly enough but the big "smash" falls to comedy.

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ROAD DIRECTOR ASKS FENCES MOVED BACK

Highway Commission Appeals to Landowners Where Roads to Be Widened.

Owners of land contiguous to State roads which the State highway commission desires to widen are again appealed to in letters sent out today by Lawrence Lyons, director, asking their cooperation with the department by moving back property line fences.

According to Alan V. Burch, of Evansville, vice chairman of the commission, it is desired there be fifty feet from fence to fence line. The majority of landowners over the State recognize the value of a modern highway adjacent to their land and are complying with the request. Some farmers in Vanderburg County, however, have not speeded up this work as the commission thinks they should in view of the improvement they receive when a State maintained road passes their land, Mr. Burch said.

Mr. Lyons' letter in part reads: "In order to make necessary improvements to carry present and future traffic it will be necessary that a right-of-way of fifty feet be provided between fences. We do not desire that landowners go to any further expense than is needed to provide a suitable right-of-way; however, we realize the traffic on many of our important roads is going to increase rapidly in the next few years and it is imperative that we provide a suitable width of road. We cannot afford as an economic proposition, to widen out a few feet each year."

"Many people are not so fortunate as to live upon a State road which will be made a good road in the near future, yet they pay the same taxes as those who front on a State highway. Therefore we do not think it unfair for those who are to benefit most by the road to cooperate to the extent of furnishing a place to build it."

The letters designate by number the particular road the commission wishes widened and point out that the department engineers will stake for the new lines.

"Up at Pileville, oh! the coachman takes his stand. And when he saw a pretty girl he takes her by the hand. Whip away forever, oh! drive away so clever, oh!"

All the way to Bristol, oh! he drives her. And then Puss Junior and Tom Thumb climbed up on the big stage coach. Crack! went the whip, and away went the horses. Round and round went the bumpy-bumpy, over the rough cobbles.

"Whip away forever, oh! drive away so clever, oh!" sang Puss Junior. "Isn't it nice to ride again! I'm weary walking and my red top boots are worn through."

"So are my shoes," replied little Tom Thumb.

And just then a voice cried out: "Stop the coach, we want to get on." Puss looked down and saw little Bo Peep and Red Riding Hood. And when they saw him, they shouted, "Oh, there he is! Our dear Puss in Boots Junior!"

"Puss!" cried the driver, and the big coach stopped. In a moment the two little girls were aboard, and Puss was kissed and hugged until he began to weep.

"Don't hug him to death," said Tom Thumb. "Besides you're musing his coat."

Pretty soon the coach stopped again, and there stood the Old Woman Who lived in a Shoe. All her children were with her, and you can imagine how full the coach became when they all got aboard. There were faces at every window, and every seat on top was crowded.

"Mousing was fog along," they all sang, and the laughter echoed through the streets as they passed from village to village.

"Let's stop at the next gaily shop to give the children a treat," cried Tom Thumb. So the driver was told to keep a sharp lookout, but before they came to one the coach stopped again, and there stood Simple Simon, Cinderella, Tom the Piper's Son and Little Jack Horner.

"We'll stop you with a pistol, oh. So don't say no, but let us go. All the way to Bristol!"

And, of course, the good natured driver couldn't refuse. Oh my, no! So he pulled in the four-in-hand, and some of the children sat on each other's lap, and some danced up and down the seats.

Puss Junior's shoulder and held on to his ear, which made the children laugh. And oh, my! It was a merry party!

And when they were just about to enter the city of Bristol, they saw Mary and her little lamb. Again the coach stopped. Again, but when it came to squeezing in the lambkin, it was another matter. There wasn't room, that was all there was to it. So the little lamb ran along under the coach just like a coach dog, and when they reached Bristol, its wool was so full of dust that it took Mary a whole day to wash it out.

"I declare," cried Mary. "I seem to have a lot of trouble with my lamb."

"Not nearly as much as I do with my sheep," answered Bo Peep. "They are always losing their tails. Boy Blue promised to look after them when I was away. And next time I'll tell you what happened after that—Copyright, 1922."

(To Be Continued.)

Legion Notes

Vigorous objection to the admission into the United States of Grecoire Semioff, self-styled autocrat (head-man) of the Russian Cossacks, has been made by the American Legion, appearing before Secretary of Labor Davis. The legion claims he is an undesirable alien, has been granted permission to stay in the country for six months.

How much war trophies are actually worth depends on whose neck was risked to get them. John G. James' room in an Omaha hotel boarding house was rife with all his A. E. F. souvenirs from a metal-ident belt captured from a German soldier, and crossed up from the battlefields, the gas mask he had used in many battles, Red Cross bags containing bandages, extracted from his wounds, a silver cigarette case taken from a German prisoner, to his American Legion button. He told the court they were worth \$10,000. But the law only compelled the landlord to pay \$50, because the trophies were in a suitcase at the time they were stolen.

Thousands of disabled soldiers who should be in hospitals are forced to work and support their families because their compensation claims have not been allowed, according to the American Legion. Hanford MacNider, commander, has called upon the veterans' bureau to effect prompt adjustment.

Every town of 500 or more persons in Minnesota has an American Legion post. Copher state records show. Five hundred and thirteen posts and 275 auxiliary units have been organized since July, 1918.

Beaten up by a gang of railway thieves, Detective J. C. Rodinski of Salamanca, N. Y., was spared from death when one of the thugs spied a Marine service button in his lapel and recognized the detective as a former buddy in France.

Among the New Year greetings received by Hanford MacNider, commander of the American Legion, was a beautifully illustrated card which read: "Happy New Year. May you, if you get in jail through sentence affirmed by United States Supreme Court, receive pardon from Harding, as did Debs, a pardon and a reception in the White House."

The proper care of disabled and unemployed ex-soldiers should curbed by the creation of expensive war memorials, according to the American Legion's legislative committee, which has issued the plan of the George Washington Memorial Association to gain State support in erecting a Victory building in Washington, D. C. President Harding is reported as having endorsed the project and written to Governors of States recommending aid.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—Half a million dollars must be guaranteed for support of the civic opera association before contracts with stars will be signed, Samuel Insull, president of the White House, a Washington attorney, who is an adopted son of the Ponca tribe and is the possessor of an extensive collection of early Indian archeology. Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.

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