

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 removed. 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 wide-spread 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 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 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 buses.

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 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 won appointments for the new foremen. 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 preeminent qualification of those who have already been appointed by the tractable Mr. Ricketts, J. P. O'Mahony 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 highly-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.

HOME SWEET 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."

Somehow or other that message will get into your heart, and you will realize that the few all-round 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 homes to goodness convictions on certain phase 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 happened to me last night 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' work in Europe. She has been made a major, decorated and all of that. She comes to her magnificient home and meets her daughter who is blooming into real womanhood. Her son was a fighter and learned to think. So much so that he 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 lecture trip 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 refused to listen to the warning and to the demand of her husband that she should not go up on the lecture tour.

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

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

But when she comes 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 is no longer "little." Sylvia, although in her teens, now buys her clothes, the chorus girls buy 'em. She paints and struts. She is no longer a little girl—she is a snobby young woman.

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

In a splendidly acted scene Mrs. Fair tells her manager that she will not make any more tours unless he takes her home.

The manager prevails upon Sylvia to elope with him to Canada because her father and Mrs. Fair would divorce her husband. And where would Sylvia go?

The doctrine works and Sylvia attempts to elope with the scoundrel manager and nearly succeeds, but the police and Alan Fair prevent it.

While Sylvia is being rescued 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.

The Rectors open the show with some strong man stunts—should say strong women stunts—when they are to be held in a few days the \$15,000 that is over due.

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The doctrine works and Sylvia attempts to elope with the scoundrel manager and nearly succeeds, but the police and Alan Fair prevent it.

Mr. Fair walks to the side of his wife and tenderly takes her hand.

The "famous" Sylvia wanted—a real home, a real mother, not a public agent, and a good father.

Those she gratified 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 the audience think?

I have tried to give you some real thoughts from 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 Leigh as Alan, and his real brother, who makes; Lynn Starling as the mother; and Louise Walker (I can't praise her too much), and Angelica 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 number: "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is an instant and great hit.

If my opinion carries any weight—I endorse 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 night and night. 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 Mlle. 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. Mlle. Rhea is an accomplished dancer and has arranged an excellent program. Her costumes and stage settings are stunning. A splendid dance offering.

Henry Catalano is an act called "Along Broadway," deserves much praise for its refinement and beauty. Catalano has a pleasing voice and sings well several well known musical comedy numbers. His test number is done in a French costume while singing "I'll Come Back to You." All the girls over there are assisted by Stanley Murray, who is a clever pianist and two girls who dance well in magnificient gowns.

Maj. Gen. Omar Bundy, U. S. A., hero of Chateau-Thierry and old Indian fighter, has been given command of the Seventh Corps area at Ft. Crook, Neb., will sail March 1 to take command of the Philippines division.

According to the veracious and sprightly society column of a Washington paper Mrs. Harding has put her foot down on jazz dances at White House parties.

The First Lady is reported to have instructed the President's aides to enact the role of floor censors and rigidly to forbid dancing, especially jazz dancing, and other popular but indecently indecent proceedings. Both the President and Mrs. Harding are dancers themselves and like to see their guests dancing, but apparently it has been decided that the dignity of the White House calls for certain restraints.

Mack 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 "hot" numbers. It's a variety. It takes showmanship to put over this sort of stuff, but this team succeeds. Dan Valero and company is a high-class wire-walking act. This offering lacks nothing in stage settings and costumes.

Mack and Harris, billed as "magnificent favorites," hold up their end of a clever bill. Ernest Dupille has a very good act which wins easy favor. Willie Brothers open the show with a balancing offering.

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

COMEDIANS HEAD SHOW AT PARK.

Matt Kolb and Frank "Rags" Murphy lead the fun-makers of "The Jazz Babies" 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.

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 in the proposed project by moving back property line fences.

According to Alvan 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 Vanderburgh County, however, have not speeded up this work as the commission thinks they should. In view of the importance they receive when a state maintained road passes through 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 fence lines. We do not desire that landowners go to any further expense than is needed to provide a suitable right-of-way; however, we realize that the cost of our important roads is going to increase rapidly in the next few years and it is important 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 to those who have to pay 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 set stakes for the new lines.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

"Up at Piccadilly, oh! the coachman takes his stand.

And when he meets 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 four-in-hand."

And then Puss Junior and Tom Thumb climbed up on the big stage coach. Crack! went the whip, and away went the horses. Ho! ho! and round went the wheels, bumpy-bumpy, over the rough cobble.

"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 said Little Bo Peep and Red Riding Hood. And when they saw him, they shouted, "Oh, there he is! Our dear Puss Junior."

"Whoo!" 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 move.

"Don't hug him to death," said Tom Thumb. "Besides you're mussing 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 in. The coach became so crowded at every window and every seat on top was crowded to overflowing. "Merrily we jog along," they all sang, and the laughter echoed through the streets as they passed