

Indiana Daily Times

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CAN IT BE that the bolling of the G. O. P. political pot is occasioned by hot air?

WHY does a counterfeiter fail to make his product the same size as the genuine?

AN INDIANAPOLIS jeweler advertises "ribbon wrist watches for women." Stand back, men!

TOO BAD the man who starved his wife before going on a hunger strike didn't reverse the process.

NEW YORK GIRLS are said to be dividing their apparel with less fortunate sisters. Looks like a suicide pact.

BEVERIDGE declares the United States Senate is unlike any other body. Does he include the village sewing circle?

THEY ARE giving concerts by radio, but until a sending device is placed in the Senate there is no occasion for alarm.

JUST AS Republican Senators are about to throw out the "bonus" line, along comes Mr. Mellon and ties a brick on it.

THAT FEDERAL JURY with nothing to do might volunteer its services for the trial of some of our Marion County criminals.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS knock out their wives' teeth, but some American husbands expect 'em to wear the same hat two years.

ANYHOW, that undertaker who is said to have delivered "white mule" in a hearse has a keen sense of the eternal fitness of things.

NO ONE will deny that sixty-six fire alarms in twenty-eight hours is indicative of the necessity of further fire prevention work in Indianapolis.

THE THIEF who stole an auto while the owner was procuring a license at the State House doubtless felt that license plates could be obtained without waiting.

Not Noticeably!

The able daily contributions of Julia C. Henderson to the woman's department of the Times are not without their interest to mere man. For example, she wished to know if it is not really true that men have become so accustomed to the short skirts that there no longer is a bevy of men standing on the street corner or huddled together in a corner drug store on a rainy day to watch the comings and goings of the women who had to be out in the elements.

Most assuredly men have not yet become accustomed to the short skirt. The best evidence of that is the fact that women still wear them and never, no never, will the women be caught following any style to which the men have become accustomed.

As to the men standing on the street corner for the purpose of observing women, it is plain that they no longer find it necessary. In any part of the business block they can see all that there is to be seen without the necessity of standing on the corner and with no other inconvenience than that an occasional failure to recognize an acquaintance by the appearance of her ankles. We knew a man who once, once we say, passed by his wife under these conditions.

Men no longer gather in the corner drug store to observe the women. Those inclined to feast their eyes, and few are not, are afraid to go into a drug store even when it is necessary, just as one old bachelor said he hesitated to enter a theater for fear he would miss something. Accustomed to short skirts?

We'll tell the world that the time will never come when a short skirt worn with a reason (two reasons, we mean), will fail to attract its due amount of attention.

Hard Facts

Jitney drivers and their friends who are now seeking a modification or repeal of the restrictive ordinance governing jitney operation should not lose sight of the fact that the future of the jitney in Indianapolis is inseparable from the future of street car service in Indianapolis.

It has been demonstrated recently that Indianapolis can get along without jitneys. It is manifestly impossible for Indianapolis to get along without street cars. Even the jitney drivers themselves will admit that street cars are necessary to the handling of the people of this city.

Now, officials of the street car company declare that the company cannot continue to operate with jitney competition. The company officials are the court of last resort on that point. They have the power to stop operations when they deem it necessary.

The question then before the people of Indianapolis is whether we have jitney service or street car service, and there is little doubt as to the majority of our citizens.

Street car service we must have, jitney service we can do without.

When the jitney drivers realize that fact and join fair-minded citizens in an effort to place the street car company where it can meet operating expenses without collecting all the nickels the public will spend for rides, they will be in a much better position to claim the privilege of operation which is now practically denied them under the city ordinance.

Why the Secrecy?

Doubtless, in the course of time, the public highway commission will let the public in on the little secret of what price the cement manufacturers are willing to take for the cement the State wishes to buy from them.

When it does, the taxpayers, whom the commission is supposed to represent, will be able to get some kind of a definite idea of whether they want cement concrete roads constructed in Indiana this year. Just now they are in the darkness—the same darkness that the commission seems to feel is essential to the protection of the bids submitted several days ago.

The highway commission is today the only public body that insists on transacting public business in secrecy. There is, of course, no good reason why it should prefer secrecy to candor, but it does.

Already there has been created more distrust of the affairs of the highway commission than the affairs of any other branch of our government. This distrust the highway commissioners are increasing every day that they fail to make public facts in which the taxpayers are interested and facts which they should have.

Will some one kindly explain what particular foolishness compels highway commissioners to open bids on public work only in the secrecy of their chambers?

A Winter Necessity

In the far away Yosemite Valley they have awakened to the fact that it is a good thing to keep automobile roads free from snow in the winter months, and some one has invented a tractor-driven snow plow.

How strange it is that such a necessity as a tractor driven snow plow had not been invented sooner. Perhaps it had been thought of before now, but like a good many ideas, did not materialize.

Now that it has been tested and proved a success, there should be no hesitation about accepting the motor driven snow plow for general use all over the country.

It goes without saying that dread of country and suburban life in winter would be greatly diminished if there could be assurance of open roads during the months when old winter persists in beautifying the landscape and subsequently making the roads impassable. This would probably result in an increased development of outlying districts and tend to spread the population to some extent.

A new chapter would be added to the joys of touring, for who can deny that a trip in the country in a closed car—or even a touring car for those who like the sting of snappy weather—over a good road in winter would be a pleasure for those who are fond of scenery?

It is true that we do not have a great many heavy snowfalls in this part of the country, but most of the disadvantages connected with it could be eliminated by this newly invented tractor snow plow.

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND FAY Bainter SWOOP DOWN

Upon Local Theater Patrons at Same Time, but Different Places

Strange bookings of the theater gives Indianapolis playgoers three important plays—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," "East is West" and "East is West" all in a week's time.

Ethel Barrymore opened at English's last night in "Declasses" and at the same time Fay Bainter in "East is West," opening her engagement at the Murat.

Indications are that both stars will do heavy business. Judging by the large houses which greeted them last night.

CONCERNING ETHEL BARRYMORE.

The tribute of remaining in their seats at the close of the play and calling her back again and again was paid Ethel Barrymore by the audience who saw her in "Declasses" at English's last night.

The plot is that both stars will do heavy business. Judging by the large houses which greeted them last night.

It is almost unnecessary to comment on the acting of Ethel Barrymore. To say that she is a great actress would be as trite as to say that Shakespeare was a great poet. In "Declasses" she has made a success of a part that is not a great part.

Miss Barrymore is cast in the part of a woman who is extravagantly foolish, at the same time pathetic, a part that stirs the sympathies. As Lady Helen Haden, daughter of one of the noblest families of England, she appears as the extravagant and rather reckless wife of a brute of a husband.

At a party she finds the man she loves cheating at cards. There is an unpleasant scene in which the husband figures and Lady Helen leaves home, never to return.

We see her next in America where she is selling her pearls one by one merely to gain substance.

She is reckless, even care-free on the surface, but there is a shadow as she gazes into the illimitable future and wonders what will happen tomorrow. Then it appears that she has found a solution but by one of the strange coincidences that occur so often in real life and occasionally in the theater.

The ending in a sense may be called tragic, but the ending, nevertheless, is happy for a woman of the nobility who has become declasses in all but her noble spirit.

Miss Barrymore makes the best of every moment on the stage. She draws the audience to her by her personality and she holds it through some of the scenes that might otherwise prove dull to an ordinary audience. But with Miss Barrymore in the part there can be no dulling.

For the most part the supporting cast is well chosen. A great deal could be said about the acting of Edward Emery.

In a less brilliant environment his acting would stand out remarkably. Other members of the cast are Henry Daniel, Cyril Delevanti, Charles Wellesley, Philip Lord, Hubbard Kirkpatrick, Alfred Hesse, Edward Le Hay, Virginia Chapman, Irene Vanbrugh, James Cagney, Mary R. De Wolf and Gabrielle Raviere.

If you miss "Declasses" you will miss one of the dramatic treats of the season.

At English's the remainder of the week, with matines Saturday.

WE HAVE WAITED

MANY MONTHS FOR FAY.

"In the infinite beyond there is no east, there is no west, there is east and east is west," says Lo Sang Kee. Just before the curtain descends on the sparkling comedy "East is West," in which Fay Bainter as Ming Toy, dainty and plump, captivates Indianapolis at the Murat last night.

And thereby hangs the tale, for the conclusion is really the beginning as it would seem. And as the honorable Chinese merchant, so glibly, "when men who are yellow and yellow men who are white," which resolved it into the thought that folk are just alike the world over, you can't tell a man by the color of his exterior decoration. The wistful little tale though classed as a comedy.

Upper—Fay Bainter as she appears in "East is West" at the Murat today and Saturday.

Lower—Ethel Barrymore as she appears in "Declasses," now at English's.



Upper—Fay Bainter as she appears in "East is West" at the Murat today and Saturday.

Lower—Ethel Barrymore as she appears in "Declasses," now at English's.

nears tragedy in spots and holds a "heap" of sound philosophy.

Among the galaxy of modern plays of American life and problems that we have

been seeing of late, the glowing Oriental dramatic offering stands out like a gorgeous exotic flower in a clover field. It is beautiful, though the cast is excellent, the plot sufficiently interesting, and Ming Toy irresistible.

The prolog, showing the love boat on the Yang-Tse River, where the "sing-song" girls are sold on the highest price, puts the audience in the proper frame of mind. The sobbing Chinese music, the gaily-robed Orientals, who look on the young frightened girls as of less value than their pigs, give the proper touch to an offering that moves the audience from laughter to tears.

The plot is built around the beautiful little Ming Toy, who, as the daughter of a Chinese father of some sixteen daughters, is about to be sold to a leering Chinese buyer when young Billie Benson, a wealthy young American with a friend, Lo Sang Kee, the most handsome of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco, who are visiting China, happen along. The merchant, instigated by the horrified American, buys the trembling Ming Toy, and takes her to San Francisco, treating her as his child.

The lovely child, however, gets the merchant into trouble by sitting at the window and innocent of the meaning of the mission sends word to the merchant that he can not keep a Chinese girl there and keep his good reputation, and that he must send her away. The merchant, who is the soul of honor, promises to do so. Charlie Yang, the beau Brummel of Chinatown, begs for the maiden, promising to be good to her, and the credulous merchant, believing him, pledges his word to the girl. Ming Toy, however, already has the fairest flowers in her household and is looking for a fresh blossom. Then the real story begins. The young American, Billie, who comes home from China at the crucial moment, and the friend who works in the mission among the Chinese, rescue the girl again and install her in the Benson household as maid to Billie's sister. Yang swears vengeance on the merchant for selling his girl into marriage, and traces her into the house, ready for murder, with two or three Chinese confederates. Billie is on hand, however, and with a thrilling rush, a brilliant finale settles everything in most satisfactory fashion.

Fay Bainter is all that can be desired as Ming Toy, with her ready tongue and sly humor. The girl of a fair family bewitches her hearers, just as a trap of her fingers and toes has been arranged for a trap to catch a seducing base of a man. She says a million and one clever things, when she is going to America she bubbles "Glad to see statue of liberty holding big 'pup' stick."

Ralph Coe's sleek Americanized version of the Chinese shop sure joint proprietor, Charlie Yang who Ming Toy says is "fifty-fifty" Chinese-American, wins loud applause with his effective characterization of the exotic and colorful Chinese. Robert Harrison as Lo Sang Kee, the dignified philosophical merchant, is splendid, and Frederic Howard makes a lovable "real man" of the role of Billy Benson. Ronald Coleman as James Potter, Maria Namara as Mildred Benson and Leonora von Oettinger and George Fitzgerald as Mr. and Mrs. Benson acquit themselves admirably and Harry Maitland as Thomas, the butler, comes in for his share of applause.

The performance of last night was sponsored by the local League of Women Voters and the lobby was lighted with varicolored lanterns, and tea tables presided over by Chinese robed women who served the patrons with real Chinese tea between acts.

"East is West" will continue at the Murat through Saturday evening, with matines Saturday.

ON VIEW TODAY.

Other attractions on view today include: "On Fifth Avenue," at B. F. Keith's; Mile, Rhea and company, at the Lyric; "Jazz Babies," at the Park; "Peacock Alley," at Loew's State; "The Lane That Hath No Turning," at the Ohio; "The Three Musketeers," at the Ohio; Smith, "The Singin' Sin of Mocha Qued," at the Isis; "The Last Payment," at the Alhambra; "Tangled Trails," at the Regent; "R. S. V. P." at the Circle, and "The Blot," at the Colonial.

I SAW him come.

AND IN his hand.

A NICE new bottle.

OF CASTOR oil.

AND I think he hissed.

"I GET him now."

I THANK you.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

HIS NAME'S Yokohama.

AND HE'S a boy.

FROM NIPPON land.

AND SPEAKS no English.

AND UNDERSTANDS none.

AND FOR two days past.

HE'S WORKED for me.

UNPACKING CRATES.

AND BOXED up things.

AND I'D say to him.

"YOU GET him hammer."

OR WHATEVER it was.

AND HE'D kiss at me.

THROUGH HIS pure white teeth.

AND I'd make signs.

AS OF driving a nail.

AND HE'D kiss again.

AND HURRY away.

AND GET a dust rag.

OR MAYBE a broom.

AND THEN I'd

AND GET the hammer.

AND HE'D smile on me.

AND HISS some more.

WE UNPACKED a bed.

AND AFTER a while.

WE SET it up.

AND THEN I noted.

THE CASTERS were gone.

AND I said to Yoko.

"YOU KNOW him casters?"

AND YOKO hissed.

AND I went with him.

OUT INTO the yard.

WHERE WE had unpacked.

AND SAID to him.

WITH MANY signs.

"YOU KNOW him casters."

"YOU LOOK for him."

AND HE started to look.

IN A packing box.

WHERE BOTTLES had been.

AND I pointed again.

TO THE broken bottle.