

Indiana Daily Times

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CONGRESS should enact an immigration law excluding lecturers.

THAT PREPARED statement didn't sound like it had been dictated by the mayor.

Lucky Mr. Shank

No one in Indiana has more occasion today to congratulate himself on the peaceful dispersing of the crowd at the Statehouse Monday than Samuel Lewis Shank, mayor of Indianapolis.

Mr. Shank was the dupe of those intent upon destroying him throughout the whole of the organization of the demonstration he led last Monday. He was induced by his enemies to set the stage for his own public funeral and the most remarkable thing about the whole demonstration is that the people of Indiana are today lauding rather than damning Samuel Lewis Shank.

The same little group of self-willed manipulators of public affairs who once brought about Mr. Shank's ruin to suit their own purposes aided and abetted him in the organization of this demonstration because they confidently expected that from a peaceful crowd of citizens there would develop a howling mob with the mayor of the city at its head.

Against the advice of his best friends and at the urging of those who have injured him in the past and are only awaiting the proper opportunity to destroy him now, Mr. Shank called on the spirit of discontent and unrest that prevails in Indiana for a demonstration against the public service commission. He was confident without reason that it would be orderly. He risked a mob and the lives of many without purpose.

One bricked hurried by an irresponsible member of that crowd through the window of the Governor's office would have afforded his unrepentant slanders the opportunity they sought to denounce him as the inciting influence and the directing genius of a mob intent on the overthrow of our government.

The brick was not thrown and the unscrupulous strategists who laid the trap for the elimination from public life of the mayor of Indiana's largest city were disappointed.

Yet, their disappointment was not complete. They succeeded by their manipulation of Mayor Shank in sending a chill down the spinal cords of men whose support is necessary to the success of the Shank administration. They succeeded in creating a tremendous doubt as to the safety of the city of Indianapolis under his administration. They succeeded in the first of their efforts to make Mr. Shank appear before the State as wholly irresponsible, even dangerous.

Even though the remarkable ability of the man to control thousands of his fellow citizens prevented the violence that was expected and saved Mr. Shank from the ignominy of standing as the leader of a mob, there was rejoicing last night in the camp of his secret enemies.

Opportunity has been afforded to strike a blow at Governor McCray by quoting a thoughtlessly uttered sentence in big type. Spleen against the chief executive of the State and his appointees which they were too cowardly to originate had been uttered without malice or forethought to be heralded to the State with malicious intent and diabolic care.

As we said before, Mr. Shank is to be congratulated. In offering himself as a sacrifice to those who hate him he escaped being burned on the altar he helped erect. In listening wholly to the advice of those who have boasted of their intent to ruin him before half his term as mayor is over he has done nothing worse than invite the antagonism of the Governor of Indiana, shake a great deal of the conservative element's confidence in him and leave his objective no nearer accomplished than it was before he started.

But we sincerely hope, for the sake of those who have given loyal support to Mr. Shank and who look upon him as more than a success for a day, that the mayor will not again trifle with the rebellious spirit of the public at the behest of any one. Another such gathering may not be so peaceful, and inasmuch as it accomplishes no lasting good it should not be permitted to mask even a temporary evil.

Mr. Shank now stands committed to a program that calls for the abolishment of the public service commission. He has offered nothing constructive to offset its destruction and we sincerely doubt whether in his own heart he favors his announced program. His opposition to the proposed merger of several utilities is merely an incident to his campaign. His declaration of belief in home rule is a popular appeal. But before any citizen of Indiana can afford to follow him he must make clear whether he intends to pursue a safe and sane path or whether following him means to be led to the point of rebellion against government.

The mayor's friends will look upon him now as a stronger man than before he staged his demonstration. His enemies will take some satisfaction from the knowledge that the higher he goes the greater may be his fall.

The Gentle Art of Ignoring Beveridge

The supporters of Senator Beveridge have probably never entertained the delusion that the Republican State committee would keep its hands off the senatorial race, but if any were so foolish they have been disillusioned by the happenings in Indianapolis this week. The campaign opening was arranged for the Republican Editorial Association banquet, and Senator New invited to speak. Mr. Beveridge was as utterly ignored in the invitation as though he were a total stranger. Then the State committee met. It sent a committee forth to invite Senator New to advise it and to comfort it with his special brand of eloquence. The committee had no difficulty in finding the Senator, who was conveniently near—just as though some little bird had told him that he might be invited in. But no committee was sent out to look for Beveridge. Thus the participation of the State organization in the campaign in an active way is shown. In this district the district chairman is being counted upon to "deliver" Allen County and the district to the Junior Senator. Under the convention system Mr. Beveridge would stand but scant chance. Even under the primary he would be handicapped but for his rather ardent personal following, among which are numbered not a few practical politicians who know a thing or two. The action of the editors and the State committee in Indianapolis this week will only tend to intensify the determination of the former Senator's supporters and a battle royal is as certain as the rising of tomorrow morning's sun.—Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette.

MAYOR SHANK'S DEMONSTRATION

The demonstration organized by Samuel Lewis Shank yesterday as a protest against the actions of the public service commission is unique in the history of any commonwealth and the orderly manner in which ten thousand people assembled, listened to him and then dispersed was probably never seen before.

An observer writes the Times that "We have witnessed not an uprising of an unreasoning mob, but the beginning of a city protest against the undermining of the principles of the American Government. It is the 'voice crying in the wilderness' the voice of the American people in the wilderness of bureaucracy and paternalism, with their regulations and restrictions, demanding the return of their rights as free citizens and of local self-government."

This "uprising" was not necessarily against the several men composing the public service commission; it was not any reflection upon the integrity of our Governor, nor an accusation against the honesty of any one. It was but the sudden outbreak of a long-simmering feeling against the system which is back of the public service commission and all similar bodies.

The public service commission statement said that such actions are "against orderly government." Probably they may seem to be, but so was the action of the "Boston Tea Party" seemingly against orderly government.

The historical incident was not an act of anarchy and neither was this incident. They both were reflections of the public thought in protest against taxation, regulation and legislation without representation, and on political wise-men would do well to heed these warnings and stop this vicious tendency toward

MEN AND BUSINESS

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31.—Something must be done to bring down the prices of coal. Despite the fact that this country is remarkably fortunate in its possession of great fields of fuel, and nowhere else on earth is there such an amount of machinery used in mining, coal costs today are a great burden for the people to bear.

Take anthracite, for instance. That is the coal commonly used in the homes of the East. Today it costs about 150 per cent more than it did ten or twelve years ago. There are tremendous wastes in connection with it. These wastes can be corrected. There are excessive expenses in its production and its handling. These must be reduced.

There is little variation in the amount of anthracite produced year by year. The average is 80,000,000 tons. Of that total, about 11 per cent is required for colliery consumption.

Anthracite comes in a variety of sizes. Where the veins are level the percentage of large coal is high. Where the veins slant the percentage of small coal is greater. But year by year the percentage of smalls brought out averages about as follows:

Large Slabs—Broken, 4.2 per cent; egg, 14.3 per cent; stove, 19.7 per cent; chestnut, 25.6 per cent; total, 63.8 per cent.
Small or Steam Sizes—Pea, 9.2 per cent; buckwheat, 14.4 per cent; rice, 7.2 per cent; buckwheat No. 3, 3.5 per cent; boiler, 3 per cent; others, 11 per cent; total, 38.2 per cent.

THE large sizes command, generally speaking, a ready sale, but the small sizes are in such restricted demand that they have to be sold at less than cost of production. The anthracite mine operators put the cost of producing their coal at \$5.55 a ton. The average price they obtain for grades below pea, they say, is \$2.25 a ton. To make pea, they say, is \$2.25 a ton. To make pea, they say, is \$2.25 a ton. To make pea, they say, is \$2.25 a ton.

Obviously, one answer to the problem, in part at least, is to make the

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

A LONG while ago...

SOME ONE sent to me...

TWO STATUETTES...

THE ONE of Maggie...

AND THE other of Jiggs...

AND I stood them both...

ON THE top of a case...

IN WHICH were...

AND THERE they stayed...

AND GAZED on me...

THE WHILE I worked...

AND THE only ill...

THAT CAME to them...

IN ALL that time...

OCCURRED one day...

UPSET POOR Jiggs...

AND BROKE the lobe...

FROM OFF one ear...

AND THE colored maid...

SAID to my wife...

SHE WAS very sure...

THAT MAGGIE smiled...

WHEN JIGGS was hurt...

BUT I have my doubts...

AND ANYWAY...

WHEN WE packed our things...

FOR A warmer climate...

THE FOOLISH pair...

PUT JIGGS and Maggie...

IN A cardboard box...

AND PACKED them away...

IN A wooden box...

AND THE other day...

OUT in our yard...

IN the bright warm sun...

WE UNPACKED the box...

AND WOKOHOMA...

THE NIPPON boy...

FOUND THE cardboard box...

AND BROKE the string...

AND REMOVED the top...

AND HISSED at me...

AND REACHED inside...

WITH HIS one free hand...

AND THEN drew forth...

THE MORTAL remains...

WHEREIN HAD I dwelt...

THROUGH STORM and strife...

THE SPIRIT of Jiggs...

FOR HE was dead...

HIS NECK was broken...

AND HE had no head...

BUT MAGGIE was there...

AND ALL intact...

AND I tried to tell Yoko...

THAT MAGGIE killed Jiggs...

AND HE only hissed...

I THANK you.

PROVES HERSELF RESOURCEFUL

Farm Woman Acquires Comforts for Home By Ingenuity.

A woman who lives far from cities writes The Delmarian as follows:

"For the past ten years I have lived on a farm where the only water that was procurable has come from a well. Patiently and laboriously all the water that has been used in the household has been drawn from that well and carried into the house. It has not all of it been my labor, for I have made almost superhuman effort to avoid too much of this back-breaking work, but it has not always been avoidable."

"I took just about ten years, however, for me to get my plans organized for changing the situation and for the family finances to reach such a point that my desire for a change could be materialized into an actual result."

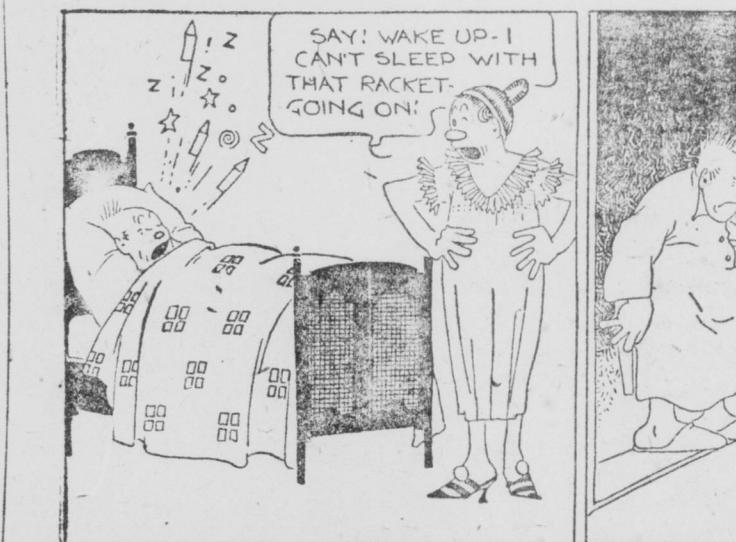
"This is what we have now done: We have purchased a pressure pump that is worked by hand. It is a small pump with a small tank, which we have placed in an unused room on the second floor. We have connected this with the well by means of a pipe. Twice a day my husband takes his daily arm exercise at the pump and fills the tank. This tank connects with faucets in the kitchen, and with a boiler heated by gasoline and also connected with the tank."

"Further I have installed an indoor toilet and connected it with the running water which we draw into a septic tank. It seems to me that the investment we have made in this very simple and inexpensive water system has done more to give me back my faith in life, my enjoyment of my home, and my belief that home-making is a more pleasant task than all the best work could be spoken from a public platform."

PYTHIANS INSTALL OFFICERS.

Officers of seven companies of the First Regiment Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, were installed at a public meeting last night at Castle Hall. The installation was conducted by Maj. William Kleiger, assisted by Maj. C. J. Ritter. Speeches were made by Gen. William B. Gray of Covington, Gen. William L. Heideck of Indianapolis and Col. Frank Shillhouse of Indianapolis.

BRINGING UP FATHER.



GRANDMA BETT ALLOWS SHE WILL LIVE QUITE A SPELL

A Real Musical Comedy at English's—Old Favorites Gather at Keith's

Grandma Bett wants enough tea in her tea so that it "will taste like tea at least half way down."

She tells her maid, Lulu, not to stilt the tea and Lulu must have followed Grandma Bett's instruction, because she drank the tea and didn't find fault with it.

Grandma Bett is the dearest and most lovable old relic I ever have seen on the stage. There is so much real life to Grandma Bett as created by Louise Closser Hale of this city in Zola's "Miss Lulu Bett" it is difficult to believe that it is merely play acting.

Last night at the Murat, Indianapolis citizens turned out and nearly filled the theater for the opening performance of "Miss Lulu Bett." The Christman Aid Association was sponsor for the evening and a marvelous audience cooperated with the association in nearly packing the Murat. As an added touch, the association realized a substantial sum, which will be added to their worthy fund.

In fact, it was really Louise Closser Hale night at the Murat, as Mrs. Hale has never before been in the city. Mrs. Hale told of the days when she was a girl and how she and the others gave shows in the barns of Fred Ayres, General Harrison and the "Abode for the Poor" at the Murat. The night of admission being plus. Today, Mrs. Hale is famous on the stage and people are giving more than pins to witness her work.

Although Carroll McCormack is the featured player in the company, she waved that aside last night to permit Mrs. Hale to receive alone the plaudits, the flowers and the esteem of her home people. What really beautiful sight it was to see Miss McCormack tip toe off the stage, leaving Mrs. Hale alone bowing before that magnificent audience. And another pretty sight was when Mrs. Hale and her curtain link left the stage to bring Miss McCormack to the center of the stage to share the great honor of an Indianapolis audience. Such sights as these give the audience confidence in things that are of the theater. Miss McCormack I have seen featured players refuse to yield the floor lights to a local favorite, but your great humanity last night has made you a local favorite in the eyes of the Indianapolis theater goers. Beautiful Miss McCormack, beautiful. And the best part of it all was that Miss McCormack rejoiced in the ovation extended Mrs. Hale.

Miss Lulu Bett, the kitchen drudge in the household of Dwight Herbert Deacon, Miss McCormack has contributed to the stage a finished characterization—not a comic creation, but a real woman who has never been so real because she was a drudge. You see her step from the pathetic kitchen slave into a real woman. The transition reveals some of the most polished and accurate character acting I have ever seen on the stage. You sympathize with Lulu, you cry with her, you laugh with her and not at her.

I have indicated my opinion of the work of Mrs. Hale. Her Grandma Bett has never been so real because she was a drudge. You see her step from the pathetic kitchen slave into a real woman. The transition reveals some of the most polished and accurate character acting I have ever seen on the stage. You sympathize with Lulu, you cry with her, you laugh with her and not at her.

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CARROLL MCCOMACK AND LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

Here is a picture of dear old Grandma Bett as played by Mrs. Hale and Lulu Bett as acted by Miss McCormack in "Miss Lulu Bett" now at the Murat. These two graciously shared the honors of a real big "first night" at the Murat last night.

to hide the fact that there were two of them.

Atwell, asinine as he was, proves himself the hero in the end by pointing out the true thief and establishing innocence of Miss Sartoris.

A lively and satisfactory development is brought about by the coming aboard of the estate attorney as he is laying off shore, prior to unloading the passengers, and calling for the twins who come forth timidly hand in hand.

The role of Harriette Neville Jerry's mother, who has been done over by a beauty doctor, is taken by Emma Janney who carries off the part of the dramatic soprano voice in dashing style. Louise Kelley who has a powerful dramatic soprano voice takes the part of Ninon and her singing of the "Gypsy Trail" is encouraged and re-encouraged. The two love split swains are splendid and have unusually good voices.

Some artistic dancing is done by Vanda Hoff and Evelyn Law, a pretty feature being the mermaid ballet of the Maid of the Mist.

The lyrics are pleasing, the familiar "Oh Me, Oh My, Oh You" coming in for a huge share of enthusiasm. Bobby and Polly having to sing and posing in far remote from anything that smacks of the theatrical.

The Faubus town wife of Dwight Deacon, the kitchen drudge in the household of Dwight Herbert Deacon, Miss McCormack has contributed to the stage a finished characterization—not a comic creation, but a real woman who has never been so real because she was a drudge. You see her step from the pathetic kitchen slave into a real woman. The transition reveals some of the most polished and accurate character acting I have ever seen on the stage. You sympathize with Lulu, you cry with her, you laugh with her and not at her.

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