

Indiana Daily Times

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WITH the armament conference over, the Senate will again enter the limelight from which it so long was hidden.

THE MOVIES seem to affect those who produce them more than they affect the small boy about whom the censors worry so much.

A METHOD has been found to bring Grover Bergdolt back to the United States, according to reports. Who wants him over here?

THE DEMOCRATS don't intend to slight any one. They seem to have put all the members of the party on the editorial banquet reception committee.

THE SUGGESTION that the German debt be cancelled is made by Eddie Rickenbacker. What's the difference? Nobody really expects to collect it, anyway.

AMERICAN public opinion to steer Senate on pacts drawn in arms confab—headline. Evidently they do not intend to attempt to change public opinion this time.

A GOLF CLUB exclusively for women is being formed in New York. It's reliably reported that there will be no rule forbidding talking while a member is making a difficult shot.

The Soldier's Back Pay

The United States Congress has again taken up the question of back pay to the U. S. soldier, drafted to fight in the late European war. If Congress was in earnest it would not disgrace the soldiers by calling it a "bonus bill." It should be called a back pay bill. Either the whole U. S. owes our boys for fighting for our country at one-fourth the price paid for common laborers, or our country owes them nothing but gratitude for their services. The thousands of families with Gold Stars in their windows care little about what Congress does; nothing will bring home their dead. The hundreds of thousands of gassed, shell-shocked, wounded and drugged young men are still with us and need their back pay, and it's a crying shame they have no chance of getting it, except through politics.

I expect this Congress will pass some bill, for vote-getting purposes, providing something, but don't you wait to get the money. It's an old trick worked by many a Congressman, to get a bill through to put up a postoffice building or dredge a stream, or spend some United States Government money in his district, and go home and be elected on account of his "hard work for his district," and then Congress never appropriates the money and the work is never done. There will be some string tied to the "soldiers' bonus" bill, although the string may not be in sight.

Mostly, the rich men who would have to pay the taxes, like Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, have made up their minds they will not do it, that ends it.

The most unfortunate class, however, are those who came home from war wounded or unable to work again, from a thousand and one causes. You cannot doubt the real desire on the part of our country to do the right thing by these men, but so far the results have been nil, and the amount of money spent millions and millions.

There was and still is one practical way to take care of our wrecked men, and that is to turn them over to the Red Cross and our Government appropriate whatever money the Red Cross needs in this department. An army organization is only a wrecking crew—it is only organized to kill and destroy, and is wholly unfit to build up and restore.

The Army is always a machine attached to the party in power—the Red Cross is not a political organization, but functions to restore and save life. By all means let us turn over all our United States hospitals to the Red Cross and support them by Government appropriation.

My advice to the ex-soldier is: Don't spend your back pay until you get it. Don't count on it for the next four years at least. You may get it some day when the farmer and middle classes in the United States can foot the bill, but you know how hard up they are at the present time. I have not heard of a single farmer who has been able to chip in \$700,000 to grand opera the past year, but the head of the Harvest machinery trust has not only been able to do this, but also to get a divorce, which is quite expensive when a man is very rich. Naturally this class is opposed to back pay for the soldier.—W. D. Boyce in the Saturday Blade, Chicago.

The Railroads' Condition

Those citizens of Indianapolis who have been induced by lying propaganda to regard as plausible the statements that the Government-returned railroad property is in worse condition than when it took it over for war purposes need not leave the city to see how mistaken they are.

For, as W. G. McAdoo points out in his recent statement to the Senate committee, the railroads boasted that in 1920 they handled the greatest volume of traffic in their history, and that boast was made in Indianapolis as elsewhere.

Mr. McAdoo very effectively calls on them now to explain how it was possible for them to function so well in 1920, as has been asserted, if the Government turned back their equipment in a wrecked condition.

Further, Mr. McAdoo points out that the railroads, under Government control, were operated by the same experienced railroad men who had charge of them under private ownership and who are now in charge of them, and he raises the point that to charge them with wilfully wrecking the properties is to question their loyalty not only to the Government but also to the owners of the railroads who have evidenced confidence in them both before and after the period of Government control.

Here in Indianapolis we know that in addition to having sufficient equipment in good condition to handle an increased volume of business at the end of the Government control, the railroads also had better facilities for handling it. For the track elevation work that was begun before the war was pushed during the war period under the direction of Mr. McAdoo, regardless of the fact that the council of defense, with Will H. Hays at its head, acquiesced in a plan to delay it.

Mr. McAdoo's administration of the railroads during the period of the war when victory depended upon their efficiency needs no defense. The victory shows that he did not fail. The record shows that the railroads themselves did not suffer sufficiently to be prevented from handling the greatest volume of traffic in their history immediately upon being returned to private ownership.

And, it is not strange that in disclosing the falsity of propaganda to the contrary Mr. McAdoo has made it plain that he is defending not himself, but the railroad executives who actually handled the roads and made them function efficiently in war time.

Mr. McAdoo is that kind of a man.

To Help ex-Service Men

Mayor Shank's efforts to make immediately available for the relief of ex-service men the property purchased for the war memorial site meets with the commendation of the majority of the people, not excluding a number who will be called on to make personal sacrifices.

But, it is characteristic of the mayor that he has started plans for an equitable distribution of the land or its proceeds only after a part of it has already been set aside for the use of one organization.

The problem now is to arrange that other organizations may participate in the use of this land, as the American Legion will participate, owing to the designation of the Chalfant apartments as legion headquarters. The turning over to the legion of the Chalfant will not, however, be any financial relief to that body, as the expense of its headquarters here have been borne, with considerable trouble, by the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Shank yesterday organized a committee consisting of representatives of many organizations engaged in relief work among the ex-service men which will meet with the board of works for the purpose of working out a plan to make use of the rest of the ground now held by the city. The legion is represented on this committee and the board of works resolution turning over the Chalfant to it remains on record.

Evidently, the committee and the board is going to have no small amount of trouble working out a plan that will satisfy all organizations.

BERT SAVOY IS A DASHING REDHEADED VILLAGER

Venita Gould Is a Great Artist—Marcus Show Here—Bush Tells Stories

A flaming red Leslie Carter wig, some dashing gowns, a pencil applied over and under the eyes, a dash of powder and some paint on the cheeks transforms Bert Savoy into the most dashing of the "girls" in the Greenwich Village Follies.

Bert in his dashingly modern female attire rushes on the stage explaining that he "won't do it, no matter what it is" because a "girl can't be too careful."

Jay Brennan as the sculptor accompa-

nying Savoy on his first entrance, asking

Balancer his picture hat, Savoy ex-

claims, "I went to the loveliest funeral.

Oh, it was grand. Bigger than Mecca. I talked to the widow and then I went in to look at the corpse. O, yes, I did. And when I touched his cheek, it was warm. Yes, I did. I went right to his wife and told her that his husband was dead. She said, 'Not so cold, he goes right out of the house in the morning.'

And Savoy is well versed in art. He admits that Venita de Milo is an un-

fortunate lady.

"One lady who was next to me in the art gallery—she must have been next to me—said the funniest thing when she saw Venita de Milo. She said, 'The German must have treated that poor Belgian woman something awful.' Yes she

Savoy cracks some keen remarks. He puts his stuff over in a smart way. His gowns are regular beauties. He makes numerous appearances. Some of his remarks are rather broad but they do not seem out of place in Greenwich Village. Oh, they're not."

Brennan asks Savoy, " Didn't I see you at the Black Cat Cafe last night?"

"Oh, yes, you did," answers Bert.

"Don't ask me," Savoy replies. "Don't ask me. I am as uncertain about it as you. It was late and one can't be fussy."

Savoy and Brennan are two of the many who appear in the colorful, exotic, bizarre and fantastical Greenwich Village Follies as revealed at the Murat last night. Among the other individuals who made decided impressions are Russell Scott, who sings "Just Sweet Sixteen"; Alice and Mary McCarthy, Julia Silver and Russell Scott while singing "I'll Be Your Valentine"; James Clemens in "Dance of the Inebriate"; Ford Hanford while singing "Tarn," during which tambourines are passed out to the customers (meaning the audience); "Les Parfums," which is an exquisite beauty, in which Alice Hanford tries to advantage during a dance; Ada Farnham, the Epingle with Benda Masks (one of the cleverest bits of the show), Phil Nader with his remarks and his accordion, and Pee Wee Myers and Ford Hanford in their Arkansaw chatters and their musical saws.

John Murray Anderson staged these Follies and has created many beautiful pictures. The blending of colors, the costumes of the cast to produce a colorful, beautiful picture, the musical picture all aid in selling the abilities of this Anderson person in turning out a smart revue. He does not parade his company around to any great extent in naked limbs. He dresses his people in beautiful colors. The Russian dance scene is one of much beauty. The "Parfume" ballet is a treat, in the beautiful blending of colors.

Personally, the Greenwich Village Follies approached my idea of being nearer what a review should be. It was not too long, it does not tire you out by forcing too much scenery on an audience. Some may desire more humor, but what the show offers, it stacks up in good fashion with the brand usually heard in a revue. At times the show reminds me of a huge vaudeville show.

And another thing—the members of the company, acting, dancing, singing, etc., have given me the impression that it is a good show.

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