

Indiana Daily Times

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"ROBBED in Spring House"—headline. First spring house cleaning.

NOW they say Harding has forty-seven instead of fifty pairs of trousers. Maybe he wore out three pairs waiting for the fish to bite.

SENATOR FRANCE wants a motion picture machine in Congress. The funny motions there would make an excellent comedy.

NOW that the basket-ball tournament has been settled, perhaps baseball can edge back on the front page once in awhile.

IF A FEW more city officials would go on the "warpath" like City Engineer Elliott has, the cost of government might be reduced to a reasonable figure.

"FASTEST humans are Paddock and Kirksey," say sport writers. We thought Polygamist Moore with his thirteen wives was about the fastest in the world.

The County and Its Wards

The recommendations of an advisory committee urging that Marion County purchase a large tract of land to be used as an institution for orphans and other dependent wards merits careful consideration by the board of county commissioners.

The feasibility of grouping the children in a single place should appeal strongly to the county officials, but before reaching a decision they should weigh carefully each suggested site, its price as compared to others equally as practical, its proximity to transportation routes and its natural advantages.

The plan was suggested by a committee made up of persons who have devoted much time to studying child welfare. It follows the line of reasoning frequently expressed by Judge J. Frank Lahr of juvenile court, who has long felt the need of such an institution.

The county owes much to those unfortunate wards with whose care it is intrusted, often through no fault of their own. It owes it to society that when these children are turned out into life that they will devote themselves to useful pursuits and that they will not, in turn, bestow more wards upon the county.

Only the other day an 18-year-old boy was hanged for murder in Washington and before he died he uttered this indictment of the society that had doomed him to death:

They never gave me a chance here and I'm going to hell. • • •
Maybe they know how to treat kids better in hell than they do here. It can't be any worse than it is here.

Right now there is a 16-year-old boy serving a life sentence in the Michigan City penitentiary for the slaying of a woman.

Both of these boys were adjudged sane before the penalty was affixed, yet they had been allowed to grow up with a perverted sense of citizenship and of duty to their country by a system that all too frequently fails to extend a helping hand to the slipping, wayward boys and girls.

If Marion County can place these dependent wards on a farm where there is plenty of pure air, plenty of wholesome food, carefully supervised recreation and education it will have performed a distinct service not only to the youngsters but to those with whom they will be associated in later years.

Talking Movies Coming

Talking movies, a new invention with enormous possibilities, have just been successfully demonstrated in Chicago. By this invention the silent screen loses its silence. You, out in the audience, watch the picture and hear the actors' voices and all other sounds, the same as if you were actually seeing and hearing the thing occur in real life. The process differs from the combination of phonograph and movie film tried out by E. F. Albee in Keith vaudeville some years ago. The latest talking movie is an application of the wireless phone.

The movie is produced in the studio, as usual. Then the films are sent out to movie theaters, where wireless phones and automatic moving picture machines are synchronized—that is, the outfits in each theater start at the same time and run at the same speed, regulated from the movie studio. The film has been made. Audiences are ready for the show. The picture starts in each theater. Simultaneously, the film is screened at the studio. The actors, watching the picture closely to "keep in step," speak their lines, same as on a stage. The wireless carries the words for reproduction in the movie theaters. Other sounds also are sent out to be heard by the movie audiences—such as breaking glass, pistol shots, whistles.

Audiences frequently comment that some of the great actors lose part of their effectiveness on the picture screen because their greatest dramatic ability—vocal genius—cannot be brought into play. A successful radio talking movie would eliminate this handicap.

In your day, you have seen the wireless and the movie develop from rather laughable laboratory experiments to practical devices, widely used and with tremendous possibilities. It is not straining the imagination to picture a day when moving pictures themselves will be broadcasted into homes by wireless, the same as a photograph now can be cabled across the ocean.

Riley's Home a Shrine

Such a dear little street, it is nestled away.
From the noise of the city and the heat of the day.
In the cool, shady covers of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which in its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie street.

Thus sang James Whitcomb Riley of his beloved Lockerbie street. Now the "gold and sunshine" of this little thoroughfare will point the way to a shrine that is destined to live forever in the memories of all Americans—the home of the famed Hoosier poet who lived and wrote his undying lyrics among the "rhyme-haunted raptures of Lockerbie street."

It is well that the Riley Memorial Association has taken over the quaint old home and that henceforth it will be open to the public which has enshrined the poet in its heart. Even the broader aspect of the association's undertaking—the creation of a park about the house—is laudable and should command the utmost cooperation from Indianaans who are always proud to say that Riley was one of them.

The Jitney Bus Elsewhere

Unrestrained jitney competition would be inimical not only to the street car system of Evansville but to the city and its people as well.

The car company represents a large investment. It is regulated by State law and city ordinance. It is amenable to the State public service commission, the city government and the courts. Its liability for personal injury and damage and for failure to perform its service is fixed and inescapable. It pays taxes that entitle it to reasonable public protection against unbridled and irresponsible competition.

Conceivably such a demoralization of the car company's service could result from jitney competition as would inconvenience the people, ruin a business and hurt the whole city. Not primarily to protect the car company, then, but to enable it as far as possible to give the service which the people are entitled by virtue of its contracts, competition of course should be regulated.

But regulation does not mean prohibition. While trying to avoid injustice to the car company we must be sure that we are not doing less than justice to the jitney owners. To try to suppress them would aggravate antagonisms which need only slight fanning to kindle them into flame.—Evansville Journal.

LET THE WOMEN WRITE AND DIRECT MOVIES

Farnum Is Sad Again—'Strongheart' Is a Good Actor—Comedy Bill on View

WRITES HIS OWN

Women are accomplishing worth while things on the screen.

Fannie Hurst wrote, "Just Around the Corner" and Frances Marion adopted the story for screen use as well as directed the picture.

The result is that these two have given the screen movie which is a real boon to the moving picture industry and the theater manager can present without making an apology to anybody. "Just Around the Corner" is a gem in reflecting the honest emotions of the characters and her two children—Jimmie, a messenger boy, and Essie, an usher in a theater. There is no wild burr in this movie, but just the quiet unfolding of a story of mother love. It's not mushy. It's the real thing we have had in "Strongheart."

Ma Birdsong, a widow, rears her two children in a tenement district "Just around the corner" in New York. Her one thought is the welfare of her two children. She knows that she is secretly nursing a heart ailment which will prove fatal some day. Her big concern is over the "beau" that Essie has. Essie has elected to "pal" around with Joe Ulman, one of those "wise birds" who "sweat old things." Ulman is about as real as a counterfeit dollar bill. But Essie is unable to see her "beau" in the first light at first.

Ma Birdsong was anxious to see the kind of "feller" that Essie was having around. Many a night she had prepared the sort of a meal which only a mother could cook, but Essie and her beau didn't show up. Then Essie discovered that "Bird" Joe was.

Ma's worry over Essie's beau caused

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

THREE LITTLE boys.

ON a city corner.

ALONG ABOUT 10.

AND THEY waved their hands.

AND MADE believe.

THEY WERE traffic cops.

AND SO I stopped.

AND TOOK them in.

AND THE three of them.

ALL WANTED to sit.

IN FRONT with me.

AND BECAUSE they were small.

AND THE seat was wide.

I CROWDED them in.

AND ALL of them.

WERE BRIGHT young lads.

WITH SHINING faces.

AND CLEAN little hands.

AND WELL brushed clothes.

AND WHEN I suggested.

THAT DAY was fine.

THEY, THOUGHT it was.

AND SWITCHED from that.

TO ANOTHER topic.

THAT HAD to do.

WITH A game or all.

AND THE three of them.

VIEW WITH each other.

IN a verbal effort.

TO ENLIGHTEN me.

AS TO something or other.

THAT ONE of them did.

AND WHATEVER it was.

I COULDn't tell.

AND I don't know now.

AND IN their excitement.

THEY CROWDED me so.

I COULD hardly drive.

AND FINALLY.

I ASKED of them.

WHERE THEY wanted to go.

AND ALL three said.

TO WHEREVER it was.

THE HEALTH office was.

AND I was alarmed.

AND ASKED them why.

AND THEY told me frankly.

THAT THEY'D been exposed.

TO SOMETHING together.

AND COULDn't go to school.

TILL THEY got a permit.

AND THERE was.

AND THE three of them.

ALMOST CROWDING me out.

BRINGING UP FATHER.

OH! HUM: THERE'S NO USE OF ME ASKIN' MAGGIE IF I KIN GO OUT—SHE'LL ONLY SAY "NO"!!

AN' THERE ISN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF ME SNEAKIN' OUT!

I introduced in "Marry the Poor Girl," which is the latest movie vehicle for this couple.

This farce comes under the head of "feudal" entertainment, not meaning that anybody could claim super-knowledge after seeing this affair. It's "rapid" but not too naughty. It smacks of possibilities in situations, but never quite lands in the desert of bad manners.

The De Havans are a good example of the kind of touch. Both know how to express twenty typewritten pages of words in a nod of the head or a wink of the right eye.

The situations run like this: Mrs. De Havans plays the role of a rich man's daughter. Her mother is giving a house party. Two of the guests drink too freely of the punch. Mrs. De Havans, one of the "good" members of the party, enters the bedroom of the daughter of the house. He spends the night in a bathtub in a room adjoining the young lady. When the effects of the night before wears off, he is discovered in the bathtub.

Mamma's idea seems to be—"Mary the Poor Girl."

I was in hopes that the bedroom and bathroom farce would never land on the screen.

But it is here, and "Marry the Poor Girl" is on view at the Alhambra all week.

The bill includes a Mack Sennett comedy by "Heck." It's just plain bohemian humor, but the kind that makes one laugh and like it. W. D. H.

EVEN A DOG HAS HIS ACTING DAYS.

A genuine movie novelty is on view at the Circle this week.

The principal role in "The Silent Call" is held by a dog, called Strongheart. And Strongheart is some dog.

This movie breathes of the great-outdoors.

The call of the West is heard in this movie. The spell of the snow capped mountains is felt here. Nature has been marvelously photographed in "The Silent Call."

You will be interested in Strongheart. He is the animal that Mrs. De Havans, both banker and expert in finance, has engaged as her legal adviser. The principal role in "The Silent Call" is held by a dog, called Strongheart. And Strongheart is some dog.

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