

Indiana Daily Times

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THE POOR are always with us, but the rich go away for the summer.

A MOVIE star is in trouble because he got two marriages ahead of his divorces.

MAN'S WIFE wants alimony because of a watch. Must have been another woman in the case.

STYLE decrees fringe for the bottom of a woman's skirts, but if a man adopts it we brace ourselves for a touch.

BERT MORGAN should have that still he has on exhibition at the Health Exposition patented to prevent infringement.

LUCIUS SWIFT'S criticism of Street Commissioner Walker's preliminary activities does no explain why the sanitary board has allowed the alleys to become congested with garbage and refuse.

SENATOR WATSON has requested President Harding's advice on the keynote speech he is preparing for the Indiana Republican convention. Who knows, he may consult Albert J. Beveridge next?

Democratic Stock Jumps

Preliminary discussions of platform measures by Democratic leaders gathered here yesterday at a meeting of the State committee indicated that they have largely grasped what is in the public mind, contrary to customary political procedure, and are ambitious to crystallize sentiment as they find it into comprehensive principles that will demand reforms the people most desire.

The Democrats rightly feel that the taxation scheme is still unsolved, and in this they will be supported by thousands of persons who are still fingering over their tax duplicates. The Goodrich tax law, despite its numerous amendments, is still far from the perfection it was promised to be.

The management of the State highway commission, especially during the recent primary, will give the Democrats further cause for demanding reforms, the framers believe, and the operation of the public service commission affords them still further opportunity for preparing what many believe are much needed changes.

The platform framers will do well to follow the suggestions of the new chairman, Walter S. Chambers, to confine their attention largely to State issues, leaving the definition of national issues to Samuel M. Ralston and the various congressional candidates. Although national affairs, due to the prominence of both senatorial candidates, promise, as usual, to overshadow purely State problems, the commissions and commissions of the present State administration should not be overlooked. In fact, they should be stressed.

That the leaders are keeping their ears pretty close to the ground is evidenced furthermore by the fact that moves to repeal the State-wide primary law and the injection of liquor issues are receiving scant attention. The platform builders will act wisely in leaving these affairs strictly alone.

With a new organization, a new chairman, who has long been a party worker, and a secretary, Miss Gertrude McHugh, who has been tried and found qualified in the fires of many campaigns, the Democrats have reason to feel jubilant over the prospects.

Holding Aloof

It is rather difficult to reconcile the President's pronouncement, "We do not mean to hold aloof," with the Government's reiterated refusals to assist in setting the European house in order. Possibly it is true that the Harding Administration does not "mean to hold aloof" from concourse with other nations, but that is exactly what it is doing while Europe struggles futilely to regain its economic feet and which it confesses it cannot do without the assistance of the United States.

The Genoa conference failed because the Russian nut was too hard to crack, but, realizing that it must be done before the world's commercial vitality can be restored, European statesmen are going to attempt the feat again at The Hague, hoping against hope that this time America will join with them.

President Harding makes the point that a revival of American industry is largely dependent upon commerce, yet this cannot be brought about until the world is in a buying mood. And it will not be in a buying mood until the menace of a militant and truculent Bolshevism is removed through the good agencies of international amity and Europe is permitted to turn its thoughts from aggression and revenge to rehabilitation of its economic resources.

The purchasing power of Europe must be restored, and when it is American enterprise will find there a fruitful market. The United States must in time come to the realization that the European mess is not so much political as it is economic.

Harding and the Steel Industry

If the steel barons accept the good advice of President Harding and banish the twelve-hour working day in the industries which they control, a big battle in behalf of labor will have been won. The President suggested the abolition of the long working periods at the first of a series of conferences he is expected to hold with different business groups, and while the steel manufacturers did not subscribe literally to the executive's views they agreed in principle.

The adoption of shorter hours by this method would mark a new departure in the relations between labor and capital. The steel industry has adhered to the twelve-hour day and even weathered a strike a few years ago without receding from its policy of exacting long hours of labor from its employees. If the Harding suggestion is carried out, it will demonstrate forcibly the futility of strikes and the efficacy of mediation, especially by a third and uninterested party, such as the President should be.

The trend in American industrial circles for years has been toward the eight-hour day, and it has been adopted widely. The steel industry has been one of the largest employers, however, that has stood out against granting reasonable hours to its employees, and if it now subscribes, as is indicated, to the President's appeal it will mark a new era in American industry.

One Memorial Day

There is nothing more fitting, nor more aptly illustrative of the pure American spirit, than the proposal of the American Legion to assume the trust of caring for the graves of the Union and Confederate soldiers and, of course, those who fell in the World War and the other conflicts in which Americans paid the supreme sacrifice. In thus embracing those who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray, the legion demonstrates that the Mason and Dixon line is no more and that those who once were foes are now soldiers of the United States.

"Why not let us have just one national Memorial Day for the decoration of America's soldiers?" is another proposal in the legion's letter that merits thoughtful attention. "Our membership is comprised of the sons and, largely, grandsons of Confederate veterans and Union veterans. It is composed of your children and your children's children; we belong to you and you belong to us. The glory and the heroism that you wrought is our priceless heritage."

This proposal from the young men who also served should come as comforting news to the veterans whose ranks are steadily thinning. Year after year they have been wont to gather to pay tribute to those who have borne "taps," and it should bring joy to them to know that when they have passed on their glorious work will not be dropped.

Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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To forget the bitter troubles of her domestic life, LUCINDA DRUCE accepts the invitation of her friend, FANNY LONTAINE, a school girl chum, to visit with her English husband, HARRY, the film studio of the famous screen star.

ALMA DALEY, Fanny explains that Harry hopes to form a moving picture company in California. On the trip to the studio in Ninth avenue, Lucinda mused over the break with her husband.

BELLAMY, wealth, youth, beauty, had failed to bring happiness to their Fifth avenue home after five years of married life. Heavy drinking and an insatiable appetite for promiscuous flirtation had been the means by which he destroyed her early love for him. And now

RICHARD DAUBENEY, her old sweet-heart, had returned to New York. The trip to the studio would give her a chance to forget.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Stage, as the layman understands that term, there was none; but the floor space as a whole was rather elaborately cluttered with what Lucinda was to learn were technically known as "sets." In various stages of completion and demolition, a set being anything set up to be photographed, from a single "side" or "flat" with a simply love for him. And now

At the far end of the room a substantial set represented a livingroom, a good part of it was masked from Lucinda's view by a number of massive but portable metal screens or stands arranged in two converging ranks, at whose apex stood a heavy tripod supporting a small

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

HE LIVES in a house.

WITH A lot of ground.

AND A low stone wall.

AROUND IT all.

AND HE'S very old.

AND VERY rich.

AND I'VE been told.

THAT YEARS ago.

BEFORE AGE came.

THEY KNEW him.

IN THE business world.

AS VERY stern.

AND VERY cruel.

AND IN his age.

THEY TELL me, too.

HE WANTS no friends.

EXCEPT THE grounds.

HE WANDERS through.

AND HOW I learned.

OF THIS strange man.

WAS THROUGH a child.

WHO TOLD me.

THAT HER mother said.

THAT HE was "queer."

AND SO IT is.

THAT WHEN I pass.

I LOOK for him.

AND YESTERDAY.

I SAW him there.

AND WAS convinced.

THAT HE was "queer."

FOR HE walked about.

WITH A ball of twine.

AND A pair of scissors.

AND CLIPPED short pieces.

FROM THE twine.

AND LET them fall.

UPON THE grass.

AND STANDING there.

WITHIN THE shadow.

OF A tree.

I WATCHED.

AND SAW a bird.

COME FLUTTERING down.

RIGHT ON his trail.

AND GATHER up.

A FEW bird's loins.

OF BITS of twine.

AND FLY away.

AND SAW him smile.

AND WATCH its flight.

AND I am sure.

HE DOESN'T care.

THAT OUTSIDE.

OF THE low stone wall.

THEY THINK him "queer."

I THANK you.

black box. To these stands lines of insulated cable wandered over the floor from every quarter of the room.

An atmosphere of apathy pervaded the place, as if nothing of moment was happening or expected to happen. An effect to which considerable contribution was made by the luxurious strains of a three-piece orchestra, piano, violin, and cello, stationed to one side of the living-room set.

This trio intrigued Lucinda's interest. Its presence seemed unaccountable, but not more so than its rendition of plaintive melodies, tunes which one more familiar with the cant of the theater would undoubtedly have classified as "sob stuff."

Guided by Mr. Lane, the exotics gingerly picked their way across the coils of electric cable that ran in snaky confusion all over the floor, like exposed viscera of the cinema; and Lucinda presently found herself on the side lines of the living-room, between it and the dogged orchestra, and well out of range of the camera.

She could now see three people on the set, two men with a girl woman, thanks to the wide circumference of the lady's photographs, she had no difficulty in identifying as Alma Daley herself—a prepossessing young person with bobbed hair, a boldly featured face, comely in the fresh rather than the faded, and a slight little body which she used with a rather fetching effect of youthful gaucherie.

Of these one was tall and dark, with a thick shock of wavy black hair, a wide and mobile mouth, and great, melancholy eyes. His well-tailored morning coat displayed to admiration a splendid torso. The other was a smaller, indeed an underdog man, who wore a braided smoking-jacket but no paint on his pinched, weatherworn face of an actor.

"King Laughlin," Mr. Culp's secretary informed Lucinda—a man in the smoking-jacket, he always wears one when he's working—greatest emotional director in the business, nobody can touch him. Why, alongside him, Griffith's a joke in a back number of Judge. You wouldn't guess what he gets: thirty-five hundred."

"That's almost a thousand a week, isn't it?"

"Thousands a week!" In accents of some compassion he corrected: "Three thousand five hundred every week's what King Laughlin drags down in the little old pay envelope. But that's Mr. Culp all over, expense no object when he's making an Alma Daley picture, nothing's too good."

"I'm sure," Lucinda agreed vaguely. Out of the corner of an eye the director had become aware of a new audience and one worthy of his mettle. Dropping the easy, semi-confidential manner, Mr. King Laughlin snatched a silk hat and stick from the nearby dressing hands. "Right O, Tommy," he said in the nasal voice of the English Midlands. "Just to make sure I'll walk through it with Alma." He turned graciously to the woman: "Now, Alma, dear."

Miss Daley, herself not unconscious of a fashionable gallery, shrugged slightly to signify that she didn't mind if Mr. Laughlin thought it really worth while, and made a leisurely exit to the set. At the same time Mr. Laughlin walked off by a door approximately opposite, and the young man in the morning coat strode down to the front of the set and settled himself to observe and absorb the impending lesson.



She Caught Hold of the Edge of the Table and Pulled Herself Up.

Mr. Laughlin then re-entered in character as a degenerate gentleman with an uneasy conscience, indicating this last by stealthily opening and peering round the edge of the door before coming in and closing it with caution, and his gentility by holding hat and stick in one hand and carelessly trailing the ferule of the stick behind him. Relieved to find the room unattended, he moved up to the table, placed the hat on it crown-down, propped the stick against it, turned and gave the door in the right-hand wall a hard look, then bent over the table and pulled out and began to ransack one of its drawers. Thus engaged, he said clearly: "All right, Alma!" and immediately gave a start, whereby it appeared that he had heard footfalls off, and slammed the drawer. At this Miss Daley entered, a listless little figure so preoccupied with secret woe that she quite failed at first to see Mr. Laughlin, and when she did, gave a start even more violent than his, and been, clasping both hands to her bosom and crying out in a thrilling voice: "Egbert!"

Mr. Laughlin kept his temper admirably under the sting of this epithet; all the same, any one could see he didn't fancy it a bit. However, first and always a gentleman, he offered Miss Daley a magnanimous gesture of outstretched hands. Instantly the poor girl's face brightened with a joyous smile, a happy

cry trembled upon her lips as she ran to his arms. He enfolded her with a fond hand ground her features into the shoulders of his smoking jacket, and turned his own toward the camera, working them into a cast of bitter anguish.

Gently rescuing herself, Miss Daley discovered Egbert's hat and stick, turned to him and looked him up and down with damning horror, audibly protesting: "But, Egbert! you are going out!" He attempted a disclaimer, but the evidence of the top hat and the smoking jacket was too damning; and in the end he had to give in and admit that, well, yes, he was going out, and what of it.

Evidently Miss Daley knew any number of reasons why he ought to stay in, but she made the grave mistake of trying to hold him with affection's bonds, throwing herself upon his neck and winding her arms tightly round it. And that was too much; Egbert made it clear that, while he'd stand for a lot from a woman to whom he was everything, there was such a thing as piling it on too thick. And against her frenzied resistance, he grasped her frail young wrists, brutally broke her embrace, and flung her from him. She fell against the table, threw back her head to show the pretty lines of her throat, clutched convulsively at her collar-bone, and subsided upon the floor in a fit of heart-broken sobbing; while Egbert cautiously took his hat, clapped it on his head, and marched out by a door in the rear wall, his dignity but slightly impaired by the fate that the hat was several sizes too large and would have extinguished him completely if it hadn't been for his noble ears.

Without pause Mr. Laughlin doubled round to the front of the set, threw the waiting actor a brusque "See, Tommy? Get what I mean?" and encouraged Miss Daley with "That's wonderful, Alma, dear. Now go on, right through the scene."

Miss Daley, lying in complete collapse, with her head to the camera, writhed upon an elbow, planted her hands upon the floor and by main strength pushed her heaving shoulders away from it, keeping

a tortured face turned to the camera throughout. Then she got her second wind, caught hold of the edge of the table, pulled herself up, looked round wildly, realized that she was a deserted woman, saw her hat by Tappe hanging on the back of a Morris chair by Ludwig Baumann, seized it, rushed to the door by which Egbert had escaped, and threw herself out in pursuit.

Mr. Laughlin clapped gleeful hands. "Fine, Alma, wonderful! You're simply marvelous today, dear. Now, Tommy run through it just once with Alma and then we'll shoot."

Mr. Lane bustled about and found chairs for Lucinda and her friends, upon which they composed themselves to watch Tommy interpret Mr. King Laughlin's tuition in the art of acting for the screen. To the best of Lucinda's judgment, however, the greater part of Mr. Laughlin's efforts had meant to Tommy precisely nothing at all. Beyond the rudimentary mechanics of the physical action sketched in by the director, Tommy made no perceptible attempt to follow his pattern, and disregarding entirely its conventional but effective business, embellished the scene instead with business which was, such as it was, all his own, or more accurately that of a dead era of the speaking stage.

And when Mr. Laughlin tranquilly approved this performance and announced that they would forthwith "shoot it," Lucinda began to wonder if there were possibly something wrong with her own powers of observation.

"But," she protested to Mr. Lane, "he didn't play the scene as Mr. Laughlin did."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Boy Scouts Serve as Officials for Hour

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 20.—Springfield's mayor and four city commissioners are to be ousted from office on May 4 for one hour. During that hour Boy Scouts chosen at an election held by their post will have complete charge of the city government. Scouts will be appointed to relieve traffic cops for that day.

Five Good Books for Plumbers

Indianapolis Public Library, Technical Department, St. Clair Square.

FREE BOOK SERVICE.

"Elements of Plumbing," by Dibble.

"Standard Practical Plumbing," by Starbuck.

"Plumbing," by Gray & Bell.

"Country Plumbing, Practice," by Hutson.

"Plumbing Design and Installation," by Gray.

Unusual Folk

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 20.—The Rev. J. Ralph Roberts of the Third Christian Church of Memphis is an ardent boxing fan. Between the art of self defense and religion there's nothing conflicting, he says.

He organized the Glad Hand Club, which has about forty members and a boxing instructor. He promoted a series of sparring matches recently. He refereed them, too. He pulled them off in the Third Christian Church basement. They were for the benefit of an orphanage the church has founded.

"There ought," he says, "to be a national boxing commission, with a man like Judge Landis at the head of it."

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people; and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.—Revelation 21:3.

Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common Lush aflame with God!

But only those who see take off their shoes.

The rest sit round it and eat blackberries.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

AWNINGS

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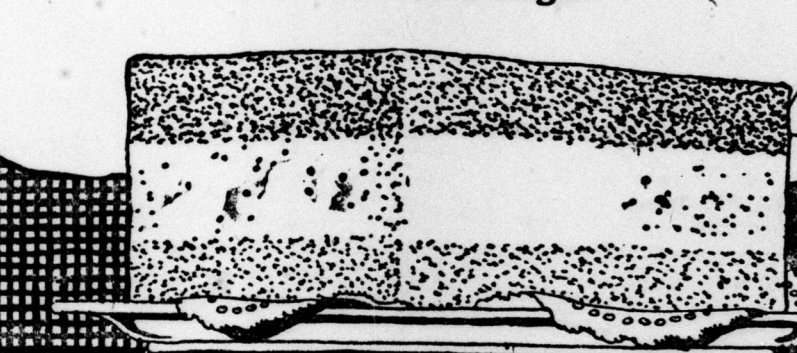
Eat all the ice cream you want, let the children eat all they want. Eat it for lunch, eat it for dinner, eat it before going to bed or eat it in between times. It is good for you. You can not eat too much of it.

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BRINGING UP FATHER.

By GOLLY: I'M DYIN' FER A SMOKE. I'LL CALL ON AL SIMMONS AN' GRAFT A CIGAR FROM HIM.

AL! MR. JIGGS-IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN YOU WITHOUT A CIGAR IN YOUR MOUTH! ALLOW ME!

HELLO JOE! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR.

THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A CIGAR—OLD TOP!

IT IS SOMETHING LIKE A CIGAR—TELL ME—WHAT IS IT?

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