

Indiana Daily Times

Published at 25-29 South Meridian street, Indianapolis, Ind., by The Indiana Daily Times Company.
W. D. Boyce, President. Harold Hall, Treasurer and General Manager.

Telephone—MA in 3500.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising offices: New York, Boston, Payson, Burns & Smith, Inc. Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, G. Logan Payne Co.

Subscription Rates: Indianapolis, 10c per week; elsewhere, 12c per week.
Entered as Second Class Matter, July 25, 1914, at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind., under act March 3, 1879.

NOW Will H. Hays appeals to the public to help him earn his \$150,000 salary.

BUYING new trousers to match an old coat and vest is getting more difficult every year.

EX-KAISER wants \$10 a word for his book. His word to the Belgians wasn't worth 30 cents.

JOHN M'CORMACK has gone to Ireland to rest. That "Gone to Rest" is familiar over there.

THE DEMOCRATS, evidently, are anxious to make Mr. Daugherty the Burleson of this Administration.

THOSE who had figured David Lloyd George was losing grace with the English should look at that vote of confidence awarded him by the House of Commons.

THAT youth who drove an automobile at the rate of sixty-eight miles an hour in the city streets should report at the Speedway next Tuesday if he is still possessed of the speed mania.

THE announcement that Attorney General Daugherty himself will direct the war fraud investigation doesn't inspire the public with confidence that the guilty will be brought to light.

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, in commenting upon Gifford Pinchot's victory in Pennsylvania, said: "I know Mr. Pinchot; have known him for many years—and Mrs. Pinchot. I did not know Mr. Alter." That explains it. Mr. Lodge knew Mr. Pinchot and he won. He didn't know Mr. Alter and Mr. Alter lost.

Truth Crushed to Earth—

Last week Senator Watson stood in the United States Senate and solemnly informed the country that Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty had never received a cent for bribing about the release of Charles W. Morse from the Federal prison at Atlanta. He declared, when pressed by Senator Caraway, that he had been so informed by Mr. Daugherty himself.

Yesterday a letter from Mr. Daugherty to Mr. Watson was read in the same Senate and in it the Attorney General admitted that he had received \$4,000 for his part in the notorious scheme by which Morse was freed to later make more trouble for the Government.

And what is more serious—for the people generally had come to the conclusion that Mr. Daugherty had participated in the case—he declared he had never denied his connection with the pardoning of Morse, leaving the impression that Senator Watson had deliberately distorted the truth when he sprang so glibly to his defense in the Senate. Mr. Daugherty would have the country believe that Senator Watson had full knowledge of his connection with the unsavory affair, yet knowing that, went before the people with a denial.

It is scarcely the attitude one gentleman would assume toward another, especially when one volunteered his services to befriend the other, but it is not surprising that Harry M. Daugherty, who has been an incubus to the Administration, would resort to such tactics to escape an unpleasant situation.

Perhaps Senator Watson, who has told his Indiana friends that he "was not interested in the affair," will now take a deeper interest. At any rate, Senator Watson owes an apology to the country and Mr. Daugherty owes one to him.

City Court Efficiency

It begins to appear as if an efficiency expert should be employed to straighten out the tangled affairs in the city court so that the wheels of justice may grind smoothly again. Of course, however, a little cooperation on the part of the authorities charged with the enforcement of the law might work as an excellent substitute and unquestionably would bring the same result.

Judge Wilmett has complained in a letter to the chief of police and the board of public safety that much delay in meeting out justice has ensued because of the absence or tardiness of the arresting officers. Then an indignant group of policemen called upon the judge and informed him that frequently they are unable to get into the prosecutor's office to obtain their affidavits until after court convenes and thus another avenue for investigation is opened up for those who are sincerely anxious to see city court affairs expedited.

Unquestionably the absence of the arresting officers seriously hampers operation of the court and the judge properly complained about it, but it is difficult to see wherein such a habit would seriously interfere with the stern administration of justice. It is scarcely possible that official tardiness would cause "blind tiger" bonds to be reduced from \$1,000 to \$500, nor that it would result in only ninety out of 556 persons arrested for bootlegging receiving jail or Penal Farm sentences from Jan. 1 to May 1.

And only yesterday a number of professional bondsmen, who were barred from signing bonds by Judge Wilmett's order, complained that others equally as reprehensible as they are being permitted to poach on their preserves.

Possibly these things are small and petty, but taken in the aggregate they are conditions that should be looked into and Judge Wilmett is the man to do it. He is a young man of unquestioned integrity and he should let nothing interfere, no matter from what source it emanates, to turn him from the path of duty.

Cutting Railroad Wages

In view of the fact that Senator James E. Watson, acting as the Administration spokesman, has demanded the reduction of wages paid railroad employees and the apparent crystallization of such a move in that direction following the interstate commerce commission's decree decreasing freight rates, it is interesting to look into figures bearing on railroad wages prepared by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

It is shown that the average daily pay of passenger engineers is \$6; yard engineers, \$5.51; through freight engineers, \$7.05, and local freight engineers, \$7.44. These figures represent, the brotherhood explains, the total daily compensation received by the average engineer since July 1, 1921, when Decision No. 147 of the labor board imposed a 9.4 per cent cut, totalling \$33,882,645 per annum on engine service employees.

The brotherhood statement declares that many engineers, because of the industrial depression, receive less than \$100 a month, which "is far less than the dollar an hour standard compensation paid skilled artisans in practically all of the well organized trades."

It is further pointed out that the average duration of life of a railroad engineer is eleven years and seven days and that 17 per cent of the firemen who spend long years in the cab aspiring to become engineers are rejected at the end of three years because of failing eyesight due to the fierce glare of the fire boxes.

"If the American people," says the Brotherhood statement, "permit the wages of railway employees to be beaten down in order to pay dividends on railway stocks, which have been notoriously watered, the people themselves will be the losers. Railroad service demands an exceptionally high degree of skill, carefulness, and responsibility. Wages paid in this service must be sufficient to secure the very best human material. Low wages will inevitably demoralize our transportation system. The actual figures presented by the railroad board prove that even the most skilled railway employees are not overpaid, and that many of them are receiving less than the clerks in a dry goods store. Finally, the railroads themselves would profit if they would devote less effort to beating down wages to the lowest possible level and a little more effort to cultivating the good will of their employees."

It is going to be a difficult task for the Government and the railroads to convince the public, and especially the railroad employees, that the full freight rate reduction should be taken out of wages paid the working men.

Linda Lee, Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

©1921 by Louis Joseph Vance

After five years of married life, LUCINDA DANCE, New York society beauty, concluded that wealth, youth, beauty, social position and sincere love were not sufficient to hold the affection of her husband.

BELLYMAY DANCE, weak-willed and selfish, had been guilty of a series of escapades in which promiscuous flirtation and drunkenness had culminated in the humiliation of her husband.

A broken promise to reform caused Lucinda to leave him. But follows her to Chicago and is prevented from forcing her to return by the intervention of an unidentified young man.

On the train Lucinda meets her old friend, FANNY LONTAINE, who, with her husband, is going to Hollywood, where HARRY LONTAINE is thinking of forming a motion picture company. She learns that the young man who assisted her in escaping from Bel is also on the train and that he is LYNN SUMMERLAD, a prominent screen star.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Seated in Section 10, waiting for the porter to bring her personal impediments from the dressing-room, Harry Lontaine turned a handsome face to the window, frowning absently, the nervous frown of a man whose cleverness has never proved quite equal to the task of satisfying appetites at once strong and fastidious.

From this delectable realm the dreamer was recalled by consciousness of some body standing in the aisle and staring intently. Lontaine was too diligent a student of motion pictures not to know at sight the features of Lynn Summerlad, by long odds the most popular male star of the American cinema. A personage worth knowing . . .

Misreading his expression Mr. Summerlad felt called upon to apologize.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company. By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—I have just read your article about daughters and dollars and the poor dad who can't always give his daughter what she wants, and I think your opinion is wrong. I agree with your friend who says that adversity, etc., are the greatest factors in building men. We don't appreciate nor do we enjoy spending the money that is given us, but when we earn it and realize how much effort there is to acquiring a few shakels, we are more careful how that money is spent. I don't like the idea that daughters' kisses have to be bought. A girl who will purposely let her dad for dollars will kiss a boy for entertainment.

—H. C. J.

DEAR H. C. J. . . .

IN THE first place . . .

I'LL NEVER believe . . .

THAT ADVERSITY . . .

HAS HELPED any one . . .

ANYWHERE in the world . . .

UNLESS it is . . .

IT HAS hardened him . . .

AND MADE of him . . .

A THING of force . . .

THAT GOES its way . . .

WITHOUT REGARD . . .

TO WHOM it is . . .

IT TRAMPLES down . . .

AND SOME may feel . . .

IT IS success . . .

THAT SUCH a man . . .

MAY GAIN at last . . .

BUT I'm quite sure . . .

IT'S JUST the fruit . . .

OF SELFISHNESS . . .

AND DISCONTENT . . .

AND BRINGS no joy . . .

TO ANY ONE . . .

AND WHAT you say . . .

ABOUT THE girl . . .

WHO KISSED her Dad . . .

FOR A dollar bill . . .

MAY BE correct . . .

BUT SHE probably knows . . .

THAT HER good old Dad . . .

USES PLEASANT smiles . . .

AND KINDLY words . . .

TO AID him . . .

IN EXTRACTING coin . . .

FROM THOSE he serves . . .

AND THE only reason . . .

HE WOULD decline . . .

TO KISS his banker . . .

WHEN HE wants a loan . . .

IS JUST because . . .

IS ISN'T done . . .

I THANK you . . .

"Beg your pardon, but I was expecting to find a lady in this section. I may say a friend: a Mrs. Druce. Do you by any chance?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Lynn Summerlad made a fourth at the bridge table set up that afternoon in the Lontaine drawing room; invited by Lontaine as an acquaintance of Lucinda's and a grateful addition to the party because he played something better than merely a good game.

Not only "fearfully easy to look at" (as Fanny confided to Lucinda) but fair spoken and well, if at times a shade carefully misread, he was intelligent and ready of wit.

By nightfall of the second day it was possible for Lucinda to make up her mind that she liked Lynn Summerlad decidedly. True that he was not of her world; but then neither was she herself, any longer, in this anomalous stage of the apostate wife, neither wife nor widow, nor even honest divorcee.

If Summerlad's character as she read it had faults, if an occasional crudity flawed his finish, these things were held to be condonable in view of his youth. He seemed a delicious young fellow, Lucinda by sure to improve with age, sure to take on polish from rubbing up against life. Especially if he were so fortunate as to find the right woman to marry, she would advise him. An interesting job for the right woman . . .

Not (she assured herself hastily) that it would be a job to interest her. An absurd dream of thought, anyway. Why she had wasted time on it she really didn't know. Unless, of course, its incentive had lain in consciousness of Summerlad's naive captivation. One couldn't very well overlook that. He was so artless about it, boyish, and well-nice. It was most entertaining.

It was also, if truth would out, far from displeasing. "I've got a great favor to beg of you, Mr. Summerlad," said Lucinda, as they sat alone on the observation platform, one evening.

"Can't make it too great?"

"Fanny and I were discussing it this morning. Bel—Mr. Druce—is sure to follow me to Los Angeles and make me scenes. I'd like to avoid that, if I can. Help me choose a good, safe non-deceitful, pleasant . . .

"Let's see; Mrs. Lontaine calls you 'Chad'?"

"Short for Lucinda."

"I like that. But it does sound like the movies, doesn't it?"

"What do you expect of a movie actor, Mrs. Druce?"

"Yes, please."

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Lee."

And it was as Lucinda Lee that she registered the next morning at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles.

On the afternoon of their arrival, Lucinda, accompanied by Summerlad and the Lontaines, drove to the Zinn studios, where the famous Summerlad pictures were taken.

The working premises lay behind the administration building. But here Lucinda noted few points of close resemblance to the Culp studios. A field view was taken.

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needed only two things to make you great, a good director, and self-confidence. "Aren't you running a great risk, making such flattering overtures to an untried, unknown amateur?" "Don't worry about me. If I had any hope of being able to persuade you to try it on, I'd tell you to name your own terms and shoulder the risk without a murmur."

Lontaine's earnestness was so real that one might no longer meet his arguments with a smile. There was a strained look of anxiety in the blue eyes, a restrained passion of pleading in the ordinary languid accents.

Fanny, too, was apparently hanging between hope and fear.

And the thought revived that had once or twice presented itself, the suspicion that all was not as well as one might wish with the state of the Lontaine fortunes, strengthening the surmise that Lucinda's decision meant more to them both than Lontaine had confessed.

Still one hesitated to believe . . . "But you can't be serious! Do you really want me to become a movie actress under your management?"

"Why not, Mrs. Lee? Summerlad urged, 'It would be great fun for you; you can't fail, you can't lose anything. If you only know how inferior most stars are to you in every way . . .'

"And if you should fail, Chad?" Fanny chimed in—"What does it matter? Who would know? It wouldn't be you, it would be Lucinda Lee."

"No, Lucinda insisted. 'I've got a better screen name than that for her. Not Lucinda; Linda Lee.'"

"Come, Mrs. Lee; say you'll try it on, if only for the sake of it."

"I'll try it on," said Summerlad, "it wouldn't be for fun."

"So much the better."

"Then you will?" Lontaine persisted. "Do say yes."

"Let me think . . ."

And why not? Lucinda asked herself. She was alone in the world, lonely but for these good friends who needed her help, or not, as Fanny had argued. If she should fail and have to give it up, who would care what had become of "Linda Lee?"

"Very well," she said at length, with an uncertain smile—"suppose we try."

CHAPTER XVII.

To tomorrow's morning star of the screen, Linda Lee, Summerlad, mildly exalted, graceful and gracious even beyond his stage habit, flourishing a glass of California champagne above the dinner table in his luncheon at Beverly Hills.

The evening was spent by explanation, and Lucinda laughed, at once gratified, diverted, and disposed to deprecate the spirit of these flatterations as premature.

A phrase of Culp's reappeared unbidden: "A lot of kids, that's what we get to make pictures with, a lot of kids."

It was childish, in a way, on the other hand, it was undeniably pleasant. To think of oneself as a sort of Sleeping Beauty of the screen only waiting to be awakened to vivid life by one wave of the witching wand and self-confidence.

Summerlad had been talking of his early screen experiences and flashed an apologetic smile. "One of the worst finds we movie actors have, Mrs. Lee, is talking about our salaries. So I won't say more than this; outside of the Big Four—Mary and Doug and Charlie and Bill Hart—their money is a few dollars down as much green money a week as I do."

"I'm glad to absolve you of the sin of boasting, Mr. Summerlad."

"I suppose that did sound funny. . . . You wouldn't guess who the director was who gave me my first engagement? Barry Nolan?"

Lontaine was apparently known to Summerlad, for he exclaimed "You don't mean it?" as if no more exciting information had come to his ears in many days.

(Continued in Our Next Issue).

Five Good Books for Bacteriologists

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

FREE BOOK SERVICE.

"General Bacteriology," by Jordan.

"Agricultural and Industrial Bacteriology," by Buchanan.

"Micro-Organisms and Fermentation," by Jorgensen.

"Bacteriology and Mycology of Foods," by Tanner.

"Applied Bacteriology," by Brown.

Unusual Folk

HUTCHINSON, Kan., May 27.—With the end of this school year Mrs. Esther M. Richardson closes a career of nearly half a century as teacher in the Hutchinson public schools.

Her first teacher's experience was in Athens, Ohio, in 1858. In 1880 she began her work in Hutchinson. Except for two years abroad she has continued at it ever since. Gray-headed men and women of today were among her early pupils.

Mrs. Richardson was born in Ohio eighty-two years ago in September. Only love of her work has kept her teaching so long; for she is well-to-do and her daughters are rich.

BLACK DOMINO MYSTERY.

CAIAI, May 27.—The body of a young woman clad only in a black domino was found off the dock here. It is believed she was murdered after a mask ball.

DAILY RADIO FEATURES

Radiophone Helps Invalid in Business and Education



A. J. DE LONG, OPERATING HIS BEDSIDE RADIO SET.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., May 27.—Radio has proved a salvation for A. J. De Long, invalid.