

Indiana Daily Times

Published at 25-29 South Meridian street, Indianapolis, Ind., by The Indiana Daily Times Company.

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Telephone—MA 3500.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising offices: New York, Boston, Payne, 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.

DUE to a dynamite shortage, Chicago has quieted down.

THIS is a fine strawberry season, say the dry cleaners.

A NEW COMET has been found, but like everything else new, it is several million years old.

SENATOR WATSON was correct. Railroad wages have been reduced, just as he said they would.

"ARREST 300 Republican Heads"—headline. Democrats were tickled until they read a little further and found it was in Ireland.

THE AUTHORITIES are beginning to realize that Garden Point is a rendezvous for "hip-pocket" parties. Evidently they now can see a Point that has been apparent for sometime.

The Speedway and Memorial Day

Indianapolis divided its attention today. Part of the population—unquestionably the greater part—either went to the Speedway, the cynosure of the eyes of motordom the world over, or attuned their ears to catch the earliest news from the track, while the others paid their respects to the revered dead who once wore their country's uniform.

Out in the cemeteries clustered about Indianapolis little groups of men and women tenderly placed wreaths upon the graves of those who once followed the Stars and Stripes into battle and into camp. The gray-haired veterans of '61 were augmented by the still stalwart sons of '17 as the loud, sweet call of taps sounded over the graves.

Out at the Speedway motor history was being written as the topmost in automobile construction flashed around the course, cheered by the hundreds of thousands of spectators from all corners of the world. The huge grandstands filled with spectators, the perfection of the contesting cars and the intense interest in the affair manifested by the whole world was a scene to make a Hoosier's breast swell with pride and Indianapolis indeed is proud of its Motor Speedway.

But it is also proud of its veteran soldiers, living and dead. On this day, set apart as the day on which tribute is paid to the dead of all wars, our attentions are distracted.

It would be far better, we believe, to observe Memorial Day as it was originally intended to be observed, and to change the annual Speedway date to a time when undivided attention can be directed toward it.

Roads You Would Like

If you drive a car, you'll be interested in this: When the Government finishes up the roads it is helping build, the country will have a net-work of 180,000 miles of surfaced main highways, connecting Atlantic and Pacific coasts and our northern and southern borders. To travel over that much road, you'd have to drive your car thirty miles an hour, twenty-four hours a day, for 250 days. Road projects under way in 1921 amounted to nearly 65,000 miles—about eleven times across the continent and back. During the year Uncle Sam and the States built 11,930 miles of Federal-aid highways.

We are developing a great civilization here in America, for road building is in all centuries the measure of progress. The speed with which, compared with former civilizations, we have flung a network of good roads through our wilderness and mountains and across our plains, is little short of amazing. The first State road-building program was started only 101 years ago in Kentucky, when Abraham Lincoln was a boy of twelve.

Traffic on wheels originated in China and Egypt, where carts were first invented. Those first carts moved on wheels and axles carved out of one solid piece of stone. It took centuries for man to conceive of the axle being separate from the wheels.

The old Romans, master road builders, had twenty-nine paved highways out of Rome. Over pavements of bricks and mineral cement they drove their lumbering chariots with ironed-rimmed wheels. Joy-riders of those days lounged in read-work baskets mounted on solid wheels about a foot thick. Think of that when riding in a flivver seems bumpy.

Man's battle for good roads has been going on for thousands of years, ever since prehistoric man cleared a path through the jungles. It may be that the roads of the future will be in the air, with flying machines carrying passengers and freight. That, however, is bound to be a long way off. It is good to dream about. But, meantime, let's keep our feet on the ground and get behind the good roads movement stronger than ever. Prosperity and recreation come slowly over bad roads.

The Democratic Opportunity

It is to be hoped that the sane, constructive judgment of the Democratic party will prevail when the platform is molded Wednesday night and that such radical suggestions as the repeal of the primary law, the public service commission law and the State highway commission law will find no place in the principles the party will espouse in the coming election. Possibly these laws, which have proven obnoxious to certain interests, could stand modification, but such changes as are advised should be the result of careful and studied investigation and not simply the desire to please or catch an element that leans to radicalism.

The Goodrich tax law, which has proven distasteful both in its administration and its application to practically every taxpayer in the State and which has just been O. K'd by a Republican convention, should give the Democratic platform framers food for thought. If they can suggest a way in which taxes can be levied justly on the rich and poor alike, and which will bring the revenue required to operate the public business as it should be operated they will have performed a real service.

The Republican platform carpenters were not blind to the major fault of the tax law—the centralized control over purely local affairs—but the proper ambition of a Governor not to have his administration repudiated by his own party, caused them to drop what would have been a very attractive stand.

The Democrats will do well to take advantage of that Republican blunder, not alone from the strategic position it will place the party in as far as votes are concerned, but also because it will answer the cry of thousands of people who have been made to feel the unjustice of the present statute.

To Insure Future Forests

Lovers of forests learn with delight that Charles C. Dern, State forester under the State department of conservation, started the inspection of woodlands of Indiana for the purpose of encouraging private forestry and to prevent further clearing of the State's forest lands.

Farmers of Indiana have not fully appreciated the value of forests in their desire to clear the ground for planting, because cleared land is regarded more valuable from a financial standpoint. Hence trees have heretofore been considered more detrimental than desirable.

The law passed by the last Legislature to assess land classified as forest land at only one dollar per acre has been a step toward encouraging farmers to preserve what woods they have left and to plant any rough ground they possess with young trees, which the State conservation department will sell at low prices to woodland owners.

Farmers who are using all their ground for growing grain and have no rough land to plant in trees, can at least plant them in rows on the border of their fields and along the roads, thus providing shade for cattle and making beautiful shady roads for traveling. Indiana has few roads which are bordered for long distances with lovely trees, such as are common in France.

The French learned long ago the importance of preserving trees. The peasants do not cut down the entire tree when desiring wood for fuel, but cut out only the limbs. This leaves the sturdy trunk to send forth numerous branches again, producing a constant supply of fuel.

Mr. Dern gives some very interesting reasons why forests should be preserved.

BOWKER PLAYS A COMEDY PART ON A WHISTLE

Special Holiday Bills on View at Local Vaudeville Houses

Nero may have played a harp so he could enjoy the burning of Rome the more, but it remained for Aldrich Bowker to blow a whistle to make his modus operandi at the Murat this week.

Funny it is how a gifted man can baffle in on the stage in a small part and by his work make the very part overshadow everything else.

That's just what Aldrich Bowker is doing at the Murat this week, where Stuart Walker is presenting Rida Johnson Young's little comedy, "Captain Kidd, Jr."

Bowker is cast as a country constable who is upon the beat and a constable who is enforcement, law and order. The constable always is in wrong. He blows his whistle at the right time but for the wrong purpose.

We have seen Mr. Bowker in many roles. Last week he was Stephen Hardy, the money-loving farmer, in "The Detour." This week he is a merry constable with a whistle and a star in "Captain Kidd, Jr."

It remains a mystery to me how Bowker can turn out of the clothes of Stephen Hardy and put on the comedy garb of a rural constable, but he does it with wonderful success.

If you are fond of the springtime and you love to see lovers love and quarrel, and if you enjoy romance and buried treasure hunts, your old heart will go pitter-pat with joy in witnessing this light and clever little play. It is as light as cotton, but in the hands of the Walker company it is refreshing entertainment.

The play didn't care for "The Accused," which was splendidly acted, and we passed up to a great extent the acting treat of the season, "The Detour." Maybe we will take enough interest in "Captain Kidd, Jr., to turn out in sufficient numbers to give Mr. Walker the required numbers of confidence.

The bowler this week at the Murat is the cast. We have Walter Poulter, a finished actor, in a character part, that of Andrew McTavish, a second-hand book dealer. His makeup is excellent and the pathos and feeling expressed in the last act reaches the heart of understanding. His acting is even and sincere throughout the entire play.

And how Judith Lowry has changed from last week.

She appears twenty years younger

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—If you had attained the age of twenty-six, as I have, and after having observed human nature from several angles of life, from the lowest to the highest, and as a result had lost faith in the aforesaid human nature: if you had no one person, of either sex, whom you could call friend and sincerely believe it; if everything in life that is beautiful, manly, heroic, etc., had been clouded by this loss, and the only reason you had for carrying on was your mother and your home.

If you were disgraced and as miserable as I am, what would you do?

J. J. S.

DEAR J. J. S. •••

I CAN remember. •••

AT TWENTY-THREE. •••

I KNEW everything. •••

I NEEDED to know. •••

AND HAD seen everything. •••

I NEEDED to see. •••

AND WAS very sure. •••

THAT THIS old world. •••

WAS a terrible place. •••

AND OF course it wasn't. •••

AND ANYWAY. •••

THERE WAS nothing at all. •••

THAT I could do. •••

TO ALTER it. •••

SO I got some sense. •••

AND ACCEPTED it. •••

JUST AS it was. •••

AND SOON found out. •••

THAT THE trouble had been. •••

JUST WITH myself. •••

AND I also found. •••

IF A man had faith. •••

IN HIS own self. •••

THAT IT followed then. •••

HE MUST have faith. •••

IN HIS fellow man. •••

BUT BEST of all. •••

I HAVE come to know. •••

IF I go on. •••

AND LIVE my life. •••

SO I bring no pain. •••

OR BEING no grief. •••

TO ANYONE. •••

AND BEAR a little. •••

OF WHAT they have. •••

THAT I'll have friends. •••

AND I'll sleep well. •••

AND WORRY none. •••

IF I were you. •••

TO START with mother. •••

AND MAKE her happy. •••

AND SEE how it works. •••

I THANK you. •••

BRINGING UP FATHER.

BY GOLLY—THAT WUZA A GRAND TIME I HAD AT DUGAN'S DANCE LAST NIGHT. I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO OUT WITH MAGGIE, I'D GO AGAIN TONIGHT.

WHAT'S THIS?

A PAIR OF LADIES' GLOVES—WOW! I GOTTA GIT RID OF 'EM!!

WOW! I JUST THREW 'EM OUT THE WINDOW IN TIME!!

I'M READY!

I GUESS I'LL PUT MY GLOVES ON—GIVE THEM TO ME—I PUT THEM IN YOUR COAT POCKET!

INDIANA DAILY TIMES

Jollies of the Minute

BY FRED MYERS.

CURED.

mysterious knock had got into my bus.

It banged in manner appalling;

It barked most comical cuss.

I ventured my own overhauling.

"It's foolish," quoth I, "a mechanic to hire."

When the number of ducats I'm saving

Will keep me in gas for a year, buy a

tire,

And the bonnet the wife has been crav-

ing.

At the Lyric all week.

So for the garage, then, I made a beeline

At dawn and by diligent action,

Eric night I reduced that old surrey of

mine.

To a plumb irreducible fraction.

Each doored and thingumabob I re-

moved.

With ease—but, alas and alack!

The troublesome part of the job lay, it

was.

In putting the pesky things back!

IS ONE TO INFER THAT MEDDAM SANG ON, OR MERELY RECITED IT?

CHICAGO, May 30.—"O-O-O!"

Accompanied by a stamp of