

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.

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—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 top-most 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 in 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 network 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 iron-rimmed wheels. Joy-riders of those days lounged in reed-work baskets mounted on solid wheels about a foot thick. Think of that when riding in a flimsy mess 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 injustice of the present statute.

To Insure Future Forests

Lovers of forests learn with delight that Charles C. Deam, 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. Deam 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 us moderns laugh at the Murrat this week.

Funny it is how a gifted man can breeze 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 Murrat this week, where Stuart Walker is presenting Rida Johnson Young's little comedy, "Captain Kidd, Jr."

Bowker is cast as a country constable who relies upon his tin badge and a toy whistle to enforce law and order. As usual, 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 Debut." 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 jump 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 but clever little play. It is as light as cotton, but in the hands of the Walker company it is refreshing entertainment.

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

The big thing this week at the Murrat 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 during the entire play.

And how Judith Lowry has changed from last week.

She appears twenty years younger

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 were not one person or of either sex, whom you could call friend and sincerely believe in; if everything in life that is beautiful, music, art, nature, 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 discouraged 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.

HER 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 BRING 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.

I'D START with mother.

AND MAKE her happy.

AND SEE how it works.

I THANK you.

(that is some concession) than she did last week. She has a comedy role now and as usual she has given it the genuine Bowker touch.

France Bondtson as William Carleton, a character which is such a nice person he won't say a naughty cuss word until right at the end of the play, when he becomes a real fellow, registers the real acting triumph in the play. His work is polished. It takes real artistry to play a role of the type of William Carleton. Gosh, how I hate the trend to which William Carleton belongs. He is funny because of the work of Mr. Bondtson.

The entire cast is as follows: Expressman.....Leslie Fenton
Andrew McTavish.....Walter Poulter
Mary.....Mary Ellis
Jim Anderson.....Donald Macdonald
George Brent.....George Somes

AGAIN SHE YIELDS TO THE KISS



MARY ELLIS.

Didn't tell you about the work of Mary Ellis as Mary and of Donald Macdonald as Jim Anderson in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," because I wanted you to read it under her picture. In this play, Mary doesn't want to be kissed by Jim at the beginning of the play, but at the final curtain he commands her as follows: "Come here and be kissed." Ah, she does. Here is a great team of youthful players and they are worth their weight in gold to the Walker organization.

W. D. H.

Marian.....Belle Murry

William.....Robert McGroarty

Lucia.....Judith Lowry

Sam Dickett.....Robert McGroarty

Grayson.....Edward Meeker

Brown.....Clark Meeker

Green.....John Skinner

Deputy Constable and Merry Village

Whitney Warren, George Meeker

Jack Duncan, John Skinner

Johnston, Gene Adelman, Jean Spurney

Florence Levy, Julie Blakeman

If you like the lighter things of the theater, then "Captain Kidd, Jr." will fill the bill.

Forgot to tell you that tonight at the Murrat Mr. Walker will celebrate his 70th birthday in Indianapolis.

At the Murrat all week—W. D. H.

—J. J. S.

SOMEbody said it.

SO WE TELL YOU.

"I needed a good laugh and I got it."

said a man coming out of Keith's yesterday.

And there are plenty of laughs for everybody on this week's bill at Keith's.

George McKay and Otis Ardine, late of "Broadway Brevities" and other shows, are the chief funmakers on the bill. They will keep you amused with their burlesque imitations. McKay knows what the people want and he gives it to them.

The Miami Lucky Seven are a part of Indianapolis and have a large following. They are talented, have a pleasing way about them and they offer a well-balanced program. "Kismet" and "Reason" were their best numbers.

Douglas and Leary are two clever men who play the piano and sing harmony songs. Both have splendid voices. Neil Abel doesn't need burnt cork to put over his negro stories and songs. He has some new stories this year.

Carlotta and De Fries open the bill with a balancing act and a snappy French song has been added.

In addition to the vaudeville, the bill includes a movie, "Kismet," with Marie Prevost.

At Keith's all week.

—J. J. S.

LYRIC HAS FAST MOVING BILL THIS WEEK.

A fast moving bill, compared mostly of comedy and song, is being offered at the Lyric this week.

"Four Jacks and a Queen," the act which heads the bill, is a male quartette with a girl singer featured. They have a clever routine of songs. They all have good voices and are of neat appearance.

Credon and Davis just about tie up the show with their comedy skit, "Oh, You Made Me Mad." Credon is a fat fellow and much of the comedy is based on his weight. Most of their lines are exceptionally clever. Miss Davis is an excellent foil for Credon.

Nelson and Gale have an amusing act in which they call "Two O'Clock" and in which they endeavor to show what a hew and thinks he would do on coming home at 2 o'clock in the morning with a

"bun" on. The wife is waiting at home, you know.

Kaufman and Lillian have a rapid patter act with some song number thrown in. Lillian is clever and Kaufman sings well.

The Nitty Trio, two men and a woman, who appear early on the bill, really start the ball rolling. One of the men, a comedy violinist, has much to do in putting the act over.

Harry Watkins, known as "The Talkative Contortionist," has a southern drawl that is amusing. He tells stories while performing stunts. The Three Crompton Girls open the bill with a singing and dancing turn. General Pisano and company close the bill with a fancy shooting act.

At the Lyric all week.

Jollies of the Minute

BY FRED MYERS.

A mysterious knock had got into my bus.

It banged in a manner appalling;

So, being a most economical cuss,

I ventured my own overhauling.

"Tis 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 craving."

So for the garage, then, I made a beeline

At dawn, and by diligent action,

Ere night I'd reduced that old surly of mine

To a plumb irreducible fraction.

Each doodad and thingumabob I removed

With ease—but, alas and alack!

The troublesome part of the job lay, it proved,

In putting the pesky things back!

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

CHICAGO, May 30.—"O-O-O!" Accompanied by a stamp of a tiny foot,

this was the reply of Madame Margaret Matzenauer, the famous opera singer,

when asked today if there was any chance of reconciliation with her husband, Floyd Glatzbach.

"Don't mention his name to me, O-O-O-O!" she exclaimed.

"All I know about is that he's in Delmonico, Cal., driving a cab again.

Don't, please don't ask anything about him. O-O-O-O-O-O!"

HE'S A BLONDE.

They heard the chap in anguish groan,

His soul was filled with grim despair;

He knew he never could hope to own

A crop of patent leather hair.

It's an unjust world. A man out in Canyon City, Nev., threw a brick through a window,

hoping to get himself locked up in jail, but a judge only ordered him to leave town.

YOU SAID IT—WE'RE OFF TO THE RACE.

(Converse item in Kokomo Dispatch.)

Mr. Delight Gift was hostess to her Sunday school class of the Christian Church Wednesday evening.

DYSPEPSIA.

Sir: Among yesterday's important discoveries we learned that juniper berries ripen in two years. What have you?

ETHYLINDA.

A "bonus" deferred makes the heart sick.

THE ARTLESS HAND WRITER.

(From Times.)

SIX ARE KILLED

IN IRISH FIGHT

London Officials Are Now Optimistic Over Ireland Pacification.

Sir: While casually perusing "The Sheet" the other day we discovered that "Gaston sat in the empty saddle."

So one fine day Germany learned that loads of Stines coal were going across Germany to East Prussia, where, in the middle of the war, the coal was used for Stines paper and pulp.

Later he bought a big concern in Koenigsberg and another in North Germany. In his own neighborhood of Westphalia, he had the best of the timber and he had the coal. Why not ship the coal to where the timber stood and manufacture valuable wood products—cellulose, paper pulp and paper?

So one fine day Germany learned that loads of Stines coal were going across Germany to East Prussia, where, in the middle of the war, the coal was used for Stines paper and pulp.

Later he bought a big concern in Koenigsberg and another in North Germany. In his own neighborhood of Westphalia, he had the best of the timber and he had the coal. Why not ship the coal to where the timber stood and manufacture valuable wood products—cellulose, paper pulp and paper?

So one fine day Germany learned that loads of Stines coal were going across Germany to East Prussia, where, in the middle of the war, the coal was used for Stines paper and pulp.

Later he bought a big concern in Koenigsberg and another in North Germany. In his own neighborhood of Westphalia, he had the best of the timber and he had the coal. Why not ship the coal to where the timber stood and manufacture valuable wood products—cellulose, paper pulp and paper?

So one fine day Germany learned that loads of Stines coal were going across Germany to East Prussia, where, in the middle of the war, the coal was used for Stines paper and pulp.

Later he bought a big concern in Koenigsberg and another in North Germany. In his own neighborhood of Westphalia, he had the best of the timber and he had the coal. Why not ship the coal to where the timber stood and manufacture valuable wood products—cellulose, paper pulp and paper?