

Indiana Daily Times

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IF THE railroad strike comes, how will aviators get back home?

IN UTAH, murderers may be either hanged or shot. In Chicago they may be neither.

A CONGRESSMAN wants the daisy for our national flower. Politicians suggest the forget-me-not.

EVEN the weather man can't convince a lot of people that summer didn't arrive about three weeks ago.

THE BOARD of safety believes the traffic officers should be comfortable. It is going to allow them to take off their shirts—but not their coats.

BABE RUTH would please the fans more if he would devote himself to slugging out home runs instead of wrangling with the umpires.

THOSE city employees arrested for selling street department oil are not the first political appointees to get in bad as the result of oil deals.

A False Economy

When the city administration boasts that it will have \$20,000 from the recreational appropriation by cutting down the number of playgrounds and playground instructors, and at the same time the mayor offers a \$5 prize for a slogan that will keep children from playing in the streets, it would seem that the height of false municipal economy had been reached.

The budget provides \$117,000 for the recreation department, and of this amount \$30,000 will be spent on the construction and maintenance of open air theaters in Brookside and Garfield Parks; \$21,000 will go for playgrounds, and the officials hope that \$20,000 will be saved as a nest egg for the public to gaze upon when the "point-with-pride" campaign days roll around again.

Municipal economy usually is something rare, and when city officials evince a disposition to retrench it should be encouraged—provided the retrenchment is effected in the proper manner.

Those of us who believe that plenty of playgrounds, supervised by well trained instructors, will do more than all the slogans in the world to keep children off of the streets, and thus out of the paths of automobiles, cannot help feeling this streak of economy would show to better advantage if directed in other channels. There was no talk about the city hall of saving when jobs had to be provided for precinct committeemen in order to influence the selection of a county chairman friendly to administration interests; in fact, apprehension over increased costs is the exception, rather than the rule, in official discussions nowadays.

The opening of the playgrounds has been delayed a week after the close of school because the administration is desirous of saving, and in the meantime a little boy, playing in the street, was run down and killed by an automobile. There seems to be no good reason why the recreation centers could not have opened coincident with the end of school.

Playgrounds will not completely clear the streets of potential victims, but if the city opens enough of them throughout Indianapolis and places over them competent supervisors it will have taken a proper step toward conserving lives and will have demonstrated that it is keenly alive to the fact that childish minds can be better guided by trained observers than if left to the uncertain vagaries of the streets.

Thirty-three playgrounds, which the city proposes to maintain, are not enough in the face of a boast that the administration is going to save \$20,000 by denying these youngsters a thing they have a right to expect and demand.

Head in the Sand

The wise man learns from his enemies. The late occupant of the German throne has written his memoirs and has offered them for sale in the international literary market. French newspapers have unanimously resolved to boycott the Hohenzollern story. They will refuse to publish a line about the memoirs and will not even publish the news that they have declared a boycott. The French public, therefore, is to be left in the dark concerning Wilhelm's defense.

That is bad strategy. Another war involving France may not be far off. Certainly the German people will plot revenge until either they have it or are convinced the outlook is hopeless. France needs all her wits to keep disaster away. France must study German psychology as a means to self-defense. It is a bad sign that the French newspapers have refused to permit their readers to study the workings of the mind of William Hohenzollern. It is comparable to the ostrich which sticks its head under the sand.

Explicable, of course, is the decision of the newspapers. France has suffered cruelly because of the war, not only financially and in human losses, but also by the curtailment of her nationalistic ambitions. For the French people to hate the Germans as they do is quite natural.

But hatred can become self-destructive. Blind hatred is always a danger, no less to the hater than to the hated one. It produces violent prejudices and misconceptions, and, worst of all, it prevents an impartial study of the enemy.

If Clemenceau were to write his memoirs, you can just bet they would find avid German readers.

Farmers Turn to Machinery

Farmers are coming more and more to rely upon machinery to perform the work that once belonged solely to themselves and their horses. Statistics gleaned from the 1920 census indicate, says the Trade Record of the National City Bank of New York, that the automobile and telephone are now big factors in farm life, not merely as a comfort or convenience, but as actual aids in business. The number of telephones, by which the farmer may communicate with his local trade center or with the great cities in which the prices and market for his products are determined, is officially stated at 2,498,493 in 1920, while another authority puts the total number of phones in all the United States "without regard to ownership" at the end of 1920 at 13,411,379, which suggests that nearly one-fifth of the phones in the United States are now in the farm home and farm business service; while 38 per cent of the reporting farms were equipped with telephone service in 1920.

The automobile statistics show the number of automobiles on farms in 1920 at 2,146,362, while figures compiled by Automotive Industries put the total of automobiles in use in all the United States in 1920 at 7,904,090, suggesting that the farmers owned in that year considerably more than one-fourth of the automobiles of the country, to say nothing of the 139,000 motor trucks and 246,000 farm tractors reported in operation on the farms in 1920. Over 30 per cent of the reporting farms in 1920 utilized automobiles.

Still another evidence of the disposition of the farmer to utilize machinery in increasing his business activities is found in the fact that the value of his "farm implements and machinery" reported in 1920 was nearly three times as much as in 1910, five times as much as in 1900 and seven times as much as in 1890. The official valuation of farm implements and machinery in 1920 is \$3,195,000,000 against \$1,265,000,000 in 1910, \$750,000,000 in 1900 and \$494,000,000 in 1890.

It is not surprising then, in view of the increasing use by the farmer of these time and labor-saving devices, the telephone, the automobile, the motor truck and the farm tractor, coupled with the enormous increase in his farm implements and machinery, to find that the census reports the value of horses on farms in 1920 only \$1,782,000,000 against \$2,084,000,000 in 1910, a decrease of 14 per cent in value of horses, while all other classes of farm animals increased in value in the same period, the increase in value of sheep being 70 per cent, poultry 141 per cent, cattle 143 per cent, swine 143 per cent and goats 154 per cent.

Laurette Taylor to Make Screen Debut for Metro

Laurette Taylor will make her debut in a Metro production of "Peg O' My Heart," her greatest stage success, and one of the most popular plays ever to be presented on the English-speaking stage.

This was learned this week from the home offices of the Metro Company in New York, after the closing of a contract between the motion picture company and J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg O' My Heart."

The picture will go into production in Los Angeles about July 5. No director has as yet been chosen. It is understood, nor is it known to whom will fall the task of preparing the scenario. Mr. Manners will be at the Metro studios in the West during the making of "Peg O' My Heart." He has volunteered to aid in any way he can the proper reproduction in pictures of his tremendously popular play. This arrangement is comparable in a measure to the assistance lent the Metro production staff by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, prior to the screening by Rex Ingram of Senor Ibanez's novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Miss Taylor's entrance into motion picture work is in itself a move of big import. She is one of the few of the great American actresses never to have given an impersonation before the camera. Manners is the only other of that rank whose name, upon brief reflection, comes to mind as having withheld her art from the screen. Whether Laurette Taylor will continue to appear in pictures is problematical. It may be that her enactment of the title role of "Peg O' My Heart" is chiefly for the purpose of perpetuating her great success and for assurance that the character of the beloved little Irish girl shall be as in the original play. Whatever the motives, it is certain that "Peg O' My Heart" will be one of the biggest screen attractions ever presented. The name of the play is a byword throughout the English-speaking world, and the popularity of it no less.

Ye Towne Gossip

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

Dear K. C. B.—Needless to advise you I read your column. Your reference to "Old Home Week" up in Orillia, Ontario, brings to mind the Orillia opera house, upstairs at the City Council chamber. Is it or was the Mr. Tudhope you mention the local manager, bill poster or transfer man?

Once I played—or appeared—in Orillia. Have they a new hotel yet?
ED WYNN.
New Amsterdam Theater, New York City.

MY DEAR Ed.

WHY YOU neglected.

YOUR HOME address.

WHEN YOU signed your letter.

I CAN'T understand.

AND YOU might have mentioned.

IF YOUR matinee.

ARE WEDNESDAY or Thursday.

YOU'RE a poor press agent.

AND BESIDES all that.

YOU SLANDER Orillia.

WHEN YOU make a bear.

THAT THE opera house.

IS AN attic place.

FOR YOU know very well.

IT'S a regular house.

WITH OPERA chairs.

AND A balcony.

AND ALSO a gallery.

FOR I saw it myself.

TWO YEARS ago.

WHEN MY eighty-year uncle.

WITH ALL the strength.

OF HOME town pride.

CLIMBED up the stairs.

AND I went with him.

THE WHILE he told.

HOW MUCH it cost.

AND ALL about it.

AND THE Mr. Tudhope.

YOU SPEAK about.

IS THE leading citizen.

AND I understand.

HE HAS a cellar.

UNDER HIS house.

BUT I never saw it.

THOUGH I know where it is.

AND IF it happens.

YOU EVER go back.

I'LL GIVE you a map.

AND YOU might dig into it.

AND THE nasty crack.

ABOUT THE hotel.

YOU MADE me sick.

FOR I myself.

HAVE SEEN you eat hash.

IN A restaurant.

I THANK you.

HE JUGGLES



Harry Tsuda, Jap juggler, who is one of the entertaining features on the current bill at the Lyric.

Added to this is the eagerness of those who do not happen to live in New York or the other big cities of the country, to see Miss Taylor, and in her most shining characterization.

ON VIEW TODAY.

The following attractions are on view today: "My Lady's Dress," at the Lyric; vaudeville and movies, at the Lyric and B. E. Keith's; musical comedy and movies, at the Lyric; "The Call of the Woods," at the Lyric; "The Barbecue," at the Lyric; "The Grand Larceny," at the Lyric; "The Good Provider," at the Lyric; and "Headin' West," at the Lyric.

Washington Briefs

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Organization victories in Maine and Minnesota having been taken for granted, political Washington finds its chief interest in the nomination of Mrs. Anna D. Olsen, the Democratic opponent of Senator Frank B. Kellogg. Mrs. Olsen is widely known in the capital. She burst into the real limelight at the Jackson Day dinner of 1920, at which President Wilson and William J. Bryan parted over the League of Nations issue. Next she was found in the front ranks of those fighting for the nomination of William G. McAdoo, and her second speech was one of the outstanding events of the San Francisco convention.

When the Tammany-Nugent-Brennan forces brought about the nomination of Governor James M. Cox, Mrs. Olsen was so chagrined she blurted out the comment: "We have buried our party in a beer keg!" Mrs. Olsen is thirty-six years old and has a daughter fourteen years old. Slender, with sharp eyes and black hair, she rises to emotional heights when discussing political questions close to her heart. Washington will watch with interest her fight for a Senate seat in an overwhelmingly Republican State.

As if to convince skeptical Washington the recurrent rumors of setbacks in his physical condition are without foundation, Woodrow Wilson has taken to riding with the chauffeur on the front seat of his automobile during his almost daily spins about the streets of the capital.

Attorney General Daugherty is finding administration of the Department of Justice very much like running a three-ring circus with half a dozen showbores in full blast. He began a course of investigation last fall, which he expected to complete within a month. When he got started on it he found it a man-size job, and has since been compelled to extend the time for completion. All the data collected by the investigators are now at hand, but Mr. Daugherty is hard put to find the time to write his report.

"If I like what I have written when I read it over," he said, "the report is just half done. If I don't like it, the report has not been started. I have just discovered that there are more figures in the world than I ever dreamed."

The element which grows sad at any suggestion of a possible restoration of full diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico, has found small comfort in its efforts to have the White House snub Adolfo De La Huerta, the Obregon minister of finance, who is having undoubted success with American bankers and investors in New York. Something akin to panic prevailed in the ranks of the Mexican bankers when it was whispered De La Huerta might come to Washington and seek an interview with President Harding. Inquiry at the White House disclosed no appointment had been sought for the Mexican leader, but it was added, the President of the United States always is glad to receive citizens of friendly nations and that a personal call by De La Huerta would not complicate the recognition problem.

Without seeking to bring into question the policies of either man, comment is growing over the contrast in publicity methods of John P. Adams, chairman of the Republican national committee, with those of his predecessor, Will H. Hays. Every time Mr. Hays came to town, the news bureau learned of it through telephone calls from the committee's headquarters. Mr. Adams has been in the capital for several weeks engaged in important political affairs, yet the correspondents are obliged to seek him when they wish to get his views.

Highways and By-Ways of Lil' Ol' New York

By RAYMOND CARROLL

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NEW YORK, June 22.—Today is a personal anniversary—the second anniversary of this syndicated six-day-a-week New York letter; something that already has had to be thought out, written and sent to the telegraph wire upon 644 different previous occasions.

There have been times when its making seemed under the inky proportions of a task, but in nine cases out of ten the telling of people and things in this white town of the Western world, has been a genuine delight and by long odds the most enjoyable assignment of a quarter century of newspaper go-getting. And we know we have tried hard enough to make it worth at least the telegraph toll, particularly for those newspapers located as far away as the Pacific Coast.

"One would think you'd reached the second anniversary of a prison sentence at Leavenworth," said our chief when I hinted that the call of the robin was on the ear, and the smell of new mown hay was in the nostrils.

Then it was suggested: "for an anniversary function you might tell of the letters when I attended Kistler & Bink's, that—that sort of writers who have filled many a page, many a column and many a theater with accounts of life in the bear old place, now peopled by every race on earth, the Propylaea in America."

Writing about New York City in one form or another has been going on ever since the handful of Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, early in the seventeenth century sent letters back to Old Amsterdam telling of pioneer life among the bays and channels which have been developed into a harbor that is one of the most beautiful, largest and best of the world's great ports.

I first read of New York from Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and firmly believed that somewhere in the tight little island could be found fat Dutch burghers sitting around smoking huge pipes that curled to their feet.

This childhood impression was dispelled on a first visit of a week when I attended Kistler & Bink's music hall, saw "Shenandoah" played in the old academy of music and visited the Atlantic Gardens in the Bowery, the place where the city fathers of the city of portly Germans—but returned to my home in the United States without having encountered a single Hollander whilst in the metropolis.

New York City has been the inspiration for thousands of short stories and popular songs, and many hundreds of books and plays. The plots of the Nick Carter blood adventures were chiefly laid in the metropolis. O. Henry ought to have received a subsidy from the city Government for the fame which he got to Manhattan and Coney Island. Robert Chambers, who has done sixty novels, always gave New York first place. Arthur Train, George Brown Howard, Rupert Hughes, Roy L. McCardell, Helen Green Van Campen, James L. For, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Garret, Chris Crinkle, Edwin Lever, Arthur Folwell, Thomas Janther, Laurence Hutton and Henry Collins Brown, are but a few of the modern writers who have done and are doing New York, page by page, cover to cover.

In poetry, the greatness, and the misery of New York have been sung by Walt Whitman and H. C. Brunner, John Weaver of Brooklyn is doing it now, writing verse that has a gripping readability. As for the stage George M. Cohan has playwright and songwritten Broadway into the hearts of the world. The late Clyde Fitch and Charles Klein, pitched many of their best scenes here, and Theodore Kremer, Hal Reid and Owen Davis did thrilling melodramas by the dozens about New York.

Rita Johnson Young came back strong last season with a play of old New York, and we must not forget it was a visit to New York in the "old Homestead" that made Bennett Thompson, George Broadhurst, August Thomas, Byard Veller and Eugene O'Neill owe a playwriting debt to New York. How the town has managed to hold out under the

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down, and wither as the green herb.—Psalm 37:1-2.

Wicked thoughts and worthless efforts gradually set their mark upon the face, especially the eyes.—Schoepenhauer.

DOES YOUR CHIN WORBLE?

ROME, June 22.—Wabbling chins are a sign of decaying mentality, according to Italian scientists.

THIRTEEN MAYORS IN ONE FAMILY.

GUILFORD, England, June 22.—Thirteen members of the Smallpease family have been mayors of Guilford since 1502.

AGENTS WARN MERCHANTS TO AVOID GERMANS

Foreign Industry Conducted on Speculative Basis, Says Report to Capital.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—American trade agents in Germany have hoisted a danger signal for American buyers of German goods. American commercial experts in Berlin have cabled to Washington warnings that German business and industry is being conducted upon a purely speculative basis. American buyers are reminded that German merchants will decline to guarantee prices for future deliveries.

Americans returning from the Leipzig fair have reported that German manufacturers generally refused to offer firm prices, except for goods in limited quantities and goods already manufactured.

An element of instability in German manufacturing is the fact that the Germans make no wage agreements for a longer period than one month. Exact knowledge of future German trade values is impossible because of the prospect of wage advances from time to time, of increases in utility rates, which have failed thus far to cut down heavy deficits, and steady advances in prices of raw materials. Another factor of instability, according to these expert observations, is the system of levying export supplements. These are designed to bring the price of German exports closer to the price prevailing in the country importing German goods.

Shifting prices in Germany, therefore, and the almost certain prospect that production costs will rise steadily up toward the world level, eventually can be counted upon by Americans in their dealings with German traders. Further uncertainty grows out of the fluctuations and depreciation of the German mark continues as a disturbing factor.

American importers in some instances have reaped large fortunes by taking advantage of the German situation in earlier periods and buying cheaply and selling at high profits. German readjustment, however, has brought such speculation to the point of serious risk by those who attempt it. In the opinion of American observers, it will be especially dangerous in a financial sense for those who seek to buy in large quantities.

Unusual Folk

PRYOR, Okla., June 22.—Mrs. M. S. Edmondson is mother of the Cherokee Indian princess, now a widow, who married Richard Croker, retired Tammany chieftain.

She is going to Ireland shortly to help her daughter in her fight for the fortune Croker left, on his death recently. By his will he devised his estate, running into the millions, to Mrs. Croker, but suit to set this bequest aside has been begun by children of his first marriage.

Mrs. Edmondson, accompanying Mrs. Edmondson on her trip will be her daughter, Mrs. R. Bruce Garrett, and Kathleen Garrett, a niece of Mrs. Croker.

CURB SAVAGE DANCES.

MARSEILLES, June 22.—Protests by religious bodies have resulted in the Government forbidding the indecent dances given by natives at the Colonial Exposition.

DRUG OUTFIT IN CANE.

CHICAGO, June 22.—Federal agents here arrested a man carrying a cane containing a long, slender phial filled with cocaine.

MISS RUTH ROGERS IN SAHARA'S OWN FOLLIES



MISS RUTH ROGERS.

Miss Ruth Rogers will appear in an Egyptian Ballet number in the Who's Who Review of Sahara Grotto's Vest-pocket Follies, Saturday night at English's opera house. The review was written and produced by Fred Myers, while the dances were arranged by Miss Hester C. Bailey, whose pupils will take part in the performance. Miss Bailey and Miss Dorothy Carothers also will appear in solo dances. Mr. Myers has introduced Captain Kidd, the Cake Tound John B. Corn, the Flapper and others. His daughter, Baby Iris Myers, will sing several numbers. A vaudeville program will also be given.

Follies of the Minute

ALPHA OMEGA:
He's dead and gone.
Young Al McGuire;
At early dawn
He plunked his uke.

AT THE PICNIC:
"Sambo, what you all eatin' that trash for when we has the big feed in half an hour?"
"Nigger, I knows ma appetite, and I'm just teasin' him so he'll be rarin' to go when the festivities start." T. H. M.

NEXT TO NOTHING.

(From a London Paper.)
A novel feature of the fancy dress competition was that no costume should cost over 2 shillings. The prize winner was Miss Phyllis Baer (Eve).

WE ARE ADVERTISED.

BY OVER LOVING FRIENDS.
Dear Sir: I had decided to end it all. I was so miserable. Life was so complex. I took my gun in hand, then deciding to pen a note of farewell to my dear ones, I picked up a newspaper to ascertain the date when my gaze fell upon your Follies, the gun slipped from my nerveless fingers, I read through to the end without stopping, my breath coming in short gasps; how near I had come to ruining my life and how small my troubles seemed after contemplating the very real suffering, the agony so modestly depicted therein. I am a changed man. I shall never cry out against my lot again. How true is the old saying that one-half the world don't know why the other half lives! GAUM M. UPPLE.

OUR OWN HALL OF FAME.

Clay Beard, who lives in Bloomington, should be awarded the India rubber razor for having the toughest cut of alfalfa to shave. SCOOP.

DEEP SEA THINKING.

Will you crawl and mooch for a slug of booze?
And hazard a trip to jail?
Will you cringe and slink for an outlaw drink?
Get wisdom, my son, and sail.

There are ships at sea where the breakers are high.
Oh, ever so fine and tall!
Where you have your swipes 'neath the Stars and Stripes, time to room.
For the flag flies over all.

But perhaps you stood at Belleau Wood,
Or marched in an older day;
Then you'll pause to think ere you slip your foot on the sand.

To think of the price you pay.
Not the paltry sum for the good old rum—
You've many times that to spare—
But the long green which the even dead, That man and the law play fair.

And you'll say, or should, "If the law is good
For those who must stay at home,
It applies to me, though I sail the sea
With wealth and riches, time to room."
O. C. A. CHILD.

THUMBNAILED ESSAYS.

TOBACCO.
This stuff is one of our well-known necessary evils.

It occupies an important place in our history because it was the odor of burning tobacco which attracted Columbus to what we now know as America. But for the Indian buck who was strolling along by the seashore that morning in 1492, puffing on his pipe of peace, America might never have been discovered. Then where should we have been today?

In early days, one learns by delving into history books, tobacco leaves were used as currency. Perhaps this fact explains the phrase "long green" as we use it today. One of the earliest paleo-faces to take tobacco seriously was Sir Walter Raleigh, and his love for the weed almost disrupted England.

Tobacco will grow in most any kind of soil and the United States ranks first, both in production and consumption, in the world. Perhaps this fact of being able to export more of the stuff than any other nation has made, one can't help feeling that Lo got ample revenge.

O JOY!

There is one sight I'd like to see,
I would be on a vessel far out at sea.
The RAILROAD LABOR BOARD SO BARK I'd love to see 'em walk the plank.

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