

The Indianapolis Times

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The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but He bleaseth the habitation of the just. Proverbs 3:33.

"Quite So"

THE Government tells us that the supply of coal will be "rationed" so everybody will get his share.
It is proper for us to inquire: By whom will it be rationed? By virtue of what authority? Under exactly what law?

The Government tells us that "if undue prices are charged action will be taken."

It is proper for us to inquire: By whom will the action be taken? By virtue of what authority? Under exactly what law? If, as to price, it is answered that the "agreement with the operators" is intended to be used it is proper for us to remark that Mr. Hoover's last agreement was for \$3.50 per ton. (Which was a dollar above the then market). And the average price is now \$3.89. The \$3.89 price is given by The Coal Age, issue of July 20, and the paper says: "Mr. Hoover's price list has been definitely out-distanced."

The Coal Age, in the same issue, says "coal prices are going to stay in the clouds."

Quite so.

Good Business

I would like to say to the Senator that substantially every dollar of the profits (by the Amoskeag Textile Mills of Manchester, N. H.) made in the year of excessive profits which the Senator has quoted, is invested in Liberty Bonds."

Thus Senator Moses of New Hampshire, in defense of the hundred per cent. profits reported by the mills of his city.

Of course the Amoskeag corporation was highly patriotic in investing as it did. It also had an eye to business. Corporations pay no tax on Liberty Bonds. The excess profits tax was repealed by the act of 1911. Liberty Bonds are worth more today than ever before.

As well Senator Moses might have said: "Every dollar of the excessive profits made in these mills has been invested in the safest, most profitable, untaxable, triple-gilt-edged bonds in the world."

The Senator was defending his client's business reputation, not its moral righteousness.

Paradise

"NATURE is lavish to the natives of Orinoco River Valley," says a Department of Commerce bulletin, "and," it adds editorially, "as is usually the case when things come easily, they are not fully appreciated."

"The forests contain wild honey in abundance, as well as many excellent fruits and nuts; the rivers and lagoons teem with fish, which support the vast bird life of the country, as well as supply an excellent food for the natives."

"Turtles and alligators are both prolific, the former especially valuable for food, and for fats, which are used both for cooking and illuminating. Game of all kinds abound. Cotton grows wild. A very excellent tobacco is produced. Small pigs are at large wild."

Unfortunately, Orinoco is in South America.

The Cause of the Trouble

PRESIDENT Harding guarantees "protection" to operators in any effort to produce coal with non-union miners. He urges Governors of States to do their best along "protection" lines.

If mobilization and parade of State troops throughout the mine fields of the country is not sufficiently impressive, then there will be added to them Federal troops.

All this military display will gratify some of the employers, but what has it to do with the production of coal?

The chief factor in non-production of coal to date has not been lack of protection for the operators and their properties, but lack of competent coal diggers.

In this strike there has been some violence—but very little, considering the extent of the strike. It is silly to say that violence has cut any real figure in blocking coal production.

The President's latest gesture is fine and large and free—but it should not distract attention from the prime fact. The fundamental issue of this strike and the first cause of all the trouble is that the operators made an agreement to meet miners' representatives this spring and negotiate a new wage scale—and then broken their agreement. They still refuse to make good on their broken contract.

THE REFEREE

By ALBERT APPLE
JULIES

The first man killed in the World War was Corporal Jules Peugeot, a Frenchman. A monument to him is unveiled with elaborate ceremonies.

Jules was 21 years old, the flower of his manhood, when a German bullet carried him into eternity. He was typical of the toll of war—young, promising, ambitious, "the best of the lot."

That is the kind of meal the war god loves. Biologists tell you that war makes a nation stronger in the long run. False! War always takes the best.

DOOMED

For years we have all been moaning about "the old oaken bucket that hung in the wall." Quartettes have advertised the famous old bucket until most of us have it indelibly in our brains as a symbol for pure, refreshing drinking water.

Now comes the Connecticut State board of health and warns that most wells with an old oaken bucket are germ-polluted, and about as fit to drink from as a swamp.

Most of our sentimental ideals would be unmasked the same way if we gave them sound analytical thought.

SPORT

Here's a woman who celebrates her 25th birthday by taking her usual daily ride in one of these bathrubs that are attached to motorcycles. She is Mrs. Hannah Matteson, of Hope Valley, Rhode Island.

People who are on the verge of surrendering to old age can learn from Mrs. Matteson that age is mainly a matter of viewpoint. It is largely in the heart. Think youthful thoughts,

do youthful things, and you'll never be really old. That probably was how Noah kept himself chipper and spry until he died at the age of 950.

INDUSTRY

Will Cease If Strike Continues, Writer Avers.

To the Editor of The Times: It would seem that the strike situation has resolved itself into this, which is the stronger, the unions or the Government?

There is no question that the coal operators and railroad corporations and strikers should make such concessions that the wheels of industry may not stop. Suppose that neither side of the controversy should yield and as a consequence the mines and railroads be tied up indefinitely, does it not follow that the million strikers will suffer along with the rest of us? Are they willing to suffer the pangs of want, perchance misery and death, for the cause of unionism? Can the mine owners and railroad corporations afford to bring upon the American people so appalling a situation in order that unionism be avenged?

It is a serious situation with which we are confronted and the longer it continues the more alarming it becomes. Why must the American people suffer because the railroads, mine owners and their employees cannot arbitrate?

Millions of our noble men fought, so that we might enjoy peace happiness and liberty in a land of plenty, in the World War. Regardless of whether the unions are right or wrong, in this demand, regardless of whether the railroads corporations and mine owners are justified in the attitude they assume; be it right or wrong, this Government should not let the American people suffer because of their quarrel and we do not believe it will.

S. W. MAKEPEACE, Lawyer.
Anderson, Ind., July 20.

EDWARDS FLAYS VOLSTEAD LAW IN SENATE RACE

New Jersey Governor Favors 'Light Wines and Beers,' He Asserts.

DESIRES ACT AMENDED

Promises to Offer Bill Aimed at Anti-Saloon League and Dry Forces.

By E. M. THIERRY.

TRENTON, N. J., July 22.—Any one who thinks prohibition is dead as a political issue would be disillusioned by a talk with Edward I. Edwards, Governor of New Jersey.

Everybody knows Edwards is wet politically. He was elected Governor on a wet platform, and he's just as wet as ever in his present fight to go to the United States Senate to succeed Senator Frelinghuysen.

And, if he gets to the Senate, he promises to start something. Two things, in fact:

1. Legislation legalizing beer and light wine.
2. War on the Anti-Saloon League and kindred organizations.
"The saloon has passed forever from America," he says, "and I am opposed to its return. But I am in favor of modification of the Volstead act to permit manufacture and sale of



EDWARD I. EDWARDS

beer and light wines under Federal supervision, all manufacturing to be done under a pure food act.

"If that cannot be done legally, I am in favor of modification of the eighteenth amendment so that it can be done."

Believes Change in Dry Law Is Inevitable

Governor Edwards says he believes prohibition modification is inevitable. Explaining his war on what he calls professional reformers, he says:

"Political lobbies and propaganda should be strictly regulated. I introduced such a bill into the New Jersey Legislature and it was promptly squelched. I'm going to do it again—aimed at the Anti-Saloon League—if I get to the United States Senate."

Lays Unrest at Door of Boozing Ban
"I'm against the hypocritical situation that has been created," he says, "it's a deceit. Basically, the unrest in this country is due to prohibition. It has not reduced crime—but has increased it."

"Of course, I want it understood that I yield to no one in respect for law and its enforcement. It is because I am convinced that public opinion makes it impossible to enforce many existing laws that I am determined to have them changed so as to make them possible of enforcement."

Governor Edwards' friends are making considerable political capital out of that fact that he is politically wet and personally dry, while they charge that Senator Frelinghuysen is personally wet although he voted dry.

"New Jersey," says Edwards, "is no wetter than other States. We're frank about it, though, and the others are afraid to be."

UNUSUAL FOLK

By NEA Service.
VANCOUVER, B. C., July 22.—Distinguishing seeds and plants through a highly cultivated sense of touch.

Arthur Gray, 68 years old, and totally blind, is a successful gardener here.

Gray lost his sight in a foundry accident a few years ago. Undaunted, he turned to gardening. He taught his hands to do the work of eyes, telling him plants and their progress by feel.

To guide himself about the garden, he set up a system of guide wires.

Not only is Gray a gardener, but also a carpenter. Unaided, he has just built a glass-enclosed greenhouse for his garden.

Big Liquor Cache Found

Henry Warner, 929 E. Minnesota St., was arrested on a blind tiger charge following the finding in his home of thirty-nine gallons of wine, thirty-seven quarts and twenty-eight pints of home brew beer.

Held Following Crash

Homer Llewellyn, 2129 Elliot St., was arrested for improper driving after a gravel truck he was driving crashed into an automobile and made it ricochet against another machine parked at the curb.

ANTON LANG AS "CHRIST"



LANG'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA

Villa Doheim
Oberammergau
Bavaria.
You ask me for a message for the American people and I am glad to take the opportunity to tell them that I feel the Passion play has a new appeal this year, namely, to promote peace and good will amongst men by drawing attention once again to the meekness and charity of Christ, who died that all might be brothers in love.
Anton Lang

"Christ" of Oberammergau Voices Spirit of Passion Play

By BURTON KNEBLEY.
OBERAMMERGAU, Bavaria, July 22.—Is the call of Christ to peace still heard in the world—still potent where war's trenches have scarred desolate faces and feelings of mankind?

I asked this of Anton Lang, playing this year again for the third time, as in 1900 and 1910, the part of Christ in the world-known Passion Play at Oberammergau.

As I watched the face which for kindness and spirituality might have been the very face of the Savior himself as one pictures it, and listened to the modest, soft speech, I felt a new conviction—a mental discovery in the war-torn old world in which the churches of America will be interested.

During the war and after it world scholars have debated over whether the power of the church grows or wanes, and have held open forum on the necessity of a religious revival—a subject perhaps less exciting than the latest murder, but not less important or truly interesting.

To one witnessing the Passion Play and talking to its chief figures this question is no longer a question.

The experience begets the conviction that beside the endless validity of the religion of Christ and its place in men's hearts the World War was but an incident—a more trivial thing than it seems by any other comparison.

The beautiful valley of the Ammer, at the foot of whose encircling hills this famous village nestles, felt the war. The regular decennial performance of the Passion Play in 1920 was impossible. More than sixty sons of the little town had fallen in battle, among them some of the chief

PYHORRHEA

By DR. R. H. BISHOP.
A LOT of familiar diseases have their origin at the root of some tooth or from gums that are infected with pyorrhea, and inflammatory condition of the gums about the necks of the teeth, which ultimately form pus.

If decay is not removed and the enamel will break down and will cause a hole large enough to collect food, which will eventually rot, causing toothache and much pain. Illnesses which may result from decayed teeth are rheumatism, heart trouble, abscess, skin diseases, colic, boils and nervousness.

Don't wait for a tooth to ache, before having it treated. It is usually too far gone to save when it aches. Have it treated before it pains.

It's much less painful to prevent toothache by taking care of the teeth and having them "overhauled" twice a year.

The prevention of decay is painless and simply brought about. It is only when neglect allows decay to penetrate the inner pulp that toothache drives most people to the dental chair. This probably means that the nerve must be "killed"—which is not nearly so simple and painless as preventing toothache and decay by a little foresight.

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SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

M. de La Tour d'Azyr stood there by the table very erect and dignified, ready to perish as he lived—without fear and without deception.

Andre-Louis came slowly forward until he reached the table on the other side and then at last the muscles of his set face, relaxed, and he laughed.

"You laugh?" said M. de La Tour d'Azyr, frowning, offended.

"You have surprised me into it. I give you three minutes, monsieur, in which to leave this house, and to take your own measures for your safety."

"Wait! Listen!" Madame was panting. She flung away from Andre-Louis, as if moved by some premonition of what was coming. "Gervais! This is horrible!"

"Horrible, perhaps, but inevitable. I am a man in despair, the fugitive of a lost cause. That man holds the keys of escape. Besides, between him and me there is a reckoning to be paid."

His hand came from beneath his coat, and it came armed with a pistol. Mme. de Plougastel screamed, and flung herself upon him. On her knees now, she clung to his arm with all her strength and might.

Vainly he sought to shake himself free of that desperate clutch.

But Andre-Louis had taken advantage of that moment of M. de La Tour d'Azyr's impotence to draw a pistol in his turn. "Stand away, madame!"

Far from obeying that imperious

faces nothing of all that lies between us. And yet . . . Oh, but what can it avail to talk! Here, monsieur, take this safe-conduct which is made out for Mme. de Plougastel's footman and with it make your escape as best you can. In return I will beg of you the favor never to allow me to see you or hear of you again."

The Marquis rose slowly to his feet again. He came slowly forward, his smoldering eyes scanning his son's face.

"You are hard," he said grimly. "But I recognize the hardness. It derives from the blood you bear."

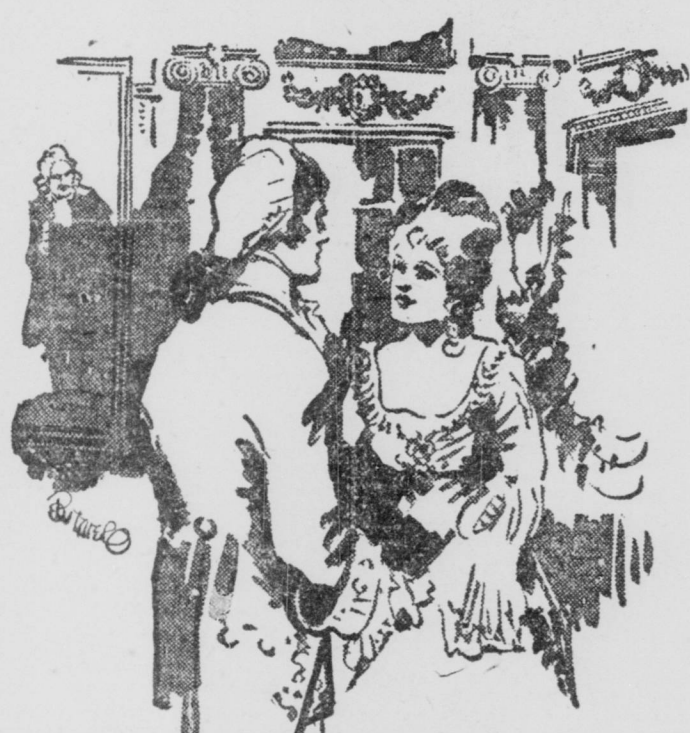
"Spare me that," said Andre-Louis. M. de La Tour considered him gravely, sadly, in silence for a moment.

He turned to Mme. de Plougastel. "Good-by, Therese!" His voice broke. He has reached the end of his iron self-control.

He held her face between his hands an instant; then very gently kissed her and put her from him. Standing erect, and outwardly calm again, he looked across at Andre-Louis, who was proffering him a sheet of paper.

"It is the safe-conduct. Take it, monsieur. It is my first and last gift to you, and certainly the last gift I should ever have thought of making you—the gift of life. In a sense it makes us quits. The irony, sir, is not mine, but Fate's. Take it, monsieur, and go in peace."

M. de La Tour d'Azyr took it. His



HOLDING HANDS AND STARING EACH AT THE OTHER.

command, Mme. de Plougastel rose to her feet to cover the Marquis with her body. But she still clung to his arm, clung to it with unexpected strength that continued to prevent him from attempting to use the pistol.

"He is your father, Andre! Gervais, he is your son—our son! The letter there—on the table—O my God!" And she slipped nervously to the ground and crouched there sobbing at the feet of M. de La Tour d'Azyr.

CHAPTER XIII

Across the body of that convulsive sobbing woman, the mother of one and the mistress of the other, the eyes of those mortal enemies met, invested with a startled, appalled interest that admitted of no words.

M. de La Tour d'Azyr was the first to stir. Into his bewildered mind came the memory of something that Mme. de Plougastel had said of a letter that was on the table. He came forward, unhindered. He walked unsteadily past this new-found son of his, and took up the sheet that lay beside the candle-branch. A long moment he stood reading it, none heeding him.

M. de La Tour d'Azyr read the letter slowly through. Then very quietly he replaced it. Then he stepped back to Mme. de Plougastel's side and stooped to raise her.

"Why was I never told? Why did you tell me that this child had died a few days after birth?"

"I was afraid. I—I thought it better so—that nobody, nobody, not even you, should know. There was Plougastel; there was my family."

Through the windows open to the garden came from the distance the faint throbbing of a drum to remind them of what was happening around them. At last Andre-Louis began to speak his voice level and unutterably cold.

"M. de La Tour d'Azyr," he said. "I trust that you'll agree that this disclosure alters nothing since it effects nothing."

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You never permit your spoon to stand in your tea or coffee cup while drinking.

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material for reflection—came presently Aline through one of the glass doors from the library.

"Have you decided what you are going to do?" she asked him.

"Oh, something. Consider that in four years I have been lawyer, politician, swordsman, and buffoon—especially the latter. There is always a place in the world for Scaramouche."

"Don't, Andre!" she begged him. "You are insincere, you know."

"Of course I am. Do you expect sincerity in man when hypocrisy is the very keynote of human nature? For two years I have persecuted by every means in my power . . . M. de La Tour d'Azyr."

He paused before uttering the name, paused as if hesitating how to speak of him.

"And in those two years I have deceived myself as to the motive that was spurring me. That even had he not killed Philippe de Villemorin, things would still have been the same."

"But why, Andre?"

He stood still and looked at her. "Because he sought you, Aline."

"I fought him—a rat fighting a lion—fought him relentlessly until I saw that love had come to take in your heart the place of ambition. Then I desisted."

"Until you saw that love had taken the place of ambition?" Tears had been gathering in her eyes whilst he was speaking. Now amazement eliminated her emotion. "But when did you see that? When?"

"Surely, Aline, that morning when you came to beg me not to keep my engagement with him in the Bois, you were moved by concern for him?"

"For him! It was concern for you," she cried, without thinking what she said.

He saw light, dazzling, blinding, and it scared him. "And that was why you fainted?" he asked, incredulously.

She looked at him without answering. As she began to realize how much she had been swept into saying by her eagerness to make him realize his error, a sudden fear came creeping into her eyes.

He held out both hands to her. "Aline! Aline!" His voice broke on the name.

M. de Keradon, emerging a moment later from the library window, beheld them holding hands and staring each at the other, beatifically, as if each saw Paradise in the other's face.

THE END.

ANSWERS

You can get an answer to any question of fact or information by writing to The Indianapolis Times Washington Bureau, 1523 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. enclosing 2 cents in stamps. Medical, legal and love and marriage advice will not be given. Unsigned letters will not be answered, but all letters are confidential and receive personal replies.—Editor.

Q—How much education must one have to become a physician?

A—Four years of high school; from two to four years general college work; four years medical course; one year in a hospital.

Q—Where did the Fuchsia get its name?

A—This flower was named for Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist.

Q—What is a gillie?

A—A Highland attendant, a boy, page, or menial; an outdoor servant, especially one in attendance on persons engaged in hunting or traveling. Formerly in Scotland the chief duty of a servant called a gillie whitefoot or gillie webfoot, was to carry his master over brooks or watery places.

Q—How many Smiths and Jones are there in the United States Congress?

A—Jones: Two Senators, one from New Mexico and one from Washington; two Representatives, one from Pennsylvania and one from Texas. Smith: One Senator, from South Carolina, two Representatives, one from Idaho and one from Michigan.

Q—Was George Washington a Mason?

A—Yes.

Q—What are five books for a boy of fifteen to read during the summer?

A—This depends, of course, on personal taste. As a general suggestion, however, The Deer Slayer, Robinson Crusoe, Treasure Island, and Oliver Twist