

FRENCH LEADER ATTENDS MASS AT CATHEDRAL

General Gouraud and Aides
Are Present at Religious
Services.

Gen. Henri J. E. Gouraud, together with his aid, Lieutenant Devibray, and Col. G. A. L. Dumont, military attaché with the French embassy at Washington, was the center of attention at 9 o'clock mass Sunday morning at St. Peter's and Paul Cathedral, Fourteenth and Meridian Sts. Visiting delegates of the Rainbow Division, communicants of the church and others were present to greet the venerable French general and to do homage to the boys of the Forty-Second Division.

A local committee headed by Sidney S. Miller, accompanied the general's party. The Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, bishop of the Indianaplis diocese, invited General Gouraud to attend the services.

The Rev. Francis P. Duffy, chaplain of the 185th Regiment of New York, urged more interest in the religious life of America, declaring open public worship essential to the life of the country.

It Was 'Some Evening' That Ben Spent; Spirits in a Bottle Wreck Our Hero

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

HORACE was the pride of his mother.

And justly so. His mother expected him to hold up the honor of the family.

There had been no scandal in Horace's family since his father was hanged. Families have to be so care-

fully about their honor these days, espe-

cially when their sons are so old-fashioned as to wear nightgowns. Oh, me, oh, my! Horace was such a "good boy," but he was scared to death of lightning. It's too warm to attempt to be clever. All right. Will let you know what I am raving about. Just trying to tell you about Ben Turpin's latest comedy, "Where's My Wandering Boy This Evening?" It is not a problem drama, although Ben has several problems to solve. Ben is the Horace of the story.

The honor of the family was safe until a New York vampire landed in Cedarbrook or something sounding like that. The vamp couldn't tell when our cross-eyed hero was looking at her.

Horace had one night away from his mother's apron strings. What a night it was. The vampire was present, in fact only one who was with Horace on his first night out. The night was spent in a lonely cottage during a storm. Or rather, the couple was absent from home until nearly 9 p.m. No wonder the whole village talked of the scandal. The only "kick" that Horace got out of his wild adventure was a stroke of lightning which nearly ruined his nightgown.

Poor Horace suffers with mental breakdown when his mother demands that to save the honor of the family, he must marry the vampire. The vamp gets hold of our hero's purse with all of his savings and makes a rapid exit on the way to the altar.

Then poor Horace does have an attack of brain fever. He dreams that he is picking daisies in the Garden of Eden with the Vampire. Can you imagine Ben Turpin doing a "Song" dance clad only in a nightgown?

In this new Turpin comedy there are some delightful burlesques. All in all it is corking good entertainment. "Where's My Wandering Boy This Evening?" is the chief offering at the Ohio.

The heavier offering at the Ohio is Ethel Clayton in "The Remittance Woman." The story concerns wild doings in China when a sacred vase is stolen. All this adventure happens while Ethel Clayton is dreaming. Just another weather entertainment only.

At the Ohio all week.

Lot of Human Touches
In "Are You a Failure?"

Here is a question: Are you a failure? Don't answer it, but go to the Apollo this week and see a movie bearing the name of the question.

It has at least one unique idea—a correspondence school for failures.

Four lessons from this mail order school and any failure turns into success. That is what Lloyd Hughes means in this movie.

The movie is concerned with the experiences of a lad (played by Lloyd Hughes) who is considered a failure in his home town. He lacks "backbone." His father before his death was a big man in the lumber district. The son didn't measure up to the size of his father's shoes.

At the Circle all week.

RAINBOW VETS END CONVENTION

Next Meeting to Be Held at
Columbia, S. C.

Only a few Rainbow Division veterans remained in Indianapolis today, following the fifth annual reunion of the Rainbow Division Veteran Association.

The windup of the convention came with a memorial ceremony at Cadle Tabernacle Sunday afternoon.

Gen. Henri Gouraud of France, honorary president of the association; Col. William J. Donovan, retiring president; the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, famous war chaplain of the 185th New York, and Hilton U. Brown of Indianapolis spoke.

General Gouraud announced a memorial dedicated to the dead heroes of America would be erected in Chicago Sunday night.

Saturday night the association held a banquet at the Manufacturers' building at the State fair ground.

General Pershing left for the East Saturday night.

The 1924 convention was awarded to Columbia, S. C.

BURGLAR DRIVES AWAY

Woman Frightens Man Who Enters
Her House.

When Mrs. Lena Glass, 623 Eugene St., heard a burglar remove a screen from the bathroom window and climb through the window at 12:50 a.m. today she went to that room and turned on the lights. The burglar climbed out of the window and ran to an automobile parked near the house. He drove away before the police arrived.

JACOB HAHN DIES HERE

Indianapolis Man Succumbs to Illness
of Two Hours.

Funeral arrangements have not been made for Jacob Hahn, 44, of 1118 Reiner St., who died Sunday at his home after two hours illness.

Attending physicians gave chronic heart trouble as the cause of his death.

Dr. Hahn was born in Indianaplis. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Anna Hahn, three children, and his mother, Mrs. Jacob Hahn Sr. of Indianaplis.

Burglar Escapes

When Mrs. J. Charles Woodruff, 1947 Ruckel St., was awakened at 2 a.m. today by a burglar removing the screen from her bedroom window, she called out. Woodruff jumped from his bed and ran to the window in time to see the prowler run through the yard.

Pickpocket Gets Purse
While Waiting to Board a Broad
Ripple car at a downtown corner
Sunday, G. W. Sturm, 857 W. Twenty-Eighth St., was robbed of his purse containing \$30 by a pickpocket.

Bank Cashier Dies

By Times Special
NORTH SALEM, Ind., July 16.—George Davis, 54, for many years cashier of the Citizens' Bank at North Salem, died suddenly of organic heart trouble, at his home here Sunday.

Resinol
Although Resinol Ointment is primarily intended for the treatment of skin afflictions and the control of itching, it has such a strong healing action that it is highly and widely recommended as a dressing for the most stubborn boils, sores, wounds, etc.

It is mild, soothing and does not smart or sting when applied. Many satisfied users testify that it has healed quickly and easily, sores that have refused to yield to other treatments. Sold by all druggists.

The lad was not to blame as much as two maidenly aunts who had Mid-Victorian ideas about life. One of the aunts insisted that the lad wear overalls and a raincoat and carry an umbrella because it might rain some day. And they would not let him drink coffee because it was "bad for his liver." Now I ask you, who wouldn't be a failure with aunts like that?

But a peach of a girl had lot of

faith in the lad. She was sure he was a sure-he-man. The lad becomes ashamed of himself. Then he takes a course in a mail correspondence school.

Then the change happens. He drinks coffee and goes out on the streets without his overalls and umbrella. Then he risks his life to break up a long jam and our lad becomes a success.

Much of the interest centers upon the work of Hughes. He knows how to act. He doesn't overdo his characterization. He reminds me good deal of Gareth Hughes. Madge Bellamy is in the cast. Pretty as usual.

The bill introduces the fourth round of the "Third Leather Purses Series," a news weekly, and the regular mu-

sic.

At the Apollo all week.

[- - -]

Evil Spirit Plays a
Dirty Trick on Father

An evil spirit plays a dirty trick on father.

The "spirit" from a brass bottle turns father into a mule. As a mule father carried a terrible kick. Father was nearly kicked about everything before he became a mule.

This happens to Tully Marshall as father in "The Brass Bottle," at the Circle this week.

"The Brass Bottle" is a sort of a modern "Arabian Nights" yarn all jazzed up. It is a merry burlesque in spots and has some of the delicious humor which "A Connecticut Yankee" possessed. It also has the services of Harry Myers, who aided in making the "Yankee" one of the hits of several seasons ago.

Myers finds that the "spirit" enclosed in a brass bottle has more than 2 per cent kick. This "spirit" nearly wrecks our hero, but everything turns out all right in the end.

I believe that the director of "The Brass Bottle" has a well developed sense of humor, because he pokes fun at the story every time he gets a chance. He seems to "kid" the author. Here is just about as merry a burlesque on fairy stories as I have run across in many moons. Our hero (Myers) finds that the "spirit" enclosed in a brass bottle has more than 2 per cent kick. This "spirit" nearly wrecks our hero, but everything turns out all right in the end.

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